STORY OF MY LIFE

TAYLOR

WILLIAM TAYLOR AS A CIRCUIT RIDER IN VIRGINIA.

STORY OF MY LIFE

An Account OF WHAT I HAVE THOUGHT AND SAID AND DONE IN MY MINISTRY OF MORE THAN FIFTY-THREE YEARS IN CHRISTIAN LANDS AND AMONG THE HEATHEN. WRITTEN BY MYSELF

"I SHALL GIVE THEE THE HEATHEN FOR THINE INHERITANCE, AND THE UTTERMOST PARTS OF THE EARTH FOR THY POSSESSION."—PSALM ii, 8

"THE WORLD IS MY PARISH."—WESLEY

BY

WILLIAM TAYLOR

Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church for Africa

EDITED BY JOHN CLARK RIDPATH

COPIOUSLY EMBELLISHED WITH ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS AND SKETCHES BY FRANK BEARD

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Dedication.

I humbly dedicate to my Divine Sovereign, and to my fellow Subjects, the Story of my Life. It is not a book of fiction, but of facts, not remote reminiscences, but facts, written mainly in the present tense, fresh from memory, occupying thus the leisure of about a hundred voyages at sea, covering a period of nearly forty years: illustrative facts in vast variety. A picture all shine, or all shade, would not truthfully represent real life. Some may not like the shade, but the shine abounds, and is open to free selection. My special work for edifying and energizing the hosts of God's elect in climes remote, and for the birth and development of Churches in purely mission fields, is the work of God, and it abides, and spreads out like an Asiatic Banyan, or like the Eucalyptus forests of California. There were no such trees on that coast when I went there in 1849. I sent the seed from Australia to my wife in California in 1863. Her seed sowing made such a marvelous growth that a horticulturist neighbour of ours wrote me to send him a pound of seed – the smallest of all seeds, and the nurseries thus seeded, dotted the whole country with great forests of evergreen, the most prominent land marks of the Pacific Coast.

"But you did not cultivate them with your own hands!"

No. I cant do the work of a million of men, but such seed sown in good soil makes such a showing as will arrest attention, excite interest, enlist co-operative agency and furnish work for millions of workers through the roll of the ages till our Lord shall come.

"And you furnished the seed and started the movement?"

Yes, in the variety of fields, methods of work, and skilful rendering of the word of God, as illustrated in this life Story.

"Well, if you had not put in the seed which set all this work into vital activity, other persons of greater renown might have done it."

All I have to say, is, that they didn't, & I did.

Respectfully submitted

Wm Taylor, Bp of Africa.

150 Fifth Ave, N.Y.
August 13th 1895

FOREWORD OF PUBLISHERS AND EDITOR.

THIS volume has little need of a Preface. The life story of William Taylor may well be its own herald to the public. The Bishop of Africa has never himself wasted space or time with useless preliminaries.

The Publishers and Editor, however, take unusual pleasure in offering this volume to all who are interested in the evangelization of the world. The book is an autobiography and a history. It is a veritable revelation of one of the most robust characters and remarkable careers of the century. The life of William Taylor is interwoven with the religious history of the age to a marvelous extent. His work has been as heroic as it is peculiar. Now, as he nears the close of his days, he has, in his own words, recorded for posterity the extraordinary events in which he has been the leading actor.

Bishop Taylor is about to complete his seventy-fifth year. He is again in America, though expecting soon to return to his episcopate in the Dark Continent. He has not only written the *Story of My Life*, but has, with the assistance of the Editor, superintended the publication. The book thus produced will be recognized by thoughtful persons as the only work of its kind. Like character, like product. No other author could have told this story or acted it.

In the preparation of this volume the author has begun with his early life and trial period in the ministry. In this part he gives an account of his ancestry and boyhood; of his conversion and entrance into the ministry; of his experiences as a circuit rider in Virginia; of his pastoral work in Georgetown, Baltimore, and Washington; of his appointment by Bishop Waugh, in 1849, to be a missionary in California. Then follows the remarkable episode of his street preaching in San Francisco. We see him among the miners, the roughs, the drunkards and outcasts, who, gathering from all quarters of the globe, rushed to California at the close of the fifth decade. The figure of "Father Taylor," as he then began to be known, standing among this melange of peoples, preaching to all kinds of hardened sinners, from the wealthy mining nabobs to the gamblers of the flats, is one of the most striking pictures in all personal history.

In the next part of the work William Taylor becomes an evangelist in the Old States and Canada; then in England; then in Australia. In that island continent his career was almost as marvelous as in California. At Melbourne and Sydney and Adelaide and many other places he encountered the same outcast elements of society as he had found on our western coasts.

In the next division of the work, entitled "Mission to South Africa," William Taylor for the first time began his missionary labors among heathen races. Here he undertook to preach to barbarians. Here he had his first contact with the lowest forms of human life. Here he made the acquaintance of that dark and savage race of men on whom he was destined to bestow the energies of fully eighteen years of his eventful life.

After his mission to South Africa the work of William Taylor became world-wide. He made his way to Ceylon and India. In the latter country he began that marvelous planting which has within the last twenty years grown into so rich a harvest. He journeys

from city to city. Now he is at Bombay; now at Allahabad; now at Cawnpore, at Delhi, at Lucknow, at Calcutta, facing strange races of men and incongruous conditions of life. He adapts himself and his methods to the conditions of the East. For four years he wages a campaign among the Parsees, the Brahmans, and the Mohammedans. He develops the system of self-supporting missions, to the upbuilding and defense of which he has given nearly half of the years of his life.

Further on we see this remarkable personage again in England and Wales; afterward in the West Indies; and then in South America. He has become a man of one idea and one work. His thought is a right line, which can be deflected by no consideration and impeded by nothing but the impossible. He traverses the western coasts of South America, founding schools, establishing missions, and supplying them with a working force from the United States.

From this period of endeavor William Taylor returned to his own country to be elected, by the supreme council of his Church, Missionary Bishop of Africa. This change brought with it new conditions and responsibilities. It involved a residence in Africa, the organization of new missionary enterprises, the exploration of new realms of darkness, and all the hazards of inexperience, mingled with delays, and shadowed with the portents of African fever. Bishop Taylor went to his field in 1885. There he began the work of establishing chains of stations from Monrovia to Congo, from Congo to Angola, from Angola to Inhambane. His last sojourn in Africa covered a period of nearly two years. In the summer of 1894 he *walked* into the interior in Angola, a distance of *over four hundred miles*, visiting stations, making the acquaintance of native races, and forecasting such measures as seemed to promise success in the conversion of the Blacks.

All of this and much more is recorded in the *Story of My Life*, which the Publishers and Editor, by this brief Preface, offer to the public. They can neither add to the merit of the work nor detract from it. It is what it is, revealing William Taylor and his life-work to the reader by his own methods in the unadorned simplicity of his greatness. For fifty-three years and more he has been beating the wheat from the chaff with the flail of a single high purpose. Almost every stroke, as it has fallen on our human threshing-floor, has revealed the true and sent the false flying before the wind. He has gone forth over the world in the manner of Paul and Barnabas, sowing the seeds of truth from Canada to New Zealand, from Valparaiso to Cawnpore, from Sacramento to Liberia!

Of the numerous illustrations with which the *Story of My Life* is embellished nearly all are from the skillful pencil of Frank Beard. For the character of these illustrations the Publishers, the Editor, and the artist are exclusively responsible. Bishop Taylor has not himself been a party to the selection of the subjects or to the way in which they have been handled in the illustrations.

This Foreword may be appropriately concluded with an excerpt from a poem on Bishop Taylor, written by Rev. P. H. Bodkin, A.M., of Los Angeles:

> "Long his years have been and toilsome—years of weariness and pain;
> Years of unrequited labor, till the Master comes again;
> Years of exile from his kindred, cheerfully forsaking all,
> Hearing but the voice of duty and the Saviour's loving call!
> In faith, an Abraham; an Enoch, walking closely with his Lord;
> In integrity, a Daniel, fearless in both deed and word:
> In his loving heart, a David; in his world-wide labors, Paul;
> In his holy consecration he is peer among them all!"

NEW YORK, *August*, 1895.

CONTENTS.

DEDICATION. 3
FOREWORD OF PUBLISHERS AND EDITOR. 5, 6
CONTENTS. 7–22
ILLUSTRATIONS. 23, 24

PART FIRST.

EARLY LIFE AND TRIAL PERIOD IN THE MINISTRY.

CHAPTER I.

MY ANCESTRY AND BOYHOOD.

Ancestry of William Taylor.—Audley Paul.—The Hickman Family.—The Mother.—Parents Presbyterians.—Preaching of Spriggs.—Conviction and Conversion of Stuart Taylor.—Agency of John V. Rigden.—"William, I am Converted."—Father Goes out Preaching.—Shaw's Camp Ground.—A Devil like a Groundhog.—Father Stands by his Colors.—Domestic Happiness of Parents.—"Stuart Taylor is Dead."—Birth of William Taylor.—Anecdotes of Childhood.—A Duck-Egg Story.—Learning to Read and Write.—Conversion in Childhood.—Temptation in the Cornfield.—Satan's Proposition.—Sin and Darkness.—"William is Saved."—Struggle at Shaw's Camp Meeting.—When I Had to Pray.—An Attack of Slow Fever.—The Coming of the Peace of God.—August 28, 1841.—A Setter after the Game.—Beginning of Street Preaching.—Paying Toll.—At the Poorhouse.—"Strengthen thy Brethren."—"William, God has a Special Work for You."—Preaching of Enos.—License to Exhort.—Teaching School.—The Penzant Family.—Saving a Preacher from Being Thrashed.—Influence of Brown Morgan.—"God has Called You." 25–43

CHAPTER II.

MY JUNIOR SERVICE.

The First Circuit.—Work of the Bishop.—The General Conference.—Annual and Quarterly Conferences.—Method of English Methodism.—Presiding Elders and Preachers in Charge.—My First Elder.—His Letter to Me.—Appointments on My Circuit.—The Outfit.—Squire Jones and his Family.—A Pelican in the Wilderness.—"Are You Prepared to Die?"—Tumble of a Preacher and his Horse.—At Crabbottom.—"I am a Pilgrim."—No More Medicine.—Laws of Health Sufficient.—My First Colleague.—"He's Got the Stuff."—Preaching Turn About.—At Grandfather Hickman's.—The Family.—Disarming Grandfather's Prejudice.—The Old Man Weeps.—Recommended for the Traveling Ministry.—The Presiding Elder Represents Me.—Received on Trial.—Character of My Circuit.—My Experience at E. Joseph's.—Beginning at Once.—Jim and Zeek Proclaim the Tidings.—Having a Class Meeting.—My Method with Radcliffe.—The Bland Family.—A Ruffian Cowed.—Charlie Reid.—His Experiences on the Circuit.—The Logrolling Time.—The Young Preacher Announces Himself.—"He's a Tremendous Fellow to Roll Logs."—James McCourt, the Centenarian.—The Old Man Runs a Footrace.—Dies at a Hundred and Seven.—Zane Bland and I at His Father's.—First Experience in Washington City.—Counsel of My Presiding Elder.—College Bred and Corn Bred.—In the Pulpit of Asbury.—Starting My Tunes.—The Choir Question.—Adam Miller.—The Baltimore Conference.—Am Sent to Fincastle Circuit.—Home of the Browns.—Organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.—Trunk and Saddlebags. 44–60

CHAPTER III.

ON THE SWEET SPRINGS CIRCUIT.

Riding to Baltimore.—Conference in Exeter Street.—Making Acquaintance of Distinguished Men.—Bishop Soule's Saying about Me.—Conference Trial.—The Great Debaters.—James Sewell's Story of the Slave Sam.—Study-

ing en Route to Conference.—Question of Marrying.—Circuit of "Poke-it-on-to-us."—The Vital Question is Efficiency.—Elected to Deacon's Orders.—"Sweet Springs Circuit, William Taylor."—How to Make a Dollar a Hundred and Six Cents.—Character of the Sweet Springs Valley.—The People at Second Creek.—Story of Carson's Conversion.—Knocking Out the Calvinist.—Father Perkins's Place.—Getting the Lay of the Land.—Riding through the Valley.—Appointment at Jake Weekline's.—How to Make Joe Carson a Class Leader.—A Schoolmarm Helped Me.—Mrs. Carlisle and her Husband.—Further Work at the Weeklines'.—Meetings Below Gap Mills.—A Sheriff in Opposition.—He Tries to Take Away a Penitent.—Joe Carson's Conversion.—Corn-shucking without Whisky.—Eating at Father Perkins's House.—My Appointments Get Mixed.—The Lord Delivers Me from Embarrassment.—Question of Human Nature and the Carnal Mind.—Obedience and Enlightenment.—Distinction between Temptation and Sin.—The Gradual Growth Theory.—Getting Light and Strength.—Laying Down Essentials.—Debate with the Tempter.—Complete Surrender and Consecration.—The Perfect Life.—Paul's Experience and Victory.—His Counsel to the Church in Thessalonica.—No Pullman Car to Heaven.—Nothing to Fear from Afflictions and Tribulations.—The Cross Appointments Regulate Themselves at Irish Corner.—Great Scare from a Bully.—The Ripper Changes his Mind.—Captain Nichols of Second Creek.—Father H. and his Daughters.—"Won't Obey Your Father?"—Heroism of the Girls.—Joe Carson Becomes a Leader.—My Last Circuit.—Later News from Sweet Springs.—Farewells to My People. 61–84

CHAPTER IV.

MY WORK AT GEORGETOWN AND BALTIMORE.

On Horseback to the Conference.—Reprimand of a Minister.—My "Guide to Holiness."—Preaching the Bible Doctrine.—Incident from My Work in Edinburgh.—"We Agree Exactly."—The Baltimore Appointments.—"Georgetown, William Taylor."—Mother Phelps.—A Digression.—Question of a New Suit of Clothes.—I Attend a Banquet.—And Repent.—Character of Henry Tarring.—Casting My Gospel Net.—Beginning in the Market House.—The Cry of Fire.—Sketch of T. B. Sargent.—I Tell Him of My Marriage Prospects.—My Union with Annie Kimberlin.—"That Young Lady and her Father."—What Shall We Do with Our Slaves?—We Manumit Them.—Thomas Sewall My Colleague.—My Work Becomes Onerous.—At the Capitol.—"Mr. Taylor has Spoiled You."—The Excursion to Mount Vernon, and its Lessons.—A Dead Snake.—Fall of a Big Class Leader.—Conference of 1848.—A Trial Sermon.—Junior Preacher for North Baltimore Station.—Sketches of Tippett and Martin.—Beginning Open-air Meetings.—Scenes in the Bellaire Market.—A Dead Man Lives Again.—Worst of All Diseases.—A Knockdown Case.—Conversion of Shilling.—A Holiness Meeting in Monument Street.—Discussion with Father Thomas.—At Shrewsbury Camp Meeting.—First Acquaintance with Phœbe Palmer.—"Bishop Waugh Wants to See You."—My Interview with the Bishop.—He Appoints Me to the California Mission.—My Consultation with Anne.—"Both are Subject to Your Order."—The Bishop's Benediction.—Preparation for Starting to the Pacific Coast.—A Baltimore Chapel for California.—Speech of Martin, and My Reply.—Staunton Conference of 1849.—We Take Passage in a Providential Way.—Our Company.—The Stop at Valparaiso.—Startling Rumors from California.—Satan and his Bugaboo.—We Reach San Francisco. 85–106

PART SECOND.

PLANTING THE CROSS IN CALIFORNIA.

CHAPTER V.

FIRST VIEWS OF THE FIELD.

Strangers in a Strange Land.—Wages and Pursuits.—I am Advised to Sell the Church.—Gambling the Great Business.—Our First View of the City.—Owen Not Heard from.—Fruitless Search for Methodists.—J. H. Merrill is Found.—Brother and Sister Finley.—Other Acquaintances.—Sketch of William Roberts and his Work.—Preacher in Charge at San Francisco Station.—First Sermon and First Class Meeting.—Trying to Find a House.—Prices of Provisions and Rents.—Estimates of the Board of Managers.—Living in the Open Air.—Guests at Captain Webb's.—Inadequacy of the Missionary Fund for Our Support.—I Build Us a House.—Entertainment at Brother White's.—Story of Joe Fowler.—The Sick Man Haley.—Unsplitable Timber.—Two Weeks in the Red Wood Forest.—My Success as a Carpenter and House Builder.—Twelve Dollars a Day for Workmen.—Our House is Finished and We Move in Free.—The Second Garden in San Francisco.—Mrs. Taylor and her Greens.—The Rooster and Hens.—Supply of Milk for Oceana.—No Hardship There.—I Catch the Mania for Self-support.—Isaac Owen and his Work in Sacramento.—I Send Thither Our Baltimore Chapel.—The River Route to Sacramento.—Visit to Owen and Sights on the

Way.—How I was Received.—Deal and Prettyman in Sacramento.—"Taylor the Man for San Francisco."—A Day at Owen's House.—His Plan for Evangelizing California.—The Sacramento Breaks its Banks.—The City Becomes a Sea.—Preaching in the Baltimore Chapel.—Sketch of Owen.—"Owen Never Gives up."—Story of his Cow Hunt.—Incidents of his Work in Indiana.—"How are You, Brother Bob?"—The Saw Logs and the Meeting House.—Owen a Founder of Asbury University.—Our Communion and Friendship.—Return to San Francisco.—Consequences of the Flood at Sacramento.—Mrs. Taylor's Trials.—Sister Merchant.—A Lucky Miner.—My Wade to San José.—Acquaintances Made at that City.—Following a Mule Trail over the Mountains.—The First Methodist Horse in California.—Character of "Bony Red."—Views from the Mountain Range.—At Santa Cruz.—The Class Organized There.—Preaching by the Way.—Plan for the Local Preachers.—Holster Cases Full of Gold Dust.—Returning to San José.—My Holsters Scare the Spaniards.—At Jones's Sawmill.—Incidents at Reynolds's Hotel.—No More Nips.—Further Services of "Bony Red."—Return to San Francisco.—Staking Out My Horse.—My Talk at the Hunters' Camp Fire.—Arrival at Home. 107–130

CHAPTER VI.

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF 1850.

Tidings to be Thankful for.—Walker Gives Us a Goat.—What the Fresh Milk Did.—Sickness and Death in the City.—Beginning My Ministry in the Hospital.—"Well, Boss, You have Saved Our Lives."—Meeting with Alfred Roberts.—Story of his Life and Heroic Work.—What Bishop Gobat Said of Him in Jerusalem.—His Grave on Mount Zion.—Sister Merchant Gets off the Track.—Hospital Characters.—Story of "Daniel Webster."—The Insane Captain.—What Anne had to Undergo in My Absence.—Visit of the Trunk-Breakers.—Havoc in the Hospital.—A New Lesson in California Prices.—Beginning of the San Francisco Book Concern.—Death of Isaac Owen's Daughter.—He Removes to San José.—Visit of William Roberts of Oregon.—Death and Funeral of William H. Stevens.—"Daddy's Dead."—Second Visit to San José.—Project to Build a Church There.—Death Scenes in the California Hospital.—Conversations with the Dying.—First Missionary in San Francisco.—Others who Began the Planting Here and There.—My Relations with Pioneer Ministers.—Propositions for a Charity Hospital.—Formation of the First Bible Society.—Question of Colonizing the Indians.—First Quarterly Conference in California.—Sermon to the Gamblers on the Plaza.—Anne Goes with Me to the Trial.—Singing the "Royal Proclamation."—How I Got the Attention of the Rabble.—Prevalent Religious Conditions There.—Personal Sketches of Troubody, McCord, Budd, and Others.—"This Market Closed on Sunday."—Notice of Robert Beeching.—Isaac Jones and the Sunday Question.—Corps of Local Preachers.—The First Watch Night in California. 131–147

CHAPTER VII.

OLD CALIFORNIA SOCIETY.

Necessity of the Family and Social Order.—Loneliness of Adam.—Hunger of the Old Californians for Womankind.—Their Interest in Social Tokens from Home.—Destitution of the Adventurers on their Arrival.—Want of Home Comforts.—Character of the Lodging Houses.—Discipline Makes Men Flea-proof.—Keeping Bachelor's Hall.—Buying and Washing Clothes.—Extemporized Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.—Only the Strong Survived in California.—The Merchant P.—Captain Wooley and his Gold Dust.—Making and Losing Fortunes.—"Every Dog has his Day."—Fate of H. S.—Attempt to Substitute Dogs and Cats for Wife and Children.—A Shipload of Doubtful Methodists.—Calvin Lathrop.—Getting a Wood Supply.—"Get Out o' My Hole."—Negro Hill.—Steamship and Stagecoach Companies.—A Cargo of Preachers.—Disasters of the Sacramento Flood.—The Preachers Make Themselves Useful.—Incident Told by Mrs. Taylor.—Rising Interest in Schools and Churches.—My Matrimonial Agency.—Negotiating for Wives.—Proportion of Women to Men.—Thrilling Effect of the Arrival of Women at San Francisco.—Life and Death Hung on the Issue.—Tragedy of the Incidents.—"Is Mrs. Brown Aboard?"—Sorrow of Middleton.—"There's Mother." 148–158

CHAPTER VIII.

MY HOSPITAL MINISTRY.

First Sight of the Depot of Death.—My Entrance Among the Sick and Dying.—Influence of Religious Consolation on the Afflicted.—The Doctor's Views and the Preacher's.—My Method of Visitation.—Pay Rooms and Lower Wards.—Character of the Nurses.—Death of Switzer.—California Dysentery.—Burying the Dead.—Captain Welch and the Doctor.—Sleeping Among the Corpses.—Dr. Smith and the New Hospital.—Question of Taking Off a Leg.—Purseglove's Method of Getting Well.—Nature of My Ministry.—Singing and Praying with the Sick.—Triumphant Death Scenes.—Pulling for the Lifeboat.—Dying in Apathy.—"I am that Man."—Death with Despair. 159–166

CHAPTER IX.

AMONG THE MINERS AND MERCHANTS.

The Miner's Faith and Hope.—Always Having a Good Prospect.—"Ma, Don't Cry! We'll Dit Along."—The Prospecter and his Dream.—Case of My Friend C.—How he Followed his Visions, and How They were Broken.—Moral Tone of the Miners.—A Train for Placerville.—Sunday in the Mines.—Each Camp Makes its Own Laws.—Meeting One Christian on a Tour.—Difficulty of One Man's Having Services.—First Sermon on Feather River.—A Dried-up Old Captain.—Failure of an Afternoon Service.—Honorable Exception Among the Miners.—Question of Observing the Sabbath.—Experience of a Temporizing Preacher.—Brother H.'s Provision Store.—Standing by the Colors.—Good Qualities of the Miners.—A Butcher Thief.—Judge Lynch and his Court.—Method of Dealing with a Murderer.—First Work of the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco.—Ministers Preach Everywhere.—Dry-goods Boxes and Meat Blocks for Pulpits. 167–173

CHAPTER X.

MISSIONARY LIFE THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL.

Features of My Pastorate.—Two Modes of Spreading the Gospel.—Peter's Sermon and Paul's Tour.—Life and Death of A. M. Brown.—Preaching at Twelve Mile Bar.—"What You Call Him?"—Peter's Vision Verified in California.—Vision and Retrospect of Preaching in San Francisco.—My Sermon on Long Wharf.—"Thou art the Man."—My Whisky-Barrel Pulpit.—Singing up a Crowd.—Singling out Men by Race.—Case of the Irishman.—The Italian and the Maltese.—What the Prussian Said.—Lesson from a Cask of Brandy.—Getting through the Custom House.—The Habit of Swearing.—Struggle of the Slave of Drink.—Signing the Pledge.—Lesson from the Chain Gang.—Dealing with Disturbers and Disturbances.—They Sing and I Sing.—My General Class Meeting.—The "Royal Proclamation" in the Plaza.—Races and Nations Represented.—The Wesleyans Good Methodists.—Story of the Old Man's Hope.—His Drowning in the San Joaquin.—My Sermons in the Baltimore-California Chapel.—Story of Bacchus and Fair-play.—Holding My Ground against the Rout.—Example of the Load of Calves.—Lessons from Everything.—The Man who Rode the Donkey.—"O, for a Demijohn!"—My Sermon from the Steamer *Webber*.—How a Universalist was Converted.—Crime in the City.—Organization of the Vigilance Committee.—Great Fire of 1851.—Scenes attending the Disaster.—A Clown in My Audience.—Sample Method of Applying the Truth.—"Give Us a Little More Punch."—The Humble Clown.—Sermon from "The Fool hath Said," etc.—The Swearer's Notion of God.—No Collections Allowed Except for Charity.—The Fire of May, 1851.—Escape of the Old Adobe. 174–159

CHAPTER XI.

PREACHING TO THE OUTCASTS.

"Go with Me Through the Hospitals."—Types of Suffering and Distress.—Disruption of Family Ties in California.—Some Extracts from My Journal.—Pangs of Disappointment.—Fourth of July Temperance Sermon.—Wrath of a Bar Woman.—Another Lesson from the Whisky Barrel.—A Pork Barrel Does as Well.—Exhortation to the Miners.—Multitude of Backsliders.—Gold for Bodily Wants and Religion for the Soul.—The Death of the Righteous.—Article in the *Alta California* on "The Sabbath."—How "Merchant" was Squelched.—A Universalist in My Bible Class.—His Repentance and Conversion.—"Good-bye, Bill."—Funeral of a Suicide.—The Fatal Habit of Drink.—Experience of William B. 196–203

CHAPTER XII.

LAST YEARS ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

Sad Story of the Notorious S.—"O, Captain, I Feel so 'Shamed."—Incident of a Duelist's Funeral.—Embarrassment of a Minister in Preaching at the Death of a Criminal.—What I Said at the Burial of Woodlief.—Mrs. Greenough and her Case Against the City.—Logic of Mahan's Death.—The Trapholes of San Francisco.—Killing of Sterling A. H. by Judge T.—Work of the Vigilantes.—How I Stood Aloof.—Sermon on the Story of Esther.—Application of it to Conditions in San Francisco.—The Political Haman.—Other Analogies Suitable for My Hearers.—Honor to Mordecai.—Let the Infant Church Do its Duty.—Death of Oceana and Willie.—Building of the Seamen's Bethel.—Our House is Burned.—My Accounts Investigated.—Appearance of My First Book.—Question of Repudiating a Debt.—My Conference Relations.—My Work at Yuba and Marysville.—Captain Webb and I Go Hunting.—I Preach to Him in the Mountains.—How Shall we Rebuke Our Hosts?—"My Soul Mounted Higher."—Embarking for Panama.—My Family.—"Mamma, I Don't Like Pears."—Man Overboard.—A Shipwreck. 204–216

PART THIRD.

IN THE OLD STATES AND CANADA.

CHAPTER XIII.

PREACHING IN EASTERN CITIES.

Publishing My Book, *Seven Years' Street Preaching*.—Annual Meeting of Missionary Committee.—Question of Getting the Chinese Converted.—Special Services in Seventeenth Street.—A Sinful Heart under a Uniform.—Renewing Acquaintance with Phœbe and Dr. Palmer.—Death of Our Little Osman.—In the New York and Brooklyn Churches.—Rolling the Stone from Mamaroneck.—A Drunkard Sets up a Family Altar.—Camp Meeting Tour of '57.—A Layman's Experience.—Medicine and Religion.—Visit and Work in Baltimore.—Ben Brook and his Fashionable Church.—Contest with the Officiary.—My Program for a Revival.—Ben Brook's Preaching.—Uninspired Prophets.—Increase and Success of the Work.—Case of Mrs. M.—Interview with Dr. Buckley.—A Skeptic Explains the Immutability of Law.—A Pointed Question.—No Resource Except the Bible and Redemption from Sin.—What the Caviler Said.—He is Overcome with God's Truth.—Three Months in Philadelphia.—Preaching in Eleventh Street Market.—The City Objects.—First Visit to New England.—Preaching for Father Taylor.—Brother Hawley Relates his Experience.—He Tells the Story of a Christian Woman Perishing at Sea.—Acquaintance with Dr. Haven.—Visit to My Parents in Virginia.—We are Shut Up with Smallpox.—Teaching Charlie How to Pray.—His Conversion.—Writing My *California Life Illustrated*.—My Labors in Hanson Place Church.—Visit to Richmond. . 217–230

CHAPTER XIV.

GOSPEL EXCURSIONS OF '58, '59, '60.

Session of the Erie Conference.—Special Cases of Conversion.—Preaching in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois.—Usefulness of Lion Stories.—Assisting John T. Mitchell in Cincinnati.—Work of Samuel Clayton.—His Turbulent Sunday School.—"Now, My Lads, I've Got You."—Assisting Granville Moody.—A Case of Exostosis.—How to Be a Well Man.—Mitchell's Debates with the Campbellite.—Literal and Figurative.—Exit of the Mill-seat Man.—A Cabin Meeting in Butler.—Mitchell's Great Camp Meeting.—Dedication of the Butler Church.—Building a Church at Johnson's Corners.—Value of Strategy in Such Matters.—Getting the Ground and Getting the Building.—My Book, the *Model Preacher*.—Preaching to a Regiment.—The Peel Camp Meeting.—Immersing a Doctor.—In the Home of a Canadian Colonel.—Portents of War.—The Red Lion Camp Meeting.—A Long, Lean Sermon.—"Brother Taylor, Exhort."—In My Old Haunts at Washington and Baltimore.—A Merchant Forgets Himself.—Our Converts at Athens.—Selling My Books.—Question of Fresh Air in Churches.—Brother Heth Ventilates a Meeting House.—Prohibition in Indiana.—What Happened at Williamsburg.—At the Illinois Conference.—"Hold On, California Taylor is Going to Preach!"—Revival in Danville.—"Awake, O Sleepers!"—Pioneer Preachers of the West.—Haven's Muscular Christianity.—Peter Cartwright.—Wilson Pitner and his Sermon at Conference.—He Contributes his Cap to the Missionary Fund.—His Interview with Joe Smith.—My Conveyance in Illinois.—How I Got to My Appointments.—Outbreak of the Civil War.—Religious Character of the Indianians.—In Upper and Lower Canada.—Reminiscences of Me at this Period.—J. W. Clinton's Letter.—Dr. Ridpath's Communication.—Good Service of My Horses in Canada.—Getting Soldiers to Sign the Pledge.—Finding Suitable Prayers.—"I Have Come to Testify."—A Benediction of Old Boots and Shoes. 231–254

PART FOURTH.

MY WORK IN AUSTRALIA.

CHAPTER XV.

TO PALESTINE BY WAY OF EUROPE.

Antecedents of My Going to Australia.—Decision of the Question.—A Foggy Voyage.—Trying to Preach on Shipboard.—The dis-United States.—A Plain-spoken Preacher.—At the Wesleyan Conference in Camborne.—Use of Wine by the Ministers.—Punshon and Rattenbury.—In the Dalcoath Mine.—Visit to Ireland.—"I Would Not Exchange Places with Him."—Tour from Dublin to Cork.—In the Home of My Ancestors.—My Pamphlet on "The Cause and Probable Results of the Civil War."—Newman Hall Defends the Union Cause.—Evangelistic Work in Manchester and London.—I Make the Acquaintance of Jimmie. 255–258

CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE LORD'S LAND.

From Paris to Beyroot.—Meeting with Dr. Thomson.—Preparations for the Tour of Palestine.—Jim's Difficulty in Getting On.—Tomb of Jonah.—A Night in Sidon.—Mount Carmel and Nazareth.—The Easter Celebration.—On the Top of Tabor.—Arrival at Tiberias.—Question of the Sabbath Excursion.—Site of Shechem.—Jacob's Well.—Sleeping where Israel Slept.—View of Jerusalem.—The Rock Quarry.—Mosque of Omar.—On the Mount of Olives.—Singing the Christ Hymn There.—Jim and his Pocketbook.—Journey to Jericho.—My Policy in Traveling.—Sports of the Arabs.—The Wonderless Jim.—Bathing in Jordan.—The Dead Sea and Masada.—From Hebron to Jerusalem.—Tomb of Alfred Roberts.—Entering the Tomb of David.—Jim Loses his Horses and Donkeys.—In Danger of Shipwreck.—In Alexandria.—Our Visit to the Pyramids.—Jim Departs for Home.—I Embark for Melbourne.—No Deduction on the Score of Drinks.—No Preaching on the *Mooltan*.—First Peep at Australia.—On Shore at Albany.—In Melbourne with Two Dollars and a Half.—James Copeland Receives Me.—Introduction to Daniel Draper.—Arrangements for a Campaign.—Waugh and his Irish Welcome.—"We Will Storm Sebastopol."—Preaching in Wesley Church.—Outline of My Sermon.—Budd Thomas the Daft.—"The Doctor Comed."—My First Afternoon Service in Melbourne.—Story of Samuel for the Little Folks.—How we Should Answer when God Calls.—Anecdotes of the Good for Children.—"Janie, Dear, Look to Jesus." 259–275

CHAPTER XVII.

MELBOURNE EVANGELIZATION.

The Tide of Salvation Rises.—Wesleyan Pioneers of Melbourne.—Walter Powell Founds a College.—I Refuse Gifts of Money.—Keeping in Mind the Seamen's Bethel.—James Copeland, My Agent.—My Mission Providential.—March of Methodism.—Plain-spoken Wesleyan Preachers.—Fruit of My Labors in Increase.—Method of My Work.—Organization of Believers and Converts.—Permission to Join Other Churches.—Revival Tides Flowing in Prescribed Channels.—Doctrine of Sanctification Preached.—God's Law of the Tithe.—It Doesn't Pay to Rob God.—Draper as a Preacher.—His Last Prayer.—How Bickford Learned Wisdom.—A Difficulty at Sea, and How it was Settled.—Williams and Dare.—I Go to Geelong.—What My Gospel Net Brought Up.—In Castlemaine.—William Hill and his Tragic End.—Work in Sandhurst and Other Mining Towns.—Repentance of a Big Sinner.—By Stage to Albury and Ballarat.—Services in Lidiard Street.—A Shriek in the Gallery.—Singing Down a Panic.—Story of Tom, of Creswick.—Series of Meetings at Clunes and Maryborough.—Samuel Waterhouse, of Hobart Town.—Contest with the Enemy in Scarsdale.—"Such Jumps as dat Will Fix Him."—Conversions at Linden.—Misrepresentations of Our Work.—Preaching in Hamilton and Portland.—The Streams of Blessing.—Destruction of Kangaroos.—The Old Man and Mammy.—Visit to Tasmania, and Work in Launceston.—Henry Reed's Career.—His Philanthropy and Voyage to London.—Turner in Charge at Launceston.—"What Do You Mean by a Class Meeting?"—Effect on Mr. Reed's Mind.—He Becomes a Local Preacher.—Question of Reading Prayers.—A Sunday Morning Prayer Meeting.—How the Chairman was Conquered.—Soul-Saving Results in Launceston.—Taylor and his Books.—Examples of Our Converts.—God Never Ostracizes his Children.—A Question of Property Rights.—My Home with Isaac Sherwin.—Photo of a Man-killer.—Arrival at Hobart Town.—Character of the Tasmanians.—An Old Man who was Wound up Snug.—A Man who Thought he had Seen Me in Vision.—Additional Services in Melbourne.—I Arrive in Sydney.—My Home with Dr. Moffitt.—Incident of My Preaching in York Street.—The Woman's Dream of the Chariot and Horses.—Brother Oram's Account of his Sermon.—Evil Consequences of an Echo.—A Successful Week in Newtown.—Helping to Complete and Reopen a Church.—A Tabernacle in Hyde Park.—A Fearless Scotchman.—Circuit of New South Wales.—A Glut in the Horse Market.—Blessed Work at Bathurst.—My Experiences in Mudgee.—Eating First and Giving Afterward.—An Orange Peddler Opens a Bag.—The Wool Industry.—Method of Raising a Church Debt.—A Shower of Bank Notes.—Shooting Cattle for Amusement.—Overhauling a Bushranger.—Visits to Goulburn and Yaas Circuit.—Notice of Susan Glasson.—How William Hill Found a Wife.—Work in Kiama and Maitland.—Caviling and Slanders of the Enemy.—"Here Comes a Saint."—A Minister on the Wrong Side.—My Lectures in York Street Church.—Dr. Luke.—Voyage to Brisbane.—Henry Fowler.—Journey to Rockhampton.—Natives of Mary River.—They Come on Board.—Going to Auckland.—A Swell at Sea.—We Reach Wellington.—An Article Against Me.—The Maories Ate him Up!—Stopping in Dunedin.—An Incident of My Meeting in Lyttelton.—Preaching in Christchurch.—Return to Sydney.—From Melbourne to South Australia.—My Reception in Adelaide.—Work in Pierie Street and Kent Town.—Story of Thomas Waterhouse.—I Explain the Scripture to Him.—The Gates Ajar.—Conversion of the Waterhouses.—The Tea Meeting and the Tithe.—Waterhouse's Generosity.—General Progress of the Australasian Work.—The True Formula of Salvation Explained.—Analysis of Saving Faith.—"With the Heart Man Believeth unto Righteousness."—Inaccuracy of the Old Orthodox Formula.—The Amended Method.—Correspondence with My Family.—My Acquaintance with the Baptist Smith.—Project of Going to India.—A Telegram from Sydney.—Stuart's Fever.—My Book on *Reconciliation*, and the one on *Infancy and Manhood of Christian Life*.—My Meeting with the Folks.—Embarkation for Cape Town. 276–326

PART FIFTH.

MISSION TO SOUTH AFRICA.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BEGINNING AT CAPE COLONY.

Our Anchorage in Table Bay.—Discovery of the Cape of Good Hope.—Severity of the Storms.—Making a Safe Harbor.—First European Settlement.—The British Abolish Slavery.—Beginning of the Free State and Transvaal Republic.—Tide of English Immigration.—Preponderance of Dutch Influence.—Divisions of the Population.—The Hottentots.—Colonization of No Man's Land.—Origin and Number of the Kaffirs.—Their Character and Manners.—The Chieftains.—The Kaffir Language.—The Country and Products.—Meaning of Kaffir.—The Fingoes.—How They were Made Serfs by Chaka's War.—The Fingoes and the Missionaries.—Their Emancipation.—Loyalty to the Government.—Independence of the Kaffirs.—Article from the *Graham's Town Journal*.—Colony of Fingoland.—The Legislative Council and Assembly.—Cape Town.—Dutch Reformed Churches.—Story of Henry Reed's Visit and the Malay Boatman.—The Smallpox Epidemic.—Terror of the People.—Reed's Work in Cape Town.—His Ministry in the Hospitals.—Incidents of the Plague.—Anecdote of the Lion and the Native Christian.—First Sabbath in Cape Town.—Inability to Preach in Dutch.—Wesleyan Sunday Schools.—Beginning a Revival.—Weakness of the Church.—Rev. William Impey Offers Me the Keys.—Voyaging to Port Elizabeth. 327–338

CHAPTER XIX.

PORT ELIZABETH.

We Announce Ourselves on the Street.—The Wesleyan Chapel.—Introductions and Preparations.—First Service.—Leading the Children.—The Good Work Begins.—Seekers and Conversions.—The Second Sabbath.—Drawing Lessons from Passing Incidents.—My Introduction to the First Kaffir.—His Report of Matters at the Annshaw Mission.—Plan of a Two Months' Tour.—Cordial Invitations. 339–343

CHAPTER XX.

AT UITENHAGE AND GRAHAM'S TOWN.

Accommodations at W. Jones's.—Sister Richards's Objections to My Whiskers.—I Explain the Matter to Her, and Do Not Shave.—Christ Probably Wore a Beard.—Character of Uitenhage.—The Buildings and Population.—The Wesleyans on Hand.—Beginning in the Wesleyan Chapel.—Get the Use of the Reformed Church.—Explaining a Prayer Meeting.—Going Back to First Methods.—Penitents and How to Deal with Them at the Altar.—A Demand for My Credentials.—Mr. B. Objects to My Talking.—Many Conversions.—Try to Preach with the Help of a Kaffir.—Lecture on St. Paul and his Times.—Jolted to Graham's Town.—Character of the City.—The Mixed Population.—Capacity of the Wesleyan Chapel.—W. A. Richards.—Many Welcome Me.—Mission of W. J. Davis.—The Sabbath Services.—Preaching to Children and Appeal to Sinners.—Coldness of the People and Question of Ventilating the Chapel.—Atwill Spoils the Windows.—Rev. Thomas Guard.—Other Notables of the Town.—Preaching and Lecturing.—Seventy Converts.—A Man Begs My Pardon and Explains.—He Tells Me his Story, and is Converted.—Experience of J. W.—Opposition of Satan.—Turning the World Upside Down.—Extract from Richards's Letter.—Experience of a Preacher with an Interpreter.—My Last Words at Graham's Town.—An Affecting Meeting.—Departure for King William. 344–359

CHAPTER XXI.

KING WILLIAM'S TOWN AND ANNSHAW.

Location and Character of King William's Town.—Establishment of Missions There.—Religious Institutions of the City.—Arrival of Four Missionaries.—Robert Lamplough.—Sawtell and the Fingo Mission.—Native Candidates for the Ministry.—Touching Hands with Charles Pamla.—Our Working Force at King William's.—Appleyard of Mount Coke.—John Longdon and George Impey.—"All is Well."—Conveyance to Annshaw.—Scenery en Route.—Bullock Riders of the Kaffirs.—Awaiting the Umfundisi.—Sketch of King Kama.—He Refuses a Great Wife, but Buys a Wagon.—His Great Place.—Character of the Annshaw Huts.—Charles Pamla Becomes My Interpreter.—I Give Him his Instructions.—He Succeeds from the First.—I Rehearse to Him Before Services.—He Renders My Hymn.—Naturalness the Key to Everything.—The Prayer Meeting.—Outbreak of the Revival.—Seventy Souls Converted.—And then a Hundred and Fifteen.—At Harper's House in Alice.—Lamplough's Letter About the Annshaw Work.—Charles Pamla's Story.—The Old Man and his Two Wives.—Contest with Kaffir Beer. . . . 360–372

CHAPTER XXII.

FORT BEAUFORT, HEALD TOWN, AND SOMERSET EAST.

Sketch of Fort Beaufort—Beginning of Services in that Place.—My Discourse on Drinking.—Crowds of Seekers and Converts.—Illustrations of the Powerful Work.—Alfred White Arranges My Tour into Natal.—War Jeopards Our Mission.—I Write for Stuart and for Charles Pamla.—Wilson's Letter About the Work in Fort Beaufort.—That Shawl I Bought at Mullett's.—Sketch of Heald Town and the Industrial School.—The Day Schools.—Impey Founds a High School and Theological Institution.—Lamplough for a Principal.—William Sargent.—The Country Around Heald Town.—The Monkey Population.—Barnabas a Poor Interpreter.—I Choose a Boy for that Office.—Siko Radas Becomes My Preacher.—Great Rush for the Kingdom of Heaven.—Assistant Preachers Lend their Help.—Whites and Natives Converted.—A Sweeping Revival.—Great Power and Results in Heald Town.—The Notable Day of the Lord.—Ethiopia Stretches Out her Hand.—Nearly Four Hundred Souls Saved.—Sargent's Letter About the Work.—Black Converts for Our Escort.—Enthusiasm of Mrs. Guard.—The Work Not Evanescent.—Sermon at Adelaide.—Davidson's History of Himself.—The Missions at Bedford.—Preaching for Mr. Solomon.—The Family of Kings.—Francis King and his Story of Namaqua Land.—Peril from the Bushmen.—Arrival at Somerset.—History of the Place.—Nash, of Ebenezer.—Siko Radas.—Penitents and Converts.—Edwards's Report. . . . 373–389

CHAPTER XXIII.

CRADOCK AND QUEENSTOWN.

The Trollip Family.—My Journey to Cradock.—Sketch of the Town and its Institutions.—First Sermon There.—Crowd of Seekers and Converts.—I Preach to the Dutch through an Interpreter.—Conversion of William Webb.—The Converts Testify.—Preaching in the Open Court.—The Kaffir Congregation.—Question of Interpreting into Dutch and Kaffir.—A Three-bladed Sermon.—A Triumphant Scene.—A Woman in Despair is Converted.—En Route for Queenstown.—Village of Tarkisstaat.—Situation and Sketch of Queenstown.—Visitors from Other Places.—Letter from Jakins.—Joyful Tidings for Tasmania.—A Blind Woman and her Son.—Converts at Queenstown.—Dugmore at Kamastone.—Makes Me his Text.—His Summary of Practical Results.—Charles Pamla Rejoins Me and Makes his Report.—Dugmore's Account of the Work He had Witnessed.—I Set Out for Natal. 390–399

CHAPTER XXIV.

KAMASTONE, LESSEYTON, AND WARNER'S.

Arrival at Kamastone Mission.—Stations in this District.—My Stroll with Stuart through the Grounds.—My Firstborn Tells Me his Life Story.—History of the Kamastone Mission.—Commencing Work at that Place.—Scene in the Chapel.—Heathen and Christian Together.—The Rising of the Tide.—Great Power at the Prayer Meeting.—Abilities of Charles Pamla.—Crowds of Seekers and Converts.—Stuart Assists the Work.—A Doctor Tears Off his Charms.—Women Fling Away their Amulets.—Pamla Interprets the Joy of Many.—A Tremendous Scene Before the Altar.—An Old Woman Born Again.—Sufficiency of the Kaffir Language.—Pamla's Ability to Translate into New Imagery.—The Ivy Illustration.—Closing at Kamastone.—Results of the Work.—The Baptismal Scene.—Extract from *Missionary Notices*.—Charles Pamla Follows to Lesseyton.—Great Work at that Place.—Penitence and Victory of the Blacks.—What the Kaffir Woman Said.—Rejoicing of the Converts.—Scenes at the Meetings.—An Old Man Speaks in the Chapel.—Hastening to Queenstown.—Parting with Our Friends.—Dugmore Writes of the Work on Three Circuits.—Arrival at Woodhouse Forests.—Warner the British Resident.—Barrett Our Guide.—Our Runaway in Kaffirland.—Barrett's Character and Talents.—My Stone Pulpit in Fingoland.—A Sparse Population.—Revival Among the Kaffirs.—Case of Matanzima.—His Struggle with Polygamy.—Fellowship Meeting at Warner's.—Matanzima Keeps his Two Wives.—On Tsoma River.—Reaching Captain Cobb's.—At Butterworth. . . 400–414

CHAPTER XXV.

BUTTERWORTH, CLARKEBURY, AND UMGWALI.

Butterworth Mission Station.—A Cake of Bread from the House of Kauta.—Davis's Account of Ayliff's Escape.—Scene at Hintza's Great Place.—Debate with the King.—Fidelity of his Wife.—Ayliff Leaves Hintza's Country.—Subsequent History of the Mission.—Humbug of the Rainmakers.—The Missionary Takes the Part of Elijah.—Elijah's God Sends the Rain.—Destruction of the Station.—Charles and I Before a Motley Crowd.—Our Exhortation.—Penitence and Struggle.—Pamla's Wisdom.—Many Conversions.—How to Feed the Throng.—My Hope of Mastering the Kaffir Mind.—Studying the Laws and Customs.—A Great Harvest of Souls.—History of Umaduna.—The Martyr

Spirit in a Region of Darkness.—Umaduna's Story of Himself.—From Butterworth to Clarkebury.—W. Shaw's Account of the Work There.—Missionaries Lose their Lives.—"Davis, We have Come for that Pot."—Question of Love and Fear.—A Sick Cart Horse.—Crowded Chapel at Clarkebury.—Coming of Ngangelizwe.—Character of Big-as-the-World.—Our Sermon to Him.—Warner Interprets to the Crowd.—Bowing Down of Sin-sick Souls.—What the King's Counselors Said.—Not a Question for the Majority.—Preaching the Unknown God.—What Happened in Navigator's Island.—King George Kneels Behind the Screen.—Falsity of Evil Prophets.—Duty of All Men to Repent.—Concern of the King.—Charles Exhorts Him and his Brother.—He Tells the Story of Kobi, Pato, and Kama.—The Chief Goes Away Unconverted.—Number and Character of the Saved.—Their Testimony.—They Name Me the Burning Fire Stick.—Davis's Rendition of "The Eden Above" into Kaffir.—At Morley Station. . . 415–433

CHAPTER XXVI.

MORLEY.

Chapel West of Morley.—Mode of Trial and Conviction in Kaffirland.—Reign of Superstition.—The Umhlahlo.—Ceremony of Ukwombela.—How the Wicked are Found Out.—The Ant Torture.—Prevalence of Horrid Practices.—Superstition Relative to the Lung Sickness.—A Doctor Glorifies Himself.—Horrible Torture of a Woman.—She is Cured by Brother Rayner.—I Mend My Coat and Preach from a Stone.—Charles also Preaches.—Method of Butchering and Eating.—"As Stingy as a Missionary."—Case of Ndunyela.—The Mission at Buntingville.—Rev. William B. Boyce.—The Amapondo and Pondo Nations.—King Damasi and his Rule.—His Great Place.—The Tiger Skin.—Where the Bad Fellows Go.—Question of the Blankets.—"Is He your Father?"—Affairs in Damasi's Country.—Cake of Bread for Me.—Sermon to Damasi.—Questions and Answers.—A Kaffir Infidel.—The Counselors Discuss the Discourse.—Damasi Professes Christianity, and has Eight Wives!—Pushing on to Shawbury. . . 434–440

CHAPTER XXVII.

SHAWBURY AND OSBORN.

Situation of Shawbury.—Fingo Population Predominates.—War Troubles of the Tribes.—Jeopardy of Mr. Gedye.—Escape of the Missionaries.—Trying to Settle the Difficulties.—Our Journey from Damasi's Great Place to Shawbury.—Charles White Comes to Meet Us.—A Crowded Chapel.—Plain Preaching to Sinners.—Success at First, and Coldness Afterward.—Visit at Tsitsa Falls.—Kaffir Method of Storing Corn.—Stuart's Description of Our Trip to the Falls.—Zeal of Charles Pamla.—A Diabolical Spell.—Serious Trouble with the Official Members.—Elijah and Job have their Say.—My Argument with the Malcontents.—Citation of the Case of Paul.—God's Way of Spreading the Gospel.—Real Cause of the Trouble.—"That is All True," said Job.—Dishonorable Dealing with Damasi.—Elijah Declares My Words True.—Job Retorts on Brother White.—I Make Confession for the District Meeting.—Full Explanation of the Difficulty.—Elijah and Job are Content.—Success Prevented by the Misunderstanding.—Shepstone's Letter About the Subsequent Work at Shawbury.—Osborn Station.—Faku's Warriors There.—Defeat of the Pondos.—White Defends the Fugitives.—Spoils of the Battle.—Stoicism of the Vanquished.—Disposal of the Dead.—Stirring up the Kraals.—Charles Acts as Our Herald.—I Preach to the Kaffirs of the Unknown God.—Extracts from My Argument.—Illustrations Drawn from Nature of the God Person.—Nature of Spirit.—Origin of Satan.—How God Supplies Our Wants.—Food for the Body, Light for the Eyes, Laws for Society.—Communion of Adam and Eve with the Almighty.—Reason of their Expulsion.—Impotency of the Imishologu.—Sin the Cause of Our Pollution and Downfall.—Folly of Sacrificing to Imishologu.—How God Made Himself Known to the Patriarchs.—Story of Moses and the Exodus.—Giving of the Law.—Nature and Exemplification of the Commandments.—What the First and Second Commands Teach.—The Third and the Fourth.—Nature of the Interdict Against Profaning the Sabbath.—Thou Shalt Not Kill.—The Seventh Commandment, and its Application to All People.—Thou Shalt Not Steal.—Good Name and Reputation Must be Regarded.—Interdict Against Covetousness.—The Commandments Reach the Heart.—He that Hateth his Brother is a Murderer.—How Can We Obey God's Law?—How his Laws are Lost Out of the Heart.—All Violation of Law Flows from a Corrupt Nature.—All of Us have Gone Astray.—All are Under Sentence of Death.—The Second Person of the Godhead.—How God Gave his Son to Die for the Sins of the World.—The Promised One.—How Jesus Fulfilled the Prophecies.—Nature of the Hebrew Sacrifices.—When the Fullness of Time was Come.—How Christ Fulfilled the Law and the Prophets.—Many Witnesses Understand These Things.—Coming of the Comforter.—He is Unseen, but Not Unfelt.—Satan and his Hosts Stirred Up Against Us.—These are the Words of Glad Tidings.—Many have Proved their Truth in Experience and Life.—Much of What We Tell You You Know to be True.—Jesus is the Only Friend.—He has Sympathy and Salvation for Each and All.—He was Rejected and Slain, but has Risen to the Right Hand of God.—How My Sermon was Received.—Added Remarks on Circumcision.—On Baptism Also.—Origin of Kaffir Sacrifices.—Why the Bullock is Slain and Divided.—Kaffirs have Many Things from Abraham and Moses.—Sacrifices to Icanti an Abomination.—

How We Must Come to God.—Many Converts Under this Preaching.—"Choose Ye this Day Whom Ye Will Serve."—Folly of Charms and Amulets.—What a Poor Pondo Got.—Fetiches are Nothing.—Converts at Osborn. . 441–471

CHAPTER XXVIII.

EMFUNDISWENI.

Character of the Station.—Converts at this Mission.—Division of Labor Among Us.—Journeying to Kok's Camp.—Getting Lost in No Man's Land.—What the Dutch Children Told Us.—Passing through Dangerous Places.—Difficulty of Getting a Fire by Night.—Stuart and I Shiver Together.—We Regain Our Bearings.—Kok's Town.—The Pioneer Chapel.—Sermon through a Dutch Interpreter.—No Decisive Results.—On the Borders of Natal.—A Night at Blom's.—Waiting for Charles.—Arrival at Hancock's.—Beautiful Country and Wild Game.—At the Ford of the Umkumas.—Our Horses in a Ditch.—Stuart's Description of Our Overthrow and Recovery.—Journey to Indaleni.—Charles Reports at Maritzburg.—His Preaching in a Kraal.—Milwood's Letter about Pamla's Work. . . 472–475

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN THE COLONY OF NATAL.

My Purpose Respecting this Narrative.—Situation and Population of Natal.—Revenue, Government, and Religion.—Appropriations for Schools.—The Capital and Landscape.—Mission of Edendale.—How the Station was Founded.—Fort Natal and D'Urban.—Services in the Wesleyan Chapels.—Workers in that Field.—Cooperation in the Cause.—Plan of My Campaign.—What Bishop Colenso was Doing.—"The Idolatry of the Bible."—I Join in Issue with Colenso, and Invite the Bishop.—I Overtake Him at D'Urban.—The Papers Eulogize Him.—How the Bishop Gained his Influence.—Lloyd's Opinion of Him.—I and My Zulu Go on to Conquest.—New Witnesses Raised Up.—Leadership of Charles.—Prejudice Against his Color.—What was Thought of a Surplice in Natal.—Little John Davis and the Chained Lion.—Charles is Warned Against Colenso.—My Zulu is Invincible.—The Bishop's Strongest Point.—No Trouble about the Ark.—The Jewish and Chaldean Cubits.—Butler and the Alligator.—Conversion of Pincent, the Lawyer.—My Argument with Him.—He Becomes a Living Witness.—Reasons for Giving his Name.—He Authorizes Me to Speak for Him.—George C. Cato.—His Letter.—His Wish for My Return.—Bishop Colenso Calls.—Our Interview.—From Francis Harvey's Diary.—Anecdote of Bishop Colenso.—The Bishop's Eloquent Sermon.—His Preaching and Mine.—The Heathen of Inanda.—My Conversation with Him, and his Conversion. . . 476–488

CHAPTER XXX.

CONCLUSION AT CAPE COLONY.

My Article in the *Graham's Town Journal*.—William Boyce's Opinion of My Argument.—Rational Method of Establishing a Mission Station in a Heathen Country.—The Land Grant.—A Christian Government in Embryo.—A Sanctuary.—Offices of the Minister.—Difficulties of the Missionary Fathers.—They Established a Base of Operations.—Number of the Kaffirs.—Only One Christian Kaffir Chief.—Loud Call for Laborers.—No More Mission Stations on the Old Plan.—No Fundamental Changes Proposed.—The Pauline Method to be Adopted.—Little Knowledge Required for Conversion.—What the Gospel Plan Embraces.—Lessons from the Acts of the Apostles.—The Aggressive Method Does Not Preclude Other Means.—Result of Experience in South Africa.—The Revivals in Cape Colony, Kaffraria, and Natal.—Plenty of Work for Everybody.—I Plead for the Apostolic Plan.—Inefficiency of the Formal Missionary Method.—Native Preachers Must be Set to Work.—How Churches May be Established.—Organize and then Go Ahead.—The Greater Force to be Native Africans.—Characteristics of the Kaffir Mind.—Oratorical Ability.—Literary Standards to be Set up Afterward.—Where Shall We Get the Money?—Self-support the Key to the Situation.—"I've a Share in the Concern."—Paul's Churches Supported Themselves.—Principle of the Tithe.—Why Christianity Does Not Grapple Mohammedanism.—Necessity for the Aggressive Spirit.—The Church to be Re-energized.—True Christianity Enlists the Whole Man.—Missionary Work Demands Heroism.—Give the Pauline Method a Trial in Africa.—Employment of Native Agency.—My Deep Convictions on this Subject.—What Should be Done with Men like Pamla.—How the Millennial Glory Might Arise.—Paul's Proposal to Barnabas.—Thomas Guard's Report from Graham's Town and Other Stations.—The Work in Beaufort, Cradock, and Annshaw.—Lamplough's Letter Relative to Charles Pamla.—Thomas Kirkby Describes the Death Scene of a Christian Zulu Girl.—Extract from a Letter from Charles.—He Tells Me of the Objections Against him.—His Warfare with Kaffir Beer Drinking.—His Cheering Reports of his Work.—He Describes his Manner of Preaching and the Way in which he Answered his Opponents.—How the Cavilers Against Him were Silenced.—His Skill in Argumentation and Entreaty.—Chiefs and Counselors Contend with him.—My Arrival at Cape Town and Embarkation for London. . . . 489–500

PART SIXTH.

ENGLAND AND THE INDIES, WEST AND EAST.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN THE HOME OF METHODISM AND THE WEST INDIA ISLANDS.

Beginning Work in London.—At Old City Road.—Graves of the Great.—House of Wesley.—Preaching in Great Queen Street.—A Week in Derby.—Letter from Henry Reed.—My Visit to him at Tunbridge Wells.—His Family and Appearance.—Acquaintance with Mrs. Booth and William.—Ross and the Magpie's Nest.—The Check for a Hundred Pounds.—Henry Reed Opens a Book Account.—Visit to the Paris Exposition.—The Boys Must be Educated.—Eddie Wants to See his Dog.—My Family Return to America.—Anne Goes on to San Francisco, I to the West Indies.—Touching at St. Thomas and Barbadoes.—How I Beat Mr. B. Ashore.—"O, Yes; He be My Preacher."—A Methodist Boat.—The Lord was Looking Out for Me.—Three Weeks in Barbadoes.—Character of the Island and Islanders.—Interest in the California Preacher.—Next Field is British Guiana.—Anchor at Georgetown.—Greathead Makes Me Welcome.—Misunderstanding in the Christian Camp.—A Revival Sweeps the Deck.—"I Want to Mellow Him."—Five Hundred Converts.—In the Province of Berbice.—Refining Fire and the Mosquitoes.—Story of Sam and the Leopard.—Preaching to the Lepers.—A Week in Essequibo.—My Book, *The Election of Grace*.—Journey to Lausanne.—Tour with Stuart through the Highlands.—How I Climbed Ben-Nevis.—View from the Summit.—Services in the West Indies.—Character of My Congregations.—Excitability of the People.—Explaining My Methods.—Lesson from the Gadarene.—The Woman of Capernaum.—Net Increase of Membership.—My Return Voyage to Australia.—Fourteen Months in the Colonies and Tasmania.—In Ceylon.—Singhalese Converts. . . 503–515

CHAPTER XXXII.

LUCKNOW AND CAWNPORE.

Arrival at Bombay.—Bishop Milman's Haste.—My Two Parsees.—"Methodist! What is That?"—A Shoal of Sharks.—In My Hotel.—Hear a Young Man Preach.—Spirited Singing.—Ordination of the Young Minister.—Preparations for Departure to Lucknow.—I am in Need of Nothing.—How I Travel.—Conversation and Incidents en Route.—Allahabad.—Crossing the Ganges.—Meeting with Thoburn.—Other Missionaries at Lucknow.—Historical Associations of the City.—Preaching with an Interpreter.—Sermon to the English-speaking People.—Necessity of Organizing Native Resources.—Joel not a Good Interpreter.—A Witness Meeting.—Scenes and Sayings.—Brother Thoburn Interprets, and We have Seekers.—Opposition.—Thirteen Converts.—Recovering Health.—Revival on the Sabbath Evening.—Some Frogs in the Net.—Work of Thoburn.—A Little Hell.—Story of George Bailey.—Unis Interprets.—Question of Long Sermons.—Season of Depression.—Question of Total Abstinence.—Testimony of Isa Das.—Formalism and Caste.—Climate and the Grace of God.—Am Invited to Cawnpore.—Succession of Services.—Hindu Boys from Messmore's School.—They Learn to Sing.—Cawnpore Outside of Our Conference.—George Myall My Interpreter.—Dancing Usages.—Ruins of the Residency.—Arrival at Cawnpore.—A Mixture of Moffi(a)tts.—I Find the Right One.—Begin Services in Union Chapel.—Shortness and Formalism Demanded.—No Decisive Results.—Six Nights of Introductory Work.—A Penitent Woman.—At the Memorial Gardens.—Organizing My Converts into Bands.—A Feather and a Star.—Question of Missions at Cawnpore.—I Do the City on an Elephant.—Arrival of the Presiding Elder.—My Petition to the Mission Conference.—The Question Discussed at Lucknow.—Cawnpore Put on the List.—Dennis Osborne Joins the Church.—Mukurji and Bailey.—Talk with an Old Hindu.—Preaching at Bailey's Place.—We are All Equals.—Effects of the Preaching.—Mohammedans and Hindus Together.—Death of Mrs. Davis.—The Old Moulvy Waits for Me.—Journey to Seetapore.—Breakdown Among the East Indians. . . 516–533

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CAMPAIGN FROM PANAHPORE TO BOMBAY.

Journeying in a Dhuli Dak.—Arrival at Panahpore.—Many Seekers at the Service.—Their Testimony.—A Great Fire.—More Converts.—What they Said in Experience.—At Shahjehanpore.—The Boys' Orphanage.—Our Preaching There.—Out at Chandapore.—Challenged by a Fakir.—"We Never Sinned in Our Lives."—Penitence at the Altar.—Distinguished Personages in the Chapel.—Question of the Spirit.—Leading Men of the City.—Further Preaching and Interview with Walker.—A Sabbath Morning Prayer Meeting.—A Mohammedan Goliath.—Meeting in Scott's House.—Testimony of Witnesses.—Sermon to the Children.—Disputing with the Brahman.—Welcome to Walker's Place.—Another Cry of Fire.—A Baptism.—Mrs. Walker's Experience.—Budaon Camp Meeting.—Tour of Hard Fighting.—Preaching in Meerut.—I Go to Delhi.—The Great Mosque.—Reminiscences of the Rebellion.—At Ambala and Bijnour.—Dr. Humphrey.—My *Hymns New and Old*.—At Rani Khet.—Mussouri to Bombay. . . 534–541

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MISSIONS AT BOMBAY AND INSTITUTION HALL.

Sketch of the City of Bombay.—The Parsee Population.—Their Religious and Philosophical Beliefs.—The Bombay Hospital.—Usages of the Parsees.—Their Tower of Silence.—The Great Majority are Hindus.—Their Castes and Trades.—Their Philosophy of Life.—The Mohammedans.—Their Dislike of Western Peoples.—The Eurasians.—Christian Churches in Bombay.—Indian Railways.—"Ram, Ram, Ram."—A Guard's Contempt for Caste.—At Dhond and Ahmednuggur.—A Converted Brahman Interprets for Me.—An Awakening.—Penitents and Converts.—A Native Concert.—The Punt Brothers.—Notes of Sermons and Testimonies.—How the Heart is Hardened.—Preaching in the Free Church of Scotland.—Ram Krishna Punt Interprets for Me.—An Interruption of Rockets.—My Subjects and Congregations.—Seekers and Converts.—Various Services and Hard Fighting.—Transfer to Institution Hall.—Parsees Hard to Catch.—Work with the Orphans.—Skepticism of the Managers.—Visit to the Raitts.—Organize a Fellowship Band.—Also Band Number Two.—Captain W. and his Wife are Saved. . . 542–551

CHAPTER XXXV.

WORK AT MAZAGON AND AT NEW OUTPOSTS.

In the Dockyard of Mazagon Road.—"Abraham Believed God."—Singing Our New Hymns.—Various Services and Varying Success.—Preaching in the Theater.—Old Bottles and New Wine.—The Tide of Opposition.—Fellowship Bands Three and Four.—New Conversions.—The Papers Open Batteries.—Permission to Preach to Prisoners.—The Chaplain's Rage.—Meeting at Junction Road.—My Talk to the People.—Great Crowd at the Theater.—The Colonel's Daughter in Distress.—Jesus Knocks at the Heart.—The Penitent is Forgiven.—Glorious Meeting at Miles's.—Another Fire.—A Rest Week.—The Town Hall is Refused.—Newspaper War Raging.—Preaching in the Prison.—Letters Against the Revival.—Smails the Diver.—Leading the Bands.—Various Conversions and Testimony.—Work at Falkland Road.—Doubtful Testimony of an Uncertain Convert.—Fellowship Band Six Organized.—Renting of the Parsee Hall.—What Shall We Do with the Converts?—Lifeless Churches are Bad Nurseries. 552–557

CHAPTER XXXVI.

METHODIST CHURCH ORGANIZED IN BOMBAY.

Petition of George Miles.—Our Converts Sign the Paper.—I Read the General Rules and Reply to the Petitioners.—I Agree with the Petitioners on the Main Question.—What would Be Expected of Them as Church Members.—Causes of Rejoicing Among Us.—Our Organization to be a Missionary Church.—No Caste in It.—No Opposition to Missionary Societies.—Self-supporting Native Churches the Great Desideratum.—We Do Not Furnish Homes or Compounds.—Open to All.—We Claim Liberty of Conscience under the British Constitution.—Our Mission in the North.—My Petition to the General Conference.—We Ask for Two Missionaries to be Sent as Helpers.—We Petition for a Charter to Organize a Bombay Conference.—Fate of My Petition.—My Further Meetings in February.—Communion Service and Meetings in Morley Hall.—Mirza Ismael.—I Baptize Him.—Need for Decisive Action.—Fellowship Band Number Ten Organized.—Improving Congregations.—My Round of Families.—Commissioner Drummond and the Hindu.—Testimony of the Latter to My Work.—Work of C. W. Christian.—Krishna Chowey and his Two Brothers.—Complaint of the Chaplain.—Major Raitt Defends My Work.—My Book of Reasons.—My Talk with Trimbuck.—Question of Krishna's Baptism.—How He was Tempted by a Minister and his Wife.—Threatened by his Uncle.—My Counsel to Krishna.—Praying with Trimbuck and Ana.—Krishna's Testimony.—Continuance of My Ministry in Bombay.—A Parsee Flares Up.—I Preach to Hindus and Parsees.—Testimony of the *Bombay Guardian*.—James Shaw a Local Preacher.—A Parsee Convert.—Conversion of Trimbuck and Ana.—Sermon in the Parsee Hall.—Experiences of the Recent Converts.—Arajee in Trouble.—Causes of his Distress.—Testimony of Jurain. 558–573

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CAMPAIGN OF POONAH AND CALCUTTA.

Henry Bailey Invites Me to Go with Him to Poonah.—Calling and Resting.—Invited to the Free Church of Scotland.—Situation of Poonah.—Lecture in Institution Hall.—Preaching in the Free Church.—Krishna Hunts up a Vagrant Son.—Great Meetings in Parsee Hall.—Project of Organization at Poonah.—Bombay Reinforcements.—Poonah Converts Testify.—Congregation Established.—James Shaw Becomes a Missionary.—George Bowen Joins Us.—W. E. Robbins Arrives from Indiana.—Also Albert Norton and Daniel O. Fox.—Steadfastness of Krishna.—Beaten by a Mob.—Krishna's Uncle Desires Him to Take his Business.—My Converts Stand Fast.—View of Calcutta.—Tragedy of the Black Hole.—My Proposition to John Richards.—Thoburn's Report of the Allahabad Conference.—Question of Preoccupied Territory.—I was Permitted to Skirmish.—Preaching in the Wesleyan Chapel.—What is

Necessary for the Conversion of Bengal.—My Work as an Outsider.—Correspondence with Anne.—Her Patience and Heroism.—Friends in Calcutta.—In the Native Chapel.—Hard Struggle in the Streets of Calcutta.—Prejudice Against the Christ.—Infidelity Rampant.—Thirteen Converts.—In Bow Bazaar.—Erection of a Temporary Hall. 574-584

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

REVIEW OF MY INDIAN MISSIONS.

Our Quarterly Meeting in Poonah.—Witnesses at the Love Feast.—Revisit to Bombay.—Work of the Parsee Converts.—Manekjee Mody's Testimony.—Zoroaster Not a Saviour.—"What Sort of People are These Methodists?"—Our Cause Before the Commissioner.—Samuel Page Explains Our Motives and Principles.—Krishna's Wife Converted.—Trimbuck a Preacher.—Break in the Hindu Lines.—My Friends Go with Me to Egutpoora.—Dennis Osborne in Allahabad.—Traveling Third Class.—Chapel in Calcutta.—Our Opening Service.—Story of Borooah.—His Premises and Deductions.—Services in Three Languages.—No Missionaries Sent to Our Relief.—An Ordeal of Criticism.—Bishop Harris's Tour.—Thoburn Meets Him in Calcutta.—My Interview with the Bishop.—Our Perfect Accord.—Bombay and Bengal Mission.—Lucknow Conference of 1874.—Thoburn Transfers to My Mission.—Appointments for that Year.—Winckler's Work.—Organization at Secunderabad.—"Methodists are All Teetotalers."—Honesty in Trade.—My Visit to Dr. Condon.—I Sail for Madras.—Trial of My Constitution.—Backing at Madras. . . 585-591

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MADRAS, BANGALORE, AND ONWARD.

Sketch of Madras and its Population.—The Wesleyans in South India.—Introduction to the Nonconformists.—The Ragged School in Blacktown.—Learning to Sing in Fifteen Minutes.—Preaching in the Open Air.—Services in Evangelistic Hall.—People Crowd to the Services.—Penitents and Converts.—We Transfer to Memorial Hall.—Caring for the Converts.—Bands Organize.—Help of Bowen and Miles.—Advance on Perambore.—Brief Stay in Palaveram.—Notice of Philip B. Gordon.—Building of Pandal.—Gathering in the Children.—Second School in the Esplanade.—Visit to Mysore.—Other Places of Interest.—Clarendon Hall is Tendered.—The Heavy Rain.—Tearing Down Our Posters.—Second Quarterly Meeting in Madras.—Contract for a Cheap Chapel.—A Society Organized at Arconam.—District Conference at Bombay.—Robbins's Letter about the Converts.—Delay in Arrival of New Missionaries.—Hard, Goodwin, and Robinson Reach India.—Separating for the Conquest of the Country.—Work of God in Agra.—Osborne's Powerful Preaching.—I Assist Dr. Fraser.—Agra to be Included in India Mission Conference.—Journeying to Lahore and Sinde.—Review of My Work in the *Bombay Guardian*.—Call from Moody and Sankey.—I am Credited with Raising up a Working Church in India.—Statements of Receipts and Expenditures. . 592-599

CHAPTER XL.

SUMMARY AND REVIEW.

Cost and Character of Our Chapels.—Good News from Thoburn.—Additional Workers.—Extract from Dr. Thoburn's Circular.—Our Chapel in Dhurramtollah Street.—Question of a Larger Place of Worship.—Reasons for Building a Commodious Place.—Appeal to the Christian Public of India.—Christmas Festival in Madras.—Outline of the Services.—C. P. Hard the New Pastor.—His Letter to the Superintendent.—Schools and Available Resources.—Brother Hard's Second Letter, with Statistics.—Extract from *Bombay Guardian*.—Gordon's Translation of Tracts.—The Printing Done.—Hard's Anecdote of the Inebriate.—Gloria's Account of his Conversion.—Robinson's Report to Hard.—He Sketches the Field of his Endeavor.—Review of the Work in Bombay up to 1875.—The Leading Workers.—What the *Bombay Guardian* Said About Me and the Falsehoods Relative to My Work.—State of Affairs in Poonah and Baroda.—Robbins's Letter Relative to Bombay Circuit.—The Work at Egutpoora.—The Drunken Engine Driver.—A Hard Pull at Kurrachee.—Questions and Answers Respecting Self-support.—Our Working Force.—Indorsement by Bishop Harris.—Distrust of the Hindus.—Caustic Advice to One of Our Editors.—Extract from a London Circular.—My Work in India Discussed.—Our Bishop's Visit an Occasion of Joy.—Other Bishops in India.—Question of a Missionary Bishop.—Views of the Matter in 1875.—My Commission.—The Lord Reigneth. . . . 600-612

CHAPTER XLI.

THE GENERAL QUESTION DISCUSSED.

Place for a Defense of Self-supporting Missions.—The Pauline Plan.—Nothing but Pure Gospel Seed.—Peter's Approval.—Entire Responsibility Laid on Native Converts.—Paul Kept the Unity of the Spirit—The Principle of Equivalents.—All Available Agencies were Used by the Apostle.—Paul's Plan with Respect to Remaining in One Place.—His Mission was that of a Planter.—Analogy of the British Empire to that of Rome.—The One Christian,

the Other Pagan.—Paul's Use of the Greek Language.—The Jews the Entering Wedge.—The English Tongue the Modern Vehicle—Christian Training of English-speaking People.—Jewish Persecution in Paul's Day.—All Governments in Opposition.—Our Advantages in Traveling by Sea and Land.—Paul had Miraculous Gifts.—I Perform no Miracles.—Otherwise the Analogy of the Modern Work to the Ancient Holds.—All Countries now Open and Accessible.—South Sea Islands Show what May be Done.—Conversion of the Cannibals.—Ruin Brought by the English-speaking Horde.—Misrepresentatives of Christianity.—Fault of the Church.—Church Methods of Disseminating the Gospel.—Satan's Missions Self-supporting.—Stumbling-blocks Must be Removed.—Bad Examples from Christian Countries.—Value of Missionary Agency.—All Missions Should be Sustained.—Schoolhouse an Auxiliary. 613–618

CHAPTER XLII.

CHURCH DEVELOPMENT.

A Charter for the Organization of the South India Conference.—India Mission Conference Becomes North India Conference.—Allahabad Assigned to the South.—Cawnpore also Transferred to that Conference.—Question of the Memorial School.—View of the Results at the Sixth Session of South India Conference.—The Blind Hindu Boy David.—He Learns to Read and Becomes a Preacher.—Churches Authorized to Hold Property.—The Delegated India Conference.—Central Committee of India Methodism.—Brother Craven's Mission to the United States.—We are Not Stipendiaries.—I Favor the Retention of Schools.—The American Board Closes its Schools.—A Poor Footing in South America.—Value of Academies in that Country.—What We Did in Concepcion.—Miss Waterhouse and her School.—Inutility of Debating with Romanists and Jews.—That Involves Begging the Question.—The Apostles were Logicians.—They Proceeded without Debate.—Our Employees are All Missionaries.—Complaint of My Tired Brothers.—Defense of My Phraseology.—We also Serve.—A Bishop's Report.—Thoburn's and Ward's Records.—Drawbacks to the Training of Missionaries.—Impolicy of Withdrawing Missionary Appropriations.—I am Indorsed by North India Conference.—My Book on Self-supporting Missions.—Whom and What I have Sent to India.—What I Offered the Missionary Committee.—Inadequacy of Appropriations by that Body.—Private Resources of My Work.—The Men who Backed the Cause.—Whom the Missionary Society Sent Out.—More Men and Women than I Could Dispatch to the Field.—They Go as Steerage Passengers.—My Appeal for Assistance.—What Ward Did in India in the Famine.—How He was to Live in the Nizam's Country.—Founding of Telugu Mission.—The Colar Orphanage Institution.—Beginnings of a Christian Periodical Literature in India.—*Bombay Guardian.*—*Lucknow Witness.*—*India Methodist Watchman.*—Meeting with Captain Jones in Calcutta.—Thomas H. Oakes.—William B. Osborn.—Founder of Indian Camp Meetings.—The Dasara Holidays.—Jurisdiction of Our Missionary Society.—Of Our Bishops.—The So-called Missionary Rule.—Not Prejudice, but Principle.—The Missionary Board Limits its Jurisdiction.—Dilemma of the Bishops.—Limitations of the Committee.—Action of 1879.—Financial Help from Rich Sinners.—What the Spirit of God has Laid upon Me.—The Lord would Not Release Me.—Plan of Organizing Fellowship Bands.—No Criticisms to Offer.—God's Original Pauline Plan.—My Special Call.—God's Order of Work and Workers.—The Mulatto Missionary Stuart.—How He was Called.—His Mission to the Wyandots.—Squire Walker's Story of Stuart's Preaching.—Finley's History of the Wyandot Mission.—Our Missionary Societies Commended.—How Methodism was Founded in America.—And in Madagascar.—Reality of Our Self-support in India.—Dilemma of Our Presiding Elder.—True Inwardness of the Ira Macalister Will Case.—The Poor Preacher in Colorado.—How he Founded a Church.—Self-support is God's Order.—My "Sin Against High Heaven."—No Warfare Against Anybody.—A Conflict of Principles.—Failure to Circumvent Us.—Project of a Superintendent for India.—How Highways have been Cast up in Heathen Countries.—Let the General Conference Consider These Things. . . 619–646

PART SEVENTH.

MY MISSIONS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XLIII.

WORK FROM CALLAO TO IQUIQUE.

My Voyage to Peru.—I Give My Address.—Third Class on Shipboard.—Eighteen Days in the Steerage.—Arrival at Colon.—Our Portuguese Family.—I Begin with a Colored Cousin.—"You has Found de Field."—Our Acquaintances from Jamaica.—"De Wesleyan Church, Sah."—On the Hurricane Deck of the *Acapulco*.—Manners of the Crowd.—In Callao Harbor.—Industries of Mollendo.—Raising Money for a Missionary and School-teacher.—A Roman Catholic Subscription.—A Scotchman's Gift.—Jack had a Share.—I Appoint Magnus Smith and Wife.—His Death.—Arrive at Arica.—Thence to Tacna.—A Night of Waking Visions.—The Lord Opens the Way.—Founding an

English School.—William Hellman.—Mr. Outram Signs My Articles. —An Old Friend.—From Arica to Iquique.—Town of Earthquakes.—Commercial Interests.—Founding an English School.—Preaching in Iquique.—Earthquake of January 23.—Keeping Cool in the Day of Overthrow.—I am Literally Rocked to Sleep. 647–663

CHAPTER XLIV.

FROM VALPARAISO TO RIO.

Where I Founded Missions.—Sketch of Valparaiso.—Numbers Coming and Going.—My Welcome at the Residence of Dr. Trumbull.—How He Came to Be in Valparaiso.—Church of England Work.—The Ground Preoccupied.—Trying My Methods on the Fleet.—Founding of the Seamen's Evangelical Society.—Raising of Funds.—At William Laurence's in Concepcion.—Henry Bunster My Providential Man.—Opening an English School.—Captain W. S. Wilson.—Talcahuana.—Journey to Talca.—The River Nuble.—A Horn of Tea.—Payment of Railway Men.—Where their Wages Go to.—Sketch of Talca.—Call on the American Minister.—Reception by President Pinto.—My Letter from President Hayes.—Reminiscence of My Interview with the Roman Catholic in India.—My Sermon to Him.—Condition of Affairs in Santiago.—Institutions of the City.—Returning to Callao.—My Brother Archibald.—My Visit to New York and Boston.—Candidates for South American Work.—The Consecration of a Life.—Sallie Longley and Lelia H. Waterhouse.—Typical Letter from Miss Waterhouse.—My Book, *Our South American Cousins*.—The Roman Catholics Support Me.—Necessity of a Transit Fund.—Sending Out Missionaries.—Attempts to Break a Contract.—Difference Between the South American and Indian Fields.—Pioneers Sent from the United States to the Former.—The Stowells and Miss Benson in Tacna.—Fate of their Endeavor.—Professor Humphrey and his Wife.—J. W. Collier at Iquique and Valparaiso.—A. T. Jeffrey and Wife at Antofagasta.—Other Stations.—Smith and Wife at Copiapo.—Other Successes and Failures.—Mrs. Vasbinder.—The Work in Coquimbo.—J. W. Higgins and his Church.—The Force in Valparaiso.—William A. Wright and Two Ladies for Concepcion.—Heroism of Lelia Waterhouse.—Other Missionaries Appointed.—The Work in Santiago.—Letter from Miss Whitfield.—Missions at Guayaquil and Aspinwall.—E. L. Latham Organizes a Methodist Church.—What was Done in Panama.—Other Central American Cities.—My Visit to Para.—Justus H. Nelson Founds a College.—His Assistants.—Fate of the Enterprise.—Bereavement of the Nelson Family.—Their Heroism.—James Willet.—Ninde's Work in Pernambuco.—Preoccupation in Rio.—Interview with Dom Pedro.—Returning Third Class to New York.—What the Report of 1881 Shows.—Stations and Preachers in Charge.—Receipts for South American Work.—Dr. Kanut.—Reasons of Failures and Abandonments.—Remaining Fruits of the Enterprise.—Reminiscence of Dr. Swaney.—How President Hayes Came to Give Me the Letter.—Labors of Brother Archie in Callao.—Satan Stirs Up an Enemy.—My Brother and I in Peril of Our Lives.—How We Escaped.—Character of the Desperadoes.—The *Aconcagua*.—Opening My Missionary Book.—Inskip and McDonald to the Rescue.—My Transit and Building Fund Committee.—Division of the Work.—Zeal of the Committee.—Permanent Success of Nelson at Para.—Pros and Cons of My Work in South America.—Questions for Me to Answer.—And My Answers.—"Grant Me a Location without Debate."—Building a College in Chili.—I am a Member of a General Conference.—My Petition to that Body.—What was Done with It.—Review of the Results and Personnel of My Work in India up to May of 1882. 664–688

PART EIGHTH.

MY AFRICAN EPISCOPATE.

CHAPTER XLV.

ELECTION AND OUTGOING.

Problem of African Evangelization.—My Scheme for Killing Bishops Decently.—Real Safety in the Interior.—I Must Take My Own Pill.—"Turn him Loose in Africa."—Proposition to Make Me a Missionary Bishop.—My Election.—M. D. Collins's Account of How it was Done.—My Remarks Before Dr. Trimble's Committee.—What was Done at the General Conference of 1884.—A Marvelous Change Passes Over Us.—Dr. Curry's Plan for a Colored Bishop.—Dr. Olin's Bombshell.—Curry Starts a Train which He Cannot Control.—"It is of God, and We Must Not Withstand Him."—Visit to My Family.—Anne's Fidelity and Devotion.—What She Said to a Doctor of Divinity.—My Twofold Responsibility.—Primary Principle of Attending to My Own Business.—Report of Pogge and Wissmann Throws Light on the Interior of Africa.—Character of the Countries Revealed by Them.—My Transit and Building Fund Committee.—The Lord Our Helper.—We Fear Nothing.—Acceptance of Candidates.—Anderson Fowler Promotes Our Progress.—Hurst Did Not Stand on Color.—Assistance of J. H. Brown, of Liverpool.—Preparation for Embarking Our Forces.—Sending Summers and Chatelaine to St. Paul de Loanda.—Mr. Bond Prepares us a Bill of Fare. 691-702

CHAPTER XLVI.

BEGINNING THE WORK.

Revival in Monrovia, Grand Bassa, and Cape Palmas.—The Governor General.—Our Party Attacked with Fever.—Our Objective Point.—The Governor General Assists Us.—Our Discouragements at St. Paul de Loanda.—My Draft on John Terry.—Opening Stations on the Coanzo.—History of the Enterprise to be Found in *Illustrated Africa*.—S. J. Mead's Letter.—Provision for Our Angola Stations.—Learning the Kimbunda.—Dr. Summers Reaches the Bashilange Country.—The Story of his Adventures en Route.—He Employs Germano as Guide and Interpreter.—Walking Preferred to Oxback.—Landscape of the Bashilange.—Villages and Towns.—Living on Patience and Water Gruel.—Sufferings of the Doctor.—"Lo, I am With You Alway."—Delay in Permission to Build.—Character of Countries Explored by Pogge and Wissmann.—Summary of Wissmann's Letter.—His Description of the Countries Traversed.—Traces of Tippoo Tib.—Results of Arab Trade.—My Missionaries Settled in Angola.—Visit to Lisbon and England.—What Happened in St. Thomas.—Learning from De Brazza.—My Reception by the King of Portugal.—His Interest in My Work.—A Waterway into the Bashilange.—My Journey to Brussels.—My Reception by the Court and King of Belgium.—Our Conversation.—Gaining a Definite Notion of the Field.—Planting a Mission in Kimpopo.—Difficulty in Getting to Stanley Pool.—The Mission Steamers *Peace* and *Henry Reed*. 703–714

CHAPTER XLVII.

BATTLING WITH CONDITIONS.

Project of Building a Steamer for Ourselves.—Stanley had Gathered the Carriers.—No Intrusion on the Congo.—Steamers Connect with Railroad at Matadi.—Comparatively Poor Success of the Congo Missions.—Women Hold Out Better than Men.—Missions on Cavalla River.—War Scare on the Liberian Coast.—Rebellion of the Grabos.—Hostilities of the Half Cavallas.—Excitement in the Country and Scare in Our Camp.—We Set Out for Cavalla.—Nimly and Saco.—Character of Africanus.—In Barabo.—Pulling Against the Stream.—Our Mission Palaver with the Chiefs.—At Tataka Tabo.—"Pratt's Mouth no Tell Lies."—Another Palaver.—King Grandoo of Gerribo.—Preaching in Pratt's Store.—A Mission in Beahboo.—Seven Stations Established.—Distribution of the Africans on the River.—Prefer Walking to Being Toted.—Incidents of Our Journey Across Country.—The Signal Drum.—Opening Stations on the Kroo Coast.—Ten in 1893.—Notice of Liberia.—King of Boporo.—The Hero Defends Himself.—The Rebels Successful.—How the Old Woman Saved Liberia.—The Slave Trade.—Heddington Mission.—Gotarah's Attempt to Eat Brown.—The Latter's Account of the War of King Thom.—The Decisive Battle.—Demory and Harris.—How Gotarah Broke into the Defenses and was Killed.—The Wounded and Slain.—Spoils of the Battle. . 715–726

CHAPTER XLVIII.

CLOSING LESSON AND FAREWELL.

Liberia Not a Failure.—Brown Justifies Self-defense.—Gotarah's Death Brings Peace.—Reproduction of My Sermon on the Spiritual Possibilities of the Heathen.—Policy of the Church of Rome Reviewed.—Human Nature Incapable of Purifying Itself.—Ethical Standards of Jew and Greek.—Possibility Brings Responsibility.—The Holy Scriptures the Medium..—What the Divine Order is.—How God has Taught Mankind from Adam Down.—The Light that Lighteth Every Man.—Our Eternal Filial Relation to God.—Relation of Darkness and Sin.—Corruption of the Heathen.—God has Given Some Over to Reprobacy.—How We Stand in Relation to God.—Children Dying are Justified.—"What a Pity I Did not Die."—The Fallacy Answered.—Story of Jimmie and his Mother.—Confession of the Sinful Soul.—"I Have Lost the Happy out of My Heart."—Childhood the Time for Conversion.—All Children Entitled to Membership in God's Family.—Why Send Missionaries?—The Oracles were Given to the Jews.—"God's Delights are with the Sons of Men."—How Children Receive the Truth.—"Jesus Be My Best Friend."—What the Brahman Says.—His Name is Niswah.—"Our Fathers Believed in the Resurrection."—Kaffir Views of Death.—Lessons and Deductions.—A Dying King.—Prays to Niswah.—Practical Importance of the Subject.—Concluding Deductions.—What a Dear Brother Wrote to Me.—Definition of a True Church of Christ.—I am Not a Bigot.—My Plan in Foreign Fields.—Establishment of the Bombay Annual Conference.—Some Required for Evangelization of Heathen Nations.—Self-supporting Missions do Not Antagonize the Others.—Utterance of the General Conference of 1884.—Is a Missionary Bishop a Bishop?—How that Matter was Decided.—Report of Amos E. Withey on the Angola Work.—His Indorsement of Our African Converts.—Their Desire for Education.—Statistics.—Seekers of Salvation.—Hopefulness of the Presiding Elder.—New Arrivals.—The District Conference.—Receipts for the Year.—Appointments.—Summary of Church Work.—Exhibit of the Liberia Conference, 1895.—Communication from King Charles Hodge.—Need of Means and Assistants.—Question of the Salary of Missionary Bishops.—The Discussions in General Conference.—Proposition to Use Missionary Funds for Bishop's Salary.—I Decline to Accept Such Allowance.—My Salary Paid from the General Fund.—Freeborn Garrettson Smith Becomes Treasurer of My Africa Fund. . 725–750

ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE

WILLIAM TAYLOR AS A CIRCUIT RIDER IN VIRGINIA. . . . . *Frontispiece*
ENGRAVED DEDICATION. From a Manuscript of Bishop Taylor, August, 1895 3
HEADPIECE FOR "EARLY LIFE AND TRIAL PERIOD IN THE MINISTRY" 25
STUART TAYLOR AS AN EVANGELIST 29
THE STRUGGLE AT SHAW'S CAMP MEETING . . 37
THE CLASS MEETING AT JOSEPH'S 53
THE PREACHER OF THE SWEET SPRINGS CIRCUIT 67
FATHER PERKINS PROTESTS 73
RAGE OF A WICKED FATHER 81
A FALLEN CLASS LEADER 95
TAILPIECE FOR PART FIRST 106
HEADPIECE FOR "PLANTING THE CROSS IN CALIFORNIA" 107
THE SICK PENITENT 113
ISAAC OWEN GAINS HIS CAUSE 121
THE FIRST METHODIST HORSE IN CALIFORNIA . 125
TRIAL OF THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE 137
LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN 150
A TYPICAL FORTY-NINER AND HIS FAMILY . . 153
A MORGUE FOR THE LIVING 161
A BABY HERO TO THE RESCUE 168
AN UNBELIEVER STRICKEN OF CHOLERA . . . 177
ON THE ENEMY'S RAMPARTS 181
THE OLD MAN'S HOPE 185
THE DEVIL TRIES TO STAMPEDE US 187
GREAT IS DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS 198
THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS 200
A COWARDLY PENITENT 205
PROCESSION OF THE VIGILANTES 209
HEADPIECE FOR "THE OLD STATES AND CANADA" 217
A SINFUL HEART UNDER A UNIFORM 218
A MISTAKE IN DIAGNOSIS 221
EXPLAINING "THE IMMUTABILITY OF LAW" . 225
A DISTANT AND UNSEEN LISTENER 227
DE PROFUNDIS EXCLAMAVI 228
THE AFTER PART OF CLAYTON'S SUNDAY SCHOOL 235
EXIT OF A LITERAL THEOLOGIAN 237
WISDOM VISITS HONESTY IN THE FIELD . . . 241
THE BENEDICTION OF THE WICKED 253
HEADPIECE FOR "MY WORK IN AUSTRALIA" . 255
THE QUESTION OF AUSTRALIA DECIDED . . . 257
THE CRY OF SALVATION RISING ABOVE DESPAIR 281

PAGE

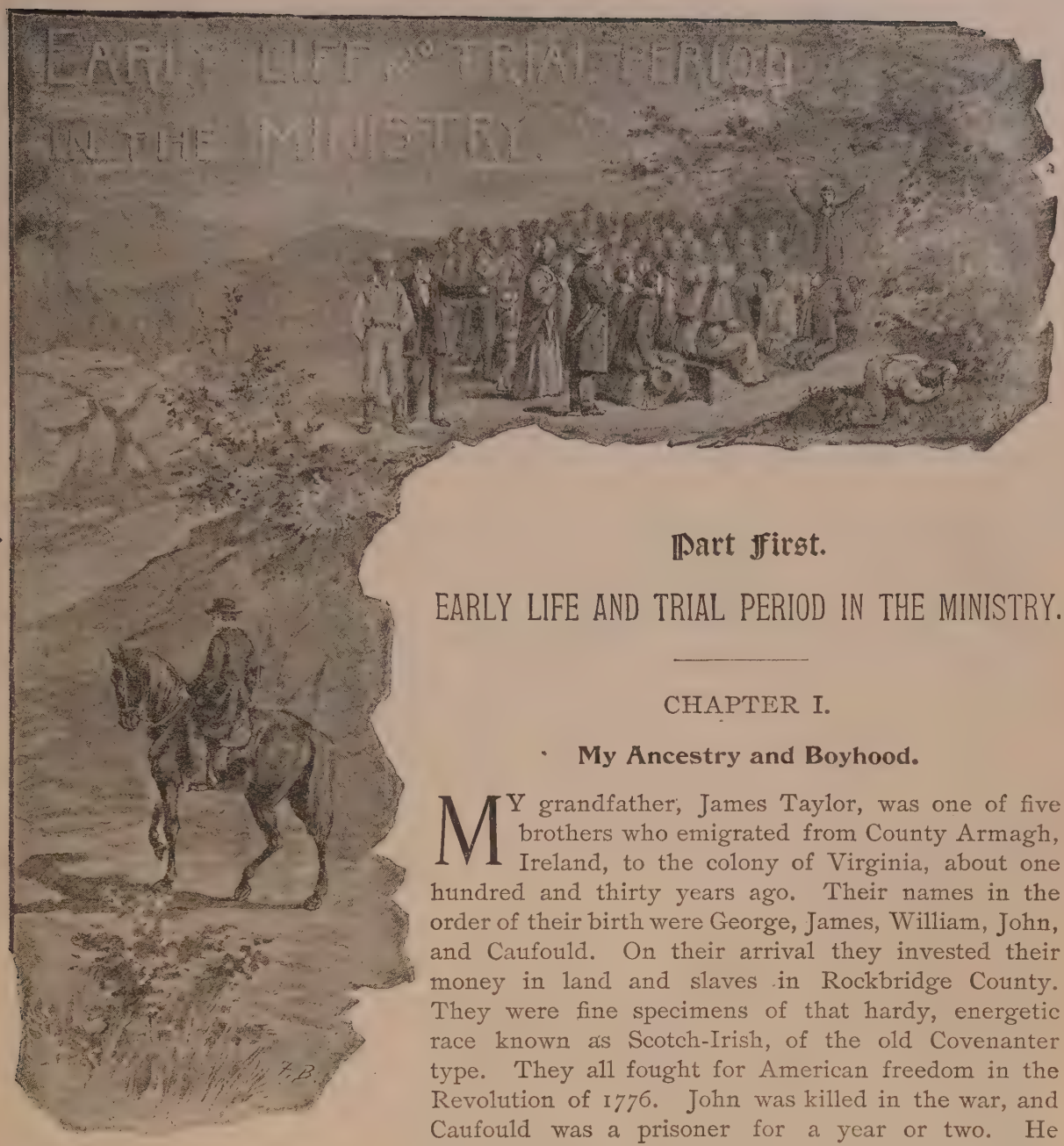
AWFUL DEATH OF WILLIAM HILL 285
A PRIMITIVE AUSTRALIAN BATTLE 291
HENRY REED AMONG THE CONVICT MINERS . . 297
ECSTASY OF A CONVICT PREACHER 300
THE ORANGE PEDDLER POURING OUT HIS GOLD . 307
PERSECUTION OF AN AUSTRALIAN CONVERT . . 313
A PREACHER'S AIDS TO COMPOSITION 324
TAILPIECE FOR PART FOURTH 326
HEADPIECE FOR "MISSION TO SOUTH AFRICA" . 327
INTERIOR OF A ZULU KAFFIR HOUSE OF THE UPPER CLASS 331
SOUND ETHICS IN A YELLOW BREAST 335
HEROISM OF A NATIVE CHRISTIAN 337
MISS SNOWDROPS, BELLE OF MATABELA'S COURT 341
THE SONS OF NOAH MEET AGAIN 343
A DUTCHMAN'S NOTION OF GOOD ORDER . . 349
APOLOGY OF AN HONEST SINNER 354
A ROYAL SOLDIER OF THE LIMPOPO VALLEY . . 357
BULLOCK RIDERS OF THE ZULU KAFFIRS . . . 363
SERMON TO THE KAFFIRS—CHARLES PAMLA AND THE SEEKERS AT THE ALTAR 369
CHARLES PAMLA 372
AGONI WARRIORS FROM NYASSALAND 375
HUMILITY OF A NATIVE CONVERT 377
INSTITUTION AND CHAPEL AT HEALD TOWN . 378
EN ROUTE TO FORT BEAUFORT 383
OLD-WOMAN WATER CARRIERS OF THE ZULU KAFFIRS 385
KAFFIR HUT AND FAMILY 388
TOMB OF EDWARD AND HENRY TROLLIP . . . 391
STRETCHING AND DRESSING AN ANTELOPE SKIN BY MATABELA'S TANNERS 395
JAMES ROBERTS 399
M. STUART TAYLOR 401
STUART TELLS ME HIS LIFE STORY 402
SEPOPO, KING OF THE MA-RUTSE, SERVED AT SUPPER 405
KAFFIR WOMAN TELLING OF HER REDEMPTION . 409
GETTING A PULPIT IN FINGOLAND 412
COMING OF THE MISSIONARIES TO HINTZA'S "GREAT PLACE" 417
VILLAGE OF THE MA-SHUKULUMBE 427
KING OF THE AMAPONDO 438
FISHING STATION OF THE MA-M'BOE, ON THE ZAMBEZI 443
TSITSA FALLS 446
THE MISSIONARY WHITE DEFENDING THE PONDO REFUGEES 453

PAGE

EULOGY OF COLENSO BY THE DRUNKEN MERCHANT OF MARITZBURG 480
JOHNNIE DAVIS AND THE LION 483
PERIL OF THE MISSIONARY BUTLER 485
TAILPIECE FOR PART FIFTH 500
WILLIAM TAYLOR. From a London photograph, 1867 502
HEADPIECE FOR "ENGLAND AND THE INDIES, WEST AND EAST" 503
HENRY REED'S METHOD OF DOING IT 506
SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE CHURCH IN GEORGETOWN 511
TYPES AND MANNERS OF THE HINDUS 517
MY JOURNEY THROUGH THE STREETS OF CAWNPORE 529
THE MOHAMMEDAN GOLIATH 538
FIRE TOWERS AND CEREMONIAL OF THE PARSEES 543
A CONDUCTOR DISREGARDING CASTE 547
A GIRL PENITENT OF BOMBAY 554
TRIUMPHANT DEATH OF DR. SEWALL 561
SONG SERVICE OF HINDU CONVERTS 567
TRIMBUCK CANAREN 572
KRISHNA AS A WAITING EVANGELIST 575
SCENE IN THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA . . 581
MANEKJEE MODY SEEKING CONSOLATION . . . 586
A COUNCIL EN ROUTE WITH BISHOP HARRIS . 589
THE RAGGED SCHOOL IN BLACKTOWN 593
FOR THE CONQUEST OF INDIA 598
THE INEBRIATE OF MADRAS IN HIS DELIRIUM . 605
THE ENGINE DRIVER OF EGUTPOORA 609
A MAN-ROAST OF THE FIJIANS 617
THE BLIND HINDU BOY READING THE SCRIPTURES 623
THE MUSIC TEACHER'S SACRED STRATAGEM . . 626
STREET SCENE DURING THE FAMINE IN MADRAS 631
THE ARGUMENT MADE VISIBLE 636
TRYING TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BREAST . . . 639
A PREACHER IN SEARCH OF LODGINGS 644

PAGE

HEADPIECE FOR "MY MISSIONS IN SOUTH AMERICA" 647
OUR FIRST SUBJECT IN COLON 649
ONE OF THE PARTIES TO A CONTROVERSY . . . 652
ON THE HURRICANE DECK OF THE "ACAPULCO" 653
THE VIEW EN ROUTE TO TACNA 656
THE HEROINE OF MOLLENDO 657
A DANGEROUS SITUATION 662
RECEIVING A HOMELESS SAILOR AT OUR BETHEL 664
MY WELCOME AT CONCEPCION 666
A BAR TO HOMES AND HOPES 669
A CATHOLIC AUDIENCE OF ONE 671
THE CONSECRATION OF A LIFE 672
GOOD START FOR A YOUNG MISSIONARY . . . 679
ONE METHOD OF SWELLING THE TRANSIT FUND 684
PERIL OF THE TAYLOR BROTHERS ON THE BEACH OF CALLAO 685
TAILPIECE FOR PART SEVENTH 688
WILLIAM TAYLOR, BISHOP OF AFRICA 690
HEADPIECE FOR "MY AFRICAN EPISCOPATE" . 691
THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1884 693
MRS. ANNE TAYLOR 697
HENRY M. STANLEY, M. P. From his latest photograph 702
GROUP OF WARRIORS WITH SHIELDS AND KNOBKERRIES 705
REV. ROSS TAYLOR 707
OUR MISSIONARIES IN ANGOLA 711
HENRY REED 714
RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION IN CONGO 716
TYPICAL AFRICAN TOWN 720
A SLAVE GANG IN CENTRAL AFRICA 723
MISS WILDONE, A CIVILIZED GIRL OF MASHONA 729
PLAN OF A KRAAL 735
BISHOP TAYLOR AND THE CHILD DIANA . . . 738
GROUP OF MEN FROM THE EAST COAST 741
BISHOP TAYLOR AND FREEBORN GARRETTSON SMITH, AUGUST, 1895 747
TAILPIECE FOR PART EIGHTH 750



Part First.

EARLY LIFE AND TRIAL PERIOD IN THE MINISTRY.

CHAPTER I.

My Ancestry and Boyhood.

MY grandfather, James Taylor, was one of five brothers who emigrated from County Armagh, Ireland, to the colony of Virginia, about one hundred and thirty years ago. Their names in the order of their birth were George, James, William, John, and Caufould. On their arrival they invested their money in land and slaves in Rockbridge County. They were fine specimens of that hardy, energetic race known as Scotch-Irish, of the old Covenanter type. They all fought for American freedom in the Revolution of 1776. John was killed in the war, and Caufould was a prisoner for a year or two. He was liberated by the birth-throes of the new nation. George and James both married daughters of Captain Audley Paul, of the same hardy clan, the Scotch-Irish. Audley Paul was a fellow-lieutenant of George Washington in General Braddock's army, and was present when Colonel Washington ventured to suggest to the British general that to conquer the Indian forces combined against them the colonial soldiers should be allowed the protection of the trees of the wood and to fight the Indians in their own fashion. But the general called him a "young buckskin," and reproved him for his presumption. That was in the morning of the day noted as the day of "Braddock's defeat." Audley Paul, with many others, in their retreat swam the Allegheny River near the site of Pittsburg. The sword he carried in that engagement and in

his years of marching and fighting as captain in the War of Independence hung in my father's bedroom through all the years of my youth.

The Pauls were religiously opposed to slavery, and so indoctrinated the rising generation of the Taylors into antislavery sentiment that as fast as they came into possession of slaves by inheritance they set them free. My father emancipated the last of the race of them, being one of the younger of the fourteen children of James and Ann (Paul) Taylor.

My mother's maiden name was Hickman. She was of English descent. The Hickmans settled in Delaware about one hundred and forty years ago. Roger Hickman's marriage didn't please the aristocratic pride of his parents, so we learn from family tradition, and, they bearing down on him a little too severely, Roger struck for liberty, and with his wife went to what was then the "far West," and bought land and slaves and settled on Back Creek, in Bath County, Virginia, and there brought up a large, industrious family in the Presbyterian faith. Their son William married a daughter of Captain James Elliott, also a Revolutionary soldier, and they brought up a large, well-to-do family; my mother was their firstborn.

Stuart Taylor and Martha E. Hickman were united in marriage in 1819, and settled in Rockbridge County. They each had a sound, powerful constitution of body and mind. Their English school education was quite equal to the average of their day. Their practical common sense and energy were largely above the average. My mother was mistress of the manufacture of all kinds of cloth known in her early life, plain and ornamental, and every department of the process, from the flax in the stalk and the wool on the sheep's back to the perfect texture from the loom, and knew how to develop men and women to stand the wear and tear of life for the probable average of three quarters of a century. My father was by trade "a tanner and currier," but had been brought up a farmer. He was a mechanical genius of his times, utilizing wood, iron, and leather for all the purposes of his own farms and tanyard and the demands of the market. With his endowment of common sense he combined great sympathy for man, beasts, and birds; these, with sound judgment, made him a popular leader of men within the radius of his activity.

My parents, soon after their marriage, joined the Presbyterian Church, and tried, in their way, for thirteen years, to live up to the standard of doctrine and moral rectitude of that Christian body. They had the form of godliness, and tried to be good and to teach their children to be good, but they lacked soul-converting power. Our preacher, Rev. Andrew Davidson, was an earnest, impressive speaker, often causing his congregation to weep aloud on account of their shortcomings, and all the people of that region held the preacher in affectionate reverence. Our place of worship was a "Union church," built largely by an old Methodist named Lambert; but up to my twelfth year I never saw a Methodist or heard of their "preaching around;" but about that time Joseph Spriggs, of the Baltimore Conference, announced that he would preach at Lambert's church on Thursday afternoon of every alternate week.

The Methodists were "a sect everywhere spoken against" in that region, so that our family were careful not to be seen in such company. One day my father, on horseback, was passing the church as Spriggs's congregation were assembling, filling the grove with their horses, the same as for the regular preaching on the Sabbath. His curiosity was excited, and a desire enkindled to venture in to see what should attract so great a crowd on a week day. He dismounted, and, going to the door, found the church so crowded that with difficulty he got a seat against the wall near the door. Spriggs's

text that day was, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." He was a Gospel sharpshooter. The truth commended itself to my father's judgment, and was applied to his heart by the awakening Spirit of God. He was convinced of the truth of what he heard and convicted of sin, and so drawn to the preacher that he thought if he could induce him to go home with him salvation would come to his house that day. So he pressed his way through the crowded aisle and met the preacher as he descended the pulpit stairs, and begged him to become his guest. Spriggs expressed his willingness, but declined to go with him on account of previous engagements.

For two weeks father's mind seemed to be in an utterly bewildered state, and he was in such agony of soul he could scarcely take food sufficient to sustain life. Under the pretense of "going a-hunting" he spent much of his time in the mountains, gun in hand, when he scarcely thought of shooting anything but himself, seriously contemplating suicide. I went with him on his hunt one day, and he spent most of his time at the root of a large chestnut tree, with his face in his hands, groaning and weeping. He only needed some Philip to lead him to Jesus.

Two weeks after my father was "struck," under that first Methodist sermon he ever heard, a Methodist camp meeting was commenced at Cold Sulphur Springs, about ten miles from our home. That was in August, 1832. Father felt strong drawings toward the camp meeting, but his pride and prejudice would not allow him to go avowedly to such a place; but wishing to drive a herd of his cattle into the "mountain range," six or seven miles in the direction of the camp, he said to me and one of his farm hands, "We'll drive the cattle into the mountains, and then we'll slip over and see what's going on at the camp meeting."

The first Methodist preaching I ever heard was at that camp meeting. The preachers impressed me as being a superior race of human beings. I revered them as I would have revered angels, but kept well out of their way, for I feared them. Eight or ten of the "God-men" occupied the stand during the preaching, then they all came down into the altar, to labor with the mourners. The altar was a square inclosure to accommodate from one hundred to two hundred persons, specially for the use of seekers of salvation, and the ministers and laymen and women who went in to instruct and pray for them.

For about three days my father heard the preaching, but as soon as an invitation was given to seekers to come forward to the mourners' bench he hurried off to the Springs and strolled round among the giddy crowds of the outer circles. On the last night of the meeting a sermon preached on the story of the prodigal son, by John V. Rigden, brought him to a decision to mortify his pride and have salvation at any cost. When the call was given for seekers, my father said to John Buchanan, a well-to-do neighbor of ours, who was also a nominal member of a Christian church, "John, let us go into that Methodist altar." "Agreed," replied John. Only two vacant sittings remained in the altar, and just inside the gate. John led and took the seat nearest the entrance, and father had to pass him to get to the next seat. They both soon after dropped on their knees as seekers of pardon.

My father at once with flowing tears cried, "God have mercy on me a poor sinner! O God, for Christ's sake, have mercy on me a poor sinner!" In fifteen minutes, to use his own simple expression, he piled up his short prayers till they reached to heaven, and God responded, "Son, thy sins are all forgiven thee." He was filled with the Holy Spirit and carried away in raptures of joy. He thought he heard the rejoicing of angels,

and the shouts of his mother, who some years before had gone to join the hosts of the blood-washed on the other side.

Next day, on our return home, he said to me, "William, I am converted." Then he laughed and cried and shouted hallelujah. "Yes, William, I am converted to God; converted among the Methodists. God bless the Methodists! I hated and dreaded them, but God has wonderfully saved me at a Methodist camp meeting. God bless the Methodists! How I do love them, and shall always love them, I am sure; but I shall not leave my own Church, for I think God can use me as a witness among them and do them good."

As soon as we reached home my dear mother came out to meet us. Father embraced and kissed her and said, "Honey, I'm converted. God has saved me from my sins." He shouted hallelujah, and my mother wept. Then he called all the family and servants together, read a lesson from "the family Bible that lay on the stand," and kneeled down and gave thanks to God for salvation, and prayed earnestly for mother and for the children and servants by name.

Some years before, in his desire to be good, my father bought a book of prayers, with the purpose of trying to have family worship by reading a prayer; but it seemed like mockery to him; so he never attempted to have family worship till the day I have just described.

Next morning, after family worship and breakfast, he mounted a horse and rode at large through the neighborhood, and called on all the elders of the church and other leading members, and told them his wonderful experience, and asked them when they were "born again," and why they had not told him about it long ago. Father was not censorious, never was; but he was sublimely in earnest, and, filled with love and sympathy, he hoped to get them all into the same happy experience which so thrilled his heart and life. None of them attempted to argue with him, because they knew he was too much for any of them on that line before he went to the camp meeting; but now his utterances filled them with silent amazement. They would say nothing in his presence, but they reported that Stuart Taylor had "gone crazy and scandalized himself and his church at the Methodist camp meeting."

Stuart Taylor wasn't crazy. He was a level-headed man in his day, and clearly perceived that he could get no help and do but little good in the Church of his early choice, as it was at that day. So he deliberately made up his mind to join the Methodist Episcopal Church.

A fortnight after the day he came home with the good news he and his family were encamped in their own tent at Shaw's Camp Ground, seven miles distant from where we lived. At that camp meeting my mother was saved, and father, mother, and myself joined the Methodist Episcopal Church and helped to form "the society" at Lambert's meeting house, which was attached to the Lexington Circuit. William B. Edwards, the preacher in charge, received us into the Church.

My father was naturally a leader of men, and soon became so in the Church of his newborn life. From the first and through his long life in the work his ruling passion was to get people saved. He became an ordained local preacher, but for over forty years his ministerial services, far and near, were more itinerant than local. He was in easy circumstances, and devoted a large portion of his time to special evangelistic services. His only reward—for he refused pay—was the joy of soul-saving success. He assisted me in protracted meetings on four different circuits in which I was a minister. He was the

STUART TAYLOR AS AN EVANGELIST.

"He mounted a horse and rode at large through the neighborhood."—Page 28.

most willing and the most welcome helper I could get. He was a great singer, a powerful exhorter, and as for knee-work among seekers of salvation there seemed to be no limit to his zeal and power of endurance, always first in the fight and the last to retire from the field. His confidence in man and his grand possibilities were second only to his confidence in God and in free and full salvation in Jesus.

Designing men sometimes took advantage of his confidence, and would contract debts which they never paid and probably never intended to pay. A stranger called at my father's tannery and exclaimed as he approached, "O, Brother Taylor, how are you? I am delighted to see you looking so well."

"You have the advantage of me," replied father; "I have no remembrance of ever seeing you before."

"Why, Brother Taylor, don't you know me? I was converted under your preaching on Colyer's Creek, and I shall always bless the day in which you led me to Jesus." He then went on with the details of his story, and wound up by saying he had come to buy some leather. He made a choice selection, and had it rolled up and then said, "I haven't the money with me to pay for it to-day, but I will certainly get it and pay you, Brother Taylor, inside of ten days." He had worked his card so well that my father trusted him.

Father, referring to him months afterward, said: "With all his pious profession I believe he had a devil in him as big as a ground-hog." But his faith in the many was never shaken by the deceptive hypocrisy of the few, and though he would not a second time trust them with leather on time he still sought earnestly to save them.

The civil war swept like a tornado over the State of Virginia. The Valley was in possession alternately of the Union and of the Confederate army. The trimmers knew not which side to shout for.

A detachment of Confederate cavalry galloped up to a farmhouse and demanded of a woman standing in the door, "Which side are you on, North or South?" She replied promptly, "I'm a Baptist. I've been a member of the Baptist Church from my childhood." But everybody who was acquainted with Stuart Taylor knew which side he was on; indeed, he was recklessly bold in declaring his unflinching fidelity to the Union cause. A conspiracy was planned for his arrest and execution in Castle Thunder, but the Lord was so careful of him that he moved General Johnston, commander of that division, to issue an order that Stuart Taylor should not be molested; and he was not.

In the midst of the war troubles the society of Lambert's meeting house, all except my father, left the Methodist Episcopal Church and joined in a body the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. As he stood alone they all tried to persuade him to go with them. "No," said he; "if I should turn my back upon my Church and my nation, especially in this the day of their sorrow, I should say the Lord would serve me right to turn me out of heaven and bar the doors against me." He then applied to the Baltimore Conference for a minister to be sent to his house, and he would support him and his family. This request was granted; a minister was sent, and remained with him till the war was over. A new place of worship, meantime, was built in the neighborhood, and a new society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was formed.

My father's house was always a welcome home for God's ambassadors, and both father and mother loved them and were never more delighted than to have them in their home and minister to them. They were Methodists in heart, life, and profession, but welcomed to their hospitality ministers of other Churches.

Father and mother enjoyed an unwaning honeymoon, which shone on their happy married life through its whole period of about fifty-four years. He always addressed her as "Honey," and she addressed him as "Darling." I have no remembrance of ever hearing an unkind word pass between them.

Father wrote me when I was laboring in Ceylon, saying: "Our old friends wanted us to have a golden wedding and allow them to honor us with their gifts. I respectfully declined, saying, 'We have got on so well with the old contract for fifty years that I prefer it for another fifty years, or as long as the Lord shall be pleased to spare us.'" In the same letter he added: "When mother and I were surrounded by our growing family we often spoke with sadness of the coming time when they would scatter abroad and leave us in lonely desolation. The dreaded time has come. They are all married, except Rebecca and John, who are in heaven; the nine who survive have comfortable homes of their own, and we are left alone, but not lonely. Indeed, we never were so free from care and so really happy before. God has blessed us in our children. They are all healthy, all religious, all Methodists, all industrious, all peaceable and peacemakers, and three of them Gospel ministers. We are happy thus to know that our great lifework is done. Our sun is setting, and not a cloud in the west. We are waiting cheerfully on the bank of the river for the boatman to come to take us home."

After an unbroken term of thirteen years in foreign evangelizing work I was fondly hoping to see dear father and mother again on this side of the river. In 1874, while I was founding missions in Madras, India, my host, Dr. Condon, said to me one day as I came in, "Is your father's name Stuart?"

"Yes, doctor; his name is Stuart Taylor."

"I have just read in this paper that Stuart Taylor is dead."

I need not try to explain the mixed emotions of my heart in that hour of bereavement. Next year I came home, hoping again to see my mother; but before I arrived I learned that she too was gone. Ten months of widowhood, and then she plumed her wings and flew up the shining way by which father had gone, to be reunited in their home above. The days of the pilgrimage of my father were seventy-nine years, and of my mother seventy-five. In the Lord's good time I shall see them again. Next to the sight of the King in his beauty I shall want to see my father and mother.

On an elevated spot in Shewey's graveyard, selected by my father when in health, my parents sleep side by side awaiting the sublime hour of hope when "all that are in the grave shall hear his voice and come forth." An old friend who recently visited the grave of my parents writes me as follows: "While standing uncovered at your father's grave I was carried back to 1850, when I first saw him. I well remember his sermons, his singing, and his testimony. Surely he was a chosen vessel, and his memory is still cherished by the remaining few who knew him."

My birthday was the 2d of May, 1821—the beginning of a family of five sons and six daughters. I will copy but a few illustrative items from the early records of my memory.

Early in my third year I spent a few weeks with Uncle Arthur and Aunt Esther Walkup. A large sunflower on a tall stalk grew near the kitchen door. One day I made an attempt to climb the stem up to the flower, but my weight broke it down, and I ran in, saying, "O come, Aunt Walkup, and see what I have done." I thought it was a commendable proof of my strength, but she corrected my mistake. In the latter part of my third year I spent a few months at Grandfather Hickman's, and there learned some useful lessons, one of which I will mention. Seeing a large cluster of bees hanging down from

the front of the hive, I said, "Ah, my sweeties, I'll fix you." So I got an empty horn of a cow and filled it with water and dashed it on the bees. They resented it and speared me most unmercifully. The lesson I learned was to attend to my own business and not meddle with the affairs of other folks.

About a year later I went with Aunt Nancy Thomas, one of father's sisters, riding for twenty miles behind her on the same horse, to spend a few months with Grandmother Taylor. We spent a night on the way at Captain Montgomery's, on Toad Run. In reply to the inquiry of our host as to my age I said, "I'll be five years old next corn-planting time." I remember I picked up a handsaw in a new house they were building and sawed an inch or two into the edge of a board—my first lesson in the carpenter's business. My grandmother advanced me in the art of spelling from one to two syllables, and taught me the Lord's Prayer and "Now I lay me down to sleep."

One fine day in the early spring grandmother took me with her, on foot, two miles up Buffalo Creek to a wool-picking at Mr. Penzant's. There I became acquainted with Tom Henderson, of about my own age—five years. Tom and I were of no use at the wool-picking, so we went snaking along the creek, and the pair of us killed eleven water snakes, fleeing from one big snake in the grass, fearing the consequences of an attack. Finishing up the snake business for that occasion, we went to the barn to hunt hens' eggs and found a nest of young kittens; and putting them into our bibs we quietly walked into the large room where about twenty mothers were busily engaged in picking wool. A large heap of it, white and clean, had passed through their nimble fingers. So Tom and I slipped the kittens into the pile of cleaned wool and they at once set up a pitiful crying, in their way. Tom and I ran as for life to escape a well-deserved chastisement. After the completion of the wool-picking came the great supper, in which all hands were interested. The wool was ready to be sent to the carding machine, and the good women were ready to return to their homes. Grandmother, bonnet on, was ready to start when Mother Henderson, by the persuasion of her son Tom, asked grandmother to let William stay with him overnight. So granny asked me if I could go home alone next morning. "O yes," said I, "easy enough." So she went on without me.

Next morning, after breakfast, on my departure, Mother Henderson presented me with a duck egg, assuring me that if I would carry it "steady" and set it under a hen it would hatch out a duck. I danced in joyful hope of success in the duck business, but I had two miles to walk, and the egg must not be shaken. So I set out holding the egg before me in my two hands, so as not to shake it. I thus got on very well for about half a mile, when my zeal in the duck business all evaporated. "The idea of thus carrying an egg all the way home and then wait for weeks for it to hatch out a duck," said I to myself; "it's no use." So I gave the egg a thorough shaking, saying, "I'll have you for my breakfast to-morrow morning." On my way home I met Cousin Jim Thomas, and he made me a large whistle of chestnut bark; so I went home in high glee, thinking to see granny run out in astonishment at the sound of my whistle. It was so new and interesting to me I thought it would be equally so to her; but to my surprise, when I entered the house, blowing away through my whistle, there she sat knitting quietly as though nothing strange had happened.

During the few months of sojourn with my dear grandmother she advanced me rapidly in the difficult art of English orthography, and, better still, she explained to me my filial relation to God, under the covenant of grace, so that I walked in the daily sunshine of his love, till forfeited by sin. It occurred on this wise: In the early part of my sixth year I

saw a little old knife, not worth two cents, lying on the floor of a veranda. I knew it belonged to another little boy, but I coveted it and put it into my pocket.

Then came on me for the first time that awful seasickish sensation of guilt and remorse which indicated the forfeiture of my infantile justified relation to God. The thing was all the more grievous to my conscience because it occurred many miles away, and I could not get back to replace the things; so I threw them away in utter disgust.

I learned to read the New Testament before I had seen seven summers. I read in the book about repentance, and mourned alone in sorrow that I did not know how to repent, and thought I must perish in my ignorance and sin. My parents took great interest in teaching me; but neither of them then knew the Lord; so I had no one to show me the way. I read of the love of Jesus and how kind he was to the little children, but that was long ago, and he had left this world, and I knew of no possibility of speaking to him. I read about his life and death, and that he had gone back to heaven, and thought, "O, if I had lived in those days when Jesus dwelt with men, then certainly I would have gone to him like the little children I read about; but he has gone away, and I have no Saviour."

But it came to pass in those days of my darkness that I heard a colored servant-girl tell what she heard a black collier say. It was to me a wonderful story of dreams and visions; but the sum of it was that the poor Negro found Jesus and had got all his sins forgiven and washed away. I had "the word of God," but lacked "the testimony for Jesus." That lack, second hand, was now in a small measure supplied. I said to myself, "If this black man has found Jesus and got his sins forgiven, then, somehow, Jesus isn't so far away after all. If this poor sinner has found him why can't I find him?" Still, I did not know how to proceed. But soon after, as I sat one night by the kitchen fire, the Spirit of the Lord came on me and I found myself suddenly weeping aloud and confessing my sins to God in detail, as I could recall them, and begged him for Jesus' sake to forgive them, with all I could not remember; and I found myself trusting in Jesus that it would all be so, and in a few minutes my heart was filled with peace and love, not the shadow of a doubt remaining.

I was fully conscious at that early, far-away time of having been forgiven, and of having received "a new heart and a right spirit." Then I went and kneeled down by my trundle-bed and said, "Our Father which art in heaven," and realized sweetly that he was my reconciled Father. Every word of that prayer that I had so often repeated from memory without realizing its meaning was as precious manna to my spirit. I can never forget the heavenly rest that filled my soul that night. For many weeks I walked in the light without a bedimming cloud, and often wondered that I had groped in the dark so long when the way was indeed so plain. I daily sang with sweet emotions of joy the hymns my mother had taught me. All the blessed experiences of those days were to me facts as clear and vivid as the play of the lightning and of the beautiful lines of light in the rainbow; but I could no more describe my experience within than I could describe these phenomena of the heavens, and had no one to speak to me nor to whom I could speak of these spiritual things.

I cannot say how many weeks or months I lived in this blessed union with God, but in course of time, when one bright day I was in my father's cornfield, Satan came to me as an invisible person and opened a conversation with my inner consciousness. I did not know Satan then, and was quite ignorant of his devices. It had never struck me that he lived in this world, though I had read of his deeds of darkness in the olden time. So he said to me, "What was that you were reading about this morning?"

"I was reading about the believers in Jerusalem who sold their possessions and brought the price and laid it down at the apostles' feet."

"Yes, you read it, did you?"

"I did read it this very morning."

"Well, have you done that? You see, you never can own anything if you go on in this way. You must sell everything you have and give the money away; and if anything should ever come to you you can't keep it for yourself, but must give it up as soon as you get it."

"All right, I am the Lord's, and I'll do whatever he wants me to do."

"But have you done it?"

I replied, "No, I haven't yet, but I will."

"You will, hey! Then why don't you do it?"

So, in a hasty stock-taking of what I had, I could not recall an item of anything that had any money value in it except some skins in my father's tanyard, which would not be turned for weeks to come nor tanned in as many months; so I said, "I have nothing but the skins."

"Well, you must get them out of the tan vats to-day, and sell them, and give the money away, or lose your peace."

"I am willing, I am willing; but I can't get them out of the tan vats now."

"Then God commands you to do something you can't do."

"Well, I want to do it, and would if I could."

"Yes; but you can't, and you know you can't; so God requires you to do what you can't do."

I was cornered, and in great confusion of mind assented to the devil's lie, that God required of me the performance of an impossibility, and immediately the light that was within me became darkness, and O, how great was that darkness! The old deceiver thus drew a weapon from the armory of God, and with it slew me, and set on his victim with a grin of satisfaction and scowl of contempt. When I think of the dreadful fall of Lucifer and the eternal wreck and ruin it brought on him I often pity him; but I never had any respect for him since the day he took such a mean advantage of the ignorance of a poor little boy. Like the eunuch of Ethiopia, I needed a Philip to come along and explain to me that the extraordinary beneficence of Barnabas and others, who sold their possessions and laid down the price at the feet of the apostles, was not a law requiring believers at large thus to dispose of their property, but was a genuine expression of Christian sympathy to meet an emergency. Thousands of pilgrims who had come from all parts of the Roman world to attend the feast of Pentecost had been detained by their acceptance of the Christ and the work he required. Their own limited supplies exhausted, they would have come to grief by starvation and pestilence but for the extraordinary liberality of Barnabas and many others of the same spirit. So in all the ages, to the present day, the spontaneity of Christian love and sympathy to meet emergencies has been the same. The tithe, or tenth, of net income of every producer in the world belongs to God, in a financial sense, and anyone withholding it "robs God." Having discharged his debt to the owner of the world, if he has the means to spare and a liberal heart to bestow charity, God accepts his free-will offerings and gives him due credit on the score of beneficence. The case of persons possessing nothing, or nothing available, as in my case, is covered by what is written: "If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted, according to what a man hath, and not according to what he hath not." But no Philip came along in my hour of need;

and in my ignorance, instead of fleeing at once to Jesus and taking shelter in his bosom, I stood in the open field and tried to reason with the old sophist who through the centuries has been deceiving the nations. I got into the castle of Giant Despair and lost the key.

Instead of bright sunshine in my spirit it was dense darkness; instead of joy and gladness in blessed union with Jesus I had unrest and wretchedness. I wished most earnestly that the blessed life of love and peace would return to me, but I seemed to have lost all knowledge of the way back to God. I then vainly tried to fill the aching void with worldly entertainments, but it was like a hungry child feeding on sawdust and shavings.

It was almost five years after my defeat that my father was saved at the Cold Sulphur Spring camp meeting, and two weeks later, at "Shaw's Camp Meeting," my mother was converted to God. At that camp meeting I went forward as a seeker at every call for two days and nights. I was trying to scream and pray my way in, and knew not how to surrender to God and receive and trust Jesus. I was praying for the blessing instead of receiving the Blesser. One night near the close of the camp meeting, when at the "mourners' bench" praying and crying at the top of my voice, "Jimmie Clark" took me in his arms and soothed me down somewhat, and said: "Now, William, I am sure you do repent, and that you do believe. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Now you do believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; therefore you are saved."

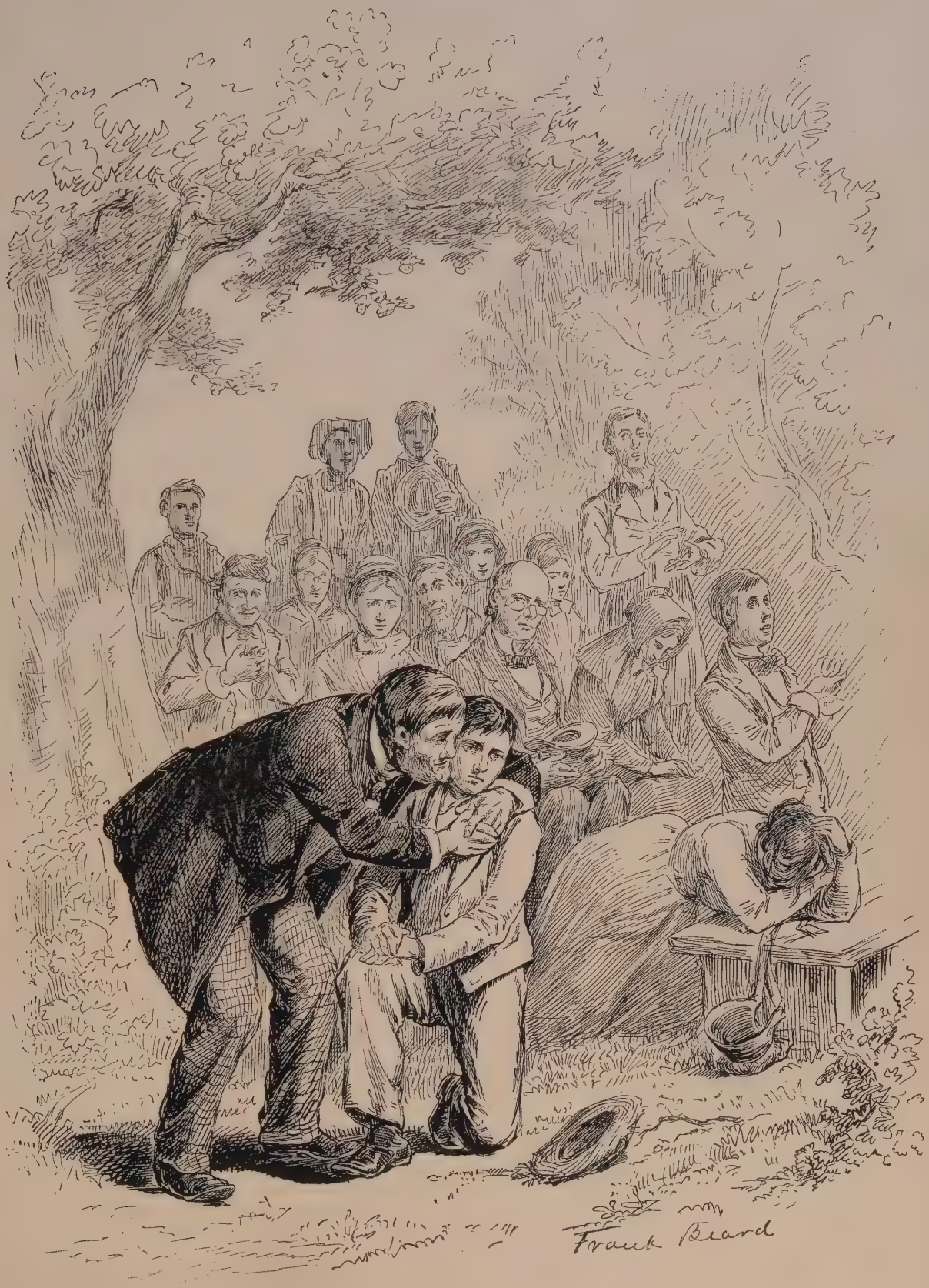
I replied, "Unless I feel that he saves me, I can't say that I am saved."

"But you are looking at the dark side all the time, and can't hear his gentle voice of mercy nor feel the touch of his loving hand. Now look at the bright side; thank God for giving Jesus to die for you; praise him for salvation in Jesus. Just say it and you will soon feel it. 'Glory to God for salvation in Jesus!'" So I did as he told me, hoping to feel the saving power within, as he assured me I should. But I had only uttered the words, "Glory to God for salvation," when he shouted, "Hallelujah! William is saved." My father came running and embraced me, and exulted, and others joined in the general rejoicing over my conversion. I had ventured on an experiment, under the advice of a well-meaning brother, and hoped to feel the assuring witness and renewing work of the Holy Spirit in my heart.

When, after the excitement and confusion of the moment, I could inquire within, I felt utterly blank, dark, and desolate, and my old enemy, getting a grip on my timidity, said: "It has gone all over the camp that you are converted. If you say now that you are not converted you will grieve your father, and the people will say you have been playing the hypocrite. The meeting will close to-morrow, and you can quietly go home and there cry to God and find the joy."

As far as possible I avoided a profession, for I had a horror of hypocrisy, but was so deficient in moral courage as not to be able to contradict the statement that had gone abroad, and was hence utterly wretched. On returning home I cried and prayed by the hour; but the heavens were as brass to me, for I was in a false position. I joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at the camp meeting with father and mother and regularly attended prayer and class meetings and tried to be good.

About a year after I was deeply awakened by the Holy Spirit one night at a series of revival services at Lambert's meeting house. It seemed to me as plain as daylight that if I would go forward as a seeker among the mourners I should find salvation in a few minutes. The Spirit said, "Go, go now," but Satan said, "Don't go, unless you have your father with you to explain your case." I looked for my father. He was usually at



THE STRUGGLE AT SHAW'S CAMP MEETING.

"Jimmie Clark took me in his arms."—Page 36.

the front and easily seen; but on this occasion I spent over half an hour hunting for him, and when I found him in the gallery instructing a poor sinner my call was slighted and dishonored, and my heart was utterly destitute of the tender emotion and sorrow for sin I had so sensibly felt an hour before. Then Satan told me that I had rejected God's last offer of mercy to me and that the Holy Spirit had left me forever, and the nightmare of despair settled down on my soul. Some weeks later I went forward as a seeker, but felt no tender emotion or sorrow for sin, and could not for a moment break the dark cloud of despair that enveloped my spirit.

About two years after I joined the Church I was one night at a Presbyterian prayer meeting, and the leader called on me to pray. I put my head under the bench at which I was kneeling and tried to hide myself from view; but after a little delay he called on me again to lead in prayer. So I was caught, and could see no way out but to obey orders. With some sense and a great deal of sound I made what was reported to be a startling success, which was noised abroad. The Methodists had not called on me to pray, because I was telling them in class meeting that I was not at all clear in my experience; but now they began to call on me regularly to lead in prayer, which I never refused to do. My father took me to his revival meetings to help him, and depended very much on my praying up the rousements. So my life, for years, was a series of long struggles to be good; praying in private and in public prayer meetings, with sad lapses into secret sins, maintaining an outward life of reputed consistency as a member of the Church, yet in heart utterly destitute of hope in God. I knew too well, I thought, when the Holy Spirit gave me his last call and departed to return no more.

At about the age of fourteen I had what was called "the slow fever," a sort of typhoid, I think. It was thought I must die at that time. Father used to sit over me and inquire, with flowing tears, if I had peace with God. I felt that I had no hope beyond the grave, but determined not to grieve father and mother, so evaded the point of their inquiry. The Lord in mercy raised me up and spared my very unhappy and unpromising life.

In my twentieth year I rode twenty miles on horseback one day in company with John Middleton, a pious Methodist blacksmith residing in Lexington, Va., to a revival meeting in progress at Rapp's meeting house, on Buffalo Creek. John was a sympathizing, loving Christian, and told me much of his early experience in trying to be good, and it so corresponded with mine that a ray of hope pierced the depths of my darkness; and at that revival I went forward again as a seeker. William H. Enos, our preacher in charge, said, "That is not your place, William," and called on me to lead in prayer. I obeyed the order, and prayed for all the rest of them, and said, "Amen," and remained among the seekers praying for myself. I got a little light and a few rays of hope at that meeting.

A fortnight later I went to a camp meeting at Panther Gap, ten miles from home. James Gamble, the preacher in charge on that circuit, was an earnest and successful Gospel minister in the old Baltimore Conference. Soon after my arrival at the camp I was called on to pray, which was a hindrance to my going forward as a seeker of salvation. I, however, prayed as usual; but when seekers were called I went forward, and when the meeting for that night was closed and the congregation retired I remained on the floor under the benches. William Forbes and his son, two humble colliers, remained with me and sang softly and said a few words occasionally; and as I lay there in silence I realized the presence of an invisible person, seemingly but a few feet distant from me, and it came to my mind, "Jesus has come;" and in a moment I received him, and trusted him to take me in hand and do the best he could for one utterly abandoned and lost; and I sweetly

realized in my soul, "O, he loves me; he saves me! I do love God, I do love the brethren, I have indeed passed from death unto life. Glory to God!"

"Satan came in like a flood," injecting into my mind vulgar and profane thoughts, and then insinuated, "Ah, you see you can't be a child of God and feel that way;" but I rested on the bosom of Jesus, and he lifted up a standard against the enemy of my soul and kept me in safety. I was thus restored to my standing in the kingdom and family of God about 10 P. M. of the 28th day of August, 1841. There I have dwelt in "the secret place of the Most High, and under the shadow of the Almighty" from that day to the present.

For six dreary years before I was restored to my standing in the kingdom and family of God I groped in the darkness of despair, believing that the Holy Spirit had abandoned me forever. So, to find out that I was mistaken, and to realize that I was saved, gave me joy that was unspeakable. But I was greatly troubled with "wandering thoughts" and the vile suggestions of Satan, and had an awful dread of falling, which, combined with love and sympathy for unsaved people, led me to work for God with quenchless zeal; yet I was naturally so extremely bashful that nothing short of my fear of offending God could have kept me up to the line of my opportunities.

During the remaining days of that camp meeting I was as keen on the scent for souls as a setter after the game. The order of the day was for one man to preach and another to follow with an exhortation and a call for seekers to come forward for instruction and for the prayers of good people. As soon as this call was made I went out into the congregation to persuade sinners to be reconciled to God. When I found a young man under awakening, but refusing to come forward to the mourners' bench, I would invite him to walk and talk with me in the adjacent forest, and usually after the talk and a season of prayer together "in secret," he would return and accompany me to the altar of prayer.

The day the camp meeting closed, as we were departing for our homes, I stopped in the road in front of a dry goods and provision store, and exhorted the merchant and a group of his customers to make their peace with God at once, reminding them that the camp meeting "harvest was past, and the summer ended."

That was the beginning of my "street preaching," a most unnatural thing for me, and always a heavy cross, but a means of grace to me and of the salvation of many souls. My fear of neglect and condemnation led me to approach all sorts of hard cases, and I was admonished by my good father to discriminate more closely, and not to lock horns with men who were far in advance of me in age and intelligence.

On our way from this camp meeting Satan laid a snare for my soul. We had to pass through a tollgate requiring, for horse and rider, the payment of eighteen cents. My father, doing a great deal of business over that road, paid a stipulated amount for himself and family by the year.

A very respectable lady and a member of the Church, for whose accommodation I would have run a mile any day, came to me, saying she had a request to make of me. I said, "All right, sister; I am at your service."

"I want you to give me your place in the wagon and to ride my horse, so that I won't have to pay toll."

I exclaimed, "O, my good woman, that would involve my conscience, for God could not pass it as a straight transaction!"

Soon after I went, by invitation, to lead a prayer meeting at the house of Brother and Sister Hill, at the forge in the gap of the North Mountain, near where I was born. The Lord gave me one soul at that meeting, a black man, who became a steadfast Christian.

Satan took advantage of my very sensitive and overscrupulous conscience and gave me a great deal of trouble, but the Lord was very patient with me, and often defeated him. One day, passing on horseback, I saw the county poorhouse, about two hundred yards distant across a field. I said to myself, "There's the home of a great many poor people, poor old men and women who will in the near future go to their graves, and many of them probably are unsaved. I ought to go and tell them of Jesus, and that, as he saves me from my sins, so he will be glad to save them if they will consent. But they are all strangers to me, and will think I am a self-conceited intermeddler, wanting to pass myself off for somebody and acquire notoriety. I am in a hurry, and must accomplish my business errand and hasten home. Yes, but this is my first, and will probably be my last, chance to speak a word for God to those poor old people, and my testimony for Jesus may be the means of saving some of them."

So I dismounted and climbed a high fence, and made a straight cut across the fields to the poorhouse. At the corner of the nearest house to me I saw an old man sitting on a stool. I hastened my approach and kneeled down before him, saying, "My dear old father, I have come to tell you about the love of Jesus, who died for us, and who has taken away all my sins." I testified and exhorted, and the Holy Spirit gave me unction and utterance, which drew the people around me in large numbers, so that, after speaking personally to about half a dozen, I invited them all to assemble in a large room, where we could all worship God together. We then had a very interesting meeting, singing, Scripture reading, exposition, testimony, and exhortation. It was indeed an occasion never to be forgotten, though I made no mention of it to anyone, as my conscience censured me severely for my cowardly hesitation about it.

In my penitential struggle at the camp meeting these words of Jesus rang in my ears like the voice of God: "When thou art converted"—or returned from thy flight—"strengthen thy brethren." Acting promptly on that responsibility, I did not lose an hour by delay, but proceeded at once to soul-saving work, as the Lord opened my way. I made no profession of a call to preach the Gospel, and never asked, then nor since, for any office in the gift of the Church; but I was so burdened on account of the peril of unsaved sinners that I became very unhappy and cried to God to pity me, and lead me in the way of his own choosing. So he gave me instruction through a dream. In pouring out "his Spirit upon all flesh," children, heathen, and all others not sufficiently advanced in God's school to have their minds directly opened to understand the Scriptures are taught of the Spirit by means of "dreams and visions." So the Spirit said to me in a dream: "My child, you are needlessly disturbing your mind about the work God has for you to do. You must tarry at Jerusalem till 'endued with power from on high;' then God will call you as he did Jonah, when he said, distinctly, 'Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city.'" The prophetic unction of Jonah, by anticipation, so filled me that I sprang up and the peace of God pervaded my spirit; so that I gave myself no further trouble on the subject of preaching, but left it all with God.

Soon after this I was helped on to an advance line of work by means of another dream. In my dream I was listening to an earnest preacher of the Gospel. At the close, when he dismissed the congregation, he remained standing in the pulpit and sang a solo while the the crowd passed out; many meantime quietly remained in their seats. After singing a few verses the preacher, looking steadfastly at me, said: "William, God has a special work for you to do. If you will follow his Spirit, confer not with flesh and blood, turn neither to the right nor to the left, your wisdom will be like the continual dropping into

a bucket." In addition to the words, a vision of the whole thing was distinctly presented to my view, including a large empty bucket, with the rapid dropping of the purest water. When I awoke I was assured that I was walking after the Spirit according to the best light I had, but knew not the interpretation nor special design of the vision.

The following Sabbath I heard William H. Enos, the preacher in charge of our circuit—Lexington Circuit—preach in Lambert's meeting house, and at the close, when he dismissed the congregation, he remained standing in the pulpit and sang a solo as the crowd passed out. About thirty persons, including myself, quietly remained for the class meeting. When Brother Enos reached the conclusion of his solo he came directly to me and said, "William, I want you to go out." His penetrating gaze and emphatic words frightened me; so I promptly left the house and cut for home by the shortest path across the fields and through the woods, wondering why I should be ordered out of the church in the presence of the whole class.

On the return of my dear parents father said, "William, what became of you to-day? Brother Enos sent me to call you in, and I could not find you anywhere."

"When Brother Enos ordered me out of the house I thought it was time for me to leave."

"Well, you had nothing to get scared about. As soon as you retired Brother Enos said to the society, 'I have had my eye on William Taylor for some time past, and I believe God has a special work for him to do, and I wish to submit his name to the church as a suitable person to receive an official license to exhort.' So the nomination was put and carried unanimously, and I was sent out to call you, and had to return answer that you were not to be found."

Then I seriously pondered the whole matter, and saw the beginning of a life realization of my dreams. I said to myself, "I have but little knowledge, but with a perpetual dropping of divine wisdom into my bucket God will put me through on the line of obedience."

Soon after Brother Enos presented me with a license to exhort, written in beautiful German letters by Sister Enos, a lady of high culture, and signed by the plain hand of the preacher in charge. I was led on so fast that my license to exhort never "came up for renewal."

During that fall—1841—I labored in several protracted meetings in different parts of our circuit, and spent the ensuing winter at school in Lexington, and conducted the regular prayer meeting every Wednesday night, and held meetings on Sabbath days in different parts of the adjacent country. During the summer of 1842 I taught school at Rapp's schoolhouse, on the south branch of Buffalo Creek, near where I had lived with my grandmother when I was five years of age. Sixteen years had passed. Grandmother, who first taught me to pray, had died and gone to heaven. Mother Henderson, who gave me the duck egg, had also passed away; so also Cousin Jim Thomas, who made my first whistle. He was the only son of Uncle Amos and Aunt Nancy Thomas, but their seven daughters, grand women, all lived to mature married life. Ann, who lived to be the mother of four children, was eloquent in exhortation, and had marvelous power in prayer both with God and men. All her sisters lived to old age and became the honored mothers of over sixty-five sons and daughters.

The Penzant family, where I went with "granny" to the wool-picking, emigrated to the far West. Tom Henderson, who helped me kill the snakes, had, like myself, grown to young manhood, and was also an earnest Christian worker. My schoolhouse was the house of worship also for that region of country, with a week day appointment on the cir-

cuit plan every alternate week; but more than half the appointments were disappointments, on account of the failure of the "circuit preachers" in coming to time. Good, faithful ministers they were, but they had a large circuit, rough roads, and occasional illness, and the fact that I was on the ground and would be sure to take the meeting fully accounted for their absence.

One day, when a young preacher came and preached, he had occasion to reprove a young man for disturbing the congregation. The fellow rushed out, threatening he would thrash the preacher as soon as he should come out of the house. The minister was a small man, and was evidently badly scared. But as soon as he was ready to start I said to him, "Take my arm, brother, and I will see you safely on your horse." And so I did. Forty years after that the same minister, aged and honored in the work of the ministry, said to me, "I shall never forget the day, Brother Taylor, when, at Rapp's schoolhouse, you saved me from a thrashing by the hands of a big ruffian."

I began my work as a teacher on the 30th of May, 1842. Near the close of my three months' term I gave a few days' vacation, in which Tom Henderson, myself, and one or two more young fellows walked fifteen miles to attend a camp meeting on "Fincastle Circuit," in Botetourt County, and had a good time. Our Presiding Elder of Rockingham District, N. J. B. Morgan, was in charge of the camp meeting. He was a tall, commanding, fine-looking man, a pulpit Boanerges in his day, a general in administration, and could not be satisfied with less than two thousand converts per year on his district. His father, Jared Morgan, was an honored pioneer minister of the old Baltimore Conference, and his brothers, Littleton and Tillotson, were also able ministers in the same Conference. Littleton especially was a preacher of rare ability. Brown Morgan, our elder, was as a nursing father to me.

At this camp meeting he called me to him in the preachers' tent. He stroked my hair softly and drew me near to his loving heart and said, "Brother William, I want to send you as junior preacher with Francis A. Harding, on Monroe Circuit."

"Why, Brother Morgan, I never preached in my life. I can't preach."

He caressed me kindly and said, "God has called you to preach, and I know you can do it, and God will bless you and give you success."

I was awed and amazed, moved and melted, and hardly knew what to say. After a pause I ventured to ask, "What books should I take with me from which I may learn to preach?"

"Take the Bible and the Methodist Hymn Book."

"But I can't complete my school engagement inside of three weeks."

"All right; finish up as quickly as you can, and I will have everything arranged for you."

So I returned to my school, and, in addition to the work it involved, I had a series of revival services and seven powerful conversions to God.

CHAPTER II.

My Junior Service.

IT was the 8th of October, 1842, when I was sent to my first circuit under appointment of the presiding elder. In the current chapter I will recount the story of my first years in the regular ministry. The period extends, in time, from 1842 to 1849, when I was sent by Bishop Waugh to California. In experience it covers the epoch of my tentative efforts to be an ambassador for Christ. Philosophically, the time embraces those years of my life in which I walked somewhat by the aid of others, in close association with young ministers like myself, down to the crisis when I must needs walk alone.

It may not be considered out of place here for me to give the uninitiated a peep into the symmetrical adjustment and practical working of the wonderful system called Methodism.

Our bishops are constituted by an election by the General Conference, and the "laying on of hands of the presbytery," according to the New Testament and the formula prescribed in our Discipline. No law guarantees the life tenure of the office, but thus far it has gone for life, except in one case of resignation. Any bishop is at liberty to resign; every bishop is liable to arrest, trial, and expulsion if he doesn't behave himself. No bishop in the history of Methodism thus far has dishonored his office, all of them being God-given men. Every bishop has his work assigned to him by the authority of the General Conference. In regard to the home Board of Bishops, its appointing power is delegated to it by the General Conference; and the board, at its semiannual meetings, assigns to each bishop the field of his episcopal jurisdiction, as per "plan of episcopal visitation," made and published every six months; all being itinerant and not diocesan bishops.

There is no difference in the functions or in the official standing of our bishops and missionary bishops, the only difference being in the fact that the General Conference, instead of delegating its appointing power, exercises it in relation to missionary bishops by a direct appointment to a definite foreign field for an indefinite period of time, they being, in common with the home Board of Bishops, responsible to the General Conference for their conduct.

The General Conference, the legislative body and high appellate court of the Methodist Episcopal Church, meets the first day of May every four years, and is constituted of one ministerial delegate for every forty-six ministers, and two lay delegates from each Annual Conference, in home and foreign countries alike. Young Conferences, not measuring up to this numerical standard, are each entitled to elect and send one ministerial and one lay delegate to General Conference.

An Annual Conference is composed only of regular traveling ministers and accepted candidates for the ministry.

A Quarterly Conference is constituted of the traveling and local preachers, exhorters, class leaders, stewards, trustees, and superintendents of the Sunday schools. In large stations there is a "stewards and leaders' meeting," the preacher in charge presiding and receiving reports from all the departments of work represented, or "of any who are

sick, or any who walk disorderly," requiring the immediate attention of the pastors—a wonderful and most effective piece of ecclesiastical machinery.

The presiding elders come next to the bishops, and are sometimes, as in official records, designated by the initial letters P. E.

The office of an American presiding elder corresponds with that of a "chairman of a district" in English Methodism, each having supervision of about a dozen circuits or stations, with their ministers and official members. Every circuit and station must be embodied in one of the districts of an Annual Conference. The office of a chairman of a district differs, however, from that of a presiding elder in the fact that he has at the same time the pastoral charge of a circuit, and has only coordinate authority with the superintendent pastors in his district, except when invited by their courtesy to preside at their Quarterly Conferences, or is called by some exigency specially requiring his attention.

A presiding elder is practically a subbishop, and is appointed to his office annually by a bishop, or sent back into the ordinary pastorship by a bishop.

A presiding elder devotes his whole time to the supervision of his district. At the Annual Conference sessions the presiding elders are officially the advisers of the presiding bishop in making the appointments of all the ministers of the Conference for the ensuing year. The presiding elders are expected to hold all the Quarterly Meetings, four on each circuit or station per year, and to inspect carefully the written reports presented from every department of Church work.

All candidates for license to preach or to exhort must be examined and elected by a Quarterly or District Conference, and all candidates for admission in an Annual Conference must be examined and recommended by the same. The written certification in each case must bear the name of the presiding elder.

Class leaders are appointed, changed, or suspended by the preacher in charge of a circuit or station.

In Wesleyan Methodism a preacher in charge is styled "the superintendent" of a circuit.

The class leaders are subpastors, each having charge of a dozen or more of the members of the church, each one of whom he is expected to see weekly.

The difference between a circuit and a station is simply in the fact that a circuit embraces in one pastoral charge a number of small villages or country preaching places. In large towns and cities, where a pastorate is limited to one principal church, with its mission outshoots, it is denominated a station; but the organic functions of both are the same. In England they are all called "circuits."

As before stated, my presiding elder, N. J. B. Morgan, appointed me to Monroe Circuit with Francis A. Harding. He was the same Brother Harding who, two years later, was suspended from the ministry by the Baltimore Annual Conference for refusing to manumit his slaves, and whose appeal to the General Conference of 1844 became the entering wedge that split in twain the Methodist Episcopal Church. While preparing to go to my appointment I received a letter from my presiding elder to this effect:

"My Dear Brother William: I want you to go to Franklin Circuit instead of Monroe. The junior preacher of Franklin Circuit spends so much of his time sparking round among the young ladies, and so little of his time in the work he was sent to do, that the stewards of the circuit insist on his removal from the circuit. So I will send him to New Castle Circuit and give him a chance for his life, and send you to take his place on

Franklin Circuit. Thomas H. Busey is preacher in charge. He is a good preacher, a powerful exhorter, a man of noble bearing every way. He will be a patient, kind, loving father to you. I am very glad to send you with Busey instead of Harding. But before you go to your appointment I want you to preach one round on Lexington Circuit. The preacher in charge will be absent a few weeks on other duties, and I want you to supply for him till he shall return to his circuit. 'Be of good courage; God is with you.'"

"A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, and in his own house." That is certainly the rule, but there are exceptional cases. Honor or no honor, the first circuit round of my itinerant ministry was in my native county, among the companions of my youth and my kindred, one of the appointments which I filled being at Lambert's meeting house, where I had held my membership in the Church from my boyhood, and another at Lexington, the county seat, among my schoolfellows. I had become quite accustomed to exhorting in the altar of our church there, at week night prayer meetings, but had never entered the pulpit. So when I entered the sacred desk and faced a Sunday morning crowded audience I became as giddy-headed as a fresh sailor boy at the masthead and as blind as a bat on facing the sun. I shut my eyes and opened my mouth, and in my heart cried to God, and he filled me with divine light and love, gave me ready utterance, and we had a good time. The few weeks thus spent on my native circuit was an assuring preparation for the field of labor to which I had been appointed, which was a four-week circuit, seventy-five miles in extent. Franklin, the seat of Pendleton County, and head of the circuit, was its most easterly appointment; and Charlie Hamilton's, on Back Creek, in Bath County, its most westerly point. My maternal grandfather and several of my uncles lived on Back Creek, near to my appointment at Hamilton's.

My father gave me a good outfit—horse, saddle, bridle, and the indispensable saddle-bags of the itinerants of those days, well filled with clothing and books. Thus equipped, about the 1st of October, 1842, I kissed father and mother, brothers and sisters, good-bye, all of us weeping, and started out on an itinerant ministerial career that has already run through a period of about fifty-three years without a break, except a week or two that I was confined to my bed with the measles, over fifty years ago.

The first night I spent on Franklin Circuit was at the house of Esquire Jones, near Cowpasture River.

The 'squire, who was the father of Rev. Samuel Jones, of the Des Moines Conference, was at the time of my visit a member of the Legislature of the State of Virginia. He was a very intelligent man and a pious official member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He received me with genuine Virginia hospitality, and tried by the introduction of many topics to draw me out into some line of conversation, but I was too bashful and slow of speech to sustain a conversation with him on any subject, and misinterpreted his well-meant endeavor to interest me and thought he was quizzing me, and wished myself a hundred miles away.

Next day the 'squire and his family accompanied me to the church near-by, where it had been duly announced that the young preacher and successor of Rev. W. H. R. was to preach his first sermon on the circuit. The house was crowded. I hoped to overcome the nightmare of embarrassment that choked me almost to strangulation by the preliminary exercises, but did not succeed. I announced a beautiful text from Isaiah, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." I never

in my life in trying to preach made a flat failure, but that day came the nearest to it of any effort I ever made. I called for my horse and got away from Jones's as quickly as possible. Mounted on my horse and off at good speed, my first impulse was to push on to regions unknown and engage in some employment to which I was better adapted; but I soon dismissed that as a temptation of the devil.

I was suffering from dyspepsia, and was as lean as a pelican in the wilderness. I had an overscrupulous conscience, which hedged and hampered the narrow way, rendering it impassable for angels or men, and which upbraided me continually for not keeping in the path when I was in a perpetual struggle to do my very best. Despite my timid slowness of speech I was obliged to witness for Jesus to every man, woman, and child with whom I was brought in contact, even for a few minutes, and to beseech them to be reconciled to God. It was a good way to spend the passing moments and to make the most of my opportunities, and the Lord often helped me; but sometimes I missed it nearly as far as the pious barber who felt it his duty to talk to every man about his soul who came to be shaved. In many cases it worked very well; but one day, when a very highly cultured gentleman came in to be shaved, the barber's courage failed him. He spent a long time in applying the lather to the gentleman's face, and then strapped his razor to sharpen his courage till the lather on the man's face was nearly dry; then turning suddenly toward the gentleman, razor in hand, the barber said, "Are you prepared to die, sir?" The man sprang to his feet and ran away in great alarm, thinking the barber had gone crazy and was going to cut his throat. "He that winneth souls is wise."

Well, to return to our narrative, I may add that the embarrassments to which I have referred, and the burden of the work to which I was called and my conscious unfitness for it, rendered me of all men the most miserable during most of my waking hours; but I knew that I had been saved by the merits and might of Jesus, and that I had been moved by the Holy Spirit to preach the Gospel, and that I had not knowingly departed from God nor shunned to declare the whole counsel of God, and had great freedom of utterance in the pulpit, though not out of it; so I held on firmly to Jesus, and he led me by a way that I knew not, and I found out later that God and his people had a much higher appreciation of me than I had of myself.

Franklin Circuit was a very hard one for a city gentleman, as so many rugged mountains lay across his path, especially on the trail from North Fork—north branch of the Potomac River—across the mountains to Franklin, located near to the south branch of the same noted stream, and the bridle-path across the Jack Mountains from Jackson's River to Back Creek in Bath County. One of my illustrious predecessors on the circuit was attempting to lead his horse along the latter path after the surface of a deep snow that covered the mountains had been thawed and then frozen into ice. The preacher was probably humming, "Could I but climb where Moses stood," etc., when all of a sudden his horse stumbled and tumbled and coasted till he struck a tree near the base of the mountain. The preacher with much difficulty and peril descended and recovered his saddle, bridle, and saddlebags, but the itinerant horse, probably short of oats and hay the night before his death, remained to await the uncertain resurrection of horses.

Being by birth and education a mountaineer, I was ready any day to approach the big mountains, singing, "Sink down, ye separating hills!" Whether by their sinking or my rising it mattered but little, as I was bound to get over.

From the hospitable home of 'Squire Jones I went to "Doe Hill," and got on better in my attempt to preach, having no big 'squire in the congregation to frighten me.

My next appointment was Crabbottom, which in numbers, intelligence, and wealth was the heart of the circuit, Franklin being the head. 'Squire Amiss, an official member at Crabbottom, was a man of superior intelligence, very tall, well built, fine-looking, and a legislator of the State. I learned before my arrival at Crabbottom that 'Squire Amiss was a very attentive hearer and a good judge of preaching ability, and that his judgment had great weight throughout that community, and, indeed, through all the circuit, and that I would find out his opinion of me and of my preaching in fifteen minutes from the announcement of my text. When a new preacher arrived Amiss always took his seat in the altar with his back toward the pulpit, leaning forward, covering his face with his hands. If the preacher did not please him he never raised his face from his hands during the whole discourse. He was a gentleman, and would entertain the preachers with royal hospitality whether he liked their preaching or not. If a new preacher's discourse pleased him he would remove from his seat in the altar and take a sitting in a front pew, head up, and with a pleasant expression face the preacher. My great ambition was to please God rather than man, but I felt the importance also of pleasing men in hope of doing them good, and could not be indifferent as to how I would strike the 'squire.

So as I entered the pulpit on a bright Sabbath morning there sat 'Squire Amiss, his back against the pulpit, with his face in his hands, in a devotional attitude. The Holy Spirit helped that morning, as he did always when I tried properly to help myself and trusted him. When I had preached about ten minutes 'Squire Amiss took his position in a front side pew, where preacher and people could see his glowing face. So I went on with all sails set before a good breeze, and followed the preaching with a good old-time Sunday morning class meeting, attended by all the members in from the country. Among the many "songs of Zion" sung on the occasion I sang "I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger; I can tarry but a night." It was new, and struck like electric fire, and set many of the old sisters to shouting "Glory to God!"

From Crabbottom I went to North Fork, a country appointment, where Father Patterson and Brother Houck, of the United Brethren Church, were holding a protracted meeting. I filled my appointment and helped them a couple of days. Brother Houck had been often to my father's house and felt a great interest in me on account of my father, and asked me many questions that he might be the better able to give me good advice. When he learned I was suffering from dyspepsia and was regularly taking medicine he said, "O, Brother William, don't take any more medicine as long as you live. I suffered in the same way when I entered the ministry, and made an apothecary shop of my stomach, and it broke down my constitution and drove me prematurely into the impotency of old age. O, Brother William, don't take any more." I laid his impressive warning to heart, and was a total abstainer from physic for fourteen years, till, in California, I had a breaking out of nettle rash, and my wife, feeling uneasy, begged me to take a dose of pills.

More than twenty years elapsed after that before I took another dose, and I seldom ever took anything more than simple domestic remedies, till four years ago, on coming to Africa, to relieve the fears of my friends I took quinine, which, as a vegetable tonic, I have found to be of use occasionally. Brother Houck's good advice, I believe, was the means of adding many years to my life. It had nothing to do with the extreme view of faith healing, but led me to checkmate the bad effects of a chronic ailment, which I would not dignify by the name of sickness. By diligent attention to the laws of health, and being very careful about the quality and quantity of my diet, I have preserved my body from the effects of surfeiting and undue stimulants, and thus added length and strength to my life.

From North Fork I crossed the mountains to Franklin, and was introduced for the first time to my colleague, Thomas H. Busey, and his lovely Presbyterian wife. O, they were so kind to me! They melted my heart and won my ardent affections; there was neither undue familiarity nor reserve. I was always made to feel at home in their household by their sincere appreciation of my ministerial relation with them and of the earnestness of my endeavors to do the best I could.

I preached in Franklin, and made the pleasant acquaintance of many of our people, both in the town and in the surrounding country. Brother Busey had been to Crabbottom after I had left and modestly reported what the good folks there had to say about the new preacher.

'Squire Amiss said, "He'll do; he is very young and inexperienced, but he's got the stuff in him and will do us good service."

Brother Seaver gave the following outline sketch: "He is muscular and bony, tall and slender, with an immense pair of shoulders on him. Being a tailor by trade, I may be allowed to say that the man who cut his coat ought to be sent to the penitentiary and put to hard labor till he learns his business; and as for the pants, all I have to say is that the widest-toed boots I ever saw were stuck about six inches too far through. The young man is awfully in earnest, and preaches with power, both human and divine, and can sing just as loud as he likes."

Having spent a few days in and about Franklin, Brother Busey and I set out on horseback to go to quarterly meeting at Rehobeth, in the western part of what is now known as Highland County. We put in two days on the way, and commenced, as usual, on Saturday morning. The presiding elder was not with us. We preached turn about, and Busey impressed me as an able preacher and powerful exhorter. We had a great "quarterly love feast" Sabbath morning at nine o'clock.

Among our young converts at that meeting was James McCourt. He was a Scotchman by descent, but had been in America for nearly one hundred years. At the time he was "born again" he lacked three months of being ninety-nine years old. We will meet the old man again on my next circuit.

At that meeting I became acquainted with William Rider, a local preacher in our Church, a particular friend of my father, and who had a son in the ministry bearing the name of my father, Stuart Taylor Rider. Nearly twenty years later I visited Brother Rider and his remaining family, in Queen Anne County, Illinois, whither he had years before emigrated.

Well, from the quarterly meeting at Rehobeth I went down Back Creek to preach at Charlie Hamilton's, and arranged to spend the night preceding at Grandfather Hickman's. Grandmother had died but a few weeks before, and went to heaven, where all good Presbyterians go when they die.

I was confidentially informed that grandfather had said, "If Will Taylor comes here pretending to preach I will send him home to his mother."

Grandfather was a mechanical genius. He owned a good farm and built on it a water-power mill with his own hands. He made guns and steel traps for catching bears and wolves, he made dulcimers and could play on them beautifully; he made also an abundance of hard cider from his extensive apple orchard, and often drank of it to excess, and talked to himself. Dear old man, he tried to be good. His youngest son, Roger, with his wife, Martha, occupied with him the old homestead. In my childhood I had seen a house full of kinsfolk there; but Uncles Arthur, Elliott, Andrew, and William, and

Aunts Jennie and Huldah had gone, and were prospering in homes of their own. Their absence was very conspicuous to my view on entering the old home of my mother.

Uncle Roger and Aunt Martha received me most cordially, but grandfather most coolly. He barely half shook my hand, and inquired, "How is your mother?"

"Very well, I thank you, grandfather, when I parted with her three weeks ago." He took a seat in a remote corner of the reception room as far from me as he could get.

I gave him special attention, and knew well his vulnerable points. So I said, "Grandfather, how is your mill working now?"

"Like a charm; she never did better work than she is doing now."

"Ah, she was put up right; she always did good work. Did you kill many deer last hunting season?"

"Not so many as when I was younger and could get over the mountains easier; but I killed some fine ones."

"How did you get on trapping for bears and wolves?"

Every question drew him several feet nearer to me, and soon he was seated close to me, and in a great glee of talk shook hands as heartily as though I had just arrived from home.

In the evening by invitation I conducted the family worship. Next morning, when I mounted to proceed down the creek to my appointment, grandfather, Uncle Roger, and Aunt Martha mounted their horses without a word of inquiry about the preaching or who was to preach. We had a good crowd and a blessed manifestation of the Holy Spirit at Hamilton's that day. I returned and spent the night at grandfather's. The old man could but talk of the sermon and of the strange things which were coming to pass, and with tears said, "My son William is a minister, my grandson William is now a minister too. All my children are members of the Church, and will, I trust, meet their mother in heaven. As for me, I want to be good, I try to be good. O, William, I want you to pray for me and preach in my house every time you come round. Preach at Hamilton's at your regular time in the day and preach here at night." I did as he desired. My father visited me later on and preached for me at Hamilton's and also at grandfather's. Aunt Martha was going into consumption, and I believe received a clear experience of salvation before I left the circuit. Grandfather wept much when I bade them farewell, and I trust gave himself to God and received Jesus. Both he and Aunt Martha died soon after.

The Conference year ended with the month of February, so I served but five months on that circuit. We had a good work of salvation all round. At a quarterly meeting held at Crabbottom I was duly examined and recommended to the Baltimore Annual Conference as a suitable person for admission into the traveling ministry. A petition, largely signed, was sent to the bishop presiding, asking that I might be returned to the Franklin Circuit the next year. The presiding elder told them that he would present their request, but that they should make up their minds in advance to be disappointed, as it was the custom to change the work of the young men every year. My presiding elder said to me, "William, you need not go to Conference; I will attend to your recommendation and have you appointed somewhere in my district. Meantime you can visit your parents, and I will write and let you know your appointment before the preachers can get back from Conference." I had a pleasant and profitable visit to my own sweet home.

About the 1st of April, 1843, I received a letter from my presiding elder informing

me that I had been received on trial in the Baltimore Annual Conference, and had been appointed as the junior of Rev. Zane Bland, on the Deerfield Circuit. One of my appointments was but ten miles from my father's house. The circuit embraced the mountainous regions of Augusta, Rockbridge, Bath, and Pendleton Counties—poor farming districts and no towns, but a loving, plain, kind, appreciative class of mountaineers. One of my appointments was in the neighborhood of my old friend, 'Squire Jones, who took a special interest in me, and ever manifested a fatherly care for me from our earliest acquaintance, when I was so scared through fear of him.

I made a full round on my circuit before my colleague arrived. The first place I struck was the house of Mr. E. Joseph. He was a harmless, easy-going Methodist brother who never would set the world on fire, but his wife Mary did in many places. Their two sons, Jim and Zeek, and their daughter Prudence, all Methodists, partook of the quiet nature of the father, and much of the persuasive working power of their mother; a most estimable, loving family whose acquaintance I made at Panther Gap camp meeting, where I was saved a year and a half before. This dear family had settled in a new home about a fortnight before I rode up to their door, and informed them that I was the junior preacher of their circuit. They received me joyfully, and said, "Our house must be one of your regular preaching appointments. We have no members in this neighborhood outside of our own family. We are in the midst of a notoriously wicked people. The sheriff of this county is afraid to travel this road alone, and perhaps the Lord has sent us to settle down here to help you get some of them saved."

"All right," I replied, "I think we had better begin to-night. Let Brother Jim and Brother Zeek mount their horses and go through the neighborhood and tell the people to come to-night to your house and hear the Gospel preached."

The old man sat down in the corner and laughed. The old woman shouted, "Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Glory!" Prudie cried, and Jim and Zeek ran for their horses. I did some earnest crying to God to lead us, by his infinite wisdom and love, in our stupendous undertaking. The two principal rooms in the house would hold about forty persons, and that night we had them pretty well filled. We interested the people greatly with our singing, and I had liberty in proclaiming to them plain Gospel tidings. At the close I announced, "To-morrow, the Lord willing, I will preach to you here at 11 A. M. and at early candlelight in the evening. Tell all your people to come, and come yourselves." I and the Josephs kept the fire burning meantime, and next day, at 11 A. M., we had a house full of hearers. After preaching I said, "Now we will have a class meeting. But few of you know what sort of a meeting that is, but all of you may stay, and I'll show you what we call a class meeting." So they all, with one accord, stayed to "see the show." We did some lively singing, and got some of them to help us. I told a little of my own experience of the saving grace of God, and then took the roughs one by one and left the Josephs till the last. The first one I tackled was a burly-looking fellow with reddish sandy whiskers, clad in homespun, homewoven, and homemade woolen, dyed brown in ooze of walnut bark. I shook hands with him and said, "How are you?"

"Very well, I thank you. How does it go with yourself?"

"First-rate, thank the Lord! I am well, soul and body, and I am glad to make your acquaintance. Will you kindly give me your name?"

"Yes, sir; my name is Radcliffe."

"You are a farmer, I presume?"

"Yes, sir; I own a little farm about a mile from here."

"Well stocked, I hope, and under good cultivation."

"Yes, sir; I have cattle, horses, pigs, and sheep, and am putting in a pretty large crop of corn. My wheat and rye last year were above the average for this country."

"And your family?"

"Yes, sir; I have a wife and four children."

"All enjoying good health?"

"Yes, sir; no reason to complain."

"Every blessing we receive is a gift from our gracious God and Father. I am glad, Mr. Radcliffe, he thinks so much of you, and of your wife and children, as to bestow all these mercies on you. I hope you take off your hat to him sometimes and say, 'Thank you?'"

"Well, sir; I am sorry to say I forgot that."

"What a pity! When we receive a gift from anybody, we always have the good manners that mother taught us, to say, 'Thank you;' and yet you say for all God's gifts you have never said, 'Thank you.'"

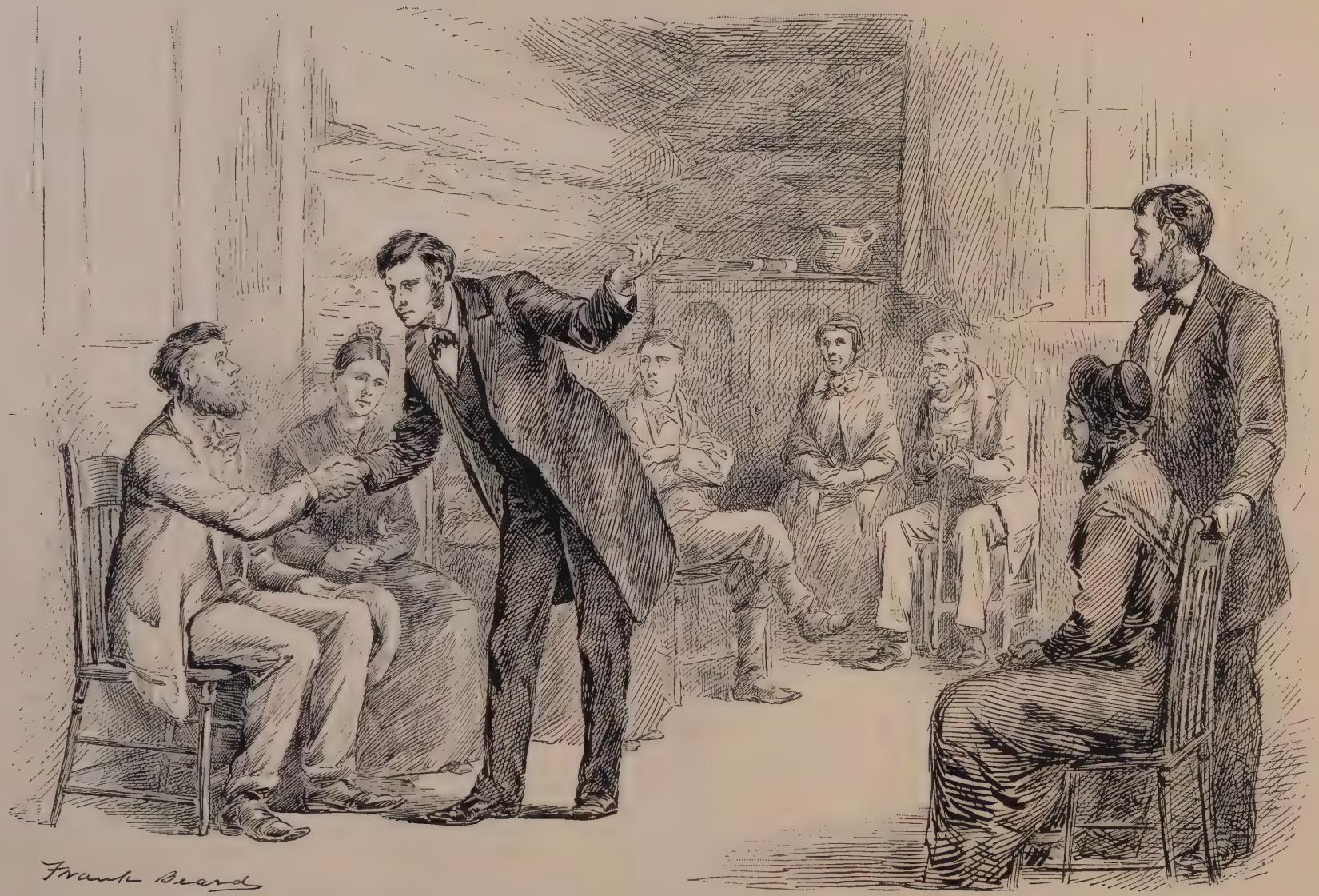
"I am very sorry that I have been so forgetful, but I hope from this day I will think more of these things and learn to say 'Thank you' to God."

I prayed earnestly for the dear man, and he was in tears when I left him and approached the next man in a similar way. So I went round and "class led" every man and woman in the house in a style that they all could understand, and yet in a spirit of loving earnestness that the Holy Spirit alone can inspire. At night the crowd and the interest were at the flood. Next day I preached again at 11 A. M. and at night. I had but four days for work there at that time, having to go on Saturday to a Sabbath appointment; but in the four days we had eight or nine of those desperate people saved, and a class organized. We never had a set series of "special services" at Joseph's, but on every round my colleague and I preached a few times at their house. We organized a church of about fifty of the new converts of that neighborhood. I had my washing at Joseph's, but really lived in the saddle and in our places of worship.

Thomas Clayton lived in a good brick house, which was called the home of the preachers, and yet in a whole year I spent but one night in it.

Zane Bland was an unmarried man, about four years older in the ministry than myself—one of the blandest men socially I ever knew, full of eccentric wit that would, it was said, make a horse laugh. He was one of a family of twenty-four Blands, brought up on the "North Fork" of the Potomac. I knew the father of the twenty-four large, powerful sons and daughters, born of two mothers in regular successive marriage, each mother having twelve children. They were an uncommonly large, symmetrically formed people of beautiful countenance and generous, noble bearing.

Rev. Adam Bland, for many years a presiding elder in the California Conference, and Henry Bland, of the same Conference, were of that big Bland family. Zane weighed over two hundred pounds, very strong, and was swift in a foot race. We often, after preaching and laboring with seekers of salvation till 10 P. M., got something to eat, and then for healthy exercise tried our strength in a wrestle or our speed in a foot race. He was fleshy, and I was lean as a greyhound. On a short race or wrestle he had the advantage. I took the measure of his wind, and always arranged to give myself time to run or to wrestle him out of breath and surpass him. He was a brave man. Once when holding a revival meeting at Floyd Court House, West Virginia, a big bully of a fellow tried to break up the meeting. Zane politely requested him to desist, but



THE CLASS MEETING AT JOSEPH'S.

"The first one I tackled was a burly-looking fellow."—Page 51.

he became furious and made a pass at Bland to knock him down. The preacher parried the stroke, caught him by the collar, and threw him on his back in the aisle; then three or four of the brethren seized him and led him out of doors. It was a cold winter night, and he was minus his hat. Brother Bland went on singing and working away with the penitents as though nothing had happened; but the ruffian outside was storming and swearing and daring Bland to put his nose outside of the house, and was thus from without seriously disturbing the meeting; so Bland gave the work in charge of a brother and slipped out, and as the desperado was calling for Bland he stepped up close to him and responded, "What do you want with me, sir?"

"O, Mr. Bland, is that you, sir?"

"Yes, sir; what do you want with me?"

"Nothing, Mr. Bland, only that you will please to pass my hat out to me."

Later, when traveling circuits near Baltimore, he attended medical lectures and graduated in medicine, but stood faithful to his ministry of the Gospel till, while comparatively young, he died. He was a good preacher and always a soul winner.

My predecessor on Deerfield Circuit was Charles A. Reid. Charlie was a fellow-countyman of mine, converted to God under the ministry of my father. He had an appointment under the presiding elder in 1842, a few months earlier than I, but joined the Baltimore Conference in March, 1843, and was therefore in the same class of probationers with myself. Charlie, like myself, was six feet high, but not so broad. He had flaxen hair, gray eyes, fair complexion, was lean and pale, with a consumptive flush on his cheeks, and troubled with a bad cough. He was like an Elijah from the wilderness, proclaiming with a stentorian voice in its highest key, and was awfully in earnest. He had great success in getting people saved, but everybody said at the beginning, and for many years after, "That young man will die with the consumption before green grass again appears in the fields." But the green grass kept coming and going for nearly fifty years before he withered and died. Charlie was an outspoken antislavery man, even where it exposed him to peril; and a brave Republican during the civil war, when Union men living on the border had great need of courage. I sent Charlie a copy of my pamphlet, *The Cause and Probable Results of the Civil War in America*, printed in London, and circulated widely through the United Kingdom of Great Britain, and he carried it to my father. The old man read it carefully and said, "That is true, every word of it."

Well, as I was going to say, Charlie preceded me on Deerfield Circuit, and told me how he got on. In Red Holes, one of our regular appointments in an isolated mountainous region, when he preached his first sermon he had a full house, and "good liberty in preaching." All seemed pleased and shook hands with the new preacher, but no one asked him to go home with them. He and his horse were too hungry to go away into another neighborhood, so he felt greatly embarrassed, but rode along with the largest crowd, and saw them turning out by side roads right and left, till finally he was left in company with old Brother Harff and his family of grown-up sons and daughters, and as they were turning off from the main road to enter the bars into their farm Brother Harff said to the disconsolate preacher, "Brother Reid, are you going home with us?"

"Yes, if you have no objections."

"Objections! Why, we will be delighted to have you go and stop with us as long as you can."

He simply did not know the ways of the people. Each farmer was wondering whom he would honor with a visit, and no one thought of inviting him.

On my first visit to Red Holes, as Reid's successor, I rode up to the country chapel, hitched my horse, and walked in, and there sat two old ladies. I introduced myself, and they said, "No one expects the new preachers so soon; having to make two hundred miles from Conference on horseback, they can't be here for a fortnight yet."

"Well, sisters, I am one of them, and I am here. Where are all your people?"

"All our men are engaged at a logrolling a quarter of a mile west of here. Some of the women are helping to prepare the supper for the logrollers, and the rest are at home."

"Well, sisters, I can't come all the way here to Red Holes for nothing, so I'll tell you what we will do; you go round and tell all the women of this neighborhood that the young preacher of the circuit, sent by the bishop, will preach here to-night at 'early candle-lighting,' and let everybody come and hear his message. Meantime I will go to the log-rolling and tell all the men, and we'll have a crowd here to-night and a good time." The dear old sisters waked up to the subject and spread the news widely.

A logrolling is a free thing, requiring strength of muscle, but no ceremony of etiquette. In that country timber had no marketable value. When a farmer slew a forest the great trees were cut into logs about fifteen feet long, and when the chopping was all done and all the brush piled in heaps and burned, then the men for many miles came by invitation and rolled the logs into great heaps so that they could be burned. So I rode up to the edge of the clearing, hitched my horse, and climbed the high "staked and ridered fence," and as I advanced to the front I picked up a handspike and went to work and exhibited my strength and superior skill in putting the big logs where they were wanted. I saw the mountaineers eying me and talking to each other in undertones, expressing great wonder who the stranger might be. I let them guess and wonder while I worked away till the big job was nearly completed and the men began to draw together within range of my voice. Then I announced: "The young preacher sent to your circuit by the bishop will preach in the chapel to-night. Get through with your supper as quickly as you can and all come and hear the young preacher. He is two weeks in advance of time, but he is one of that sort, always trying to take time by the forelock."

"Are you sure the preacher has come?"

"O, yes, indeed; there is no doubt on that subject."

"Wonder if a great logroller like you can be the preacher?"

"Come and see."

Then they began a pretty free expression of their opinions, such as, "He's a tremendous fellow to roll logs." "If he is as good in the use of the Bible as he is of the handspike he'll do." "He's the boy for the mountaineers." "He don't belong to your Miss Nancy, soft-handed, kid-gloved gentry." "Come on, boys; we'll hear the new preacher to-night." In that afternoon I got a grip on that people more than equivalent to six months' hard preaching and pastoral work. We had a crowded house then and every time I preached at Red Holes; also a big revival and many saved.

A Miss Carpenter was converted there a few years before, and endured great persecution, but was true as steel to God and Methodism, and God saved her parents and sisters—eight of her family who had opposed her so fiercely—and they all became earnest workers. She was one of my great helpers. One day when preaching at Red Holes I saw in my congregation James McCourt, who was saved a year before at our quarterly meeting at Rehobeth, on Franklin Circuit, at the age of ninety-eight years and nine months. So now he was one hundred years old less three months. At the close he ran up and shook hands with me.

"You are abiding in Jesus, Father McCourt?"

"O, yes, Brother Taylor, and he is becoming more and more precious to me every day."

"How wonderful that he has spared you so many years and in such vigor!"

"Yes, I never had the headache in my life, and no serious illness of any sort. I walked across four mountains to-day to hear you preach once more before you leave your circuit."

Meantime he tripped along by my side in a glee of talk like a boy.

"If the Lord spares me three months longer I will complete my hundredth year. Dr. Ruckner says he is going to have a celebration on my birthday, completing a century, and have me run, to see how fast a man of my years can get over the ground."

I was wonderfully interested in the dear little man, one of my first young converts, but I saw him no more. About thirty-five years after I met Brother Bevens and wife in Chicago. Sister Bevens was a daughter of "Charlie Hamilton," at whose house I preached on Back Creek, in Bath County, when a boy. They were well acquainted with James McCourt.

"Well, Brother Bevens, tell me about him."

He replied: "I was at the celebration Dr. Ruckner got up on the centennial of James McCourt. The old man was in perfect health, happy in God, and cheerful as a lark. The friends made up a purse of one hundred dollars to give him as a token of their love and respect for him, but they said, 'We want to see you run, and if you run one hundred yards in five minutes we will give you a present of one hundred dollars.' The distance was measured carefully, and the signal for starting sounded, and the old man ran the hundred yards in three minutes instead of five. When the dear old man was one hundred and three years old he came out to Queen Anne County, northwest of Chicago, to visit some of his grandchildren. A good old Christian man, who had the happy art of cheerfulness that made everybody about him cheerful. After a visit of several months, when he wanted to return to Virginia, the railway company were so pleased with his spirit and bearing that they gave him a free pass back to his home. He lived four years after that, and died in the Lord at the age of one hundred and seven years."

Brother Bland and I wrought hard and had a good soul-saving advance at every appointment. The people were very kind to us, but were not able to give us much money. We were only entitled to one hundred dollars each, according to the Discipline, and we received seventy dollars each. Brother Bland presented his claim at the Conference for his deficiency of thirty dollars and received about ten. I said to him, "That is lawful and right, but not expedient for me. I wouldn't present a claim at Conference if I got nothing from my circuit."

When Zane Bland and I closed our work on Deerfield Circuit I went with him to visit his people on "North Fork." Old Father Bland was very kind and loquacious. Of course, as the father of twenty-four children, nearly all living, and all reflecting honor on their parents, he had a right to talk, and I was interested in his stories of the olden time. But I had my "written sermon" for examination at Conference to prepare, and I had to divide my time the best I could. I completed my manuscript, and also heard, or appeared to hear, the talk of my venerable host.

Then Zane and I traveled together on horseback to the city of Winchester and stopped with a good brother, Kurn, who was exceedingly kind to us. We got boarding for our horses at Winchester and took stage for Washington city. The Conference held its session that year in the old mother station in that city, known as "The Foundry."

My home was with Brother Dunn and family, near Pennsylvania Avenue, well on toward the "capitol buildings." Brother Dunn was a glassware merchant, and, though I was a rough young mountaineer, Brother and Sister Dunn, their children, and my roommate, Rev. Alfred G. Chenoweth, took to me, and almost overwhelmed me with the profound respect and loving attention they showed me. I knew not why, except that they saw that I was a sincere disciple of Jesus and never tried to pass myself off for more than my par value in the market. I had noted what Mr. Wesley said of the young minister who "grasped at the stars and stuck in the mud." It was my first visit to a large city, except the city of Richmond in boyhood, when I steered a boat for my father down James River to that city. Nearly everything that I saw at the capital struck me as exceedingly grand, especially the great department buildings.

My presiding elder, always ready to give me kind, fatherly advice, told me about his first experience at Conference in Baltimore city as a "boy preacher." He said: "I was ready to do everything I was told to do by the old preachers, so I soon found myself in the pulpit of Light Street Church" (at that time the cathedral of Methodism in that great city of churches). "It had been announced that the son of Father Jared Morgan would preach that night in Light Street Church, and there I was before an immense city audience. I was like a goose in a grain field; I couldn't see my way out, and got into an awful tangle. So I advise you not to accept a call to preach on your first Sabbath in the city, but wait till you get your bearings and master the situation."

I thanked him for his good advice, and added, "It is not likely I shall be invited to preach so early. If invited I will have to try; for it will not accord with my order from God 'to turn to the right or to the left,' but go straight forward in the line of duty he may open to me."

I had studied, mostly in my saddle, all the books of that year's course, and by pine-knot torchlight, generally from five to seven in the morning, before breakfast, I carefully wrote a synopsis of each book; but I was badly scared when I took my place before an examining committee in a class of twenty-one young preachers. Nos. 1 and 2 were George A. Coffee and George Cummings, both graduates from Dickinson College. I was No. 3. No. 4 was Wilson Spottswood, also a graduate from Dickinson—a scholar of repute; altogether a class of noble young ministers. I got on with being examined much better than I expected, for after the first round of questions I could perceive no difference between "college bred and corn bred."

I had been but a day or two in the city when Brother Wesley Rohr, pastor of Asbury, a noted congregation of Washington city colored people, came to me and said, "Brother William, I want you to preach for my people next Sabbath morning."

"Do you think I can say anything that your people would like to hear?"

"I have never heard you preach, but I used often to hear your father, when I traveled Lexington Circuit. If you are anything like your father you will get on all right."

"Very good, Brother Rohr; let it be so written."

On Sunday morning the pastor of Asbury conducted me into his pulpit in the presence of an immense audience of well-dressed, respectable-looking people. I gave out my hymn and waited a few moments for some one to start the tune; no one leading off, I did as I was accustomed to do in the mountains—I pitched the tune myself. The congregation took it up promptly, and seemed almost to make the roof slates rattle. I prayed amid the hallelujahs and amens of the people. After reading my lessons I

announced a second hymn, and after my usual pause for some one to set the tune I set it myself, and the congregational singing was truly marvelous. My preaching, instead of setting the excitable people into an uproar of overwhelming jubilation, which was so common among them, secured the quietude of profound attention to Gospel logic and common sense. I started the tune of my closing hymn, as before, and during the singing and the prayer ensuing the people got a chance to let off steam, and they made every movable thing quake. As we passed out of the church Brother Rohr remarked, "Brother William, you stole a march on our choir to-day."

"Choir in a church? What sort of a thing is that?"

"Why, trained singers, who start the tunes and lead the singing."

"Where were they stowed away? I didn't see anything of them."

"Why, they sat in the end gallery, fronting the pulpit."

"What were they doing there? Why didn't they sing?"

"Before they could get ready you and the congregation led off and carried everything before you."

"A choir to do the singing! My! Well, brother, you know I came from the land of song, but we have no such a singing institution as a choir. We do our own singing, and worship God with the hearts and lips of the congregation direct. I did not mean any want of respect for your choir, for I knew nothing of its existence."

A few nights after I heard what I was told was a choir in Wesley Chapel, but if they led the singing nobody seemed inclined to follow them. Their shouting notes before a silent audience reminded me of calling the cows from the glens of my native mountains, and I said to a brother, "Is that what you call a city choir?"

"Yes, that is the orthodox thing here."

"My! Carry me back to old Virginny!"

At that Conference I became acquainted with Rev. Adam Miller, now of Chicago. He was a young German itinerant, and about as green as I was myself. At the Conference missionary meeting, held in the Foundry Church, Adam was put up to make one of the principal addresses of the occasion. He was tall and lean. His coat had been worn to the thread, and the ladies, he said, had reorganized it, turning the inside out, so that it looked like a new coat. He stood before the vast assembly and hesitated and stammered and balked till they set up a great laughing all over the house. Then Adam said: "Friends, you must have patience with me. I'll get into the subject pretty soon now. You see, I am an awkward Dutchman, and I am dreadfully scared." With that and an approving laugh he got loose and really made the master speech of the evening.

The Baltimore Conference, with three hundred ministers, was in those days the largest, and in revival power the most effective, Conference in American Methodism. Its annual sessions usually covered two or three weeks, and its ministers were royally entertained by the hospitality of the families honored by their companionship and prayers.

On the great occasion of reading out the appointments of such a body of ministers this was my first experience of such a sight. I was greatly interested in reading the features of the men who were in dread of a *dis*appointment; a feeling I never shared, for any circuit was good enough for me, and I had no anxiety on the subject.

When Fincastle Circuit was named the bishop read out, distinctly, "B. N. Brown, William Taylor." It was a good appointment in Botetourt County, and next adjoining my native circuit.

My colleague was an able minister and temperance lecturer, a social, chatty brother, a rigid disciplinarian. He had a beautiful wife, of great tenderness of heart and amiability of temper, and two charming little daughters—a lovely family. They resided in Fincastle, the county seat, with a considerable amount of Southern aristocracy in it. I had a welcome to the hearts and home of the Browns, but as usual lived among the people all over the circuit, and spent but little time in Fincastle, or Buchanan, the other large town contained in the circuit. Brother Brown felt that he had a special mission of purging the church of its dead branches, and keeping things in order. Some of our old sisters were in the habit of shouting the praises of God in the congregation. Brother Brown brought some of them to time by saying, "Sisters, you have no right to shout unless you live right at home and pay your quarterage."

He was not as a rule a great success in revival work, but was a good man of God. I loved and respected him, but as he was a sharp critic I had a dread of preaching before him, and had not my usual freedom of utterance in his presence. On one occasion in Fincastle I did have a good time when he was in the pulpit behind me, and while I was congratulating myself on getting at least one good score on his books, on looking around I found him sound asleep! The fact was, in his sociability he was so often in the habit of sitting up to talk till after midnight that he brought on himself a sleepy disease, which so overcame him that a few moments of quiet brought on a profound sleep.

I had several blessed ingatherings of newly converted souls on Fincastle Circuit, among whom was the young lady who subsequently became my wife; also her brother and three sisters, all of whom remain steadfast in the faith to this day. My year on that circuit was the year of the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; but our work in the Valley of Virginia remained firmly in union with the Methodist Episcopal Church, though badly shattered and divided in the war time of later years.

There was a considerable deficiency in the amount due from Fincastle Circuit to Brother Brown, for which I was very sorry. The stewards paid me the full amount, one hundred dollars; but I lived among the people on a free welcome everywhere, and had but little use for money; so of my hundred dollars I lent twenty-five dollars to my preacher in charge and gave twenty-seven dollars and a half to the parent Missionary Society. Having so much money in hand, I yielded to the fashion of having a trunk, and had one made to order, about two feet long and ten inches in breadth and depth, but I really had no use for it, as my saddlebags would contain about all I then needed or now need to carry.

The Saviour's injunction suits a warm climate exactly: "Take neither purse nor scrip, neither two coats." What is the use of a great lot of stuff to be consumed by mildew and moth?

CHAPTER III.

On the Sweet Springs Circuit.

MY colleague and I closed our term of service on Fincastle Circuit about the 1st of February, 1845. Conference came annually, early in March, and it was a hard time for itinerant preachers' horses. The roads were often deep in mud one day and hard frozen the next. We had that year over two hundred miles to travel to Baltimore city, where the Conference was held.

I stopped at father's on my way, spent a Sabbath, and preached at Lambert's meeting house, and had the stewards take up a missionary collection; I did the begging and set the people an example of liberal giving.

I had a good roan-colored young horse, brought up on my father's farm, and, in company with several other young preachers, the trip to Conference, though laborious, was quite enjoyable. We spent our nights on the way in the homes of our people, who were always glad to entertain the preachers and feed their horses as they journeyed to and from Conference.

The Conference was held in Exeter Street Church. Charles Reid and I lodged at the house of Brother and Sister Webb, the soap-makers, and I never can forget, or wish to forget, their kindness and loving attentions.

I was beginning to feel at home in a large city, and ran a long distance one day to see a fire consume a small portion of Baltimore. It was an exciting scene to my eyes, though I had often fought fire in the mountains to protect the homes and property of the farmers in the vales.

I now began to make the acquaintance of the distinguished men of the Conference, but in my very humble opinion of myself I would not presume to approach one of them personally, unless on an errand of duty; however, they all seemed to know me and shook hands with me on every opportunity. I could not account for it, but indirectly learned that when Brown Morgan, my presiding elder, presented my name two years before as a candidate for admission into their ranks he made a speech which impressed the Conference greatly in my favor; so, while I felt myself to be "little and unknown," I maintained an elevation of six feet in their midst, and was well known.

Brother Morgan was by no means a debater in the Conference, but his tall, symmetrical figure, always well dressed, and his beautiful features and charming voice commanded a hearing when he took the floor; and he always uttered words worthy to be heard and remembered. So, as I was told, Morgan closed his speech on my case by saying, "He is a young man whom the sun never finds in bed."

As he sat down Bishop Soule—presiding—arose and said, "Mark my words, brethren, you will hear from that young man again."

I was at my father's house, two hundred miles away at that time, and this incident did not come to my ears till years afterward, when it helped to account for the special interest the old men of the Conference took in me.

The trial of ministers under arrest was always conducted in open Conference, and not

by a committee in those days. Though seldom resulting in expulsion, the charges being for maladministration, breach of marriage engagement, marrying a woman owning slaves, followed by a refusal to free them, or other minor offenses not seriously affecting the moral character of the accused, yet they elicited much debate and consumed much time.

The great debaters in the Baltimore Conference of those days, distinguished also on the floor of the General Conference, were John A. Collins, Henry Slicer, Alfred Griffith, John Davis, John A. Geer, John Emory, son of Bishop Emory; James Sewell, William Hamilton, and a host of eloquent sharpshooters.

Collins was of medium height, slender form, dark complexion, with keen black eyes. He was an able preacher and a master on the floor of a Conference.

Slicer was about five feet ten in height, broad, rotund, weighing about two hundred pounds, reddish hair and complexion, face open as a sunflower, with a powerful voice much more harsh than the cultivated voice of Collins, but very impressive, both in the pulpit and on the platform. He never ate bread and butter he did not earn, but he always "knew which side the butter was on." He was frequently a chaplain in the United States Congress.

Alfred Griffith was in height about five feet eight, broadshouldered and thickset, large nose and mouth, rather coarse-featured, a voice deep and solemn, utterance slow, measured, and weighty. He was a powerful advocate of a good cause.

John Davis was a tall, thickset, though not a corpulent man. He had a deep, solemn voice, was "an able preacher and powerful defender of the right."

John A. Geer was tall and commanding in appearance, with a clear head, a strong voice, and very rapid utterance.

John Emory, tall and slender, youthful in appearance, was thought to be too young to compete with the old liners, but was exceedingly sharp and discriminating; he could always see the point in every intricate case, and so put it that all who had ears to hear could see it as he saw it, and thus vote intelligently; so he spoke near the close of every great discussion.

James Sewell was an earnest and successful preacher, spoke but seldom on the Conference floor, but always made a point, and brought down the house in a roar of laughter. He was the life of every social center that was honored by his presence. No nonsense about him, but natural and acquired power, shown in a clear, simple delineation of facts.

I heard him tell at a Conference dinner table about the conversion of a poor slave on one of his circuits by the name of Sam. He said:

"The poor fellow had long been feeling after God in the dark, but one night surrendered and accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and at once, clearly and without doubt, experienced salvation. He rushed into his master's bedroom and waked him up by his shouts of praise to God.

"The master inquired, 'Sam, what is this? What on earth is the matter with you?'

"'O, massa, I find Jesus, I is got religion; my poor soul he be happy! happy! happy!'

"'Why, Sam, I can't understand this. I have read the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, and I believe the whole of it, and I believe in Jesus Christ, but I never felt as you say you feel; you are a poor, ignorant nigger, and don't know a letter in the book. Sam, you must be mistaken.'

"'Well, massa, get down de book, and let's see.'

"So the master struck a light, and chanced to open the Bible at the third chapter of the gospel by John and read the words of Jesus, 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.'

"'Stop! stop! Massa, dat's it, bo'n agin! Dat's what I is got, I feels dat. I know I has dat.'

"'Sam, I have been seeking the Lord for years, but have never found what you say you have got, and I don't understand it.'

"'Well, massa, I explain de difference in de case. S'pose you order a great dinner. De servants bring on de roast turkey and all de good tings, and when de dinner bell rings you goes to de door ob de dining room and looks in and talks about de great feast and de roast turkey; but while you looks in and talks about him I goes right in and eats him. So, massa, de difference is dat I is got de dinner inside and you is got de dinner outside.'"

Jimmie Sewell's inimitable style gave interest to all his utterances.

William Hamilton was in stature, symmetry, features, temper, and voice a perfect model of a Christian gentleman.

When our class appeared before the examining committee Mr. Cummings, No. 2 in the class, failed to put in an appearance, but sent a notification of his withdrawal from the Methodist Episcopal Church. He joined the Protestant Episcopal Church, and subsequently became Bishop Cummings, founder of the Reformed Protestant Episcopal Church.

On my way to Conference I read on horseback my written synopsis of the books in the course for that year, and was prepared for a No. 1 examination.

When our class had answered the disciplinary questions put by the bishop, preparatory to our admission into Conference and election to deacons' orders, the bishop said: "Is it the pleasure of any member of the Conference to submit further questions to the young men?"

"Yes," replied John Bear, one of the able and venerable defenders of the faith, "I wish the bishop to ask each one whether or not he is under a matrimonial engagement."

So the question was put to George A. Coffee, and he answered "Yes." I was second, and replied, "I have confirmed no such engagement, and shall not consummate any such till I shall have served four years as a single man."

So it passed round, and I believe all the rest answered "Yes." Then the class retired and a long discussion followed.

According to a rule of the Conference if a young man got married before his two years of probation were out he was not admitted, and, if after admission, before the expiration of his fourth year, he was liable to censure, and usually punished by an appointment to a very poor circuit, where he and his young wife would enjoy their honeymoon among the whippoorwills. Pocahontas Circuit was one of the dreaded appointments, hence the boys called it "Poke-it-on-to-us."

I was told that a good deal of talk was elicited by the ambiguity of my reply, but John Emory said: "O, it is plain enough; the young man and some worthy young lady are encouraging a growing mutual attachment, but have not 'confirmed' it by any engagement that would be binding in case either should be inclined not to confirm it," and added, "The vital question in regard to this young man, or any candidate for admission into the Conference, is that of efficiency. If a young man is thoroughly efficient in the pulpit and in his pastoral work there will be no difficulty in providing a support for him and for his wife.

If a young man is not efficient it will be difficult to raise money to support him without a wife." All the young men of the class, including myself, were admitted and elected to deacons' orders. The next day our ordination sermon was preached by J. P. Durbin, the great orator of the Philadelphia Conference, and subsequently Missionary Secretary.

When the appointments of preachers for the ensuing year were read the name of a new circuit on the Rockingham District was announced, "Sweet Springs Circuit." The tag ends of two old circuits were cut off and added to Sweet Springs Valley, Dutch Corner, Irish Corner, and a few other neglected corners not included in any circuit, and organized into the new circuit.

When the bishop announced the new name, "Sweet Springs Circuit," there was a flutter among some of the mountain boys, who were in dread of an appointment to it, knowing it to be a very hard, and perhaps hopeless, undertaking. The appointments were read out slowly, so that all who wished could write them down in his own memorandum book. One brother sat on the pulpit stairs in a very conspicuous place, and was engaged in writing down the whole list, but when his own name was announced in connection with a place he dreaded he uttered one emphatic word of dissent and dropped his pen to the floor and never picked it up. I had nothing to mar my enjoyment of the scene, for I did not care a feather where they sent me, knowing that in every place there were sinners to be called to repentance. When asked where I would like to be sent my reply was, "Not to a fat, flourishing circuit, but to one where there are plenty of sinners." So on this occasion the announcement came exactly to my liking, "Sweet Springs Circuit, William Taylor."

What with lending my money, giving to missions, and buying books to take to my new circuit, when I came to take stock I found I had just one dollar left in my pocket; my twenty-five dollars loaned out was not available. I had over two hundred and fifty miles to travel on horseback to reach my circuit. The toll to pay on the valley "turnpike" amounted to a dollar and six cents. But I had not the slightest fear of not getting on all right. I borrowed six cents from Adam Bland to complete the sum for toll, and paid him in due time, and reached my circuit without incurring any debt beyond the six cents; yet neither I nor my horse went hungry. We were in "a land of corn"—and potatoes.

It was whispered round, "Poor Brother Taylor will starve on the so-called Sweet Springs Circuit. The people there live principally on blackberries, and they have no money."

The only chapel I found on the circuit was at Gap Mills, and that a "Union Church." A man there had a flour mill, sawmill, distillery, and store of dry goods and groceries. That was the nearest approach to a town within my bounds. Sweet Springs was a notable watering place and summer resort for pleasure, and for health-seekers from all parts of the State and from other States, and hence large buildings for their accommodation; but out of the watering season there was scarcely anybody to be found there but the keeper of the hotel. Sweet Springs Valley was about ten miles long and three miles wide, between two ranges of mountains, and was occupied by small farmers, who lived for the most part by the roadside, their farms lying in the rear of their residences. They had learned much from the refined summer pleasure-seekers which was not refining nor elevating to them. They were noted for frivolity, dancing, and drinking. There was one Roman Catholic residing in the valley, and one woman and her daughter who had somewhere joined the Methodists as seekers of salvation; all the rest of the population of the valley were "outsiders" not connected with any Church. We had but about a dozen members at Gap Mills, embracing an excellent family by the name of Carpenter. Jake

Weekline and wife lived on the backbone of the Allegheny range between Gap Mills and Sweet Springs Valley. They were Methodists, and their house became a preaching place.

I found a few more at Second Creek. There we had William Smith and Aleck Carson, both local preachers. Smith was a good, modest, quiet man and consistent Christian.

Carson was equally pious, a man of great originality and native mental power. He was a cooper by trade, and had been reputed the most profane swearer in all that region of profanity. But he went to a Methodist revival a few years before I met him and was awakened and saved. He at once went to the preacher, and in presence of the congregation said, "Will you allow me to join the Church?"

"Certainly, brother; I'll put your name down now."

"O, I am so glad. I have been so bad I was afraid you would not allow me to join; I do want to be a good man, and I need all the help I can get."

So he returned home rejoicing, established family worship, and was getting on nicely, till one day, when setting up a barrel, the brace hoop slipped, and down went his staves into a heap, and before he could collect his thoughts he uttered an oath.

He threw himself on the ground and rolled and groaned, and cried for mercy till the compassionate Friend of sinners healed and restored him. He never slipped again. He said nobody ever spoke to him about his soul till he went to the mourners' bench at the Methodist meeting; but as soon as it was noised abroad that Aleck Carson had joined the Methodists, "scarce a day passed that some Baptist or seceder from the Scotch Kirk did not come into my shop to debate with me on disputed points of doctrine."

He said to each one, "You see, my friend, I am only a babe, but I want to learn all I can; so you will please state your point plainly and your proof texts, and I will write them down in my memorandum book and give them due consideration; but as I am a young learner you must give me time." So he got Watson's *Institutes*, and carefully studied every point with their proof texts, and their plain interpretation. He was so mild and teachable that each party seemed to think they had captured him. He mastered the arguments on every question raised before he attempted a reply; then as a master in theology he mowed down his opponents as he would grass in a hayfield; not one of them ever faced him a second time.

One day a reverend Calvinistic minister, a very learned and able man, rode to his shop door and said, "Mr. Carson, I have come five miles to have a theological debate with you." "All right, your reverence; wait till I tighten the hoops of this barrel, and I'll go with you to the house." So he got his barrel set up, laid aside his apron, put on his coat, and conducted the preacher to his humble home. In two hours Carson logically and scripturally took the ground from under the Calvinist, and the learned divine held up his hands in astonishment and said, "O, Mr. Carson, I've never met your like before; you must be the greatest man in the Methodist Church."

"O, no, sir. There are plenty of niggers in the Methodist Church who know much more than I do. The trouble is not in the strength of my argument, but in the utter weakness of your cause."

After that no man dared to ask him any more questions.

At the Perkins appointment, a few miles from Second Creek, I found Father Perkins, wife, and grown-up daughters, and a few other members. Father Perkins was a local preacher, a sensible, plain, good man, who, in warm weather, before beginning to preach took off his coat and opened his shirt collar.

In the Irish Corner we had but two Methodists, Brother Robinson and wife; in the Dutch Corner, none.

At Potts Creek we found a few members, among whom were Rev. Joseph Pinnell and wife. Father Pinnell was contemporary with Bishops Asbury and George, and told me much about Asbury, both in his hopeful moods and when he got into what he called "a brown study," somewhat akin to that known in more recent times as "the blues." The best antidote is useful occupation.

Father Pinnell was a member of the General Conference in 1812. That was before it became strictly a delegated body. The dear old man preached for me occasionally, always to the edification of the hearers. He was over eighty years old, but very young and lovely in spirit. I was glad to make his acquaintance before he left for his home in heaven. He and his good wife always gave me a welcome to their plain but comfortable abode.

I do not remember the aggregate number of members I found on Sweet Springs Circuit; I think somewhere between thirty and forty, all of moderate attainments and limited means, but most confiding and kind. We shall have occasion to note the difference between the beginning and the ending of my year on that new circuit.

As soon as I preached around at all the old appointments on Sweet Springs Circuit I began to acquaint myself with the possibilities of extension.

I said, "Where can I find a preaching place in Sweet Springs Valley?"

One replied, "The only place is the dining hall of the hotel at the Springs. A Methodist preacher tried it there a few times many years ago."

"Ah, indeed; and did he get many people converted there?"

"None that we ever heard of."

"Then that is not the place for me. I must go where I can at least have a fair chance to get somebody saved."

I mounted my roan and rode through the valley to find the largest farmhouse, and asked permission to preach in it. The largest house I could find was on a crossroad, nearly half a mile back from the main road. I sat on my horse and called out the man of the house and told him who I was and what was the object of my call.

He replied, "I am no Christian, but would not object to your preaching here if my wife was well, but she is very sickly, and could not bear to have company about the house." He did not invite me to dismount; but I thanked him for his kind expressions and bade him good-bye.

I returned to the main road and called at the house of Dan Weekline. Dan was not religious, but was a brother to Jake Weekline, before named. Mrs. Weekline said her husband was not at home that day, but invited me to put up and feed my horse and stay for dinner, which I did cheerfully. During the dinner hour I got from her all the information I could in regard to the people residing in the valley, and asked permission to preach in her house.

She replied, "I have no objections, and will speak to my husband on his return and let you know."

"Very good; then please send me word to my appointment at Jake Weekline's next Sabbath afternoon, and if your husband consents give notice to all the people in this region that I will, the Lord willing, preach in your house next Wednesday, at eleven o'clock."

Receiving a cordial invitation from Dan and his wife to have a regular appointment at that house, I went on Wednesday, as had been announced, and found two rooms of the house crowded.

THE PREACHER OF THE SWEET SPRINGS CIRCUIT.

"I mounted my roan and rode through the valley."—Page 66.

The interest was so great that I announced a Sabbath afternoon appointment there for every alternate week, "beginning with next Sabbath week at three o'clock."

On the first Sunday afternoon there I found the crowd so great that not half of them could get into the house, so I preached in the shade of a sugar maple grove near by; a gracious influence attended the preaching. I announced that "at 3 P. M., two weeks from to-day, I will, God willing, preach again under these trees, and you who have families and who want to dedicate yourselves and your little children to God may bring your children, and I will baptize them." In two weeks I had still a larger crowd, and baptized seventeen children. I then announced, "When I come again I will preach to you morning and evening on both Saturday and Sabbath, and thus each day for a week. All of you come and bring your friends."

I said to the Weeklines and a few others at tea that evening, "God is going to give us an ingathering of souls, and I will organize here the biggest class on the circuit and appoint Joe Carson the class leader for it." My words created a great laugh. Joe Carson was brother to Aleck, a six-footer of enormous proportions, an avowed bitter opposer of the Methodists, and reputed to be the most profane swearer in the valley. I was aware of all these things by common rumor, but I knew he had a combination of the best natural qualities of any man in the valley for that position, and would therefore be the man whom the Lord would save and call to that responsible leadership. It was not a prophecy but a calculation with me.

When I returned to commence my series of special services Father Perkins and two young ladies, one of whom was a New England schoolmarm, teaching in Monroe County, came to help me for a few days. The ladies visited from house to house and did us good service. The schoolmarm also gave me a few copies of *The Guide to Holiness*, then published in Cornhill, Boston, which were of great service to me personally. Saturday we had a large attendance and a deep awakening. Sunday forenoon, after preaching, I called for seekers to bow at a row of benches set for their convenience, and eleven sought with cries and tears, and about half of them received Jesus and testified to an experience of salvation.

Our meeting was but about fifty yards from the main road. I had to lead in all the singing, and lead in prayer about half a dozen times, besides the instructing of all the seekers, so that I was in great need of help. Just at this time a man passing on horseback dismounted, hitched his horse, and came into our circle and led in prayer, and gave us timely aid—an entire stranger passing that way.

When I came to preach that Sabbath evening I found the people in great commotion. A Mrs. Carlisle had gone forward at the morning meeting and obtained peace with God. When John, her husband, heard of it he came in a great rage and wanted to whip somebody—anybody who dared to meddle with him or his wife. His wife, he said, had already disgraced herself by mixing with the accursed Methodists. He couldn't and wouldn't stand it. "If my wife persists in this thing I'll leave her; I won't live with such a woman." Some of my friends wanted to take hold of John and lead him away, but I said, "O, no; let the dear fellow alone. He will come to himself before the week is out."

On Tuesday night John was rolling and screaming in despair. He said, "I have committed the fatal blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, and will certainly be in hell very soon."

We assured him, "Jesus loves you and is now bending over you in sympathy, and will take you into his arms as he did the little children—put his saving hands on you, pray

for you, reconcile you to God. He will take you into his kingdom and family and bless you with joy unspeakable; and he will do it all to-night."

John received and trusted him, and was saved that night. He and his happy wife and about thirty others who were saved during that week joined our church.

That gave me already the biggest class on the circuit, but no one tall enough above the rest to be a leader. Joe Carson came about three times and went away in bad temper, and came no more during the series.

I sent John Carpenter from beyond the mountain, to lead the class weekly till the Lord would give us a leader on the spot.

Next in order was a series of services at Jake Weekline's, on the mountain, where but few people lived. We had, if I remember accurately, seven converted, one of them a black boy living with the Weeklines, who became an exemplary Christian. Joe Carson came two or three times to that series of meetings and was affected by the preaching, but ran home to wear off his convictions.

My next series of meetings was at a schoolhouse down the creek a few miles below Gap Mills. I forget the name of the place. I preached twice on Saturday. Sabbath morning we had a great crowd, not a third of whom could get into the house; so I preached in the shade of a large spruce pine-tree. I mounted a box with my back to the huge forester and laid my Bible on a small dead limb projecting from its trunk. Looking over my audience, I saw, to my agreeable surprise, Joe Carson and his wife. They had come ten miles on horseback that morning to attend my meetings; so I thanked God, and in my heart prayed earnestly for them. After preaching there in the open air that forenoon I invited seekers to come forward for instruction and the prayers of those who knew God, and kneel at a row of benches set for the purpose. About a dozen came promptly, and among them was Mrs. Carson. Joe saw her down, and sprang to his feet and ran to the woods like a wounded deer. He ran about one hundred yards and fell prostrate on the ground. A brother saw him tumble, and went to him and found him crying and begging God not to kill him, but spare him and give him another chance.

Three or four professed conversion that morning, but the odds against us appeared to be very great. We had the sheriff of Monroe County, a Mr. C., son of the richest man, it was said, in the country, and Mr. C. busied himself in going through the congregation urging the people "not to be humbugged by this babbler."

At night, not having so great a crowd, we had our meeting in the schoolhouse, which would seat about one hundred persons. When I called for seekers at the close of the preaching Joe Carson walked across the rear end of the house and took his wife by the arm, and side by side they came and knelt at the penitent form. Mrs. Carson and a few others were sweetly saved that night, and testified to an experience of the saving power of Jesus. I took Joe and his wife with me to lodge with the kind family by whom I was entertained. Next morning Sister Carson returned home to look after their family and farm and left Joe with me.

That forenoon, after preaching, when I invited seekers, Carson and a half dozen others came promptly forward. As we were in the act of kneeling to pray I saw the sheriff, who had been moving round to dissuade persons from going forward, coming in a rage to the front, and I said: "Hold on, brethren; don't kneel down yet." By that time the sheriff seized a young woman who was kneeling as a seeker by the arm, and I said, "Mr. C., is that lady your wife?"

"No."

"Is she your sister or daughter?"

"No."

"Then what have you to do with her?"

"She is my cousin, and I'm going to have her away from here. This is no fit place for her to be, and I will have her out of this. I don't believe in this thing of forcing people."

"O, no, Mr. C.; I don't believe in trying to force anybody to renounce his sins and seek forgiveness from God. Ask her if she was forced, and if she says 'Yes,' then take her away at once."

He did not put the question, but a lady near by did, and she replied, "I came freely, of my own accord, and I must be allowed to seek the forgiveness of my sins."

"She is too young," shouted the sheriff, "to act for herself in such matters."

"O, you see she is not a child, but a young woman, well understanding what she is about; but if you take the responsibility, Mr. C., of standing for her, will you stand for her in the day of judgment?"

"No; but I'll have her away from here."

"Now, Mr. C., take your seat beside the young lady, and see all that is done, and hear all that may be said to her, and see that she shall have fair play. Here is a good seat, Mr. C.;" but he let the lady go and returned to the rear. As he passed me I said, "Mr. C., the young lady wants to be saved, and as you need salvation as well as the rest of us we will pray that you too may seek and find the pearl of great price."

"I need it, Mr. Taylor, as badly as anybody else."

Then I said, "Let us pray."

The powers of darkness gave way, and the work of God went on in full tide. Mr. C. was well acquainted with Joe Carson, and witnessed his awful struggles that day as he seemed to be possessed of "many devils, which threw him down and tore him." For half an hour or more he lay prostrate on the floor and groaned and frothed at the mouth like a man with hydrophobia, but finally gave up and accepted Jesus as a present, all-powerful Saviour, and then arose and plainly testified to a sweet deliverance from the power of devils and sin.

The young lady that Mr. C. tried to turn back testified also for Jesus as her Saviour.

When I pronounced the benediction that day Mr. C. came up and took me by the hand and said, "Mr. Taylor, I want you to go home with me."

"Certainly, Mr. C.; I'll go with pleasure." The devil whispered to me, "He wants to seek private revenge." I replied in my mind, "If he does he will not find it."

Mr. C. talked all the way home and after our arrival, telling me how he had been brought up to hate the Methodists, and how for years he had made it his business to oppose them.

"I now see that I was in the dark and doing the work of the devil. I see my folly, and whether I shall join them or not I certainly shall defend them henceforth, for I see they are right."

I afterward baptized his wife and children, but unhappily Mr. C. did not fully surrender himself to God, at least not while I remained on the circuit; but he never missed a meeting which I held in his neighborhood, and was ready any day to fight for me if necessary.

Before I left the circuit he gave me an illustration of one effect of my meetings on that community in which he lived.

"Hitherto," said he, "I could not get my neighbors to come and shuck my corn

without plenty of whisky. This year I had an unusually heavy crop of corn, and invited the same men as before to come to my corn-shucking. I thought some of them might want a dram, so I provided a jug of whisky. The men worked with a will, shucked my whole crop in one day, and did it better than ever before, and not a man of them took a drop of whisky except three wild fellows who never went to your meetings. After supper one of the three wished he had a flask, that he might take some of the whisky home with him. So I said to the three of them, 'You see this crowd has no use for that stuff, so you may take the jug,' which they did, and immediately waddled off with it."

Mrs. Carson told me afterward how she and Joe were induced to ride ten miles on that memorable Sunday morning to attend my meetings. During the night she dreamed that she, her husband and children, were lost in a desert and famishing for want of water. They searched for water till they had become utterly exhausted and sank into hopeless despair; then all of a sudden they heard a shout of a familiar voice. "O, that is the voice of Mr. Taylor; how strange that he should be away out in this desert! Hear what he says: '"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!"' And as I looked," said Mrs. Carson, "with longing hope in the direction whence came the voice I saw a flowing stream of the most transparent water that I had ever seen, and said, 'We shall go and drink and live, and not die in this desert;' and in my joy I awoke and awakened my husband and told him my dream and the interpretation thereof. If we stop in the desert of sin in which we have lived so long we shall utterly and forever perish and lead our children to destruction. We must go and let Mr. Taylor lead us to the 'river of pure water of life, clear as crystal.' So we hastened to get ready, and mounted our horses and went to the meeting, where we drank freely and were led out of the desert of sin and death."

Our next series of special services was held at the house of old Father Perkins.

At the close of my week of special services in Sheriff C.'s neighborhood I was announced to commence a series at the Perkins appointment; but on account of the number of bright conversions to God that week, and the deep awakening in the community at large, and the subordinate consideration that I had promised to celebrate a marriage there on Thursday of the week ensuing, I concluded that the Perkins people would accept for the present a four-days' meeting, and allow me to follow, as it seemed to me, the manifest leading of the Spirit, and resume work in C.'s neighborhood on Wednesday night, attend to the marriage celebration on Thursday, and go on with the meetings as long as the Lord would give us signal success there. So I adjourned that series on Friday night, to be resumed on Wednesday night of the following week. Next day I went on and preached at the house of Father Perkins, according to appointment. After preaching I gave them an account of the blessed work of God in C.'s neighborhood and the liberty I had taken in shortening the time of their series at present, to be resumed as quickly as the Lord would permit, and then be protracted indefinitely.

Father Perkins was a plain, blunt, but good man of the old school, a local preacher in our Church, who in summer heat would take off his coat and preach in his shirt sleeves. He took the floor, and in the most earnest and emphatic manner entered his protest against any change of the plan, as before arranged, saying, "You have given a whole week to those people, and they have had a good time. They ought to be satisfied, and not interfere with our meetings. We certainly have as good a right to your services as they have. We have made our arrangements for a week of special services, and many of our friends have come a long distance to spend the week with us, and we can't disappoint them, and hence cannot consent to any change of the original arrangement."

I could make no defense, but said, "I thought you would be so glad to hear of the opening work of God in a hitherto fruitless field that you would, after a series of four days, cheerfully consent to let me follow what seems to me to be a manifest leading of the Spirit of God; but as you hold me to the original agreement, as before announced, I must fulfill it to the letter."

I was cornered, and, being young and inexperienced, Satan took occasion to torment me. I was grieved to hazard the possibilities of the progressing work in the other neighborhood, and was committed, by public announcement, for preaching on the same day and hour at two places twenty miles apart, and no opportunity of recalling the one ignored by Daddy Perkins. So I cried to the Lord in my trouble, and he heard my cry. It was a greater grief to me to be unable to fulfill a promise made to a man or to a congregation of men and women than many are prepared to appreciate. So I cried to the Lord, and he gave me deliverance far exceeding the immediate occasion of my distress.

FATHER PERKINS PROTESTS.
"We have a right to your services."—Page 72.

From the day of my restoration to filial union with God, four years before, I earnestly sought holiness of heart—perfect love to God. I saw that by the redemptive covenant and provision in Jesus Christ, by commands and promises, by invitations and admonitions, by the recorded experiences and testimonies of holy men of old, it was plainly taught in the Bible as the common privilege and duty of all believers. I carefully read Wesley's *Plain Account* and the like narrative of Adam Clarke, John Fletcher, and a host of credible witnesses, and was greatly enlightened and encouraged. I heard the subject preached by many of our ministers, and saw Rev. William Prettyman and a few others invite believers to come forward as seekers just as sinners were invited to do in seeking pardon, and I always responded to such calls and went forward for entire sanctification, but without success. For my own information and as a preparatory qualification for the intelligible instruction of others in similar complications I had to suffer a while.

Peter, by the inspiration of the divine Teacher, says, "The God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you." So I was in this intermediate school. I had been pardoned and regenerated and was being preserved by the power of Jesus from sinning, without one voluntary departure from him during the four years of my renewed allegiance; but I was tormented by an overly scrupulous conscience and other involuntary disabilities and deprived of settled peace.

The principle of obedience was wrought in me by the Holy Spirit amid frequent

struggles and painful apprehension on account of the evil of inherent depravity. It was sincere and unreserved from the beginning, but I needed light to apply and strength to fulfill it.

I had to learn the difference between essential human nature and the carnal mind. The one, according to God's design in his original creation of man and in his new creation by the Holy Spirit, is to be developed and utilized for its legitimate purposes; the other, an extraneous diabolical thing to be destroyed by the might of the Almighty and separated from us forever. Yet the carnal mind, though foreign, has so diffused itself through our whole being and so identified itself with every part of it that it requires special divine enlightenment to enable us to discriminate clearly between these two opposite things. The human body has five senses. They are a part of God's creative ideal; hence, essential and legitimate. It has three appetites, with the affections which connect them with our mental and moral constitution.

We have, also, mental appetencies, with their affections—the mental appetency for knowledge, the sinful lust of which would manifest itself in self-conceit, pedantry, and pride; the mental appetency for property, the lust of which is covetousness and its train of abuses; the mental appetency for power, which in lustful excess results in tyranny and oppression; and so on through a long list of this class, together with another class adapted to the relations we sustain to society, to the state, to the family, to our neighbors in general.

Our mental and moral constitution is specially endowed with higher attributes essential to our relations to God and to eternity. All these belonged legitimately to the constitution of man before "sin entered," and will be retained in our sanctified being when "cleansed from all the filthiness of the flesh and spirit."

The carnal mind is that diabolical infusion which permeates all these appetites, appetencies, attributes, and affections, and fills them with enmity to God and leads the unsaved into all manner of misapplications, lustful excesses, and abuses, dishonoring to God and destructive to man. Hence, one leading characteristic of holiness is light—divine light—to enable us to perceive clearly what the Holy Sanctifier has come to do for us; what to destroy and remove, what to retain, purify, and adjust to their legitimate purposes so that we may receive and trust the Lord Jesus for all that he came to do for us, and no more.

The principle of obedience must not only be enlightened, but must be in proportion to the enlightenment, enlarged to the measure of full concurrence in practical obedience to all perceivable duties in the field of enlarged vision, and must, moreover, be perfected so as to accept at all times the behests of God, covering all possibilities in his will; not those only which come within the radius of an enlarged vision, but those in the immeasurable margin beyond; not only our legal obligations to God and man as defined by the decalogue, but the broadest application of the new commandment as exemplified in the life and death of Jesus Christ.

On the eve of his departure from the world, in a solemn charge to his disciples he said, "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another as I have loved you." What was the measure of his love for us? Love up to the legal lines of the Ten Commandments. On those legal principles he would have stood on his rights and would have executed judgment upon us according to the law. He would have retained his glory and stayed in his own happy home in the bosom of his eternal Father and sent us to the place prepared for the devil and for all his followers. But under

the new commandment, which does not antagonize our legal rights and duties, he voluntarily and gladly gave up his rights and, under the weight of our wrongdoing, became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

To discriminate clearly between temptation and sin was another lesson I had to learn in the school of Christ under the tuition of the Holy Spirit. Christ "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." It is not sin in us to be tempted in all points like as he was, but in yielding to temptation, which always entails sin and condemnation.

I tried the theory of a gradual growth out of sin into holiness, but found from sad experience it was not in the nature of sin to grow out, but to grow in and grow on and bring forth fruit unto death, and that it had to be restrained till totally extirpated by the Holy Sanctifier.

A sincere spirit of legalism, more than anything else, trammeled my faith and prevented the Holy Spirit from perfecting that which was lacking in my faith. It was not theoretical but practical legalism. I did not for a moment trust to anything I had done, but, under cover of vows and covenants to be holy, I was really trusting to what I was going to do. To the best of my knowledge I presented my body, my whole being, on God's altar and worked myself nearly to death trying to be holy. I was often blessed and comforted, and hoped at the moment that I had found the pearl of perfect love, but soon perceived I was mistaken. I had been justified by faith, kept in a justified relation to God by faith; my ministry from its commencement had been attended by the soul-saving power of Jesus, and why I failed to cross over into the promised land of perfect love was a profound puzzle to me; but I was getting light and gathering strength in the struggle.

In the month of August, 1845, I attended a camp meeting on Fincastle Circuit, the old camp where my presiding elder, three years before, appointed me to the work of an itinerant minister. On my way to the camp meeting I saw that in connection with an entire consecration of my whole being to God, which I had been sincerely trying to gain from the beginning, I should pay no particular attention to my emotional sensibilities nor to their changes, nor to the great blessings I was daily receiving in answer to prayer, but should simply accept the Bible record of God's provisions and promises as an adequate basis of faith, and on the evidences contained in these divine credentials receive and trust the divine Saviour for all that he had come to do for me, and nothing less. I was then and there enabled to establish two essential facts: (1) To be true to Jesus Christ; (2) to receive and trust him to be true to me. So there, on my horse in the road, I began to say more emphatically than ever before, "I belong to God. Every fiber of my being I consecrate to him. I consent to perfect obedience. I have no power to do anything toward saving myself, but in utter helplessness I receive and trust Jesus for full salvation."

Then the tempter said, "Take care; don't go too fast; there may be reservations in your consecration you don't think of."

I replied, "I surrender everything I can think of and everything I can't think of. I accept a *principle* of obedience that covers all possibilities in the will of God."

"But you don't feel anything different from your ordinary experience?"

"The word of God is sure. On the evidence it contains I receive and trust the Blesser without any stipulation as to the blessing or the joyful feeling it may bring."

I went on to the camp meeting maintaining my two facts as the Lord gave me power to do, without the aid of joyous emotional sensibility or feeling.

My dear father was there as an earnest worker. I was delighted to be with him, for

besides being a kind father he was in Jesus a brother to me. I met many old friends at that meeting, for it was on the circuit I served the year preceding, and found many sources of real pleasure; but my struggle within was so severe that I had but little enjoyment of any sort.

In conversation one evening at that meeting with Aunt Eleanor Goodwin, a saintly woman, I said: "In the years of my unbelief and apostasy I acquired such a habit of doubting that I have never yet been able fully to conquer it."

Instantly the taunt of the tempter rang with an echo through the domain of my spirit nature: "Can't, can't; you can't do it."

I saw that I had inadvertently made a concession which Satan was using to defeat my faith, and I said: "Aunt Eleanor, in saying that I have not been able to conquer my old habit of doubting I see I have made a mistake. God commands us to believe and be saved. He don't command impossibilities; so in regard to believing—receiving Christ—for all that he has engaged to do for me, I have said 'I can't believe' for the last time. I can do whatsoever he commands; for he hath said, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'" So I at once revised my spiritual vocabulary and ignored all the "can'ts," "ifs," and "buts" as used by doubters in regard to the grand possibilities of the grace of God. That was a victory for my faith, but I felt no special cleansing power within.

At the close of the camp meeting I returned to my circuit, steadily maintaining my facts. Through the series of my special services in Sweet Springs Valley, at Dan Weekline's, where we had the blessed work before described, and the series at Jake Weekline's on the mountain, and in the series of Sheriff C.'s neighborhood, I stood by my two facts, as Abraham stood by his offered sacrifice, in spite of smothering darkness and devouring fowls, but I felt no assurance of the Holy Spirit that I was sanctified wholly. I was not; though my consecration, so far as I know, was complete, but the point of self-conscious utter impotency where faith ceases to struggle and reposes calmly on the bosom of Jesus I had not quite reached.

One sleepless night during my week of services with Daddy Perkins I said to myself, "What shall I do? A blank disappointment at C.'s next Wednesday night will be damaging to my reputation for judicious management and fidelity to truth, and preclude the possible achievement of greater soul-saving victories there! To preach at the two places twenty miles apart is impossible!" In a moment the oft-repeated fact went through me like an electric shock, "With God all things are possible." I nestled on the bosom of Jesus and rested my weary head and heart near to the throbbing heart of infinite love and sympathy. I laughed and cried, and said, "Yes, all things are possible with God. He can arrange for two appointments at the same hour twenty miles apart. I don't know how. He may have a dozen ways of doing it, and I will let him do it in any way he may choose. Yes, and I will let him do anything else he has engaged to do for me." I was not praying specially for holiness that night, but I rested my weary soul on the bosom of Jesus and saw spread out before me an ocean of available soul-saving resources in God, and overheard the whispers of the Holy Spirit saying, "Jesus saves you yet. He saves you now. Hallelujah!"

Satan was listening, and said, "Maybe he doesn't."

"But he does, and it is the easiest thing in the world for him to save me from all sin, wash my spirit clean, and make me a full partaker 'of the divine nature.' I can't do any of it. He can do it all, and I will henceforth let him attend to his own work in his own way." Instead of receiving a great blessing I received the great Blesser as the bride-

groom of my soul. I was fully united to him in the bonds of mutual fidelity, confidence, and love. I have from that day to this dwelt with Jesus and verified the truth of "the record of God concerning his Son." Through the mistakes of my eyes, ears, judgment, and memory I have given him trouble enough, and myself too; but he has wonderfully preserved me from sin and led me to victory in a thousand battles for the rescue of perishing sinners in many climes; and, strange as it may seem, the greatest Gospel achievements of my life have resulted from his overruling of some of my greatest mistakes.

I claim no exemption from the infirmities, temptations, trials, and tribulations to which the children of God have been subjected through all the ages of the past, and cheerfully concur in God's providential adjustment of them for the correction, discipline, and development of Christian character. To be sure, I have thus far been exempt from serious bodily illness ever since I was a lad of about fourteen years, and in nearly one hundred voyages, long and short, at sea have never been detained an hour by shipwreck or quarantine. I thankfully accepted these providential mercies; but did not receive them in answer to prayer. I am not indifferent to such things, but I know not what is best for me, and Father does; so I prefer to leave all such things to the manifestation of his own pleasure, and appreciate them the more highly in that I had not teased and begged and bothered him about such things. Moreover, I don't want any exemption from, nor mitigation of, any hard discipline that God sees needful in character building for eternity.

Paul was true to God, yet subject to the most severe discipline. He prayed for exemption, and God answered his prayer by saying, "My grace is sufficient for thee;" and Paul replied, "Most gladly, therefore, will I suffer." From that time on he "gloried in tribulation," even though at one time it killed him and threw his mangled body to the Lystrian dogs; that gave his soul an opportunity to sweep up through the midst of the spheres to the heaven of God and glorified souls and take in visions of glory utterly indescribable, which fixed his residence henceforth more in heaven than on earth. He simply stayed on the earth after that on the principle of self-sacrifice, that he might be used in saving sinners and in building up the Church of God among men, and that he might furnish an example of patient sufferings, which, in his person, were in number, variety, and depth an aggregate equivalent of all the possible sufferings of all God's children, for a purpose outside of personal development, which he thus states: "That in me first Jesus Christ might show forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on him to life everlasting." One pattern of that sort was enough. One chart drawn from such an experience was sufficient for the safe navigation of the stormy sea of life from that day till the judgment day. Therefore, while no loyal servant of God, as was Paul, is ever required to endure all, nor a hundredth part, of what Paul suffered, yet everyone is liable to any number or variety of Paul's aggregate of sufferings, as God may appoint as the portion of each one.

When the church in Thessalonica was passing through great tribulations Paul wrote them, saying, "I send Timotheus, our brother, and minister of God, and our fellow-laborer in the Gospel of Christ, to establish you, and to comfort you concerning your faith: that no man should be moved by these afflictions: for yourselves know that we are appointed thereunto. For verily, when we were with you, we told you before that we should suffer tribulation; even as it came to pass, and ye know." God does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men, but for our profit. To be forewarned is to be forearmed. When tribulations come crashing down on us, to know that we are appointed thereunto prepares us to endure them meekly and prove the sufficiency of the grace of

God and the wisdom and kindness of God when it "yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

The theory of a Pullman car passage to heaven with the great Physician aboard to exempt us or immediately relieve us of all diseases is a poor preparation for the stern realities of disciplinary sufferings on the Pauline line; and its counterpart, that the suffering of protracted sickness is proof that the sufferer has entailed it by a sinful departure from God, puts a club into the hands of the "accuser of the brethren," with which he beats them to death.

So I don't pray for exemption from any afflictions or tribulations to which God may appoint me. My one concern, requiring continual watchfulness and prayer, is to maintain intact the two essential facts before stated, to be at all times true to Jesus and to receive and trust him at all times to be true to me.

As for the tribulations to which I may be appointed, I ask no less and desire no more than may come exactly within the range of God's will. We may, indeed, in what may appear to us as unbearable anguish, cry with the suffering Son of God, "Now is my soul troubled; and what shall I say?" Shall I say, "Father, save me from this hour?" But there is a purpose in all this; for "for this cause came I unto this hour." "Father, glorify thy name."

So, if we are true to God and trust Jesus, we have nothing to fear from without, and should not allow the innumerable changes in our emotional sensibilities to infringe the immutable principles of our covenant with God.

I grew in grace and in the knowledge of God before I was purged from all iniquity, but much more rapidly afterward. When the obstructions to growth were removed and my union with the infinite sap sources of the living vine was completed, then why should I not "grow up into him in all things?" Holiness, therefore, does not fix a limit to growth, but adjusts the conditions essential to a continuous "growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," which is limitless and eternal.

Well, when I went to my preaching appointment next day Father Perkins met me and said, "Brother Taylor, we can arrange for Wednesday night here, and you can go Wednesday and fill your appointment as announced, celebrate the marriage on Thursday, and return to us by Thursday night.

"All right, Father Perkins; let it be so written."

So from a very small beginning God has been leading me along the high lines of human impossibilities from that day to the present moment. "Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

We had good meetings, but not many saved, at the house of Father Perkins.

So far as I was concerned I made things satisfactory at the other place and held our ground, but, failing to take the tide at the flood, we lost our opportunity of achieving greater victories.

At the Irish Corner we fitted up an unoccupied dwelling house for our special services. My dear father came on horseback about seventy miles, and gave grand assistance for a few days. When soul-saving success became manifest Satan became alarmed; for he claimed exclusive rights in the Irish Corner. So he sent a lot of his faithful servants who tore the roof off our house and threw off the logs of the upper story, it being an old-fashioned log house. We quietly repaired it and went on with our meetings.

One evening when I came to preach I found many of the women weeping, and per-

ceived a great commotion among the men, some of whom hastened to meet me, saying, "We are going to have bloodshed here to-night. The bully of this country has come with a great dirk knife, and swears he will rip open every Methodist on the turf."

I replied: "That would be a calamity, indeed; but never mind, friends, God will take care of the Methodists if they will do their duty and trust him. Come into the house and be seated, and we will at once open the services of the evening."

The ripper got ripped by the sword of the Spirit, and two nights later he fell on his face in presence of the congregation, bawling like a wild bull in a pit, and the Lord had mercy on him.

A farmer by the name of Armstrong heard of "the great doings at the Methodist meetings," and came one night to see and hear for himself, and went away in a great rage of anger, saying: "Some meddlesome fellow has told the preacher all about me, and he exposed me before the whole congregation. I'll find out who the villain is who has taken on himself the trouble to tell on me, and give him a thrashing that will teach him a lesson; and I will keep away from the meetings and not give that preacher another chance to put me to the blush."

By the evening of the next day he changed his mind. He wanted to learn more about the strange things that were coming to pass at the meetings, but to avoid another possible exposure he went in advance of anyone else and concealed himself behind the door. He stated afterward: "As soon as the preacher read his text he began at once, as it appeared to me, to expose me before all the people. He did not repeat the things he told last night, but opened up a new chapter of worse things that I feared he would let out against me last night; but he reserved them and fastened them all on me to-night, and all my neighbors will know that he means me. I got awfully angry there behind the door, but I was cornered, and could do nothing but bite my lips and swear to myself; but after a long cogitation in my anger I began to get another view of the case, and said to myself: 'I must be mistaken. It was not at all probable the preacher knew anything personally about me last night, and certainly he don't know I am here to-night. He said last night that nearly all the people here were strangers to him, but that he held the Gospel glass before them, and they could see themselves and all their meanness more distinctly than he could tell them. I now see the truth of what he says. God is in this mystery. His Spirit has found me out, and my own guilty conscience tells me who I am and what I have done as a rebel against God. I can't carry this hell in my bosom any longer. I'll make a clean breast of it at once.'" So out he rushed from behind the door and kneeled at the mourners' bench and sought and found the Lord. I afterward visited him in his own house and heard his testimony to these facts.

The most wealthy man identified with us at Second Creek was Captain Nichols. He owned a fine farm, lived in a good brick house, and deservedly enjoyed the social status of a Virginia gentleman, and always entertained me at his house as a welcome guest. He was not a member of our Church, but his wife was. She was a lovely lady, and he seemed always delighted to accompany her to our meetings, and became identified with us in that way.

The father of Sister Nichols, Christie H., Esq., was the owner of a farm and a flour mill, and was reputed to be rich.

At a series of meetings I conducted at Second Creek, Sister Nichols did faithful work, and was used by the Holy Spirit in leading many seekers to the Saviour, among whom were two of her sisters, beautiful young ladies, well up in their teens. They stayed at the

home of Captain and Mrs. Nichols during the week of our special services. Meantime I learned that their parents, though they were very nice people in their way, were dreadfully prejudiced against the Methodists, and would bitterly oppose the religious course adopted by their two daughters. So when they were ready to return to their home Sister Nichols thought it advisable I should accompany them and try to make fair weather for them with their parents. I was, of course, greatly interested in their spiritual welfare, and was willing to do anything within my power to help them; so I saddled my horse, and away we went. As we rode up the lane leading to their home we met their mother on horseback. We simply said "Good morning" to her, and she passed by on the other side and went on her way without seeming to recognize us. Arriving at the house, I hitched the horses, and by invitation of the young ladies I walked into the reception room. We sat conversing about a quarter of an hour, when the father rushed through the house muttering to his daughters, but said nothing to me.

As he passed out to the barn I followed him and said: "Father H., I have taken the liberty of calling to see you. I want to make your acquaintance. As a friend and guest of Captain and Mrs. Nichols I want to speak to you in regard to your younger daughters. They have both been attending my meetings for a week past, and both of them have received Jesus as their Saviour and have joined the Methodists. They are intelligent young ladies, an honor to their parents, and I believe will develop into good Christians, like their elder sister. I hope this is all agreeable to you."

"Not at all agreeable to me. I don't know what their mother will say, but I am opposed to the whole thing. They had no right to go to your meetings without their parents. It was no fit place for them to be in."

"They went with their sister, Mrs. Nichols, who is a lady of taste and propriety, and would not go to a place unsuited to her standing as a lady, nor hence unsuitable for her sisters, who were never at a service unaccompanied by their good sister, Mrs. Nichols."

"Yes, Mrs. Nichols is a lady; but these girls are too young for any such business."

"Why, Father H., they crossed the line of accountability years ago, and are really young ladies of superior intelligence."

"I don't want to hear any more of your talk;" and, turning abruptly, he walked rapidly away in the direction of his mill. I returned to the house and met the girls on the veranda, but did not sit down. The girls were trembling with fright, and said, "Father has a dreadful temper, and he will certainly beat us without mercy. What shall we do?"

I said, "My dear sisters, you have this guarantee: 'God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted' or tried 'above that ye are able;' but he 'will with the temptation also make a way of escape, that ye may be able to bear it.' Therefore, patiently endure whatever tribulation he may appoint or permit, and trust him for patience and power of endurance, and to make all things work together for your good." While thus quietly conversing the father passed us on the porch and ran up the stairs leading from the porch to the second story of the house, and as he ran he shouted back to his younger daughter, "Come up stairs with me; I'll teach you a lesson on obedience."

The dear girl, expecting an awful beating, turned instinctively with flowing tears to me, saying, "What shall I do?"

Before she could recover self-possession sufficient to enable her to obey his order he rushed down stairs and out of the house, saying, as he passed us, "You won't obey your father, won't you? Well, if you think more of the preacher than you do of your father, go away with him, all of you go;" and off he went toward his mill.

RAGE OF A WICKED FATHER.

"Come up stairs with me; I'll teach you a lesson on obedience."—Page 80.

The old sinner! So far as physical force was concerned I could have thrashed him and thrown him over the fence, but the weapons of my warfare were not carnal, and, indeed, I felt only sorrow, love, and pity for the unhappy man. I spent about half an hour longer with the sorrowing sisters trying to instruct and encourage them to suffer meekly for the sake of our suffering Saviour, and then we kneeled down and I prayed for them and for their parents, and then commended them to the keeping of our faithful God and Father. In bidding them adieu I felt an unutterable flow of sympathy for them, but could do no more.

I learned subsequently that the father did beat them unmercifully and forbade them going to a Methodist meeting as long as they should live.

The girls, as I was informed, proved to be Christian heroines, saying and reaffirming under the cruel treatment they were suffering, "If you beat us to death we will meekly bear it for Christ's sake; while we remain in your house we will obey your orders, but we are Methodists and will remain in the Church of our choice, whether you let us go to meeting or not."

I did not again visit their home, but before I completed my year on the Sweet Springs Circuit the elder of the two was allowed to come to our preaching services.

The last time I preached at Second Creek I had a mournful visit at the house of my dear friend, Captain Nichols. He was feeling unwell three days before, and thought to take a dose of calomel, but by mistake took corrosive sublimate, which burned him out so that after the torturing pain of a few days he died. I labored spiritually with him in his agony and did all I could, and I hope with success, to induce him to submit wholly to God and receive Jesus Christ as his all-sufficient Saviour.

His father-in-law, 'Squire H., was there at the time and shook hands with me very cordially. He was about to leave on business before my time for departure, but turned to me and said, "You are going to pray for us all, ain't you?"

"Yes, Father H., when convenient for the captain we will pray together that God will pity us and help us in our great sorrow."

He said, "My business calls me away, but I will wait till after prayers."

He seemed to be quite devotional during the family worship that followed. Then, with tears glistening in the furrows of his brawny face, he pressed my hand and said, "I wish you well, good-bye;" and I saw him no more.

To the few scattered members I found we added about one hundred probationers and organized the Sweet Springs Circuit, the thing I was sent to do—a circuit of such proportions and resources that a man and his wife were appointed to it the ensuing year.

Before I left I appointed Joe Carson leader of our class at Dan Weekline's, and was afterward informed that he became the best leader on the circuit.

As for self-support, I was entitled by the Discipline to receive but one hundred dollars, and many croakers predicted that I would not receive twenty-five cents in the whole year of service. Without any unwelcome dunning, with a little judicious financial management I received one hundred and seven dollars. It was not allowable, nor did I wish, to pocket the surplus change of seven dollars, so I paid it over to the presiding elder.

The Sweet Springs Circuit was the fourth and last country circuit I ever traveled, all my subsequent appointments being in large cities (which, though substantially the same as circuits, are in America called "stations") and in evangelistic and foreign missionary work. I have ever desired to visit those fields of my early ministry, to see how my beloved people do, and cheer them on in their heavenward pilgrimage, but have never

had the opportunity, except to meet a few of them at camp meetings remote from their homes.

A few years ago I met a minister in a Western Conference who was born and brought up in the bounds of the Sweet Springs Circuit. He informed me that nearly all who were saved there under my ministry were abiding in Jesus and doing well; some of the leading men had suffered decline during the war but had in the main recovered. He said the class books in which I wrote the names of all the members and probationers composing the church of our new circuit in 1845, with the dates showing, by "P" for present and "A" for absent, without a good excuse, the weekly class meeting attendance of each member, were in a good state of preservation; but instead of being laid aside with old books and newspapers were still taken to the class meetings as the first book in a series of added books of the same kind. When one is filled a new one is stitched on and the whole carefully preserved.

At my last quarterly meeting on Sweet Springs Circuit my presiding elder, Brown Morgan, said to me, "William, if you and the 'sweet singer in Israel' wish to be united in marriage this spring you shall have my approval, and I will have you appointed to Christiansburg Station, which is a first-class appointment for a young minister and his wife."

"Brother Morgan, I am surprised at such a generous proposal to a young man who has traveled but three years under Conference appointment; you certainly lay me under great obligations; but I have no thought of being married till I shall have traveled at least four years as a single man."

"Very well, Brother William, if that is your purpose I will have you stationed with me next year. My term of service as Presiding Elder of the Rockingham District will end at the coming session of Conference. I will be appointed to some large station in Washington city or Baltimore, and I will have you for my colleague."

"You are extremely kind, my dear brother; I fear that it would be impossible for me to meet your expectations in efficient service on such a station. You know I am but a country-born, green mountaineer, and would cut a poor figure among your stylish city folks."

"I know you, and I'll take all risks of such an appointment."

"I will accept any appointment the Lord shall be pleased to give by the appointing authorities of our Church. I ask no favors and shirk no responsibilities in the line of my duty as a Methodist preacher."

Then came the weeping farewells of my dear people of the new circuit, my humble, sincere, loving, and beloved people. I dearly loved the people of all my charges; but that was the first circuit intrusted to my charge, and that was the year in which most of its members were born into the kingdom of God, so that our mutual attachment was peculiarly strong.

CHAPTER IV.

My Work at Georgetown and Baltimore.

TO get from Sweet Springs Circuit to the seat of the Conference in Baltimore city in March, 1846, required me to travel on horseback two hundred and seventy miles through the deep mud of the breaking winter, with a nightly freezing surface not hard enough to bear up a horse and his rider, but very hard on the horse's legs; but I had the company of my dear friend, Rev. C. A. Reid, and a few other mountain itinerant young preachers, so that it was more a pleasure trip than one of hard service. Having written in a book which I carried in my pocket a synopsis of the books in the course of study on which I was to be examined at the Conference, I redeemed the time of traveling by carefully reviewing what I had written, so that without the burden of the books I had the gist of their contents in my pocket and in my memory, ready for use on short notice. As a schoolboy my ambition to "stand head" in the spelling classes led me to study my lessons well. So, combined with a thirst for useful knowledge, my ambition to excel in the examinations was very much like that of my boyhood.

The Conference sessions covered nearly three weeks, protracted by the arrest and trial of a brother for maladministration, calling out the eloquence of our champion debaters. Most of the specifications were sustained, but they did not sustain the charge; yet he could not be indorsed by a clean acquittal; so it was decided that the brother should be admonished by the chair.

He was called to the front, having the appearance of a man led to the scaffold to be hung. He stood before the bishop, who administered a kind but cutting admonition in the presence of three hundred ministers. All could clearly see the "difference between skinning and being skinned." The poor fellow who suffered the skinning wept aloud and replied, "All this has come on me for trying to protect the escutcheon of the Church from defilement and disgrace." He was a good man, but was often led more by a strong tide of feeling than by the decisions of a dispassionate judgment.

Having nothing to do with the debates in Conference but to listen that I might cast my vote aright, which, with the swaying arguments and eloquence of the advocates, I found to be a difficult task, I was modestly trying to interest my young brethren in the ministry more fully in the doctrine and experience of holiness. I had ordered and received from Cornhill, Boston, a good supply of back numbers of *The Guide to Holiness*.

One day a venerable D.D. saw me distributing these as tracts among the preachers, and said, "Brother Taylor, what have you got there?"

"It is a monthly magazine, called *The Guide to Holiness*."

"O, indeed! The Bible is my guide to holiness."

"True, my brother, that is the divinely inspired book to define our needs and our obligations, and to reveal to us God's provisions in Christ for our pardon, and our cleansing from all sin, and his promises covering the demands of every case, and the recorded testimony of 'a cloud of witnesses,' who have verified and attested the truth of Bible teaching, and the charge of Jesus to all his saved ones, 'Ye shall be witnesses unto me unto

the uttermost parts of the earth.' The fathers are dead, and new witnesses have to be raised up through all the ages, and to 'the uttermost parts of the earth,' to bear witness for Jesus by mouth, pen, and press, to prove that Jesus is alive, is still accessible and still 'able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by him,' according to the teachings of the Bible; so this monthly, the *Guide to Holiness*, is a testimony record according to the eternal purpose of God." The dear old brother bowed assent, smiled, and passed on his way.

In presenting the truth of God, especially on the subject of holiness, I always tried to avoid ambiguity, make every point as clear as possible, keep within the lines of admitted truth, and avoid debate.

I preached holiness as a Bible doctrine from the time I entered the ministry; and when I experienced its full cleansing power I added my testimony to confirm the truth of what I taught, and have continued ever since, through dry seasons and wet seasons, proving from the Bible that it was the duty of every living man, woman, and child under the sun, and the possible attainment of all who will "walk after the Spirit, and not after the flesh."

Not being unduly censorious, nor suspicious, nor a debater, and preaching holiness on the line of practical common sense and personal experience, I never encountered much opposition to it, either from preachers or people. The truth of this statement is not limited to Methodist pulpits and people.

For example, about twenty-six years ago I conducted a ten-days' series of special services in Great Queen Street, Edinburgh, in the church of Rev. Moody Stuart, a man of God and minister in the Free Church of Scotland, in which many persons received the Saviour. I preached one Sabbath from the text, "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment."

The pastor called to see me next day and said: "When you announced your text I feared you would antagonize the prejudices of my people and mar the good work so manifest in our midst, and I hid my face, unwilling to see the faces of my people; but I was soon relieved of all apprehension and became profoundly interested in your clear statements and illustrations of the truth of God. My elders and a number of my people called at my study this morning to tell me how greatly they were pleased and benefited by the discourse of yesterday morning." He perceived that preaching scriptural holiness would not disintegrate his congregation.

Later, in the vestibule of the church, he said to me one evening, "I can almost realize fully the experience of holiness as you explain it, but sometimes I am overcome by my quick temper. In five minutes I pull up and pray to God and get forgiveness."

"Then, my dear brother, there is a difference of five minutes in our time. If you will set your timepiece forward five minutes, and, on the principle that 'an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure,' watch, and the moment the temptation strikes, receive and trust the ever-present and all-sufficient, preserving Saviour, then by his might you will be the victor, and not the victim."

He grasped my hand and said, "We agree exactly." I could have dug down into the tenets of his theology and raised points of disagreement, and gone into a debate that would have devastated the work of the Holy Spirit by which he was healing and uniting so many hearts in love. The debatable questions were entirely irrelevant to the business in hand.

To return now to the closing day of that Conference session of 1846. The hour for adjournment had struck, and we sang the usual parting hymn:

"And let our bodies part,
To different climes repair;
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are."

It was quite presumable in those days that of the three hundred ministers present not one of them, outside the bishop's cabinet, knew where he would be appointed for the ensuing year. After the closing prayer the bishop presiding explained the delicacy and great difficulty of appointing so many men with their families, and tried to prepare many of them for their disappointment; that was the occasion when crowds of sympathizing friends filled the house to overflowing. Then the bishop solemnly and slowly read the appointments, followed by the farewells, accompanied by the congratulations of the many and the condolements of the few, who generally found out within a few months that their appointments were, after all, very good.

I was in no trouble about my appointment, wheresoever it should be, but I readily presumed that I would be read out as the junior of N. J. B. Morgan; but his name was announced as pastor of the "Foundry," in Washington city. It was a big station for one big preacher without a colleague. I said to myself, "All right; if I don't go with Brother Morgan I'll go somewhere else." The next announcement was, "Georgetown, Henry Tarring, William Taylor."

Brother Morgan explained to me afterward that when he found that he could not have a colleague he had me stationed next door to himself, and that he would expect me to dine with him every Saturday, which invitation I honored as frequently as the duties of my charge would allow. I never had a truer friend than was he, and his friendship never waned. He loved me as much, I believe, as if I had been his own son; I know not why. I loved him much, but, as he was so accomplished and so matured, and I so crude, I revered him more.

Mrs. Phelps, his mother-in-law, in her widowhood lived with him. She had a son, Elisha P. Phelps, a minister in the same Conference. She was a kind mother to me; and Sister Morgan, her son Alpheus, and two daughters, were all as dear to me as my nearest kindred. Blessed people of God! O, dear me, the fathers whom I revered and loved are nearly all dead! I must be getting old. Yes, I am marching along through my seventy-fifth year. Thank God, I feel in every bone and muscle of my body the health and vigor of my early manhood, and my spirit is full of the life and the native wit and fun that bubbled in the springtide of my boyhood, and all these blending with perfect loyalty to God, perfect faith in him, perfect love for him; and as I march through the mountains of Africa I sing:

"I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account!
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount;
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With Jesus, my Saviour, his kingdom to share.
O, who is like Jesus? He's Salem's bright King;
He smiles, and he loves me; he taught me to sing.
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, and bow to his will,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit do fill!"

Pardon my digression.

After I heard my name announced as junior preacher for Georgetown I was waited

on by a dear minister who had traveled my native circuit and had a home at my father's house. He had a great interest in me, which I fully appreciated, for he was a true man and an able preacher.

He said: "Brother William, I have come to have a friendly, confidential talk with you. You know how I loved your parents, and I must say I feel a great interest in you for their sake as well as for your own. I congratulate you on receiving one of the best appointments for a young man in the gift of the Conference. I have some knowledge of the Georgetown people. They are an intelligent, liberal, devoted people—devoted to God and to their Church; but, associated as they are with Washington city, they are a very fashionable people, more fashionable than the good people of Baltimore. I want you to make a good impression on Georgetown at the start and gain a standing among the higher classes. A part of my business is to take you to Brother Jarrett's tailor shop and give your measure for a new suit of clothes. Brother Jarrett will give you a splendid fit in the latest style, so that you can appear respectably before a Georgetown audience."

"Why, my brother, I have a new suit of clothes from top to toe, including overcoat and boots."

"O, yes, I see that, but your coats are too short in the waist, and there is nothing in your whole rig that is up to the standard of fashion at the capital."

"They were in the fashion where I came from, and I am not responsible for the changes of fashion that the city folks are making continually. I am much obliged, my dear brother, for your kind advice, but I am, the Lord willing, going to Georgetown in my new mountain suit, and if the good people there don't like the cut of it they can look in the opposite direction."

I knew the brother was sincere and that he would not offer me the insult of presenting me with a new suit, but my one hundred dollars per year would not stand more than one suit, with other current expenses and a gift of over twenty dollars to the Missionary Society. At any rate, I did not wish to predicate my standing in my new station on my outward adornment so much as by inward endowment and induement and the favor with the people which the Lord might be pleased to give me.

I promptly made my appearance at my post in Georgetown. I never tried to put on appearances or to sugar-coat the truth of God to adapt it to carnal tastes. Apart from the grace of God in my heart it was not in my nature, or that of my parents, to be discourteous on any occasion, but to be courteous and kind at all times. It was not a matter of study with me to popularize myself with the folks. I went to them in simplicity and sincerity as a messenger from God, and made no apologies and asked no favors, and was most kindly received by the Georgetown people. I do not think one in a hundred of them ever thought about the cut of my clothing. They were a loving and lovely people. If I were to write up the Browns, Dicksons, Woodwards, McKenneys, Travers, Pickerings, Eades, Mitchells, Gordons, Wades, Wilsons, Wardells, Sangsters, Craigs, Camerons,and a hundred other good families, and the strong official men among our colored people, Cartwrights, Masons, Hickses, and a host of others, I would occupy the time and space which I require for the one Life Story I have promised to write.

Soon after my arrival in Georgetown a wealthy Methodist lady of that city, who took pleasure in preparing sumptuous dinners and late suppers for the preachers and for her upper-class friends, sent me a cordial invitation to one of her banquets. It seemed to me a jolly time for all the guests except myself. I saw no opportunity of getting any sinners converted or believers purified that night, and wished myself at a prayer meeting.

It was a habit of my life to retire to rest often earlier but not later than ten o'clock, and to be up and out by five in the morning. The sumptuous dinner served at different hours of the first half of the night, course after course of cakes, sweetmeats, coffee, and tea, with fruit and nuts following each other, broke in on me. As an unfortunate dyspeptic I could not indulge in such varieties and such quantities of good things. I was quite at home in the pulpit, but so embarrassed on such a nice social occasion as to be unable to excuse myself and retire; so I dragged through the dreary hours so full of hilarity to others and got to my bedroom as the clock struck twelve.

I fell on my knees and told my Father that he knew that I meant no harm in going to the Methodist banquet, and how I was detained and exceeded my hour for retirement, and that I felt sorry and was very much ashamed of myself, but had learned enough of high life of that sort to last me for many years to come.

I spent two years in the Georgetown Station, the limit allowed by the Discipline at that time, but never had another evening to devote to any such entertainment. What with the regular prayer and class meetings of the two churches, white and colored, a weekly meeting at Father Hardy's in Upper Georgetown, which I opened, and which has since grown into a separate self-supporting station, together with other extra appointments, I had no time to spare for social chitchat and feasting, though useful in their way. I often took tea with our people and went to my appointments without delay. I arranged for an evening to go with my good friend Brown Morgan to hear J. B. Gough lecture on temperance in a great hall in Washington, and was greatly pleased and profited by the marvelous charm of his simple eloquence.

Henry Tarring, my preacher in charge, was a humble, holy, loving brother and an earnest, effective preacher. He was called the "weeping prophet," from the fact that he seldom preached without tears, sobs, and half-choked utterances, which also caused many of his hearers to weep. It was his way to win, and all right for him, and an element of power; but I was not favored with a special talent of that sort. I could wield with logical precision a Gospel sledge hammer which often broke the rock in pieces, but couldn't cry, except alone at the feet of Jesus under a profound sense of his presence with me and his love for one so unworthy. Of late I weep when I meet my heroic missionaries in their trenches at the front.

Mrs. Tarring and their three little daughters were lovely and beloved.

I never collided with my preacher in charge; I never was chided by one, but if I had tried my best I could not have raised a disputation with Brother Tarring, he was so good-natured and kind. So far as I know I always pleased him, not by trying to, but by going ahead on every line of duty and by bringing things to pass.

He was a hard-working man and a good pastor, and his people loved him and took pleasure in providing well for his wants.

Soon after my arrival in Georgetown I felt called to preach the Gospel to the outside masses. As "a fisher of men" I felt it my duty to look out for the shifting shoals of fish, and cast my Gospel net wherever I saw a chance for a good haul. So I proposed to preach on the afternoon of each Sabbath in the Georgetown Market. But few encouraged me, for it seemed to be an unpromising venture; none opposed me, for they knew I would do just what I thought the Lord wanted me to do, whether anybody opposed me or not; I was not naturally reckless, nor daring, nor desirous to be odd, but just the opposite. A conviction of duty with me was paramount to every other consideration.

So, early in April, 1846, I opened my commission in the market house between Bridge Street and the canal. My loud singing soon drew a crowd of all sorts and sizes. The congregation was very orderly and well behaved, and gave attention to the word preached, and the Lord manifestly set his seal on the movement from the commencement. During my two years in that city, weather permitting, I never missed a market house appointment. When I was to be away on other duties I so announced in advance, and no appointments were made in those exceptional cases. Sometimes our congregations were dispersed from the market by a cry of fire. Generally my advice was, "Run and quench the fire, and come back and bring the fire-fighting crowd with you, and you will find me here." Sometimes I sat down and waited; at other times the people remaining joined me in singing hymns. In either case we never failed to gather a larger and, if possible, more attentive congregation than the one that had been dispersed by the fire alarm.

We had in the large membership of our pastorates a heavy detail of routine work that kept us busy, together with a few weeks of special services in which a few scores of persons professed conversion and were added to the Church.

Rev. T. B. Sargent was our presiding elder. He was a small, well-rounded, beautiful man. He would have been pronounced handsome had he been a lady. He was very entertaining in social circles, and was a smooth, pleasing, and effective preacher. He was the traveling companion of Bishop Soule in England and Europe, and made the most of his opportunities in foreign travel and observation. He was united in marriage with a wealthy Methodist lady of Baltimore, who never removed from her own city residence: hence Thomas had to do all his itinerating without her; otherwise she never hindered but ever helped him in his ministerial work.

He took me with him to one or two of his country quarterly meetings and gave me a part of the preaching to do.

At one of his camp meetings, where I did my full share of the work, I said to him in a confidential interview: "Brother Sargent, I have for a year and a half past been engaged to be married to Miss Annie Kimberlin, on Fincastle Circuit. It was understood from the first that we would not be married till I should serve the Church four years as a single man. I have already traveled four years, including six months under the presiding elder before I joined the Conference. If I shall be married this fall I will finish my fourth Conference year on a single man's allowance and support my wife meantime from my own pocket, so that practically I will have served as a single man four years from the time of joining the Conference. These are the facts, and now I ask your advice as my presiding elder."

He replied: "I am very glad, Brother Taylor, that you are engaged to the young lady of whom I have heard so favorably before, and my advice to you is that you arrange your work for a few weeks' absence and consummate your engagement this fall; and I pray that the blessing of the Lord may rest on you."

He was a gentleman and a Christian, who did by me as he would have desired me to do by him if I had been in his place and he in mine.

In the month of October, 1846, I was, by Rev. B. N. Brown, my old colleague on Fincastle Circuit, united in marriage with Miss Annie Kimberlin, at the home of her grandmother Richie, on a bluff overlooking the James River, in Botetourt County, Va. Forty-nine years have passed since the occurrence of that important event, and the conclusion of the whole matter is that the Lord made the selection for me and did his best. She has braved the storms of life which have since swept over us with the spirit and courage of

a true heroine, sharing in full measure my fortunes and my misfortunes. She began life four years and a half later than I did, but at the time of our marriage she looked much younger and I much older than we really were. When walking the avenues of Washington the remark was often dropped by passing observers, "There goes that beautiful young lady and her father."

Brother Tarring and I had a pleasant and prosperous year in our joint pastorate, and had a good report to make at its close to the Conference of 1847, which was held in Washington city, Georgetown sharing in the hospitable entertainment of the ministers in attendance.

In the examination of character in the Conference, when my name was called my presiding elder said, "No objections to Brother Taylor." Then, according to custom, it was in order for me to retire till the Conference should hear the report of my presiding elder as to my labors for the preceding year and the report of the chairman of the Committee of Examination on the Course of Study. But instead of promptly retiring I addressed the chair and asked and received permission to speak. I said, "Mr. Chairman, since the session of Conference last year the Lord has given me a wife. My wife is an heir to an undivided estate in which there are about a dozen slaves. She is anxious to manumit her portion of them, but they will not come into her possession, nor hence be at her disposal in any way, till the youngest heir reaches her majority by age or marriage. As we shall have much to do with the training of her coheirs—her young brother and two young sisters—we hope, by the will of God and the concurrence of all concerned, to manumit the whole of the slaves together and thus avoid the separation of families. If the Conference desire a pledge for the emancipation of all that may come to my wife we will give it."

The bishop replied, "If F. A. Harding had made a manly speech of that sort at the Conference of 1844 it might have prevented a split that rent our Church in twain. We want no better pledge, Brother Taylor, than what you have just given."

I thus foreclosed all surmises and discussions about my connection with slavery.

The issue in regard to the freedom of the slaves resulted just as I predicted. Within four years from that time the youngest heir was married, and on the night of her marriage a deed of manumission was executed, signed by all the claimant heirs, and from my own pocket I gave them one thousand dollars in gold and my father engaged their passage and put them aboard a ship bound for Liberia, where they arrived safely in due time.

At that session of the Baltimore Conference two able representatives of the Free Church of Scotland, which had but recently struck for liberty, self-support, and independence, were introduced to the Conference. They gave us a history of the State Church and of the new organization; they also preached during the session of the Conference several able sermons and received a voluntary contribution of funds from the preachers and people for their cause.

At the close of that Conference Henry Tarring was appointed Presiding Elder of the Winchester District, so I unexpectedly lost my beloved colleague. It would have created no surprise if I had been sent to a new appointment, for it was quite common to change the appointment of a young minister every year, but not of the men of families; but an appointment to a district took precedence of every other.

In the old Baltimore Conference, more than in some others, men combining great preaching and administrative and evangelistic ability were selected to fill the office of presiding elders; hence it was an agency, under God, of tremendous efficiency in building up and extending all the departments of our Church work.

Rev. Thomas Sewall was appointed preacher in charge of Georgetown Station, and I was appointed to the pastorate of my preceding year. Brother Sewall was the son of Dr. Sewall, an eminent practicing physician of Washington, and Thomas had superior advantages in education and refinement, and was indeed a perfect model of a refined Christian gentleman, symmetrical and comely in appearance, genial and uniform in the temper of his spirit, transparent in thought, and charmingly eloquent in social circles and in the pulpit. He was called the *Apollos* of the Baltimore Conference.

I was sorry to part with Brother Tarring, but glad to believe that association with such a colleague as Thomas Sewall would polish me up and increase my power of usefulness. But he was troubled with a bad cough and was threatened with consumption of the lungs, and before the year was half out he went, under medical advice, to Montgomery, Ala., where he spent the remainder of the year. His wife, in her sphere, was in beauty and excellency the counterpart of himself.

The pastoral work of the double charge then devolved on me. My preaching work occupied all the hours for preaching, so that I could not in person fill his appointments, but had to provide for them. It became, therefore, a part of my work every week to hunt up competent men to supply the pulpit of my absent colleague. I pressed into the business some able Methodist ministers who were members of Congress, some also who were employed in different departments of the general government of the nation, and sometimes an eloquent beggar from the West seeking assistance in the erection of churches and colleges. With all this I kept up my market-house preaching and the routine work of both charges, but could not command much time for special revival services.

During my first year in Georgetown I was so closely confined to my work that I saw but little of Washington or the great men of the nation, but in my weekly hunt for preachers to supply for Brother Sewall I was brought into contact with many great and good men whom personally I never should have known otherwise. I thus found opportunity also to visit the Senate and House of Representatives and witness their proceedings. I heard Daniel Webster and Henry Clay in their eloquent pleading before the United States Supreme Court.

The war with Mexico was waged in that year, so that I heard many of the big war guns in Washington, and saw most of the distinguished men of the nation at that period; was introduced also to the President of the United States and his lady, and preached to them in one of our city churches. Such opportunities improved were compensative for my extra losses and labors occasioned by the illness of my preacher in charge.

We had prosperous Sunday schools for that day, but had no maps of sacred geography and the many other helps of the present. I made a map of Palestine for my colored Sunday school and taught sacred geography and history to a large class of the advanced scholars. One of them, a little servant girl in a wealthy family, heard some upper-class white folk querying about some mystery in that department of study, and when they stuck the little servant maid said, "Will you allow me to explain the meaning to you?"

"Yes, if you can."

So she gave them the information they were seeking, promptly and plainly.

They said, "O, you saucy nigger, Mr. Taylor has spoiled you."

The managers of our white Sunday school got up a steamboat excursion to Mount Vernon, the old place of residence and tomb of General Washington, and came very near getting me into trouble.

They gave out that tickets for the excursion were limited to the members and patrons

of the school, to be joined on the way by the Navy Yard Sunday school, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. William Prettyman; but by some means a lot of fast, worldly young men and women managed to get tickets and mix in with our crowd and passed down the river without creating any suspicion.

When our steamer tied up at Mount Vernon landing, the Sunday school excursionists hastened to the groves and spent the hours assigned for recreations and entertainments of the occasion, and everything passed off most agreeably till, on our return trip, it was stated that the Methodist Sunday schools of Georgetown and of the Navy Yard in Washington had a dancing party excursion down the Potomac, and the great dance of the occasion came off at Mount Vernon, and that many of the pious Methodists participated in the dance.

I saw at a glance that the authors of this report would assiduously circulate it in those cities as soon as they should get ashore, and that the snake had to be killed before it could have a chance to bite. One of our good sisters, having the care of her babe and one or two others of her little family, could not leave the steamer, and was by necessity a witness to what was done aboard while we were absent in the groves. The designing interlopers had a dance and a high time. This sister knew all the parties concerned, and I got from her a list of their names. I then submitted the case to Father Prettyman, and requested him, as a man of age and mature experience, to undertake to checkmate the scheme that would injure the reputation of our schools; but he declined to undertake it for reasons which he assigned, chiefly because the excursion originated in Georgetown, and the intruders belonged to that city.

In due time I asked permission of the captain of the steamer to address the people, which he cheerfuly granted. The bell was rung and a call issued, "All hands ahoy; come and hear an address from Mr. Taylor on the after-deck." We got the crowd, and I entertained the people with a reference to the fine day, the beautiful scenery, the delightful entertainments of the occasion, etc., and then, by a sudden disjunctive conjunction, I pounced down on the dancing party. I said: "It is rumored among our excursionists that the Methodists got this up as a dancing excursion, that they had the great dance of the day at Mount Vernon, and that many of the Methodists danced. The rumor is designed to take wings as soon as we shall land in Washington and in Georgetown and fly in all directions, to the injury of our cause.

"It is well known that the Methodists are not a dancing people. They have no quarrel with worldlings who, finding no adequate sources of enjoyment for their souls in their heads and hearts, hence take to their heels.

"Every person here knows, furthermore, that this excursion was not designed for a dancing party, but as a religious festivity for the schools represented, and for their parents and patrons.

"I am prepared to prove that the statement so freely circulated round, that the Methodists participated in the dance, is utterly untrue. I have in my possession a list of the names of all the persons participating in this dancing business, and there is not one Methodist among them.

"If these dancers wish to charter a steamer and have a dancing excursion on their own account we shall have nothing to say about it; but to come into our crowd unawares and try to perpetrate such a slander on us is a thing I have felt it my duty to expose before anyone can get ashore, and to preclude its circulation to our injury. The meeting is dismissed." No one attempted to move the dead snake.

My friend, Charles Sangster, heard some outsiders saying, "If we had been in that dancing party that Taylor skinned and hung up to dry we would have resented it and made him take it back."

Sangster replied, "Gentlemen, you don't know your man. You might as well tackle an African lion as to tackle Taylor. He is from the mountains of Virginia."

Sangster's estimate of my power of self-defense was quite an exaggeration, but had its desired effect.

However, one way or another, the statement was widely circulated that Taylor was a giant in strength, and one of my class leaders, a man of great physical proportions and power, teased me for a tussle.

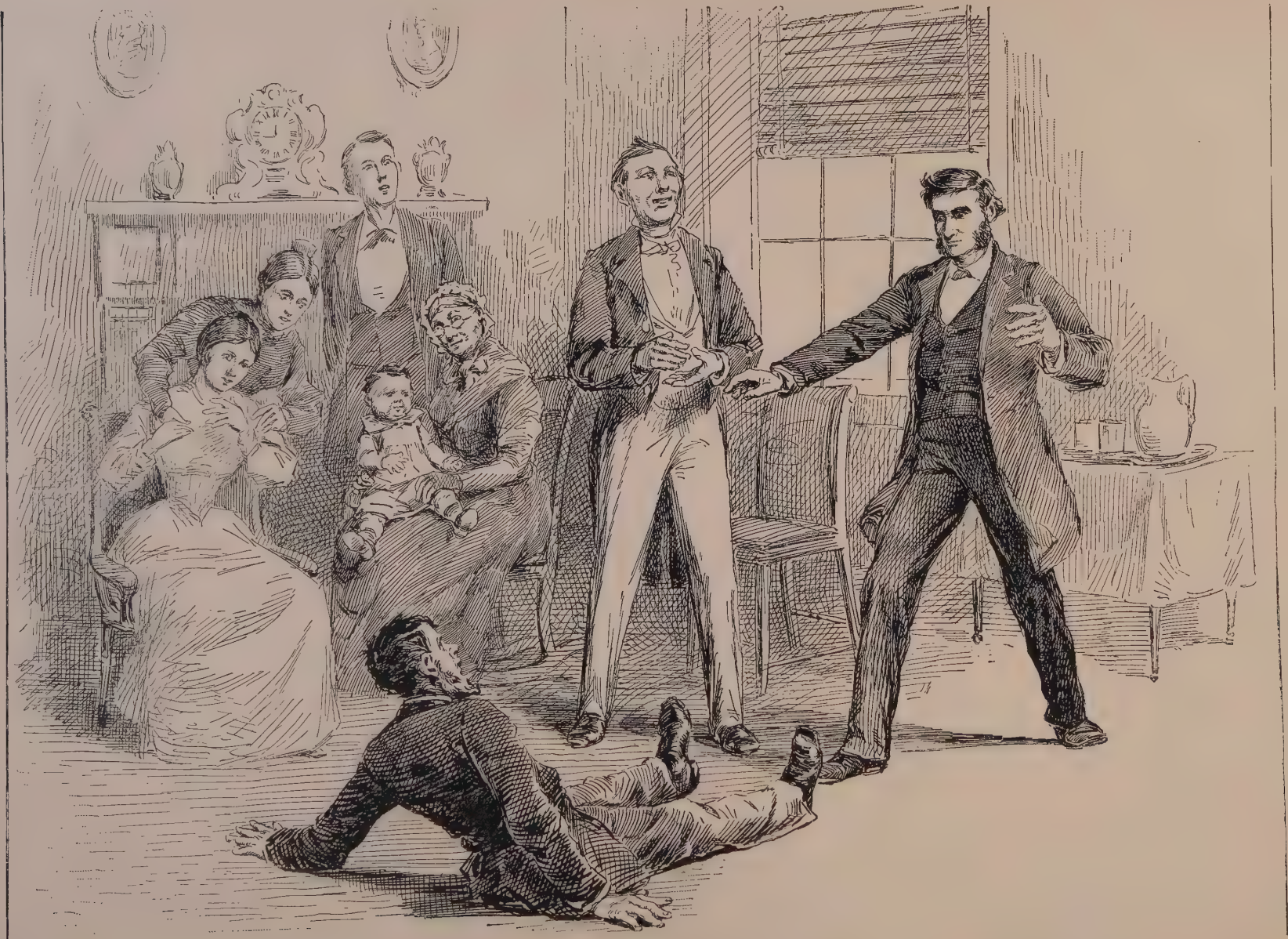
I said, "O, my dear brother, I don't want a reputation of that sort," and put him off a number of times; but one evening wife and I accepted an invitation to tea at Brother Wardel's on Bridge Street, and as we sat conversing with the family and a few guests, in came my big class leader, and as I shook hands with him he said, "Brother Taylor, I have come to throw you down," and with that, pinning both my arms in his embrace, he made a heave against me and threw me down in the presence of the company. I got up and said, "Well, my dear brother, if nothing else will satisfy your curiosity you may take your hold and give me mine, and we will see how the game will go." So in the best temper possible we each got our grip; I embraced him kindly, and with my right wrist in the grasp of my left hand, and my right fist clinched and set in the small of his back, with a sudden heave from the shoulders and a jerk of the hand grip I sent him on a straight tumble, measuring his whole length on the floor while I kept my feet and in a second stood erect. I did not utter a word, but went and sat down by my wife. The brother arose quietly and without a word took his seat. He was a grand and good man, but innocently playful. I knew him intimately for many years afterward, and there never was a discordant note struck in our mutual friendship; but I never alluded to our trial of strength in his presence.

Some sobersides may say, "Better not put that into your Life." It was put in forty-eight years ago, and belongs to it. Cromwell said to the artist who was painting his portrait, "Don't forget to put in the warts on my face."

To report a tithe of the incidents of my life would far exceed my time and space; but facts and incidents illustrative of real characteristics of body, mind, attainment, and achievement are all relevant and suitable for insertion. A picture all lights and no shadows is not a true picture.

On the eve of my departure from the Georgetown Station I was informed that the official members of Ryland Chapel, in Washington, intended to apply to the bishop presiding at the approaching session of Conference to appoint me preacher in charge of their church, and that a wealthy banker belonging to it had pledged a liberal contribution for my support. Of course I had nothing to do with any such arrangements, however great my appreciation of the good people of Ryland and their confidence in me.

The Conference for 1848 was held in Baltimore. My home during Conference was with James Purvis, the banker. He was a tall, fine-looking man, with a wife to match. Their daughter, Lizzie, wife of Rev. Mr. Hinkle, of the Central Pennsylvania Conference, is an effective prophetess in the Church. I was informed that Mr. Purvis had been a large slave owner till he was converted to God and joined the Methodists, when he immediately freed all his slaves. During the session of the Conference, March, 1848, I preached in Monument Street Methodist Episcopal Church by order of the Committee on Public Wor-



A FALLEN CLASS LEADER.

"I sent him on a straight tumble."—Page 94.

ship, one Sabbath evening. Some one said to me, "That was 'a trial sermon.'" I did not know exactly what he meant. I knew that I tried to do my best, as I always do, but I learned that Sterling Thomas, called the Bishop of North Baltimore, was on the lookout for a junior preacher for North Baltimore Station and had me appointed to preach that evening to see whether I would fill the bill. I was glad I had nothing to do with such arrangements and knew nothing about them; otherwise I could not have preached with much freedom. Brother Thomas was a butcher, a large, rotund man, red face, powerful voice, very imperative as a commander, carried great influence in the community for good, a powerful worker in the church, and had a large family, some of whom were saved when I went there (for that proved to be my next appointment), and more before I left.

C. B. Tippett was preacher in charge, J. S. Martin second, and I was third. The station contained three churches at that time—Exeter Street Church, Monument Street Church, and Harford Avenue Chapel. Each church had its clearly defined pastoral district with a pastor assigned to each, but the three preachers were "planned" so that each would, in turn, give an equal number of sermons to each of the three churches. Brother Tippett was assigned to the pastoral work of Exeter Street, Brother Martin to that of Monument Street, and I to that of Harford Avenue.

Charles B. Tippett was in height about five feet ten, full-fleshed and well-rounded, but not unduly corpulent; a very open countenance, and large blue eyes, full of confidence and kindness. He was General Conference Book Agent in New York for a term or two—"Lane & Tippett." He was a very practical man, of great ability for general usefulness. He was not a star preacher, but above mediocrity, and an extraordinary revivalist, adding yearly large numbers to the church, such as were saved under his able ministry. He was a good pastor, and had a remarkably tenacious memory, seldom forgetting a name; but when in doubt would say, "Brother, how do you spell your name?" If it happened to be Brown or Smith it indicated that either he had forgotten the name or was a poor speller. He was a loving father to me.

John S. Martin was a man of perhaps thirty-five, but had a very youthful appearance. He was remarkably quiet in social circles, but a good preacher and faithful pastor. He was a ready writer, and was for years the secretary of the Baltimore Conference.

North Baltimore Station at the time of my appointment had a church membership of about eighteen hundred. To mention even the names of our leading men and women would entirely exceed our available space. Our weekly leaders and stewards' meeting numbered about seventy, and business was carried on by all those officials in a thorough and systematic manner. The leaders presented their class books, and an examination was made as to the attendance marked present every week, and the delinquents and sick members noted and visited by the ministers between that and the next meeting.

The old ticket system was then in use, every worthy member receiving a class ticket quarterly, certifying to their standing—a system productive of good results. The pastors visited each class once a quarter.

The class meeting system properly carried into effect is essential to successful pastoral work in connection with our itinerancy.

Soon as the spring birds began to sing I commenced open-air meetings for every Sunday afternoon in Bellaire market. Neither of my colleagues ever offered to take any part, but they never made the slightest objection to my going ahead in any advance movement.

We drew immense crowds at the market, and Father Darling, the sexton at Monument Street Church, expressed his surprise again and again at the great inflow of strangers into

the church every Sabbath evening. Later he found out that they were nonchurchgoers, till attracted to my preaching in the market, and came thence to the church. Many of such were saved there during the fall revival services.

In all varieties of pastoral work and preaching, indoors and out, my great ambition was to let the Lord make of me all he could for the salvation of the people.

In reading of the preaching of Benjamin Abbott, and of the multitudes who fell under the power of his words like men slain in battle, and sometimes lay in a state of insensibility for hours, I became greatly exercised on the subject and prayed earnestly to God that if he could use me in that way more effectively than the way in which he had led me, so to use me. So while this struggle was going on in my mind I was preaching in Monument Street Church one Sabbath forenoon on the parable of the barren fig tree, when, near the close of the discourse, a man fell down in a state of insensibility. Some strong men carried him out.

His wife followed, wringing her hands, weeping, and saying, "O, my poor husband is dead; not a Christian, not prepared to die. O, what shall I do? My poor husband is lost!" They got a hack and hauled him home and sent for a doctor. The physician came quickly and had the man covered up in bed with a large mustard plaster over the region of the thorax and stomach, and set men to rubbing his limbs to promote circulation. He was nearly as cold as death, and his limbs were as stiff as a poker. After half an hour or more of this heroic treatment the "dead" man began again to live, and, putting his hands over the mustard plaster, he inquired, "What is this?"

"It is a mustard plaster. You have been very sick, and the doctor has been here to see you, and the mustard plaster was put on to make you better."

"Why, there is nothing ails me but sin. A mustard plaster won't take it out. Send for Mr. Taylor."

I lived in Asquith Street, a little above Monument. Mr. Curry, the sick man, lived but two or three blocks from my residence. So the messenger came in haste and conducted me to the place. I went in, and there was Curry, still in bed, and the men were rubbing him. I instructed him somewhat as to the nature of his ailment, and that it was a very bad case.

"The worst of all diseases
Is light compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within.
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combined,
And none but a believer
The least relief can find."

I informed him that the only Physician who could be of any use to him had come, and was now ready to undertake his case.

"You have only to submit your case to him, consent to his treatment, and receive and trust him for a cure. 'As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.' Receive him, receive him now!"

In about fifteen minutes, as I talked to him and prayed for him, he surrendered to God and received Jesus Christ. He trusted him, obtained pardon and peace, and sprang out of bed rejoicing.

I said to myself, "Well, thank the Lord, my prayer is answered. That is a regular knock-down case, such as I have been reading about."

That afternoon, when preaching to a crowd in the market, I gave an account of the case of dear Curry, illustrative of the saving power of Jesus as a present Saviour, and added, "If the brother is here he had better come forward and bear his testimony to the healing power of the great Physician." Sure enough, he was standing but a few feet behind me, and at once mounted the meat-block on which I stood and told the people what a great sinner he had been up to that morning, and what a great Saviour he had found, confirming all I had said about him. Then I exhorted the people to submit to God and receive Jesus at once.

Away in the street in front of where I stood and on the outer boundary of the congregation stood a man, a grocer, by the name of Shilling, a man not in the habit of going to any church. Shilling and his wife had been out for a walk, and, hearing the singing, they came close enough to hear the preaching, and he was so deeply awakened by the Spirit that he left his wife standing in the street, pressed his way through the crowd, and dropped on his knees on the brick pavement just in front of the block on which I stood. I and a number of earnest workers gathered around him. We sang and I instructed him. In about twenty minutes he intelligently submitted to treatment and received Jesus and was saved. Then he stood on his feet and gave a clear testimony to his experience of God's pardoning mercy, shook hands with many of the brethren, and went back for his wife, and they returned to their home.

Then I put the two things side by side. First, the case of "knock down and carry out;" and the second, like the poor leper, who came and, kneeling down to him, said, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." He felt his deep need beyond the power of human remedies or skill. He believed that Jesus had the power, but was in doubt whether he was willing to heal him—an intelligent reasoning process. Jesus said, "I will; be thou clean;" and immediately the leprosy departed from him and he was healed.

So I said to myself, "I will watch these two cases and see which will pan out the better."

Brother Curry joined the Church, was an easy-going brother, did not backslide, so far as I could learn; but I never heard of any fruit resulting from his testimony or work.

Brother Shilling joined the Church, and in a short time had his wife saved, his mother-in-law and others of his household saved, and in the Church at large became a very useful man. I met Brother Shilling last summer at a camp meeting, still working and witnessing for Jesus.

So if the Lord can't get a certain class of sinners down in any other way we shall be glad to have him knock them down, as he did Saul of Tarsus and the man Curry; but to receive the truth, count the cost, and deliberately say, like the prodigal, "I will arise and go to my father," and do it, is the rule; the other, the exception.

I established a Saturday evening holiness meeting at Monument Street Church, which was well attended and resulted in much good to many of our people.

Father Thomas attended regularly, but though an earnest Christian and an indefatigable worker in the church he had but little to say on the subject of entire holiness as a possible present attainment.

So one night, going from our Saturday night meeting, he said to me, "Brother Taylor, I don't believe in this experience of holiness you are teaching as a definite attainment after conversion. When God converted my soul he did it well and gave me all the holiness I ever expect to get except a gradual growth in grace." As a bashful young fellow, I trembled at the thought of a discussion with that venerable old hero in Gospel work, so I trusted

the Holy Spirit, my divine Teacher, and promptly replied, "Father Thomas, Mr. Wesley, whom we accept as a reliable expounder of Bible doctrine and experience, teaches that it is possible for a believing penitent sinner to be justified freely and sanctified wholly at the same moment, but in the wide range of his long experience and close observation he never found a case of that sort. So it appears that I have met with one of those exceptions to God's ordinary rule of saving sinners that Mr. Wesley never found—a man who was justified freely and sanctified wholly at the same moment. I am glad, dear Father Thomas, that you are wholly sanctified to God and on our side of the question. As to the time when we enter into this experience it is of but little importance. If you obtained it in the moment of your conversion and have not only been justified freely and sanctified wholly, but preserved blameless, then you are all right and in perfect accord substantially with our teaching."

He replied, in a subdued tone, "I don't profess to have that. I am sorry to say my backslidings have marred the work of God in my heart."

"The trouble in that case is this: if the two attainments are identical, then they are inseparable. If we lose one we must, of course, lose the other. You must have the whole thing or nothing. That teaching received would have slain me in my early Christian experience. I consciously knew I was pardoned, but not purified, only as it pertained to the pollution of willful sin; so the order of attainment indicated by Mr. Wesley and so clearly taught in the Holy Scriptures, 'pardon, holiness, and heaven,' was to me a covert from the storm. I had the first, was earnestly groaning for the second, and had an assuring hope of getting to heaven at last."

By this time we came opposite to my house, and the dear man said, "Good night, Brother Taylor," and passed on homeward. He has long since gone to heaven, for his experience, which improved meantime, was much better than his theory. The devil wants no better bludgeon with which to batter the brains of unstable Christians than a false theory—such are children tossed to and fro and carried about by every wind of doctrine.

In the month of August, 1848, I and my wife attended the Shrewsbury camp meeting, Lowe's camp ground, north of Baltimore, near the State line of Pennsylvania. It was a vast encampment, patronized largely by Baltimore Methodists.

After two or three days of service had passed I preached one night on holiness. The Holy Sanctifier shed forth light on the subject with great effulgence, and in the altar services that followed a widely known and wonderful worker, Mrs. Phebe Palmer, appeared unheralded. It was her first appearance in that region, and the sight of her was an inspiration; but her wonderful talks that night and daily afterwards, till the close of camp meeting, were full of divine light and power, and gave a great impetus to the spread of Scriptural holiness through that region of country.

That was my first acquaintance with that prophetess of God, and my last was in Liverpool, England, in the winter of 1863, as she and Dr. Palmer were closing their long and successful campaign of Gospel work in the United Kingdom of Great Britain, and I was on my way to Australia. Our next meeting will be in the home country of our King, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

The weekly preachers' meeting of Baltimore, held at old Light Street Church, was a great institution, in which I was simply a close observer and quiet learner, always seen there, but seldom heard.

One morning about the end of September, 1848, as I was on my way with rapid

strides to the preachers' meeting, and nearly at the turning from Baltimore Street into Light Street, I heard my name called, in almost a screaming voice, in the rear; so, stopping suddenly and looking round, I saw Christian Keener, an old saint, well known and loved in that city. He was the father of Bishop Keener, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He was running diagonally across Baltimore Street and shouting after me.

I stopped and thought, "What under the sun can he want?" So he ran up nearly out of breath, and, taking my hand, simply said, "Bishop Waugh wants to see you immediately in the bookstore of Armstrong & Berry."

As I walked back with Brother Keener I was querying in my mind, "What on earth can a bishop want with me? I've not been doing any censurable thing."

"Brother Keener, what does the bishop want with me?"

"I don't know; he saw you passing and sent me to call you, and I had to run to overtake you, and asked him no questions."

So in the back office there sat the venerable bishop, a man of medium size, keen black eyes, hair mixed with black and gray, combed straight up and back, coat cut in the old Methodist shad-belly style; the whole fit then, as always, clean as the attire of a bridegroom. He was a Southern man, a finished model of a gentleman of the precise type in accurate details of business or etiquette.

He arose and shook my hand cordially and asked me to be seated. So as I took my seat I thought, "Now it is coming, what I know not; but, trusting in Jesus, I am prepared for anything that he may appoint or allow. Nothing outside of those lines can come to me, so I am safe enough."

Then the bishop said: "Brother Taylor, the General Conference at its session last May, as you may know, made provision for founding a mission in California, and authorized the appointment of two missionaries for that distant field, which is attracting so much attention just now on account of the reported discovery of gold there. The selection and appointment of the two missionaries devolve on me. I have for some months been looking about to find the men every way suitable. It will require men of great physical force and courage, men of pure hearts and clean hands, and clear exponents of Methodism in doctrine, experience, and practical life. I have appointed Rev. Isaac Owen, of the Indiana Conference, as one, and want one more. I have been for some time in correspondence with Rev. Henry Benson, Professor of Greek in the Indiana Asbury University, on the subject, but as I have appointed one man from the West I think it advisable to send the second man from the East. From what I have learned and seen of you I think you are the man for that difficult work, and I have called you in to inquire if you will accept the appointment?"

I replied: "Well, Bishop Waugh, I can only say, when I was admitted into the Conference the question was put to each member of our class, 'Are you willing to be appointed to foreign missionary work in case your services shall be needed in a foreign field?' Most of the class put in qualifying words and conditions, and some said, emphatically, 'No!' but I said, 'Yes.' I had not thought of such a possibility, and had no thought of offering myself for that or any other specific work, but I was called to preach the Gospel by the Holy Spirit, under the old commission, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature,' and I suppose that includes California. I never volunteered for any field or asked for an appointment to any particular place, but have always been ready and am now to accept as a 'regular in the service' an appointment under the appointing authority of our Church to any place covered by the great commission. It is not for me to

say I am the man suitable for California, but leaving myself entirely at His disposal, giving you wisdom to express His will concerning me, I will cheerfully accept your decision and abide by it."

The bishop simply replied, "Go home and consult your wife about it, and let me know by next Wednesday at my house."

The bishop shook my hand with a grip expressive of great emotion, and I went on my way. I had not had time to think about my wife's part in the business, and saw at first glance toward California three apparently insurmountable obstructions in our way: First, Anne's confinement, probably before we could reach California; second, her young sister just entering her teens, adopted into our family; third, her elder widowed sister lying ill at our house, over two hundred miles from her home, and unable to travel.

I said to myself, "How precipitant in me to consent to go away to California without a moment's reflection, hemmed in as I am by unpassable barriers!" To this I mentally replied: "I did not seek the appointment, never sought one, but never declined an appointment coming from the legitimate authority of the Church. This is a test of principles which I have maintained thus far in my itinerant ministry, while preachers all around me, old and young, were fretting about the secret work of wire-pullers, and the danger of being sent where they did not want to go. I always said to such, 'I am sure to be suited in my appointment, for I will get it from God. I don't know anything about wire-pullers or the work of deputations to the bishop's council, and have no fear of any of them. I commit my person and family wholly to God and trust him to send us to just the place he shall select. There is but one individual in the universe who can defeat his purpose. I will see to it that he shall not in any way interfere with it. I am, in the order of God's providence, under the authority of our Methodist Episcopacy, and shall, therefore, get my appointment from God, through the bishop presiding. It don't matter who pulls the wires if there are any wires to pull, nor what intermediate agency may enlighten, prejudice, or in any way influence the bishop's mind, or whether by his farseeing wisdom or shortsighted blunders he will appoint me to the place selected for me by infinite wisdom. If I should personally meddle with it I should most likely defeat God's purpose and have a miserable *dis*appointment.' Called by an authorized bishop to go to California, I can only say, 'Lord, here am I. If you want me and mine for your work in California you know how to put us there; if not, you know how to reverse the choice of the bishop and release us from the responsibility, which I am entirely willing to bear or not, as thou shalt appoint.' We shall reach the right conclusion on the *à priori* principle under a special providential leading."

So I went to our parsonage. Anne met me at the door, and I said, "Bishop Waugh wants to send us as missionaries to California. What do you think of that?" She made no reply then, but ran upstairs to her room, and in a few minutes, while I still remained standing on my feet, she came running down the stairs smiling and said, "Yes, I'll go with you to California."

"How did you settle the question so quickly?"

"I went upstairs and kneeled down and said, 'Lord, Bishop Waugh wants to send us to California. Thou knowest, Lord, that I don't want to go, and can see no possible way of getting there; but all things are possible with thee, and if it is thy will to send us to California, give me the desire to go.' In a second or two he filled and thrilled my whole being with a desire to go to California." The question was settled.

Forty-seven years have passed over our heads since that day, but neither of us ever entertained a doubt that God called us, and no mention was made about the difficulties in our way.

At the time appointed I called on Bishop Waugh and said, "Anne is exactly of the same mind with myself, and both are subject to your order."

We then had a long talk about California. "The gold was discovered while digging General Sutter's mill race, in January last, 1848. The treaty ceding California by purchase to the United States, at the city of Mexico, was not signed until May. Yet before the news of the gold discovery had reached the contracting parties, and in the same month, our General Conference ordered the founding of a mission there, knowing nothing of the gold. There will be a great rush of emigration from this time on, indefinitely, so we must lose no time in establishing the mission."

I said, "I can start on short notice."

The venerable man of God kneeled down with me and commended me and mine to God, and then he gave me my commission for California and said he would let me know when to get ready to sail, meantime to proceed with my work in North Baltimore Station.

There were three ways of getting to California: First, General Fremont had crossed the plains, two thousand miles of distance beyond the Missouri River, living largely on dead mules. Second, steam transit had been opened from New York to Colon, or Aspinwall, a passage up Chagres River by small boats, part way across the isthmus, and the rest of the transit on to Panama by muleback or on foot. From Panama to San Francisco there was an irregular and inadequate line of steamers. Large numbers of gold-seekers left their bones bleaching on the isthmus. The third route was by sail vessels around Cape Horn.

California was then so far away and transit so difficult and so expensive that in accepting an appointment as missionaries to those remote ends of the earth we never thought that we should again see Baltimore or our friends in the East this side of the resurrection of the dead. We hoped to be off promptly, while dear Anne was strong and able to travel, but in that we were disappointed. The news spread like lightning that we had been appointed to California, and our official men, led by Sterling Thomas, got after the bishop with a long stick, metaphorically, and so belabored him for removing their young preacher in the middle of his first year that for the sake of peace he had to say that I should remain and complete my Conference year there.

Brother Tippett's mind was prepared for my being sent away by a dream which I told him some weeks before Bishop Waugh sent for me. I dreamed that Brother Tippett and I were pastorally visiting the people, and I had in hand a bundle of tracts, when two large copper-colored men, darker than Indians of the East, stopped me in an alley and said, "You must leave this place, and come with us and show our people the way to God." I immediately ran and overtook Brother Tippett in a wide street, and told him that God, by some of his swarthy, neglected children, had called me to go with them. They are waiting for me and I must go; so I gave him my bundle of tracts and bid him good-bye, and as I met my guides again I awoke. So when Tippett heard of my sudden appointment to California he said, "I expected something of that sort. It is all right."

I went on with my work, but in the meantime bought and forwarded supplies of provisions by ship around Cape Horn, expecting after Conference to go to California *via* the Isthmus of Panama.

My friends in Baltimore framed and furnished a chapel 24x36 feet, and prepared for

it a tin roof all ready for putting up on our arrival. I spent a short apprenticeship with Brother Day in putting on tin roofing, so that, in the absence of a tinsmith, I could put on the roof myself.

This work was undertaken by my North Baltimore people, but a large number of the city churches proposed to have a share in the work on the condition that I should, by appointment duly announced, come and preach for them, and that Anne and I should sing. So we preached and sang in Eutaw Street Church, Fayette, Columbia, Caroline, Eastern Avenue, and others; and they helped the chapel building cheerfully.

The choir of Monument Street Church also gave a concert of sacred song on behalf of our chapel and outfit. The singing was a great success; so, also, the financial results. The ladies had a large pulpit Bible and hymn book lettered "Baltimore-California Chapel." The presentation of these formally from the ladies to me was part of the program. Brother Martin was their speaker. He accompanied the presentation with an appropriate address. I said, in reply: "Dear Brother Martin, I remember well when you traveled my native circuit. You were always a welcome guest at my father's house. I remember, too, the boy who used to black your boots and curry your horse, whose name was Coaley. What strange events are turned out by the wheels of time! You have pursued the even tenor of your way and have made a success in the highest of all callings, and honorably represent our ladies to-night in the presentation of their beautiful gift of Bible and hymn book for the Baltimore-California Chapel. The people here will scarcely believe me when I tell them that the boy who used to black your boots and curry your horse is the missionary elect for California, who receives thankfully at your hands these precious tokens of love for our far-off work. I hope many Baltimoreans in California will receive light, comfort, and blessing from God through the liberality of their friends here in fitting and furnishing the Baltimore-California Chapel."

The people of Baltimore had always been under the impression that I was some years older than Martin, and were greatly astonished to learn that he traveled my native circuit when I was a boy.

In March, 1849, the Baltimore Conference held its session in Staunton, Va. It was arranged that we should go by steamer from New York to Aspinwall, leaving about the middle of March. So Anne and I and our little son, Morgan Stuart (called after my friend Brown Morgan and my own dear father), made a hasty visit to my friends in Rockbridge County and to hers in Botetourt County, and said, "Good-bye, till we meet in heaven."

We purposed to spend one day at Conference and hasten on to take ship at New York. But on reaching the seat of Conference I received a letter from our missionary secretaries in New York saying that they had heard of such sickness and detention on the Isthmus of Panama that they did not think it advisable for us to go there at present, and that they had not therefore bought our tickets, and that all the tickets for passage up to July had been taken. So there we were at sea before the time. The secretaries made no suggestions as to how or when we should go to California. So I remained at Conference to its close and held a holiness meeting in the afternoon of each day for the edification of our young ministers. Jesse T. Peck, D.D., then President of Dickinson College, afterward bishop, was a visitor at the Conference and attended our meetings and gave us the benefit of valuable testimony to his attainment and experience of perfect love. Some of our young ministers sought and found it at those meetings.

At the close of Conference we returned to Baltimore, not knowing when or by what

means we should get to California. I at once searched the advertisements and the piers for a ship bound for San Francisco, and found one, but the agent said there was not a vacant bunk left in the ship. They had ten first-class passengers and about one hundred steerage, and could not take another one. So I said, "All right; the God of the seas will show us the way to our work."

Next day I received a note from the agent saying that a family booked as first-class passengers had backed out and would not go.

So I went and engaged the space thus vacated on the ship *Andalusia*, Captain Wilson, a Baltimore clipper of about one thousand tons, much superior to the average of sailing ships of that day.

Our insurmountable difficulties were not mentioned except to the Lord, and having committed them to him we seldom ever mentioned them to him again. In buying our tickets I arranged with the agent that a good physician should go as surgeon of the ship. The Missionary Society had booked self, wife, and two children, I having written them of our little sister. The widowed sister was still unprovided for, and too ill to travel to her home; but her physician said a sea voyage was the best thing he could recommend for her. So at the last day of grace I bought a ticket for her passage to San Francisco, and she recovered on the voyage. She afterward married Dr. Bateman, of Stockton, California, and has since brought up a family.

The little sister grew up with us, married a merchant in the same city, and has brought up a family.

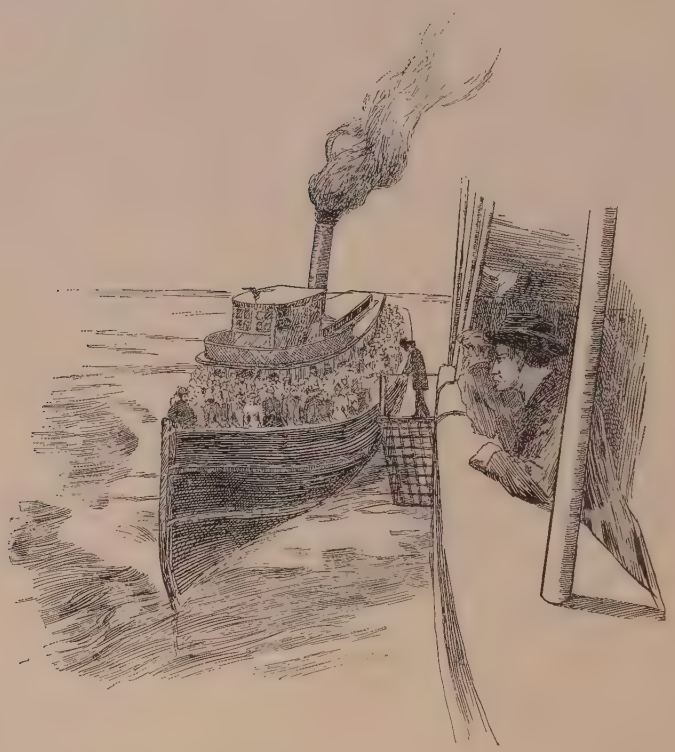
On the 3d of June, 1849, off Cape Horn, our little daughter Oceana was born. She stayed with us till she was fourteen months old, and left us for the city of the great King.

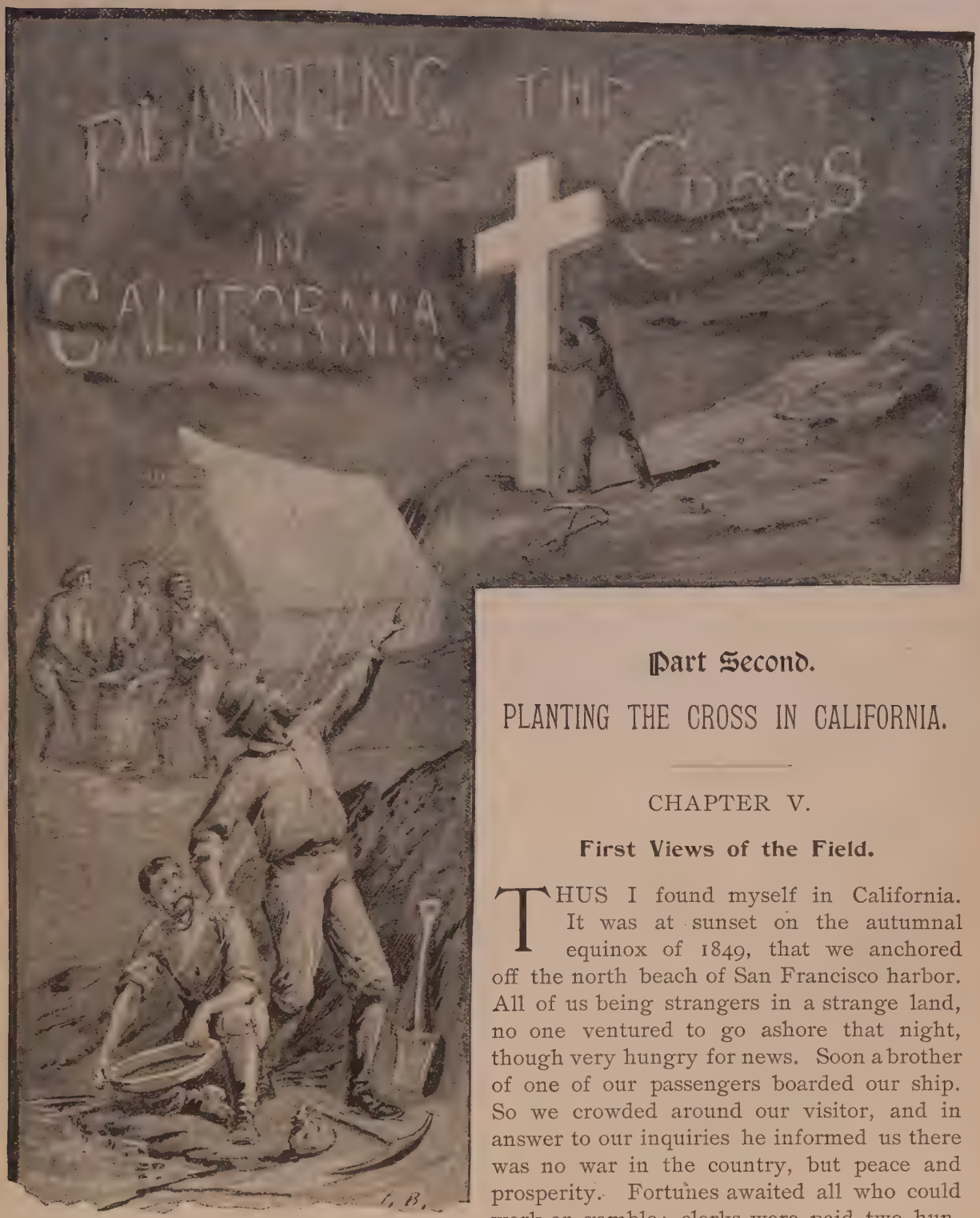
Our only stop on the voyage was at Valparaiso, where we spent a Sabbath and I preached for Rev. Dr. Trumbull, missionary of the Presbyterian Board, from "Whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, . . . shall be blessed in his deed." We had a hundred or more of attentive European hearers. At Valparaiso we got the latest news from California, the first of which was that Governor Mason had been deposed from office by a mob, and that the only preacher who had put in an appearance there was killed by the miners and headed up in a barrel and marked "beef!"

During our further voyage we received no word of information about the condition of affairs in the country of our destination. The intelligence that came to meet us at Valparaiso was to the effect that anarchy reigned throughout the land; that neither life nor property had the slightest security; that the few English-speaking families that had made their way thither had been obliged to leave; that the governor's own family had had as hard a fate as any, and that the missionary, as I have said, had been killed and barreled. This news, which I did not then know to be for the most part false, made me think of certain evil prophecies that some of the friends had uttered, to the effect that I was taking my family away to perish among barbarians.

If Satan meant to terrify us by such lies he did not succeed. Judging from the blizzard he blew on poor old Job we may conclude that so far as the Divine Ruler of the world may give him tether he still makes a great stir in the elements in which we live. We had in our ship's company more than one hundred passengers, among whom was Rev. Robert Kellan, who joined us in Valparaiso. For three days out from that port, with a good breeze, all sails set and glistening in the cloudless light of a full moon, we were quite undisturbed by Satan's California lies; but he seemed to get into a rage of anger and

swooped down on us in a white squall, which snapped our main mizzen topmasts and all the upper masts and spars and piled them in a confused mass on the deck. Still nobody was scared, but with an aft breeze and foresails all set we made two hundred miles per day, and, having spare timbers and ship carpenters aboard, all repairs were made without detention. We anchored in the harbor of San Francisco in good health and cheer, in September, 1849, after a voyage from Baltimore of one hundred and fifty-five days, including three days' detention at the port mentioned.





Part Second.

PLANTING THE CROSS IN CALIFORNIA.

CHAPTER V.

First Views of the Field.

THUS I found myself in California. It was at sunset on the autumnal equinox of 1849, that we anchored off the north beach of San Francisco harbor. All of us being strangers in a strange land, no one ventured to go ashore that night, though very hungry for news. Soon a brother of one of our passengers boarded our ship. So we crowded around our visitor, and in answer to our inquiries he informed us there was no war in the country, but peace and prosperity. Fortunes awaited all who could work or gamble; clerks were paid two hundred dollars a month; cooks, three hundred dollars. Card-playing, however, was the most profitable, hence the most respectable business in the country.

I inquired, "Are there any Gospel ministers or Christian Churches in California?"

Our newsman said, "We had one preacher, but preaching don't pay here; so he quit preaching and went to gambling. There was a church in town, but it has been converted into a jail."

Then some one whispered to him that I was a minister, and had the materials for a church aboard.

"I advise you," said he, "to sell the church, for you can make nothing out of it as a church, but you can sell the materials for ten thousand dollars."

I replied, "My church is not for sale, sir."

These are some of the pills I had to take the first night. I learned later that his assertions in regard to wages were true, and those of gamblers closely approximated the truth; his ecclesiastical history was false, except that a small rude frame building on the plaza which had been used as a place for the preaching of the Gospel was later used as a jail.

Next morning, Saturday, September 22, I accompanied Captain Wilson, the master of our ship, the *Andalusia*, on his first trip ashore.

We ascended the hill above Clark's Point and got our first view of the city of San Francisco. Not a brick house in the place, and but few of wood, and they were constructed mainly of lumber from goods boxes, and three or four single-story adobe houses: not a pier or wharf in the harbor, but a vast encampment in tents of about twenty thousand men and about ten women. I felt oppressed with an uninvited apprehension that under the influence of the gold attraction of the mountains I might wake up in the morning to find the tents struck and the inhabitants of the city of tents gone to parts unknown.

In company with Captain Wilson I was introduced to the business firms of Messrs. Dewitt & Harrison, Bingham, Reynolds & Co., Finley & Co., and spoke to many others. I inquired of many if they had heard of Rev. Isaac Owen, who, with his family, had started with wagons across the plains before I sailed from Baltimore. None had heard of him.

I made diligent inquiry whether there were any Methodists in the city.

Their reply was, "We have never seen or heard of any such people in California." Pursuing my fruitless search for Methodists till noon, I then fell in with Captain Stetson, master of the bark *Hebe*, from Baltimore, and accepted his invitation to dine with him aboard his vessel. I had seen his passengers embark in Baltimore, and shipped by him most of our outfit, and now heard the details of their perilous voyage.

In attempting to pass through the Strait of Magellan he was obliged, on account of head winds, to cast anchor. While awaiting a fair wind seven of his men took their guns and went ashore to have a ramble in Patagonia. During their absence a furious gale swept the bark from her moorings. She dragged her anchor till her chains parted, and was then driven before the wind into the Atlantic.

The captain tried vainly to get back, but having no anchors he could not approach the land, and so was reduced to the painful necessity of leaving his adventurous sportsmen to the rigors of a Cape Horn winter and the tender mercies of the Patagonian Indians. However, after enduring great suffering from cold, hunger, and Indian barbarity, they finally escaped in a vessel that was passing through the strait *en route* to California.

After dining with Captain Stetson I renewed my search for the residence of any possible Methodists in the city.

Hearing the name of J. H. Merrill, I remembered I had read a published letter from Rev. William Roberts, giving an account of his having organized a little Sunday school in San Francisco in 1847, as he was on his way as a Methodist missionary to Oregon, and

that he appointed J. H. Merrill as its superintendent. So I sought and found J. H. Merrill, and learned from him that he was indeed the Merrill appointed by William Roberts as superintendent of the first Sunday school in California. He informed me that he was not a Methodist, but knew a number of them in the city, and pointing to the frame of a little church not yet covered, which was being built on a neighboring hill, he said, "Yonder is their new church," and, pointing to a house near us, added, "There is a Methodist family residing in that adobe house. Mr. Finley, the head of the family, is sick, and will be glad to see you."

"Will you kindly introduce me to the sick man?"

"Certainly; with pleasure."

So in a few minutes I was introduced to my first Methodist family. Brother and Sister Finley seemed surprised and rejoiced to see me, and gave me much information in regard to the country and resident Methodists. I enjoyed their company and had a good season of prayer with them—my first pastoral visit in California; and then they informed me that they were not Methodists, but Campbellites; but we were soon united in Christian friendship and love, which continued during my pastorate of seven years in that city.

As I was taking my leave of these my first Methodist acquaintances, I was met at the door by a plain man of very pleasant features, to whom Sister Finley introduced me. "This is Brother Troubody. He is a Methodist;" and I ever found him to be a quiet, humble, true man of God.

He introduced me to Rev. O. C. Wheeler, the Baptist minister of the city, who invited me to preach for him at 11 A. M. the following Sabbath. Brother Troubody introduced me also to his wife and family, and then to Asa White and family.

Brother White was a local preacher from Illinois, but more recently from Oregon. He had a large family, all Western pioneers, all sociable and kind, and earnest Methodists of the shouting kind. They lived in a small rough board house covered with blue cotton cloth, located in the bushes in Washington Street, near Powell, on which our chapel was being built. Brother White's house, called "the shanty with the blue cover," was the Methodist place of worship for the city.

Rev. William Roberts, Superintendent of the Oregon and California Mission Conference, had appointed Brother White as leader, to do the best he could in collecting and holding the little society together till the missionary should arrive.

Brother Roberts, on his way to Oregon in 1847, organized a small class consisting of Brother John Troubody and wife, Alexander Hatler and wife, Aquila Glover and wife, and three or four others, and appointed Brother Glover leader; but being a timid man he never led the class after Roberts proceeded to Oregon; and, as Brother Hatler and others informed me, no class meetings were held here till Brother White's arrival in the spring of 1849. He first put up his blue tent in the bushes near the corner of Jackson and Mason Streets, where the scattered sheep were gathered and regular class meetings were held. Elihu Anthony, a local preacher, during a few months' sojourn in the city assisted in the meetings; but White was the leader appointed by Brother Roberts. Anthony became a Methodist pioneer in Santa Cruz. On my arrival the class in San Francisco numbered about twenty.

In my continued search that first afternoon I could get no tidings concerning the whereabouts of Brother Owen, but Brother Asa White handed me a letter from Rev. William Roberts, the Superintendent of the Oregon and California Mission Conference, informing me that he had appointed me preacher in charge of San Francisco Station, and Rev. Isaac Owen to the charge of Sacramento city and Stockton.

As Brother Owen was much older in the ministry than I it was a great surprise to me to be appointed to the larger and more important station. I had no ambition, however, and had I been making the appointment I certainly would have given Brother Owen the preference. Of course, according to my record in the past I asked no favors but shirked no responsibilities.

That was an afternoon of thrilling interest to me, and contrasted hopefully with the unfruitful search of the forenoon of my first day in San Francisco.

On Sabbath morning, September 23, I filled my appointment with Brother Wheeler, and preached from "What think ye of Christ?" The Spirit of the Lord was manifestly present with us. We dined with Brother Troubody, who then lived in a small house on Washington Street. He soon after built for his residence the first brick building in the city. It was located on the corner of Washington and Powell Streets, a four-story house about 26 x 50 feet, in which he has resided ever since, now over forty years.

At 3 P. M. of that memorable Sabbath day I met the class in "the shanty with the blue cover," which was packed inside with earnest worshipers, and many stood outside the door. Their experiences were characterized by originality, freshness, and thrilling interest.

Some of them had crossed the plains; others were just from a voyage round Cape Horn; some had, on their passage across the isthmus, seen scores of their friends swept away by the malignant fevers of Panama. All had seen sights, encountered dangers, made hairbreadth escapes from death, and could all sing, "Out of all the Lord hath brought us by his love." That was a class meeting never to be forgotten.

We spent the following week in learning California prices and modes of life and in trying to secure a house in which to live.

Captain Wilson kindly invited us to remain aboard ship till we could make arrangements for housekeeping, and allowed us the free use of his boat in passing to and from the land. This was quite an item, for the lowest price of boat hire for the shortest distance was one dollar for each passenger. Potatoes were fifty cents a pound; South American apples, fifty cents apiece; fresh beef, fifty cents a pound; dried apples, seventy-five cents a pound; Oregon butter, two dollars and fifty cents a pound; flour, fifty dollars a barrel, and so on for provisions of every kind at about the same rate.

As for house rent, there were but few in the city to be had at any price. Rev. O. C. Wheeler was paying five hundred dollars a month for a plain story and a half, containing five rooms. Near to our chapel was a rough, one-story board shanty, about twelve feet square, with a slab shed roof. On inquiry I learned that the rent was forty dollars per month, which I was willing to pay, but Rev. Mr. Mines, an Episcopal minister, had secured it.

I then spoke of building a small house, but learned that lumber was sold at the rate of from three to four hundred dollars per thousand feet.

The inadequacy of the missionary appropriation to meet such rates may be seen in the light of the following extract from an official letter from Rev. C. Pitman, one of our missionary secretaries at that time:

"NEW YORK, January 29, 1849.

"DEAR BROTHER: At the last regular meeting of the Board of Managers the Estimating Committee presented their report containing their estimate for your outfit, passage, and annual allowance as a missionary.

"The report of the Committee was adopted, as follows:

"*Resolved*, 1. That the outfit of Brother Taylor be, for himself and family, two hundred dollars.

"2. That the appropriation for Brother Taylor be seven hundred and fifty dollars per annum, which appropriation shall include the disciplinary provision for salary and also his table expenses. . . .

"We have found it exceedingly difficult to make our estimates for the California missions, as we could not possibly tell what would be the expense of your passage or what will be necessary for your support when you shall have arrived at your destination.

"The amount appropriated for your support is as high within fifty dollars as any of our missionaries in foreign stations receive save one."

At the close of our class meeting in the afternoon of my second Sabbath the question was raised, "How shall our preacher get a house to live in?"

It was decided that the only way was to build one; and then an effort was made in the class to see how much could be raised toward that desirable end. But the sojourners were "strapped," and the resident brethren had subscribed all they felt able to give toward the chapel, and could do but little for the parsonage; so the effort resulted in a subscription of twenty-seven dollars—perhaps enough to buy the nails and hinges. But I never was haunted with the ghost of a doubt that God called me to California, nor, hence, a doubt that he would provide for me and mine. So I had my household goods and provisions, which we had brought with us from Baltimore, landed; and paid ten dollars per dray load to have them hauled up the hill and piled up near the chapel; there they lay in the open air for a fortnight.

In this emergency Captain Otis Webb, son of old Father Daniel Webb, of the Providence Conference, sent me word that he was building a good two-story house near to our chapel, which would be finished and ready for use in a week, and that we were welcome to the use of it, rent free, for a month, he reserving but one room of the five contained in the house for his own use. So, after remaining a fortnight as the guests of Captain Wilson, aboard our good ship *Andalusia*, we moved into Captain Webb's new house. We highly appreciated his generosity and enjoyed the high order of his gentlemanly bearing—a friend in need and a friend indeed.

Few persons in San Francisco were so comfortably settled as we, by the good will of our dear friend Captain Otis Webb—rent free for a month.

Messrs. Collins & Cushman presented us with a new cooking stove worth a hundred dollars in the market. We had brought with us from Baltimore a year's supply of provisions, so that in our great dependence we were pretty independent.

The question pending was, "What shall we do at the end of the month?"

Some persons, believing more in dependence than independence, said, "You were sent here by the Missionary Society, and they are bound to support you."

I replied, "The Missionary Society never did and never can support a missionary and family at California rates of expense. House rent alone would amount to five thousand dollars a year; but I will never draw on the Society for a dollar additional to the appropriation already made. If I can do no better I will take my ax and wedges and go across the bay to the Red Woods and get out lumber for a house and build it myself."

"Are you a carpenter and builder?"

"No, but I am a Methodist preacher of the old school."

A brother who had located from the traveling ministry to seek a fortune in California said, "Poor Brother Taylor will work himself sick, and that will end the matter. It had been better for him to come to California on his own hook, as I did."

He was the "poor brother" who licked the dust in pining sickness through many

weary weeks while I gathered strength in the struggle for missionary efficiency and self-support; and by the might of body and mind with which God had invested me, and the guiding hand of his providence, by which he daily led me, I was exempt from sickness and my labors were crowned with success.

Brother Asa White and his two sons-in-law, John Barto and Alfred Love, and his two youngest sons, had a shanty in the Red Woods, where they spent much of their time getting out lumber and hauling it to the *embarcadero* at San Antonio—a big name, but no town. So it was arranged that I should go to the woods and get out lumber on my own account and "ranch" with Brother White. Brother A. Hatler kindly proposed to go with me and assist.

So on October 10, 1849, we crossed the bay in a whaleboat to San Antonio, and, carrying our blankets, provisions, and working tools, we walked up the mountain five miles to Brother White's shanty. Brother Hatler and I put our provisions into the mess and were admitted as guests, with the privilege of wrapping ourselves in our own blankets and sleeping on the ground under the common shelter.

After supper we were entertained by Brother White's historic reminiscences of earlier days spent in Illinois and westward. The following is a specimen:

Joe Flower was a bricklayer, and boasted that he was proof against all religious agency or influence. Brother White induced him to go to a camp meeting, and talked to him very seriously about the peril of his soul while at enmity with God. Joe baffled him with light, foolish remarks, and finally said, "I will go among the seekers and hold down my head an hour for twenty-five cents."

Brother White said, "Here is the money, Joe." So Joe was committed, and went and did as he proposed. White went and kneeled down beside him and prayed with increasing power, in the midst of which an awful thunderstorm broke on them. The thunder and the lightning were terrific, but White prayed on till Joe dropped on his knees and cried to God for mercy, and received Christ and salvation before he arose to his feet. Next day they made a collection for missions, and Joe put in the twenty-five cents he won the day before, and told his experience of peace with God.

We were thus entertained with Brother White's stirring stories till bedtime, and then after a hallelujah season of family worship retired to rest.

During the early part of this afternoon I went to a woodman's tent to sharpen my drawknife, and found there a sick man by the name of Haley. As soon as I mentioned the subject of salvation to him he cried like a child, and said, "I once enjoyed peace with God and was a member of the Baptist Church, but in these Western wilds I got off the track and lost my religion."

I prayed with him, and he promised that from that hour he would devote himself to God and accept Christ. Soon after he received the great Physician, and said, "O, I am so glad that you called to see me; I had thought of sending for you, but I felt so guilty that I could not muster courage to do so. Now I feel that God, for the sake of Jesus, has pardoned all my sins. My soul is happy. I am not afraid to die now."

Three years after that, at the close of a preaching service in San Francisco, a man introduced himself to me and said, "Do you remember praying for a man given up to die in the Red Woods, in 1849?"

"Yes, sir; I remember him well; his name is Haley, but I never learned whether he recovered or not, but he found peace with God and rejoiced in prospect of an early departure for heaven."

"I am that man, and my soul is still happy in God."

So far as I know he was the first man saved through my agency in California.

We wrought till Friday afternoon, the 12th of October, but spent our strength for naught in trying to split some unsplitable timber, and returned that afternoon to San Antonio landing. We there lay on the ground to sleep, but spent most of the night in looking at the stars, listening to the weird howlings of the coyotes and the gabble of thousands of wild geese, all apparently exulting over their preëmptive rights to all the vast plains now covered by the city of Oakland and its adjacent villages.

Sabbath, October 14, was my fourth Sabbath in the city and second in our new chapel, which was crowded with attentive hearers, and the class meeting in the afternoon was an extraordinary season of refreshing.

I returned to the Red Woods on Monday, the 15th, but Brother Hatler could not leave his business to return with me; so I had to depend on my own unaided mind and muscle, led by the good providence of Him who had called me to meet such emergencies. I provided for my pulpit the Sabbath following, so as to give me two unbroken weeks in the Red Wood forest, and on the Sabbath I preached under the shade of a large redwood tree to twenty-five woodsmen. One of my hearers, a man of forty-five years, heard preaching that day for the last time; then apparently in good health, but, being taken suddenly ill, he died a few days later.

THE SICK PENITENT.

"As soon as I mentioned the subject of salvation to him he cried like a child."—Page 112.

During this trip to the woods, covering a period of nearly two weeks, I procured the lumber needed for my house. My scantling, which I bought in the rough, split out like large fence rails, I hewed to the square with my broad-ax. I made three thousand shingles and exchanged them with a pit sawyer for twenty-four joists each seventeen feet long. I bought rough clapboards six feet long and shaved them about as regularly and as smoothly with my drawknife as if with a plane. These were for the weather-boarding. I used similar boards, slightly shaven, for roofing, which were waterproof and very enduring. I bought the doors from a friend at the "reduced price" of eleven dollars per door; the windows for one dollar per light, twelve dollars for each window. Hauling my stuff from the Red Woods to the San Antonio landing cost me twenty-five dollars per thousand feet. The regular price for transport thence to San Francisco was forty dollars per thousand feet, but by hiring a boat and working with my own hands I got the work done for less than half that price.

I bought a lot on the north side of Jackson Street, above Powell, for twelve hundred and fifty dollars, kindly lent me without interest by Brother Hatler, which I paid back in due time.

Brother Hatler, being a carpenter, gave me instruction in the business of house building. I hired a few carpenters for twelve dollars each per day till I got the house under roof and then dismissed them, and did the rest of the work with my own hands except that now and then a passing brother would give me a few hours on the building. Brother Clarkson Dye put up my stairs. Brother Treat Clark gave me a day or two, but I wrought daily from dawn till dark till the house was finished, a desirable, comfortable, two-story house 16x26 feet.

In digging the foundation for it I turned up the stakes of Father White's blue tent, and found that I occupied the site of the tabernacle in which the first class meetings of the spring of 1849 were held.

The total cash cost of my house was fourteen hundred and ninety-one dollars and twenty-five cents.

In six weeks from the time we moved from the ship *Andalusia* to Captain Webb's house we moved into our own mission house, and thus avoided the payment of one cent of rent. I had two rooms upstairs to let to help pay for the building, and had another fitted up for strangers, and especially for preachers, if we should ever be favored with such angel visits. By the time we got the room ready Rev. J. Doane and his wife, missionaries for Oregon, arrived, and were as much surprised as we were rejoiced that such a home for preachers was found in San Francisco. But we had to wait more than a year for the first recruits of missionaries for California.

In addition to the timber and lumber for our house I brought from the woods enough to fence the back part of our lot for a garden, which I put under cultivation by the commencement of the wet season, so that in a few weeks we had an abundant supply of radishes, turnips, greens, and lettuce. Ours was the second garden ever planted in this city, and was to all passers-by an object of surprise and ground of hope for the future of this country of supposed sterility.

A restaurant keeper passing by our garden one day said to Mrs. Taylor, "I would like to buy some of your greens, madam; what do you ask for them?"

"We have not offered any for sale, but as we have more than we need you can have some at your own price."

He replied, "I will give you ten dollars for a water-pailful."

He gathered a pailful and paid the money. A few days after he returned for another pail of greens, and, filling his pail, Mrs. Taylor asked him how he could afford to pay such prices.

"Well," said he, "I boil the greens slightly with a little bacon, and get for them fifty cents a fork. I make a very good profit on them."

Mrs. Taylor thought our little home would be more homelike if we could have a few chickens, and applied to a neighbor who had some.

The lady replied that she would be glad to accommodate her, and as she was a missionary would let her have some at a reduced rate.

"How much," Mrs. C., "will you charge me for a rooster and two hens?"

"You can have the three, madam, for eighteen dollars."

So the money was paid and the fowls were promptly delivered. I built a house for their accommodation and put on a lock for their protection; but it didn't protect them, for

a few nights after some foxy fellow pulled a board off the back of the house and carried away the cock and one of the hens, and we saw them no more.

Having to buy milk for our little Oceana, we got a supply daily from a neighbor at the "low rate" of one dollar per quart. Our milkwoman did business also in the egg line, and offered us six dollars per dozen for all we could spare. She gave us but six dollars per dozen because she bought to sell for nine dollars. So when it was not convenient for us to pay money for milk we found our eggs, at fifty cents apiece, a convenient currency.

In the course of human events in this eventful country our milkwoman moved away, and we bought, for milk, some kind of chalk mixture that made our little girl sick. So I went to Sacramento city, where, it was said, good cows could be bought at a very low price; I bought one for two hundred dollars, and milked her myself, and didn't water it; so we had plenty of good milk of our own. Such are historical glimpses of California life in 1849.

As for hardships and sufferings, I had none. My hard work in house-building was a good acclimatizing process, much cheaper and better than a fever and a bundle of doctor's bills, and it prepared me the more effectually to endure the ministerial toil to which I was called, and I thus secured a comfortable, heathful home, while the great mass of our city folks lived in very inferior shanties and tents, many of which were laid waste by the merciless blasts of the unusually severe rainstorms of 1849 and 1850. Moreover, I never drew a dollar from the Missionary Society above the amount of the first and only appropriation for my support. So that my mania for self-support, which many pronounce excessive and incurable, is no modern dream with me. If God will inoculate a few thousand efficient missionaries for Africa with the same mania they will lead its millions to God in a comparatively short time and at a cost relatively small.

Rev. Isaac Owen commenced his pastoral work in Sacramento city about three weeks after my arrival in San Francisco. His missionary party consisted of himself, wife, and five children, and Rev. James Corwin, who had located from the Indiana Conference to accompany his old friend and fellow-member of the same Conference, and to devote himself to our itinerant work in California, to which he did devote himself through the many remaining years of his life. His preaching ability was of medium order, but acceptable and useful. He had a humble, loving, and lovable spirit, and was very successful as a pastor.

Brother Owen, not knowing anything about his appointment by Rev. William Roberts, to Sacramento city, made no stop at that city, but crossed the Sacramento River and drove on to Benicia, *en route* for San Francisco; but learning at Benicia that Sacramento city was his station, and that I, under appointment, was hard at work in San Francisco, he returned to Sacramento. However, owing to the exhausted condition of his faithful oxen, that had just made the long pull of two thousand miles from Indiana to the Pacific coast, he shipped most of his goods on a schooner bound up the river, and rapidly drove his wagons back, with less than half freight, so as to be on hand to receive the cargo from the schooner; but the wayworn missionaries had to wait many days for the arrival of their needed goods. The delay was occasioned by rough weather. The schooner was capsized, and all the mission goods—clothing, beds, books, etc.—had to be fished up from the river. These things were essential to their settlement in a country so new, where every needful thing had been brought so far, and at so great a cost that to supply the loss by purchase was out of the question; but I never heard a murmur from the lips of any of the sufferers. They were utter strangers to discontent or discouragement.

Meantime, I shipped my Baltimore-California Chapel to Sacramento for Brother

Owen. He immediately secured a church lot, and in a few weeks was preaching to crowds of adventurers in our chapel, which was the first house of worship built in that city.

There was, at that early date, daily steam communication between San Francisco and Sacramento city; the estimated distance there by water was one hundred and twenty miles; by the shortest railway cut it is eighty-three miles.

The steamer route was across the San Francisco and San Pablo Bay, thirty-three miles to Benicia, opposite the Strait of Carquinez, a mile in width, through which the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers run into San Pablo Bay, passing through the strait. A large class of steamers ascended the Sacramento River to the vast encampment of tents and rude cabins called Sacramento city. A smaller class of steamers went up the San Joaquin to Stockton. The former was then the commercial emporium for the Northern mines and the latter for the Southern mines.

Brother Owen and I were thus in frequent communication with each other by comers and goers and by letter, but did not see each other till nearly the end of that most eventful year in the memory of old Californians—1849.

About the 22d of December of that year I took passage on the steamer *Senator* for Sacramento to visit Brother Owen and party, fare thirty dollars; but Mr. Charles Minturn, agent and part owner of the Sacramento Steamship Company, gave me a free passage. She was a substantial, capacious river boat, and on her up-river trips densely crowded with adventurers bound for the Northern mines. She was on that line for years, and it was currently reported that she took in gold enough as fares to load her. We had to pass at least one night aboard, but used all the daylight we had in the novel sight-seeing so enchanting to the view of all newcomers. Among other sights on that, my first trip North, was a herd of elk with the huge antlers of its bucks. They seemed to be trying their original powers of locomotion against the steam power of our boat, running up the west bank of the river opposite to us for the distance of a good race, and then struck off at a tangent and were soon out of sight. Arriving in Sacramento city, I was cordially received and entertained during my stay by Rev. Grove W. Deal, M.D., and William Prettyman, who occupied the same little house. They were old friends of mine from Baltimore city. Prettyman was the son of my old friend Rev. William Prettyman, of the Baltimore Conference. Dr. Deal was a practicing physician in the bounds of my charge in North Baltimore Station before either of us had a thought of going to California any more than to the moon. He was one of my leading local preachers in that charge, a good man, very sympathetic and kind, and was a popular class leader. I found him in Sacramento city hard at work in his profession and in Gospel work under the pastorship of Brother Owen. He did what he could also for the new country of his adoption as a member of the first session of its legislature soon after the convention that gave a constitution to California, under which it became a member of our national Union, and, precluding slavery from her soil, fell into line with the free States of the nation.

In the spring of 1849 Brothers Deal and Prettyman entertained at their Sacramento home Rev. William Roberts, Superintendent of the Oregon and California Mission Conference, for a number of days. He had come from Oregon to inspect the California field and fix the appointments of the two new missionaries ordered by the General Conference of 1848. As they were comparatively old settlers in the country Roberts drew from them all they could tell him about the work and the coming workers. As they knew me so well in Baltimore city, they could answer about all his questions concerning me. In conclusion he said to them, "Brother Taylor is the man for San Francisco. A very large

proportion of the residents of that city are from the Atlantic border, and he, being an Eastern man and a successful street preacher, can readily adapt himself to the conditions of such a city; and Brother Owen, being a Western man of vast and varied resources, can well adapt himself to the vast crowds of Western people who come in here by the overland route."

This is the substance of what Dr. Deal told me. When Roberts, on the same tour, gave a letter to John Troubody to hand to me on arrival, to inform me of my appointment to San Francisco, he said to Brother Troubody, as he told me on arrival, and repeated to me by him in June, 1890: "Brother Taylor will come by sea and land here, and it will save time and money to have him stop here and go to work at once. So Brother Owen will come in from the plains to Sacramento and can go to work at once in that city."

On this, my first visit to Sacramento city, I spent a day with Brother Owen and family, partook of a good dinner at their table, and was highly entertained with what I found to be the uniform and unceasing flow of Owen's good humor, sparkling wit, and sanctified common sense. He had, before leaving his native State, developed in his fertile mind broad plans for the founding of Methodism in California, which he explained to me in detail.

One was for the establishment of a book depository, for which he had already ordered more than a thousand dollars' worth of books from the Methodist Book Concern, New York, and owed nothing on account of them. That was the germ of our now great and growing book depository in San Francisco. I had charge of its business, in addition to my regular pastoral and pulpit work, for three or four years, and increased its stock; then Brother Owen employed a regular bookseller to devote his whole time to it. He put his coulter too deep for new ground, snapped the beam and had to quit the field. The sinking concern was taken over by two competent young men, who developed a paying business on their own account. They saved us from debt and disgrace, which was of itself a favor to us, and supplied the public with our books.

Owen's plan for founding a university had to bide its time for want of pupils to put into it. We had in San Francisco six or eight children at that time, and not enough in the State to employ and support one schoolmarm. However, before many years, mainly through Isaac Owen's persistent faith and energy, the University of the Pacific, the first institution of its kind regularly chartered by the State of California, was built and manned and well filled with students.

In the evening of that memorable day with Brother Owen he accompanied me to tea with Brothers Deal and Prettyman and spent the evening in social and Christian conversation till about 8 P. M., when he started for his home. We accompanied him to the door, when, to our surprise in the dry season and not a drop of rain, the streets, which were dry when we passed over them three hours before, were now the beds of rapidly flowing rivers.

The dissolving snows of the mountains had so swollen the Feather and the Sacramento Rivers that the city was submerged. Brother Owen waded a couple of squares and then hailed a boatman and paid two dollars for a passage through the streets to his house adjoining the chapel.

I was to leave for my return trip by the *Senator* next morning, but fearing the city might go to sea that night without rudder or sails I bade my kind friends adieu at 9 P. M. and waded, thigh deep, about two hundred yards, and got aboard the steamer and passed the night comfortably, so far as self was concerned, but felt great suspense and sorrow for

the suffering strugglers in the great waters which were destroying their property and imperiling their lives.

Next morning I ascended the rigging, whence I could get a view of the whole area of the city, one vast sheet of water, a few rods of bare ground near our steamer being the only bit of earth to be seen anywhere within my radius of vision.

For many months prior to the arrival of Rev. Isaac Owen in Sacramento city Rev. Grove W. Deal, M.D., was practically the Methodist pastor of the city, and exercised a shepherd's care over the scattered sheep of that wilderness. His regular preaching place was under the shade of a large evergreen oak, and in a blacksmith shop in rainy weather. It is a part of the old story of pioneer work wrought by the faithful local preachers of Methodism.

Arriving at the house of Brothers Deal and Prettyman on Saturday night, as before stated, I was conducted by Brother Deal next morning, Sabbath, January 6, 1850, to our Baltimore-California Chapel and there met Brothers Owen and Corwin.

I had faced the perils of the deep and they the perils of the desert.

At Brother Owen's request I preached that morning. Our chapel was crowded with adventurers deeply tanned from exposure to the sun, but most orderly and attentive. My text was, "God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

Brother Owen preached at 3 P. M. and I again in the evening. The good Spirit of God manifested his comforting presence at each assembling, and it was a day long to be remembered.

Brother Owen was a thickset, muscular man, in height about five feet nine. His eyes and hair were black, face round, with an easy, pleasant smile on his countenance that was ever-abiding. He was a good preacher, voice clear and strong, his preaching earnest and practical, characterized by clear Scripture expositions and familiar illustrations.

A certain doctor, in those early days of California history, was collecting autobiographical sketches, and, asking Owen to write, he penned the following: "Isaac Owen was born in Vermont, raised in Coonrange, on White River, in the wilderness of Indiana; costumed in buckskin, fed on pounded cake; educated in a log schoolhouse—the principal study in the course was Webster's Spelling-book; converted to God in the woods, licensed to preach on a log; first circuit, then called Otter Creek Mission, embracing a part of five counties. Last heard of, a missionary to California, and on a review of his life has no apologies to offer for having been born."

He did not study in collegiate halls, but had a thorough, practical education in real life, and his Greek Testament was his constant companion.

The Lord gave him extraordinary will power from early boyhood, preparatory to his great work in California. I once heard Bishop Morris say of him, "Owen never gives up; he always does what he undertakes; if he can't do it one way he will another."

When a little boy he was sent to hunt lost cows, and got lost himself away in the wild woods, in which wolves, wildcats, and panthers roamed at large. Night was spreading its dark mantle over the scene, and the poor boy knew not which way to go. True to his character, as touched off by Bishop Morris in later years, instead of yielding to the excitement of fear he stopped and set his genius to work to find his way out, which he did in a few moments. He cut a good hickory withe and caught hold of his dog and gave him a severe flogging, and shouted as he let him go, "Be off home, you lazy dog; what

are you doing here?" The dog cut for home as fast as his legs could carry him, and young Owen after him at the top of his speed. He thus got his bearings, and safely reached home a little after dark.

In the course of Brother Owen's ministry in Indiana he was stationed at Bloomington. Finding in his new and important station a rickety old frame house bearing the honorable name of the Methodist Church, Owen announced that the first work before them was to build a spacious, substantial brick church.

The people with united voice replied, "The thing, however desirable, is utterly impossible. The people have no money, and owing to the terrible drought of the past year they have nothing to sell."

"Never mind," replied Owen, "we are rich in men—men who are rich in mind and muscle. Don't oppose me, and inside of a fortnight we shall have the brick all provided for and the bricklayers to lay up the walls of the new brick Methodist church of the city of Bloomington." He did it. A Christian man of Indiana told me how Owen got the lumber for his new church in about the following words:

"My father owned a sawmill ten miles distant from Bloomington. Being a good man and a liberal elder in the Presbyterian Church, he made a standing offer of a wagon load of lumber as a gift to any new church within ten or fifteen miles of his mill, regardless of name or denomination. So Mr. Owen came to my father's one day when I was absent. He submitted to my father a carefully prepared estimate of all the lumber needed for his new church, and agreed to furnish the logs and have my father saw them on shares, and then requested father to give him the names of men within hauling distance who had good timber and good teams.

"Father replied, 'The man most able to help is my near neighbor, Bob ——, but he is the bitterest enemy of the Methodists in all this country.'

"Owen replied, 'I'll put Bob at the head of my list. If he will give me a good subscription of logs delivered all the rest will give in without a shot.' So they proceeded and made a complete list. Then Owen said, 'Now, elder, I want you to mount your horse and go with me and introduce me to all these people.'

"'Indeed, Mr. Owen, I can't to-day; it is getting late and it can't be done to-day. You must come again, and I will see what I can do for you.'

"Owen replied, 'My dear sir, I have only this afternoon to devote to this whole business.'

"Just then I entered, and father said, 'Here's my son; he'll go with you.'

"The thing was explained to me, and my horse being hitched to a limb, I said, 'Come on,' and we mounted our horses.

"Owen said, 'Take me straight to Bob's house. I'll get him to head my list.'

"So we rode to Bob's gate and called, and were told that the gentleman was not at home.

"Owen said, 'I am very sorry to miss him. I hope we'll meet him by the way.'

"We had not proceeded far till I saw him on horseback, meeting us.

"Owen said, 'Don't introduce me, just let me manage him.'

"As we got near Owen jumped off his horse and ran up, shouting, 'How are you, Brother Bob? My name is Isaac Owen, the Methodist preacher who is building a new brick church in Bloomington. The people have no money, so we get willing hands to do all the work. The bricks and brickwork are all provided for, and I have just arranged with the elder, your good neighbor, to saw all our lumber, and I'm just on my way to get

the men around here who have good timber and good teams to put down all the logs needed at the sawmill. I learn that you have the best timber and the best teams in all this region, so I have come to you to head my subscription and set an example for your neighbors. Some of them, you know, are as close as the bark of their trees, and would keep me talking for an hour, but when they see your name at the head of my list they will all give in at once.'

"Bob did not hesitate a moment after Owen was through, but signed for the delivery of the biggest lot of logs of any man in the country, and was the first to cut, haul, and deliver, as per agreement.

"Just as Owen had said, every man he called on signed for the logs asked for without a word of discussion.

"Owen got all his lumber hauled to Bloomington in the same way. When he came for his free load of lumber my father offered to all church builders in that region he brought the biggest six-horse team and wagon in the country, and nearly cleared the lumber yard. My father said, 'Owen is the man for me. The Baptists would have come with a two-horse wagon and put on half a load for fear of overtaxing my generosity; but Owen has faith in me, and hence is not afraid of exceeding my liberality.'"

Owen's methods of dealing with men were peculiar to himself and sure to win, but would not be safe models for imitation.

Isaac Owen said he never got into straitened circumstances but once in his life. He stated the case on this wise:

"I went out one day on a deer hunt, and it was a dear trip to me, owing to a deep snow on the ground and a cold drizzle of rain. Coming home with my buckskin trousers thoroughly saturated with water, I got into the fireplace of an old-fashioned wide chimney and stood by a blazing fire to warm myself. Being very much chilled, I could not feel the heat at once, till I felt something drawing tightly about my legs, and the next moment the heat seemed to be taking the skin off me. My trousers were drawn into crisp, searing and singeing me. I jumped round and cried for help, but had to endure the torture till my trousers were literally cut off me. I found myself that time in decidedly straitened circumstances!"

Isaac Owen in his day was considered the greatest beggar in America. He was for five years the agent of the Indiana Asbury University, and raised its first endowment—a liberal amount for that period—over fifty years ago. Merchants have told me that when they saw Owen coming they hastened to shake his hand and say, "How much money will you have to-day from my concern? Here are ten dollars, Mr. Owen; you don't need to state the case."

In the wonderful progress of Asbury (De Pauw) and of the University of the Pacific the man who under God laid the foundations of both is mainly unknown to the present generation, but God "will remember him in that day."

Resuming the story of my first acquaintance with Brother Owen, I will add a few items. On Monday, January 7, 1850, Dr. Deal and I dined with Brother Owen, and a sumptuous dinner we had of roast pork, sweet potatoes, and a variety of good things, hardly to be expected in California at that day.

Brother and Sister Owen had not fully recovered from the wear and tear of their long journey across the plains and their sad reverse after their arrival; yet in the short time they had been there they had put up, besides the Baltimore-California Chapel, a good parsonage which cost five thousand dollars. We walked and talked together for several days, and laid the foundation of mutual friendship that never was marred.

ISAAC OWEN GAINS HIS CAUSE.

"How are you, Brother Bob? My name is Isaac Owen."—Page 119.

In addition to educational plans for the future we agreed that we should immediately extend the sphere of our evangelistic and pastoral work, he to include with Sacramento city, Stockton, Benicia, and the region generally north of the bay, while I, in addition to San Francisco, should occupy San José and Santa Cruz.

January 10, 1850, I was again in San Francisco, accompanied by Brother Corwin, who was on his way to Stockton, where he organized a Methodist Episcopal Church and built a chapel and parsonage, partly by subscription and in part by his own hands, he, like the great Prophet of Nazareth, being a carpenter as well as a preacher.

On the 17th of January, 1850, Brother Owen and family, whose church had been carried from its foundations by the flood and their dwelling house rendered untenantable, arrived in San Francisco on their way to San José Valley. To give themselves some time for recuperation and preparations for their new home they made a temporary settlement in Brother Asa White's house with the blue cover, which naturally, in view of the migratory characters of its owners, was vacant at that time.

Brother Owen and family, thus flooded out of Sacramento city, came down to San Francisco, and I engaged him to fill my pulpit while I should go and prospect San José and Santa Cruz, requiring an absence of two or three weeks. Mrs. Taylor being overworked with the care of her babes and household duties, I sought diligently for some person to assist her during my absence.

Sister Merchant, an old maiden lady, had arrived a few weeks before, having put in the dreary days and nights of a tedious voyage round Cape Horn in composing poetry. She was a goodish old sister, and uttered many sensible sayings, yet it seemed that somewhere in her mental constitution there was a screw loose; but she was, nevertheless, regarded as a reliable helper in a family. She affirmed that she could do housework of every sort from garret to cellar. She was the only female servant in the city, and I was in luck to get such a helper during my absence. The California preachers and their wives in those days had to serve each other and the people. So, with Brother Owen to take my pulpit and pastoral work, and Sister Merchant to assist my wife, I was prepared to itinerate and extend our work. Sister Merchant was delighted with the opening into a preacher's family. She said she "always loved the preachers and their wives, and would gladly take all the work off Mrs. Taylor, and nurse the baby too."

Brother J. Bennett, an exhorter in our Church, was passing through the city at that time from Coloma gold diggings—"a lucky miner"—to his home in Santa Cruz, and I arranged to accompany him. On Saturday, January 19, 1850, at 9:30 A. M., we took passage on a little steamer for San José, distant forty-two miles by steamer and eight miles by land travel.

We paid twenty-five dollars each for steamer fare, and landed at the *embarcadero* at 5 P. M. It was my second trip inland; every scene was new, the distant mountains east and west, the grassy valleys extending to the water's edge beautified with flowers of the brightest colors, the waters teeming with fish, and the air vocal with the screeching notes of countless thousands of wild ducks, geese, and pelicans—altogether a scene indescribable, yet indelibly photographed on the memory of a stranger.

Leaving the steamer, Brother Bennett and I waded the eight remaining miles of our journey to San José, through mud and water, in some places knee deep. It took us three hours. We got supper and lodging half a mile north of the town at the house of Widow White, with whom Brother Bennett had a previous acquaintance.

Soon after breakfast Sabbath morning, January 20, we went into the town and

arranged for preaching services at the house of Mr. Young. At 11 A. M. I preached from "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them."

Several American families, principally from Missouri and Kentucky, had settled there as early as 1846, others later; altogether about thirty families, a fair proportion of them Methodists, among whom was Captain Joseph Aram, a member of the convention that founded the Constitution of the State of California but a few months before. Besides Aram and family, William and Thomas Campbell and their families, who were members at home, promptly joined the new society I organized on that trip.

Old Mr. Young was not a member, but his wife was, and their house was the preaching place and the preachers' home.

Charles Campbell, a local preacher, had been preaching there regularly for several months before my arrival. Several Cumberland Presbyterian families also united with us till the Church of their choice should be organized. Among these were J. M. Jones, Asa Finley, their excellent wives, and others.

So our first preaching service was an occasion of joy and rejoicing; the class meeting that followed the preaching was one of the old-time melting meetings,

> When heaven came down our souls to greet,
> And glory crowned the mercy seat.

That night I preached at Mr. Young's again, and the little flock had a great time of tearful rejoicing that the long-desired day had come when they could hear a regular minister, be gathered into the fold, and receive the ordinances of the Lord's house.

Brother Bennett and I had still before us a journey of thirty miles by mule trail across the rugged coast range of mountains. We could have walked it without much trouble, but Brother Bennett had a heavy miner's pack which we carried alternately in our tramp of the Saturday before, and concluded that horse power would greatly relieve our burden-bearing and help us across the streams that were too deep for comfortable wading.

So on Monday morning we searched the horse market and found that the hire of a horse would be eight dollars a day. As I expected to spend a week in the visit to Santa Cruz, including traveling time, I soon gave up the idea of hiring horses. The next thing was to buy a horse, but we learned that all the horses of any value were running at large on the plains, and were not obtainable in time for our purposes. Finally, in the afternoon, we learned that our host had one on his premises which he had not shown us, because not at all suitable. We requested to see him. He was a sight to behold—a small, young, red horse, very lean, his hair all turned the wrong way, his mane nearly all torn out by the roots, with a scabby rope mark round his neck. He looked as though he had been hung up in the teeth of a hurricane.

"I say, Mr. Young, where did he come from?"

"I had him tied to a mule which ran away with him and dragged him by the neck for half a mile."

"My, he must have good stuff in him to stand all that and live! What is your lowest cash price for him?"

"Eighty dollars."

"You will throw in saddle and bridle?"

"Yes, sir; the whole rig."

"Here's your money." The first Methodist horse of California.

About an hour before sunset we started on our journey, to spend the night a few miles

THE FIRST METHODIST HORSE IN CALIFORNIA.

"He looked as though he had been hung up in the teeth of a hurricane."—Page 124.

on our way at the house of Brother William Campbell. When we came to Pueblo Creek, which was at full flood on account of recent heavy rains, we presumed that for so short a distance across our horse could carry us both, as he seemed firm and steady under my weight and that of the miner's pack, so Brother Bennett mounted behind the saddle, and "Bony Red" proceeded till he reached the middle of the stream, when down he fell and would have drowned without a struggle if we had not helped him up. We hauled him on and got him over, and thence led him on to Brother Campbell's, reaching there at dusk. An appointment was immediately sent out and a congregation of three families and six travelers assembled to whom I preached that night, and we had a good season of refreshing. After preaching we spent the night with Asa Finley and family. They were extremely kind, and gave us an early breakfast of fried chicken and eggs, good coffee and biscuits.

We traveled a few miles over the flooded plains, and came to an overflowing creek. I forded it on "Bony Red," and dismounting sent him back for Brother Bennett, and he did his work so well that we dismissed the temptation to think that we had been sold in the purchase of the horse.

The mountain scenery of that day's travel was beautiful and grand beyond description —a grove of redwood trees of immense size, then vast fields of wild oats cut in every direction by trails of deer and of grizzly bears.

Crossing the westerly foothills, we passed a large herd of sheep guarded by a shepherd's dog. He had the sole charge of the flock. He kept between us and his sheep, and warned us by his growl not to meddle with him or his charge. Such dogs were very common in California in those days, and very faithful to their trust.

From the top of the mountain range we saw spread out the great valley of San José, adorned with countless acres of rich pasturage and dotted over with herds of cattle, horses, mules, and flocks of sheep. Looking westward, over the mountain peaks, foothills, and valleys, a distance of about twelve miles, there lay the Pacific Ocean in measureless placid grandeur.

Night overtook us—a moonless night—before we cleared the foothills of the mountains, and we had a deep, swollen creek to cross. Brother Bennett, knowing the ford, went over first, and "Bony Red" came back for me, and we got over safely and reached the home of my fellow-traveler at a late hour, where I was introduced to his amiable wife and four beautiful little daughters. It was a joyful meeting of the old gold miner and his family.

I found at Santa Cruz a class of about twenty members, also a number of Spanish families. The American portion of the population was composed principally of families who had settled there before the discovery of California gold, and had their children growing up around them; hence the place was more homelike than any other I had seen in the territory. They had also the best school and largest Sunday school in the country. Our principal families, with whom I had sweet Christian fellowship, were those of Brothers Anthony, Bennett, Case, Hecox, Alexander McLean, now of New York East Conference, and others.

In the organized class of twenty were four local preachers. One of them, a young man of considerable ability, was employed to teach the village school at a salary of two thousand dollars a year, and at the request of the society had become their preacher and pastor till a regular missionary should be sent them.

They got on well for a while, till a short time before my visit a dispute arose between

two of the members about the title to a town lot. Party spirit came up to flood tide and nearly drowned the infant church.

The arrival of a missionary at that juncture was regarded as providential.

We went to work immediately, as per Discipline, and had the case arbitrated, and though the breach was not fully closed at once the society was relieved and reunited and the way prepared for the preaching of the Gospel.

On Saturday, at 11 A. M., I preached in the house of Brother Elihu Anthony, from "Therefore, leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on to perfection." The Holy Spirit gave unction to the truth. I preached again Saturday night.

At 9:30 A. M., Sunday, January 27, we held a love feast, and a joyful feast it was. Those old pioneers who had crossed the plains in 1846 and carried their religion in their hearts, and who had been for years as shepherdless sheep in the wilderness, now found themselves in the glory of an old-fashioned home love feast; they wept like children and praised God from hearts filled with gratitude and love.

At 11 A. M. I preached in the schoolhouse from "What think ye of Christ?" The place was crowded, and I was pleased to see in my audience several Spanish families who seemed interested in the word.

After the sermon I administered the sacraments of baptism and of the Lord's Supper. About twenty persons partook of the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of their blessed Lord for the first time in California, and by tears, sobs, and shouts of glory to God expressed the gladness of their hearts.

After preaching that night two of Brother Bennett's daughters presented themselves as seekers for salvation, the first woman penitents I had, up to that time, seen in California.

I made a plan of preaching appointments for our local preachers, and left the work in their hands till I should return in the ensuing spring. Santa Cruz was then but a small village—now a flourishing town of probably ten thousand. It is a delightful place, on the north side of Monterey Bay, in the midst of one of the most fertile spots in the country, swept daily by moderate sea breezes.

I have been a pioneer most of my life, but never carried any weapons of defense. Brother Anthony asked me to carry and deliver in San Francisco a quantity of gold dust, in payment for goods, he being a merchant. I did not covet such a responsibility, but there being no express conveyance in the country I could not refuse to accommodate the good brother. So he put it in two equal parts into a pair of holster cases, and laid it across the horn of my saddle. It presented a formidable appearance of self-defense, but really contained nothing but gold dust.

On Tuesday, January 29, I retraced my steps alone over the mountains to San José Valley. It rained the whole day, and during the forenoon the fog was so dense I could not tell certainly whether I was going east or west. The mountain path was in many places steep, slippery, and dangerous. In one such place my "Bony Red" fell down; and finding he was on the eve of a roll down the mountain, I sprang off on the upper side and saved him from a roll and slide which would probably have killed him, though he had learned to endure hardness and was very tough. He was soon on his legs again and ready for service.

I met two rough-looking Spaniards on horseback on the mountain. They wanted me to stop and talk. One came up close and asked for a match to light his cigar. When I told him I had no matches, and when he saw my big holster cases, they lost no time in getting out of my sight. Getting down to foothills and hollows, I stopped at the house of

a Mr. Jones, who had a sawmill and lived there in the forest with his family. They were very kind in providing me food and a good fire for drying my clothes; thus refreshed I resumed my journey. By the time I got through the mountains and foothills night overtook me—a moonless, starless night—and the valley being a vast sea of water and mud I lost my way. I was trying to get to Brother Finley's, where I knew a welcome was awaiting me. As I was urging "Bony Red" through the waters I saw a light in the distance, which I supposed to be the point for which I was steering; but as I approached I was attacked by some huge dogs. My shouting brought out the denizens of the hut, whom I perceived were Indians. We could not speak a common language, but the kindly fellows silenced the dogs and I paddled on through the dense darkness. In an hour I reached the mission of Santa Clara, which later has become a flourishing town and has been for years the seat of the University of the Pacific.

One of the old adobe houses of the deserted mission was at the time of my untimely visit bearing the name of Reynold's Hotel. After seeing that "Bony Red" was well fed I was conducted into the barroom, where a jolly lot of gamblers were employed in card-playing. By the time I got thawed out and refreshed by a good supper they got through with their game and gathered around the fire, which was kept blazing in an oldtime chimney place. I took a seat in their midst and led in a conversation about the varieties of life in San Francisco, which led on to a description of the sick men in the hospitals there and of their varied experiences, living and dying.

None of my barroom associates knew me, but listened with close attention to my facts illustrative of the real life of California adventurers.

Finally, one said, "Come, boys, let us go to bed."

Another replied, "Yes; but we must have another nip before we turn in."

I said, "Gentlemen, if you have no objections, I propose we have a word of prayer together before we retire."

They looked at each other and at me in manifest surprise, and I looked at the barkeeper, who was standing ready to sell a "nip" of brandy to each one at twenty-five cents apiece. After a little pause the barkeeper replied, "I suppose there's no objection, sir."

"Thank you, sir. Come, boys, let us all kneel down as we used to do with the old folks at home and ask the God of our fathers and mothers to have mercy on us."

They all kneeled down as humbly as children, and I prayed for them and for their kindred and loved ones at home, but now so far away, with dreaded possibilities of never meeting again in the flesh. I prayed earnestly that these adventurous young men, and their fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers far away, might all surrender wholly to God and receive Jesus Christ and be saved and be prepared for happy reunions on earth or in heaven.

They took no more "nips" that night, but slipped off to bed without a word. I said nothing to them directly about their gambling and drinking, but took the inside track of them. I met one of them next day in San José, and he seemed as glad to see me as if I had been his old kinsman.

Next morning I rode out on the plains to see my friends, the Campbells and Finleys. I determined to save up my returning steamer fare on the price of my horse and ride back; but as the whole country was flooded and much of the rich soil in miry solution I feared "Bony Red" would stick fast in the mud, so I exchanged him at Brother Campbell's for a well-conditioned, substantial iron-gray horse and gave thirty dollars to boot. I afterward learned that "Bony Red" developed into a very strong and serviceable animal. I was glad to hear it, for I got a good bargain in the exchange.

I visited our people in San José, and preached again at the Youngs' on Wednesday night. We had a good audience and a blessed season of refreshing by the manifest presence of the Lord.

On Thursday morning, January 31, I started through the deep mud and water on a fifty-mile journey to San Francisco. The only house at which I could stop on the way was that of Mr. Whistman, which I passed before noon. I knew not where I should spend the night; nowhere on the road, if my gray could get through to San Francisco by next morning. Being an entire stranger in that strange country, I pulled through several miles in the wrong path, but happily met a Spaniard who kindly showed me the right way.

About nine o'clock at night I reached San Francisquito Creek, which was booming with a roaring and dashing that frightened my horse. The night was so densely dark that I could not see the opposite bank, and tried in vain to get Gray into the stream, and had to give it up for that night and returned to the highest ground I could find. I thought if there was an Indian's wigwam or human habitation of any sort I might, in a visual sweep of the darkened horizon, catch a glimmer of light. Happily, thus, I saw a light up the east bank of the creek, not far distant. Riding up, I found it was the camp-fire of three hunters, two of whom were very drunk. They said I might warm myself by their fire, and they would lend me a blanket for the night. I "staked out" my horse to graze, for though the valley was covered with water the new grass was about eight inches high, and very tender and nutritious.

As I returned to the fire the drunker man of the two met me and said, "I want to have a word with you," and staggering round behind the tent, he said, "Stranger, you mustn't mind anything that this man may say to you. He's a clever fellow, but he's pretty drunk to-night. Stranger, you mustn't mind him."

After I seated myself by the fire the three fellows got into a loquacious glee, and each gave a yarn of his personal adventures and experiences—details too horrible to be repeated.

When they reached a pause, they said: "Now, stranger, it is your turn to give us a little of your experiences."

So I gave them an account of my foolish rebellion against God, and how I proved that the way of transgressors is hard, but, like the prodigal son we read about, I returned to my Father in penitential grief and sorrow. God was very merciful to me, I submitted wholly to him, received and trusted Jesus Christ for salvation from sin and Satan's power, and obtained it.

They stared at me in great surprise, and finally one of them said, "You're a preacher, ain't you?"

"Yes; I pass for one where I am known."

"Golly, boys," said one, "didn't he catch us?"

Another said: "My Lord! where did you come from? We never dreamed that there was a preacher in this country. You must excuse our vulgar ways, for we didn't know you were not one of our kind."

They showed me extra attention and kindness, and gave me a good early breakfast next morning, for which I felt grateful to God and to his prodigal wanderers. The creek had ebbed to safe lines, and I proceeded homeward with yearning heart to see my dear wife and our darling children—Stuart and Oceana.

CHAPTER VI.

Trials and Triumphs of 1850.

SAN FRANCISCO was then a city of tents. The winter, or wet season, of that year was unusually severe both in the volume of the rainfall and the fury of the gales. Often, during the darkness of the night, many tents were swept to the ground, exposing their dwellers to the blasts of the merciless tempests.

I could thank the Lord I was not homeless, as other men were. I had a good house of my own and room to spare. We had more applicants for our spare room than we could accommodate; however, as we were working out the problem of self-support, and had our house and lot to pay for, we admitted a few excellent men, who gladly shared our home, with all we could provide, and rendered a fair compensation. Among them was a son of the noted Billy Hibbard, of the New York Conference; and Colonel Walker, a brother of the immortal William Walker, the filibuster; Beverly Miller, M.D., from Kentucky, and his friend, William Sharon, who subsequently became a millionaire and a senator in the United States Congress.

Brother Walker presented to us a goat which became a famous milker. Many years afterward an elderly lady in Australia, where I was preaching the Gospel, accompanied by a fine-looking young lady, came to me extending her hand, and with tearful eyes said, "Don't you know me?"

"No, my good woman; I have no remembrance of ever having seen you before."

"Well, I shall never forget you, nor your kindness in saving the life of my daughter, who now stands by my side."

"It is all news to me."

"You remember that dreadful season of storms in 1850 in San Francisco?"

"Indeed I do."

"You lived in your own comfortable house on Jackson Street, having built it yourself. I lived in a tent in the hollow. This young woman was then about two years old, and under such terrible exposure and poor food she took dysentery and wasted away to a mere skeleton. The doctor gave her up, and said there was no help for her—she must die. In our extremity you called in, uninvited, and looked at the poor wasted thing and said, 'My good sister, we will pray a bit, and then I'll bring something that will put new life into the poor little thing.' Your prayer was very short, but fervent, and you hastened away, and in a few minutes you came back with nearly a pint of fresh goat's milk, and said, 'This is the stuff for the baby; let her drink a little at a time.' She began to get better that day, and daily you brought a supply of the milk fresh from the goat. In a few weeks she was as plump and happy as any child could be."

It was that famous goat, which Walker gave me that, under God, cured the baby. Like all good goats, she wanted to have her own way, and sometimes refused to come home to be milked, but when she found I could outrun her she gave in and became very manageable.

Owing to hardships from long sea voyages and the wear and waste of an exhausting

tramp across the plains, and the poor accommodations of the dwellers in tents and the poorer food supplies on which they were trying to subsist, there was a great deal of sickness and dreadful mortality among the masses that were crowding daily into the city. Hundreds died from a consumption of the bowels. Outward symptoms, except the consumptive cough, were very similar to those of consumption of the lungs, and, unless timely taken in hand, it was as certainly fatal. The colon was pecked or eaten through with small holes, and death ensued. Many died in their tents, but the city, before it was really able, provided hospital accommodations for hundreds. Dr. Peter Smith built a hospital near the corner of Powell and Clay Streets, a large two-story frame building. He saved the lives of many, no doubt, but a large proportion of his patients died from want of suitable nourishment, which could not be had in the country at that day; and what was procurable, at enormous prices, was so poor in quantity and quality that it seemed to feed the disease rather than the patient.

I spent much of my time with the poor fellows so sick and so far from home and friends. I helped many to let go every other hope and let the loving Lord Jesus take them on his bosom, as he did the little children of the olden time, and pray for them, and put his saving hands on them, and bless them with pardon, peace, purity, and a blessed entrance into his own fine country, "where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." The triumphant death scenes delineated in my book, entitled *Seven Years' Street Preaching in San Francisco*, tell the story in its matchless details, which my present limited space will not allow.

After about a week I again visited the scurvy patients' ward, and was astonished to find a laughing, jolly lot of fellows nearly recovered; and as I entered they gathered around me, saying, "Well, boss, you have saved our lives. We were on our beam's end when you hailed us a week ago, but now, you see, we have righted up and are nearly ready to set sail."

In the latter end of that year of desolation and death the darkness was deepened by a visitation of Asiatic cholera, which, according to the death roll published, carried off two hundred and fifty men in San Francisco and eight hundred in Sacramento city.

In those days there came a man to that coast who seemed to belong to the old prophetic age. He was a friend indeed to all in need. He had nothing but the clothes he wore; he was a hard worker, but worked for nothing, yet he lacked nothing, and nothing was really needed, of human resources, by any sufferer in the city that he was not ready promptly to supply.

As quickly as a vulture could scent a carcass that strange man would find every sick person in town and minister to his needs, whether of soul or body. If he needed a blanket the stranger, who was soon known to everybody, went at once to some merchant who had blankets to sell and procured the gift of one for the needy man; so for the need of any article of clothing; or even a bowl of soup, he would bring it hot from the galley of some soup-maker. He was soon known as a direct express almoner, working most efficiently along the straight lines of human demand and supply.

His appearance deeply impressed me at first sight. One Sabbath morning after preaching in my little church on Powell Street I was met at the door by a tall man wearing a well-worn suit of gray jeans and a slouch white wool hat with broad brim. He was lean and bony; he was sallow from exposure to the sun, and his features were strikingly expressive of love, sympathy, patience, and cheerfulness. He grasped my hand and held it, and wept as though he had met a long-absent brother.

I took him home with me and heard his story. He was a native of central New York State. He was then about thirty-five years old, and had been devoted to the work of God among the poor, quietly, unofficially, and without pay, from his youth. He had spent many years instructing the Indians in the far West, and was recognized and honored as a chief among them. Once, when his tribe was overwhelmed and driven from their homes by a more powerful war tribe, the white chief refused to run, but hastened to meet the advancing warriors, commanded a hearing, and dissuaded them from the further execution of their murderous purpose.

He had great sympathy for the suffering slaves of the South, and cried to God for the overthrow of slavery. He had spent much of his time for the relief of the blacks in our large cities. When overworked in sick rooms he would plant and cultivate a field of corn, and thus recover strength and acquire independent means of subsistence.

During the year 1849 and the beginning of 1850 he was laboring among the sick and needy people, white and colored, of Washington, D. C. One night while thus engaged at the capital the Lord, in a vision, showed him San Francisco. The city of tents was mapped before him in minute detail. He noted its topography, its few houses and many tents, and saw the hundreds of sick men as they lay in their tents and in the hospital, and saw a tall young man busily engaged in ministering to them; and the Lord said, "Alfred, arise, go to San Francisco, and help that man in his work."

"Next morning I arose and went by early train to New York and took passage for San Francisco. I spent," said he, "many weeks among the sick and dying at the Isthmus of Panama, and thence got passage in a Pacific steamer which anchored in the harbor of San Francisco. From the deck of the ship I recognized the city just as I saw it in vision thousands of miles away. I knew that my man, from his appearance, was a Gospel minister, and set out at once as soon as I got ashore to find him in some pulpit in the city. I went to four chapels before I reached yours, and waited till the minister of each came in, and I said of each as he entered his pulpit, 'No, he is not the man I seek.' It was late when I reached your chapel. You were well on in your discourse. The house being crowded, I stood at the door and said, 'That is the man whom God showed me in vision away in Washington city.' This is my apology for the unceremonious, hearty greeting I gave you as you came out of the door at the close of the service."

That was my friend Alfred Roberts, the most unselfish man I ever knew. Day and night he ministered to the sick and dying of that city for many months as he only could do.

Then he went to Sacramento city and devoted many months, extending into the spring of 1851, doing everything he could for the relief of the cholera patients.

In that campaign Roberts broke in his health, and returned to San Francisco a helpless wreck of his former noble manhood. I gave him shelter and all the help he was willing to receive, and nursed him till he was able to walk around at will. Then he said, "My work in California is done." So two members of my church—D. L. Ross and J. B. Bond—bought for him a first-class passage to New York for three hundred dollars, and he bade us a final farewell.

After his departure I heard nothing from him for nearly three years, when I received a letter from his own hand written in Jerusalem, Palestine. In that letter he gave me an outline of his labors during the intervening years. He said he returned to his old field of labor in Washington, but, suffering the disability of poor health, he devoted some months to manual labor on a farm in his native State and recovered the health and strength of former years.

Then he went to England and spent a few months in London among the sick and destitute folk. He then went to Italy, and besides the bodily relief he gave to many he distributed among the common people a thousand Italian Bibles and Testaments. As such labors were not tolerated there in those days he was pursued and greatly annoyed by the police; but the Lord was with him and delivered him from the hands of his oppressors. Then he went to Jerusalem to labor among the Turks.

When I visited Jerusalem in the spring of 1863 I made the acquaintance of Bishop Gobat, resident bishop there under the joint auspices of England and Prussia. He was a genial, communicative man of God, and had a son-in-law then, the Protestant missionary of Nazareth, whose service one bright Sabbath morning I attended in that renowned city of Mary, Joseph, and Jesus.

Bishop Gobat gave me a detailed account of the labors of "that remarkable man," Alfred Roberts, in Jerusalem. Besides relieving the sick he spent much of his time in the instruction of Mohammedan pilgrims.

The bishop said: "Roberts knew no language outside of his mother tongue, but he came frequently to our book depository and got us to select the most interesting and instructive portions of the Arabic Bible and other books and mark the pages with the beginning and ending of each stirring portion, and went with these tracts for distribution. He knew the import of every tract. He had such a remarkable insight into the character of men by a glance of his eye that in a crowd of a thousand Turkish pilgrims he would select his orator for the occasion and enlist him and show him what to read and proclaim to the people, and so day by day he had great crowds of attentive listeners to the word of God. He finally worked himself down, and it was clearly manifest that his constitution was broken and that his work was done. We all loved him as a brother in Christ, and I fitted up for him a comfortable room in our college building on Mount Zion, and my own daughters waited on him daily in cheerful sympathy for him during a lingering illness of two years, when he died in peace, and we buried him on Mount Zion but a few yards from the tomb of King David."

I wept over his grave amid the crowding memories of the past, and thought of the coming resurrection glory when Alfred Roberts and King David will both respond to the same call of the Son of man, and together ascend from the heights of Mount Zion to meet the Lord in the air, and each alike receive a crown of glory.

On my return from Santa Cruz I learned that Sister Merchant, instead of being a servant in my family, assumed to be mistress, and had both my wife and a neighboring family also to wait on her.

The day after I left she became deranged in mind and said, "The Lord's children are kings and priests, and I am one of them sure, and it don't become kings and priests to be doing housework."

She refused to leave, saying: "This house is the Lord's, and I am the Lord's, and I have a right to stay as long as I please. I am astonished that Mrs. Taylor should have the audacity to speak to me about leaving the house of my heavenly Father. Mr. Taylor wouldn't do such a thing. He is more sanctified than Mrs. Taylor. He'll settle the question of my rights as soon as he gets home; he will."

She took possession of an upper room in my house which I had just let for a rental of fifty dollars a month, on which I was depending to help me to pay for it. She refused to yield possession to the man who rented it, but remained in it day and night and demanded her meals regularly and other attentions needful for her comfort, and kept Mrs.

Taylor and her children awake much of each night with her weird songs and loud prayers. Poor thing! Her heart was nearer right than her head. Having no home and no friends in that wild country, Mrs. Taylor would not have her turned out of doors, but patiently did her bidding. It was some time after my return before we could procure comfortable quarters for her elsewhere. Soon after, however, she recovered her equilibrium, made money, and after a year or two returned East with funds in hand. This was our first experience with servants in California.

At that time we had no asylum in California for the insane, while many in the race for riches went mad, and their condition was deplorable indeed. Some were sent to the hospital, some to the "prison brig," and some were confined in private outhouses.

I visited one in the hospital, who said, "I am suffering false imprisonment; I was, without cause, seized and dragged away from my home and from my family, and shut up here for life." He wept and bewailed his desolate condition: "I have nobody to plead my cause, and no hope of ever seeing my wife and children again."

I said, "My dear fellow, you are entirely mistaken. This is no prison; this is a house which the city has kindly provided for sick strangers, where they can have medical treatment. If you keep quiet and trust in God, you will soon be well and can go and see your family."

"Is that it? O, I'm so glad! I'm so glad!" He rejoiced a few moments and then got back into his hopeless imprisonment.

I saw another in the hospital in those days who was always on the bright side, always cheerful, and was as polite as a French dancing master. He said, "I am Daniel Webster's private secretary."

He received me graciously, saying, "Good morning, Commodore Perry, I am very happy to see you, though most unexpectedly. Walk in, walk in, Commodore; give me your cap and be seated; I'll call Mr. Webster; I'm sure he'll be delighted to see you. He was speaking of you at the breakfast table this morning. I was just reading, Commodore, as you came in, one of your dispatches from the seat of war. That was a dreadful fight you had with the Philistines! The American navy never had such a contest before, and never before achieved so great a victory. All glory to the American navy! All honor to Commodore Perry! Let the stars and stripes float forever, I say."

Both these poor fellows were harmless, and occupied places in large wards filled with sick men.

I used to see a man who was considered dangerous. He was tightly laced in a straitjacket, and bound down to the basement floor of the hospital, dark, damp, cold, and cheerless as the grave.

Poor fellow, how I pitied him, but could do nothing but commend him to the compassion of God.

Another of the desperate sort, a shipmaster, was confined in a stable near where I lived. At all hours we could hear his stentorian voice giving utterance to imprecations and threats, and to complaints of bad treatment. He tore off his clothes and suffered greatly from cold.

Our good neighbor, Mrs. Arington, got permission from the doctor in charge to visit the captain. She provided regular meals of good food for him, and treated him kindly. He ceased his mad ravings and spent much of his time in lauding the dear woman who became his friend when he had none; and she had the compensating pleasure of seeing him restored to health of body and mind.

During my absence at Santa Cruz my dear wife had other trials besides the annoyance of the crazy woman up stairs.

A short time before I went away a German gardener came to me saying he had hired himself for a year, at a hundred dollars per month, to a Scotch gardener at Mission Dolores, and begged me as a favor to draw articles of agreement for them, which I did. Then they asked me to take care of the document for them; so I locked it up in my private trunk.

During my absence at Santa Cruz our little daughter was taken very ill, and her mother, having no one to send for a doctor, went to the door hoping to see some one passing who would call a physician. Just as she got to the door she met the German and Scotchman, who demanded of her the articles of agreement.

She replied, "Your document is with Mr. Taylor's papers, locked up in his trunk, and he has the key in his pocket, so you can't get it till he returns."

"We must have it, and if you don't give it up peaceably we'll take it by force."

The sick babe was crying in a back room; the crazy woman was singing and shouting up stairs; and two savage-looking men were contending with Anne at the door; so the dear woman was having an extra dose of pioneer California life, but replied: "I told you before that the paper is in that trunk, and I can't get it. If you break open the trunk you will do it at your own risk;" and with that she left them and went to her sick babe. They then broke open my trunk by knocking the bottom out of it, and after rummaging through all its contents found their paper and left.

The trunk breakers afterward learned that they had laid themselves liable to prosecution, and soon after I returned the gardener came to apologize and pay the damages.

Colonel Nevins, a lawyer by profession, happened to be at our house at the time. I replied to the German: "I will accept no pay for the trunk. For you to come in my absence and frighten my sick family and break open my trunk as you did was an offense not to be wiped out by paying the price of the trunk, so I will turn you over to Colonel Nevins and let him put you through as you deserve."

The colonel heard the statement of the case, and said to him: "My dear fellow, you have got yourself into a bad fix; you are guilty of a state prison offense; the evidence is all clear; it is a very plain case, and we'll have you in the chain gang in less than thirty-six hours."

The old fellow dropped on his knees, and weeping like a whipped child begged us to kill him, saying: "I have never been arrested for any offense in my life; I have always tried to support a good character, and now in my old days to be put in the chain gang—it is worse than death."

I said, "My dear old man, we forgive you cheerfully, and pray the Lord to be gracious to you; so you can depart in peace."

On going through the hospital on my return I was shocked to see what sad havoc death had made among the poor fellows with whom I had sympathized and prayed the day before I left the city.

Having added a horse to the number of my family cares, I took some new lessons in California prices. For a sack of barley, one hundred and fifty pounds, I paid fifteen dollars. For a hundred pounds of hay—miserable stuff it was, too—I paid fifteen dollars, and carried it home on my horse in one load. But having pastoral charge of our infant churches at San José and Santa Cruz, requiring frequent visits, I found it cheaper to keep a horse even at those rates than to pay the enormous fare of the public conveyances.

TRIAL OF THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

"Two savage-looking men were contending with Anne at the door."—Page 156.

February 10, 1850, Brother Owen and I, assisted by a few brethren, dug the foundation and commenced the erection of a small Book Room adjoining our church on Powell Street. Carpenters' wages were twelve dollars a day, so, being unable to pay such prices, we did the work with our own hands, and did not consider it a hardship.

While Brother Owen's family still occupied Father White's shanty in San Francisco, their little daughter, two years old, took croup and died on February 13. She was a beautiful child, and they having carried her across the plains she became an early partner in their toils and sufferings and had greatly endeared herself to all the family. The weather-beaten missionary and his quiet, patient wife joined hands and bowed together over the corpse of their lovely babe, and kissed a final farewell till the resurrection. It was a scene that caused me to weep then, and to weep now when I recall it. The good brother bowed his head and received the shock like a veteran in the army of God, inured to "hardness as a good soldier;" but Sister Owen, dear woman, had been so worn down by hardship and toil, and her nervous system was so shattered, that the lightning seemed to strike through her whole being. She never fully recovered from the effects of that bereavement. She was a quiet, pious, sensible woman, but evidently from the time of her arrival in California was but a wreck, physically, of what she had been in the days of her sunshine and hope.

Brother Treat Clark made a neat coffin for the little girl's remains, and Brother Hatler and I dug the grave on the northwest corner of the Powell Street Church lot, and we buried there the little jewel of Jesus, the first member of our first California corps of missionaries to pass on to the celestial glory.

Soon after Brother Owen removed his family to San José. He built a small house half a mile east of the town, in which he settled Sister Owen, with his daughter and three sons. Sister Owen's father, a good old brother, resided with them. On March 2 Brother Owen returned alone to his pastoral charge in Sacramento city. The waters having assuaged, he had his church, which had been washed from its foundations, brought back to its moorings, and proceeded in his work with his characteristic push and energy.

On March 2, 1850, while I was at work in the Book Room, Brother Troubody and a good-looking stranger came in, and I was introduced for the first time to Rev. William Roberts, Superintendent of the Oregon and California Missions. I was delighted to meet him, and to have him as my guest; and was led more and more to appreciate him as a Christian gentleman of high order, one of the Lord's noblemen. He preached in our chapel next day at 11 A. M., from "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God." A pointed, practical sermon followed, which was signally edifying to me and to my people. He preached another excellent sermon at night on "The Witness of the Spirit."

That day at 3 P. M. I preached from a pile of lumber on Mission Street the funeral sermon of William H. Stevens, who died the day before, leaving in his distant home, in Winnebago County, Illinois, a wife and six children.

Brother Stevens had a protracted illness, with great suffering, but was triumphant over all by the grace of Jesus, and said to me when dying, "Tell my wife I die in peace and go home to heaven. I expect to meet her and our dear children there."

Death in California in those days, without any of the mitigating circumstances attending the death scenes of old settled Christian communities, was clothed with extraordinary terrors. A little boy was crying in a street of San Francisco one rainy morning in the winter of 1849 and 1850, and a man said, "Little boy, what's the matter with you?"

"Daddy's dead, and I don't know what to do with him."

The lad conducted the man into a small tent, and there lay his dead father all alone. We learned that he owned a farm in Missouri, and had plenty of friends at home, but lingered and died unknown to anyone but his little boy.

Brother Roberts spent nearly four weeks in California at that time, two Sabbaths in San Francisco, and the rest of his time in Stockton and Sacramento city.

He sailed for his home in Oregon on March 29. On that same day I made my second visit to San José, accompanied by my wife and two children.

We were met on our arrival by our old Baltimore friend, Dr. Grove W. Deal, who was a representative from Sacramento in the territorial Legislature, then in session at San José. The doctor filled his seat in the Legislature during the week and preached the Gospel to his fellow-lawmakers and others on the Sabbath.

On Saturday, the 30th, I accompanied the doctor to the Assembly Hall, and witnessed the election of the first district judges in the territory. Next day I preached at Mr. Young's, and also in the Senate Chamber. After preaching in the morning we had a blessed class meeting. A Frenchman and his Spanish wife were in class, and, on Brother Charles Campbell's recommendation, they were admitted into our church on probation.

On Monday, April 1, I opened a subscription for the erection of a Methodist Episcopal church edifice in San José. That was election day for county officers, and the day for a great horse race for a prize of ten thousand dollars, hence an unpropitious day for raising funds; but I had no time for delay, so pushed on and got a subscription of about two thousand dollars, and returned the latter part of the week to San Francisco.

April 5, 1850, I visited the hospital. Eight or ten persons had died during my brief visit to San José, and I soon witnessed the death struggle of others. With the poor hospital accommodations of those days, it seemed to be only a question of time, as all brought in seemed to be doomed to be carried thence to their graves.

C. W. Bradley, from Louisiana, said, when dying, "I am ready; I resign all to Jesus. Tell my wife to meet me in heaven."

Poor M., with whom I had labored before, died in bitter despair, with oaths and curses on his lips.

Mr. D. was an honest-looking pioneer, a man of good natural common sense, with a large accumulation of general information. He had been religiously educated, had a Christian wife at home, but was sinking into his grave unsaved. I said everything I could to induce him to join me in prayer to God for pardon and peace. He replied, "It is so presumptuous, now that I am dying, to offer myself to God; I cannot do it. It is impossible for me to receive pardon." These are specimens of the scenes continually recurring in those days.

April 6 I was called to see Dr. G. He lay in a small shanty on a sand hill near what is now the corner of Montgomery and Pine Streets. The doctor had received a religious training and had a pious wife at home, but there he lay, a stranger among strangers, reduced to penury, far gone in chronic diarrhea, utterly dispirited, no hope in this life, and, worse than all, no hope beyond the grave.

He said to me, "I have always known it was my duty to serve God, and have had numerous offers of mercy in Jesus Christ, but, though outwardly a moral man, I have indeed lived a great sinner against God all my life, and now I am caught! I'm caught at last! God is about to call me to judgment without mercy."

I urged him to try to submit to God, and receive Jesus Christ as his atoning Saviour.

"Too late now," said he; "I have been so presumptuous and wicked there's no hope

for me. I sometimes catch at a glimmer of hope, but lose my hold, and all is darkness. There appears to be a thick veil between my soul and God, a bar that I cannot get over. I feel that when I shall leave this world I shall have no home and no employment. I wish I never had been born. For what purpose have I had an existence? The world could have done without me; I've done no good in it. I might have been saved, but I refused every offer of salvation; now I must be the embodiment of everything that is despicable and wretched and mean forever."

I talked and sang and prayed, and did my best to persuade him to submit to the treatment of the great Physician, and receive and trust him, but could not stimulate a hope or stir him to an effort.

Later when I called to see him he said, "I have been trying since you were here to seek Jesus, but I cannot find him."

When I represented to him the mercy of God in Christ he replied, "God has given me commandments to keep, but I have been breaking them all my life. I have often felt guilt and sorrow on account of my sins, but did the same things again, and now God has gone from me."

I said, "'The trouble is, you have gone away from God, but his voice of mercy is, 'Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?' and Jesus says to you, 'Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock'—importunately knock—'and it shall be opened unto you.'"

"I fain would ask, but when I try I talk to vacancy; I find not the ear of God; I know not how to seek; and I cannot find the place to knock."

In deepest sympathy I said, "O, my dear brother, you must not give way to despair."

"It has come on me, it covers my soul with the pall of death and overwhelms me in darkness without hope."

Soon after this interview death struck him and he imploringly begged, saying, "Help me up! O, do help me up! Set me down on the floor." Poor fellow, he wanted to flee from death. There is no reprieve in that war. He was helped out of bed by those present but died before they could get him back. What suicidal madness to postpone the great business of life till time and strength are gone forever!

My life story through the eventful years of 1849 and 1850 in California would be incomplete without a more specific reference to the organic beginnings of those days, and to the men with whom I was associated in Christian work at that time.

The first Protestant minister of San Francisco was Rev. T. D. Hunt, who had been in the service of the American Board of Foreign Missions in the Sandwich Islands, and came thence to California, October, 1848, and became a chaplain for the town and preached regularly in the schoolhouse on the plaza.

He organized the first Congregational Church in July, 1849. Their first house of worship, about 24x40 feet, built on the corner of Jackson and Virginia Streets, was dedicated February 10, 1850. They subsequently built a brick church on the corner of Dupont and California Streets, served for a time by Mr. Hunt, till he returned East, and was succeeded by Rev. Mr. Lacy, both genial, earnest ministers of the Gospel.

Rev. O. C. Wheeler, first Baptist; Rev. N. Woodbridge, Old School Presbyterian; Rev. J. W. Douglas and Rev. S. H. Willey, both New School Presbyterians, arrived in San Francisco, February 28, 1849.

Mr. Wheeler organized the first Baptist Church on June 24, 1849, and soon after built the first church edifice of San Francisco, on Washington Street, about 30x50 feet in size, followed later by a brick church on the same site.

Rev. Mr. Woodbridge established a church in Benicia.

Mr. Douglas preached a year or two in San José, and then became editor and publisher of a religious paper, *The Pacific*.

Mr. Willey officiated as chaplain of the convention that framed the Constitution of the State of California, which was held in Monterey, and afterward became pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in San Francisco.

Rev. Alfred Williams arrived April 1, 1849, and organized the First Presbyterian Church, May 20 of the same year.

Rev. J. A. Benton, Congregationalist, arrived in the summer of 1849, and became a pastor in Sacramento city.

Rev. F. S. Mines, an Episcopal clergyman, organized Trinity Church.

Rev. Dr. Vermehr, also an Episcopal clergyman, arrived in September, 1849, and organized Grace Parish. His chapel was opened for worship December 30, 1849, on Powell Street, on the same square of our Methodist Episcopal chapel.

Never to my knowledge was there a discordant note struck to disturb my harmonious relationship to those pioneer ministers of the Gospel in California. All acted in concert in planting the institutions of general interest to meet the growing demands of the forming State of California, including a Stranger's Friend Society, which afforded direct relief to needy and sick strangers, and at a public meeting in February, 1850, appointed a committee of seven of its own members to draft and present a memorial to the city council, praying for the erection by the city of a charity hospital.

The city fathers seemed to be well pleased with our suggestions and plans, and said it would be just the thing to do if they had the money to carry it into effect; but for want of funds they declined to act, though they continued to pay out about five hundred dollars per day for the sick in the private hospitals, at the "reduced rate" of four dollars a day for each patient!

In a few months the city was involved in a debt of sixty-four thousand dollars for the care of her sick strangers, for the recovery of which a suit was instituted and a judgment given against the city, under which, by public auction, a vast amount of city property was sacrificed. It lay along the water front, and was worth, by a fair valuation at that time, about two million dollars, but now probably two hundred millions.

Among those early beginnings was the organization of an auxiliary branch of the American Bible Society. I copy the following notice of it from *Annals of San Francisco:*

"On October 30, 1849, a meeting of citizens friendly to the formation of a Bible Society was held in the Methodist Episcopal church on Powell Street, at which Rev. T. Dwight Hunt presided, and Mr. Frederic Billings acted as secretary. Addresses were delivered by F. Buel, Agent of the American Bible Society, Messrs. F. Billings and W. W. Caldwell; and on motion of Mr. William R. Wordsworth, the San Francisco Bible Society, auxiliary to the American Bible Society, was organized, a constitution adopted, and the following officers chosen:

President, John M. Findley.

Vice Presidents, Rev. Dr. Vermehr, Rev. Albert Williams, and Rev. William Taylor.

Treasurer, W. W. Caldwell.

Secretary, Frederick Buel.

This society has grown and spread its branches over the State like a great banyan tree, and, like the tree of life, its leaves, with the imprint of the Holy Scriptures in numerous languages, are "for the healing of the nations."

In those early days the government sent Colonel McKee out to the Pacific coast as agent, to look after the interests of the California Indians. Before entering on this difficult work the colonel came to our ministers' meeting, which was held every Monday, to consult the ministers as to the best mode of reaching and civilizing these people.

We discussed the subject at large, and all agreed in the views of the colonel, namely, to colonize them on reservations and place them under competent tutors appointed by the government, who should teach them husbandry and mechanics, and protect them against the rumselling, extortionary, peddling fraternity of mean white men, who had been a curse to all the Indian tribes of the East; and then, as soon as practicable, employ teachers to teach them science and missionaries to teach them salvation. Such was, in substance, submitted and concurred in, and we all prayed over it and committed it and the agent to the care of God.

The work encountered much opposition, but before I left California for a world-wide evangelism, in 1856, there were organized in California, not including the wide extension of the same kind of work in Oregon and beyond, seventeen Indian reservations on the above plan, comprising an aggregate of sixty-one thousand six hundred Indians settled on them, and at a very small cost compared with the war expenses of fighting and killing them, to say nothing of the obligation of justice and mercy due them.

In regard to my own pioneer Church work in California, and the heroic laymen associated with me, I may in addition to what I have said in previous chapters of my story give some further details.

I organized and held the first Methodist Episcopal Quarterly Conference of California in our chapel on Powell Street, on Saturday night, December 2, 1849. John Troubody, Alexander Hatler, and Willett McCord were elected stewards. Resolutions were passed thanking the Missionary Society for sending them a missionary, and pledging themselves for his support, beyond the appropriation made for the first year of his labors.

On the Sunday of our quarterly meeting Rev. J. Doane, on his way to Oregon, by appointment of our Missionary Society in New York, preached for us at 11 A. M. I announced that morning I would preach at 3 P. M. on the plaza, in the open air, to the gamblers and all outdoor people who might wish to hear.

It was a startling announcement, causing fear and anxiety to most of my people. Most of the gamblers were located on the north and east side of the plaza, or public square. They occupied the largest and best tents, followed by the best houses in the city. Every saloon had its bar and a band of music, and they were in full blast every day and night of every week, and Sunday was the greatest of the seven. Their tables were loaded with piles of gold dust and coin surrounded by crowds of gamblers and sight-seers.

The gamblers were so numerous and commanded so much money and influence they were above all law, except the law of sin and death.

It was no new thing for a man to be shot and carried out and buried like a dog, but no arrests followed. There was not a jail in California then, nor for two years after, and no administration of government at all adequate to the demands of justice or the protection of life.

The country had just been bought from Mexico and was still under the forms of Mexican law, with an *alcalde* to preside over the city of San Francisco. So when I announced that I would preach on the plaza and throw Gospel hot shot right through the masses of every saloon it was feared that the gamblers would take it as an insult and shoot me. There was no legal protection or redress. It would only be said next day,

"The gamblers killed a Methodist preacher yesterday. He very imprudently went down to preach on the plaza, and before he got fairly at it they shot him."

At the time appointed, in company with my heroic young wife, I walked down to the plaza, and a few of my people followed. Seating my wife on a chair, I mounted a carpenter's workbench which stood in front of the largest saloon. Mrs. Taylor had a voice of peculiar melting melody and of marvelous compass, and my baritone could be heard by nearly half the city; so as soon as I mounted the workbench I opened up on the

ROYAL PROCLAMATION.

Hear the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Publishing to every creature,
To the ruined sons of nature—

Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious,
Over heaven and earth most glorious,
Jesus reigns!

Hear, ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing;
Here is life, and free salvation,
Offered to the whole creation.

'Twas for you that Jesus died,
For you he was crucified,
Conquered death, and rose to heaven;
Life eternal's through him given.

For this love let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.

Turn unto the Lord most holy,
Shun the path of sin and folly:
Turn, or you are lost forever,
O, now turn to God, your Saviour.

Restless hundreds of excitable men came running from every direction to see what new wonder under the sun had appeared. The gambling houses were nearly vacated. The crowd surrounded me nearly a hundred deep on all sides. I was in for it. I had to arrest them or they would arrest me. I had crossed the rubicon; the tug of war was imminent.

I shouted, "Gentlemen, if our friends in the Eastern States had heard there was to be preaching this afternoon on Portsmouth Square in San Francisco they would have predicted disorder, confusion, and riot; but we who are here have no thought of any such thing. One thing is certain, there is no man who loves to see those stars and stripes floating on the breeze [pointing to the flag], and loves the institutions fostered under them—in a word, there is no true American who may not be depended on to observe order under the preaching of God's word anywhere, and maintain it if need be. We shall have order, gentlemen!

"Your favorite rule in arithmetic is the rule of loss and gain. In your tedious voyage around Cape Horn, or your wearisome journey across the plains, or hurried and

perilous passage across the Isthmus of Panama, and during your few months of sojourn in California, you have been figuring under the rule of loss and gain.

"Now I wish most respectfully to submit you a question under your favorite rule and have you work it out. The question I submit may be found in the twenty-sixth verse of the sixteenth chapter of the gospel of our Lord by Matthew. Shall I announce it? 'What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'"

Perfect order was observed and profound attention given to every sentence of the sermon that followed.

That was our first assault on the enemy in the open field in San Francisco, and the commencement of a seven-years' campaign outdoors, some details of which will appear as side lights of my story.

The sermon I preached on the plaza that day was the second public discourse of our first quarterly meeting, the first ever held in California.

In the evening of that day I preached in our chapel, which was crowded, and four men presented themselves at the altar as seekers of salvation.

Up to that time the idea of getting anybody saved in California, except such as were sick unto death, seemed preposterous even to good people. In the wild rush for gold no one seemed to have time to seek the Lord, but I continually held my people to the "now-salvation" doctrine of the Gospel, suited alike, in all countries, to all kinds of men.

I protracted the quarterly meeting and preached every night through that week, and three men received Jesus and gave a clear testimony to an experience of his saving power.

That was the first revival in California. Our little society was greatly refreshed by the demonstration of the power of Jesus to save sinners even in California. Our class meetings were largely attended by Christian travelers as well as by our own members, among whom we had not a few substantial men of God.

I will name a few of them with a characteristic point or two: John Troubody was an Englishman, but came to America, accompanied by his wife, in his early manhood. He resided for a short time in Pennsylvania, thence moved to Missouri, and then crossed the plains to California in 1847. He appeared to be a slow man, but stepped so cautiously and constantly that he came out about even with the fastest. He acquired a handsome property in California, and under all conditions exhibited unbending Christian integrity.

Willet McCord, from Sing Sing, N. Y., who made his home with Brother Troubody, was by no means a noisy Methodist, but was a reliable Christian man. He was full of wit and social pleasantry, and was always in his place in the classroom and prayer meeting.

L. F. Budd was a remarkably inoffensive, conscientious brother, of generous disposition, refined feelings, and stern integrity. He had spent some years in Costa Rica, Central America, as a commercial agent for a firm in the East, and while there led a wealthy coffee planter to the Saviour, who wrote cheering letters to Brother Budd, which he used to read to me in California, expressing his great desire that a pure Gospel might be preached to his Spanish people in Central America. Brother Budd became the owner of a good house and lot in San Francisco, which he refused to let to any man who sold rum.

A man applying for his house said to him, "Budd, I don't see why you should be so squeamish here in California; why, you are worse than the old fogies at home. The people will have liquor; somebody will supply the demand at a great profit, and I may as well do it and make money as anybody else. I will give you three hundred dollars per month for your house, which is now empty and yielding you not a cent. I will take care of it, and what does it matter to you what I use it for if I return it to you in good order?"

Budd replied, "My dear sir, the curse of God is hanging over this rum traffic and all who are concerned in it, and my policy is to stand from under."

The dear brother settled up his business in California in 1853 and suddenly departed to his home in heaven.

Alexander Hatler and his good wife from Missouri were among my first and best friends in California.

J. B. Bond, son of Dr. Thomas E. Bond, who was for many years Editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, did not make a loud profession of religion, but was foremost in every good work, distributing tracts, speaking kindly to the unsaved, visiting the sick, attending his class, praying in the prayer meetings, and giving his money freely to the Church and to the poor.

D. L. Ross was a man of means and liberal beneficence. He had a most equable temper and was a sincere lover of God and of Methodism.

R. P. Spier was cautious and correct in everything. He was a faithful worker in the church and a valuable aid to his pastor.

William H. Codington, from Sing Sing, N. Y., had the appearance of a ruddy-faced, beardless boy, but opened a butcher shop on his own account on Kearney Street.

Sabbath breaking was almost universal throughout the land, but young Codington hung up in front of his shop, in large letters,

THIS MARKET CLOSED

ON SUNDAYS.

I knew many Sabbath breaking butchers there who were considered wealthy, but their fortunes came to an untimely end in the insolvent court; but Codington prospered in business, married a good young lady, and both were valuable workers in the church.

Robert Beeching, from New York, had a hard time crossing the plains, and arrived without funds, with clothes worn nearly into rags. He came to class on his first Sabbath in San Francisco, and, apologizing for his rough appearance, told us of his sufferings and privations by the way.

He said, "I have been accustomed to wear decent clothes in New York, and I am ashamed to come into church looking as I do; yet I love Jesus and want to be with his people."

He was a tall, well proportioned, fine-looking gentleman. I fell in love with him on sight, and took his hand and led him to the highest seat in the synagogue. He was a fine musician, and was offered thirty dollars a night to play the violin in a gambling saloon. It was a well-circumstanced temptation, for he was out of money and could find no employment; but he did not parley for a moment. At our next class meeting he said: "'Truly God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart. But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well-nigh slipped. For I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked.' 'Surely they stand in slippery places, and shall be brought to desolation and utterly consumed with terrors. But thou, O my God, art my portion forever.' 'Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.'"

In the utterance of these experiences his tall, manly form, flowing tears, sweet, com-

manding voice, all combined to produce an effect in the classroom never to be forgotten. He then sang a solo of triumphant sentiment which thrilled the heart of everyone present. Now, after more than forty years, I feel the thrill of that occasion.

Isaac Jones, a Welsh local preacher, a printer by trade, obtained work on the *Evening Picayune*, and was commanded by his employer to work on Sunday. Isaac refused, but said he would be responsible for setting as many ems as any man in the office. He was firm in his refusal to set type on Sunday, but being a good printer, and a man so honest and genial, he was kept in his place. In the latter part of 1850 he and his wife were seized with cholera, and with songs of victory in the death struggle passed away to glory.

William Phillips and his son John, who were Wesleyans from New Zealand, were quiet, consistent, diligent men of God.

Men in California, in those days, whether good or bad, were generally of positive character, and soon showed which side they were on.

Our corps of local preachers in those early days were Asa White, Colonel Allen, Robert Kellan, M. E. Willing, Calvin Lathrop, and James McGowan.

R. T. Hoeg, H. Hoag, J. W. Bones, and William Gafney were exhorters and class leaders.

We organized a Sunday school in the fall of 1849. It was a delicate plant in Zion for want of children, as there were but about a dozen in the city, but it grew and multiplied very greatly.

On New Year's Eve, at the end of 1849, we held our first watch night meeting in San Francisco. I preached from the text, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people." After preaching, a majority of those present spoke of the benefits they had received from God during the past year, and their deliverances from the dangers of the deep and of the desert.

Then on our knees we sang the covenant hymn:

"Come, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual covenant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord."

CHAPTER VII.

Old California Society.

I WILL now say something of society such as it was in California in those days. Of course there were human beings there mixed together, but they had not yet coalesced on any line that belongs to a true social life. California was indeed a vast social Sahara. The element of social life, to be sure, is inherent in our being, and has, perhaps, a more prominent and varied manifestation in human life than any other principle essential to humanity. Its most appropriate sphere of manifestation is in the well-ordered family. It gives vitality and felicity to connubial, paternal, maternal, and filial relationships. It constitutes the integral bond which unites the family together, the severance of which is as the lightning bolt entering a man's soul. The man or woman in whom this principle is dead is a misanthrope, and abides in darkness, uncheered by one ray of light or hope; loves neither father, nor mother, nor brother, nor sister, nor son, nor daughter; a miserable being, all alone in the world. The man who has no appropriate object on which to exercise his social affections is a Selkirk, standing on his lonely island surrounded by an ocean waste, fit emblem of the deep, dark void of his own restless soul.

Look, for example, even at Father Adam in Eden, with a brand-new creation all beaming in untarnished glory, and by the Creator himself pronounced good, spread out before him. But among the teeming millions of animated nature, all moving in their pristine strength and beauty, there was not found a helpmeet for poor Adam, though he sought one diligently. The Lord saw that he was in a bad state of single wretchedness, and said, "It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him a helpmeet for him." When Adam awoke from a deep sleep and set his eyes on an object worthy of his love, the most beautiful creature he ever saw in his life, part of himself, for himself, and all his own, loving him, and waiting to be loved by him, his paradise was complete; and Father Adam had ten thousand sons in California in 1850, anyone of whom would have been most happy to sleep such a sleep as that, and to have *two* ribs taken out, if need be, to wake up in possession of a helpmeet. Alas! poor fellows, they often slept a deep sleep, and dreamed about extracted ribs, and waked but to stare out on their own isolated wretchedness.

The tearful adieus of fathers and sons and brothers as they departed for California told of the deep-gushing fountains of social sympathy and affection which swelled in their hearts. For weeks afterward they gazed daily, with tearful interest, at mementoes from loved ones already painfully distant; but they had launched out on unexplored seas of wealth-seeking adventure and must look ahead. Many were without moral quadrant, compass, or chart, but all had the telescope of manifest destiny through which they could see in the distance the auriferous mountains. Dark clouds sometimes intercepted their vision, but their edges were so beautifully fringed with the sunshine of hope that they only added grandeur to the scene. Each one felt as certain of getting there and of making his pile as did the prophet Balaam when trotting over to Mount Peor; but, poor fellows, how many of them, like the prophet, were driven to the wall!

Having reached the land of gold, and the flurry and surprises of the arrival over, then

came the initiation of the "greenhorns" into the mysteries of California life, which was a very interesting, and in many cases a very serious, affair. Many arrived destitute of both friends and funds. Home reflections and associations brought painful contrasts to view and led to gloomy forebodings, and had to be dismissed from their minds. Those who put up at the hotel at thirty dollars per week found no soft beds in rosewood, with downy pillows, but occupied bunks made of rough boards on the side of the wall, shelving one above another as in emigrant ships. I have seen not only the walls of hotel lofts thus lined with bunks, but large cribs of them extending up to the roof of the house, covering the entire floor, except narrow passages giving access to them. Sheets were a superfluity not indulged in; pillows were of straw; mattresses, where they had any, were of the same; but in many cases the sleeper lay on the board which held him up off his fellow-sleeper beneath. I tried one night to sleep in one, which, unfortunately for me, was covered with cross slats, evidently designed for a mattress; but the last mentioned very important article, in such a case, was not there. Turning and rolling on these slats, I longed for morning. The soft side of a board, compared with them, would have been a luxury.

To the foregoing sleeping arrangements, if you add a few coarse gray blankets, you will have an original California lodging house, furnished. I heard it positively asserted by many who had been made tremblingly sensible of the fact, that in some houses a few pairs of blankets supplied a houseful of lodgers. As the weary fellows turned in one after another, they were comfortably covered till they would fall into a sound sleep, and then the blankets were removed to cover new recruits, and thus they were passed around for the accommodation of the whole company.

By way of variety, the adventurous lodgers in those pioneer hotels were visited frequently by the third plague of Egypt, accompanied by a lilliputian host of the flea tribe—a sharp and restless race. Any man who is not proof against fleas, or who cannot effect a good insurance on his skin, had better keep away from old Spanish towns and Indian villages. When I was at Valparaiso I preached for the Rev. Dr. Trumbull, spent an evening in his company, and heard him relate a little of his experience with fleas. Said he: "When I first came to this place I feared the fleas would worry the life out of me. I could neither eat nor sleep, nor stay awake with any comfort. But after a few weeks I got used to them, and now I pay no attention to them. The biting of a dozen at once doesn't cause me to wince, nor lift my pen from my paper."

Others, not willing to pay much for the mere name of boarding at the hotel, formed mess companies, pitched their own tent, bought a skillet and coffeepot, and kept bachelor's hall. This mode of life is familiarly known in California as ranching. Their tent or cabin is called the ranch, from *rancho*, the Spanish name for a farm. Ranchers usually cook by turns; sleep in bunks furnished with a pair of blankets and a few old clothes; a pair of trousers rolled up with an old coat makes a pretty good pillow.

Wash day among the ranchers came but seldom and was never welcome; for there were no wives or daughters or Bridgets to do the washing. Even in the city of San Francisco, in 1849–50, there was but little washing done. Men had not yet learned how, and to have it done cost from six to nine dollars a dozen; so it was generally found cheaper to give their check shirts a good wearing (white was out of the question) and then shed them off into the street and put on new ones. I have seen dozens of shirts lying around in the streets and vacant lots, which had thus been worn once and never washed.

There were yet other fortune-seekers who, instead of ranching in companies, went alone. How they lived I know not; but they slept, each in a homemade cot, at each end

of which there was a fork driven into the ground, in which lay a ridgepole, with just enough of canvas stretched over it to cover the cot. The cot, tent and all, were but about four feet high. There was one of this kind during the winter of 1849–50 near where I lived on Jackson Street. In the morning I could see the fellow crawl out of his cot from under his little tent, sometimes headforemost, at other times his feet would first appear. While I have seen large tents carried before the blast, ridgepole, rigging and all, this little tent, which looked like a covered grave, stood the storms of winter without moving a pin.

The various classes thus described are not made up of isolated cases, but represent the great mass of the early denizens of the golden land—men who wore checked shirts and gray or red flannel instead of coats, trousers fastened up by a leather girdle, such as was worn by John the Baptist, and planted down to their knees in the coarsest boots the market afforded. These were the men who, but a few months before, were known among their friends at home as doctors, lawyers, judges, and mechanics, clothed in broadcloth and fine linen, each as a center of social light and life, around which daily revolved the beautiful and gay fair daughters, sisters, and wives.

LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

"This little tent looked like a covered grave."—Page 150.

How did these men so soon become rustics in California? What became of their polish? I'll tell you. A large class of California adventurers thought about home and mourned their absence from loved ones till gloom and despair settled down on their souls. Hope died, energy and effort were paralyzed, and they became helpless and worthless. Some of this class moved around like specters a few months and then managed to beg or otherwise secure their passage home to friends. Whether social life ever had a sound revival in them I know not.

There was one of this class with whom I was acquainted who took a shipment of bonnets to California in 1849. There were very few American ladies in the country; the Spanish ladies wore no bonnets, so my friend P. found no sales for his goods. He had some money also, but knew not what to do with it. Once or twice a week he came to consult me as to what he should better do.

Said I, "My dear fellow, you must go to work; you cannot long bear California expenses unless you draw upon California resources. Moreover, if you continue to mope about the streets you will take the blues so badly that you'll die; you must do something. If you can't open a large store, open a stand on the streets till you can do better; if you can't do that, go to work on the streets; roll a wheelbarrow at four dollars per day."

"I can't work on the streets," said he; "I've always been accustomed to merchandising, and can't do manual labor; but I must go into business."

"Very well," said I, "seek an opening to-day and go at it."

Some time after this, as I passed down Commercial Street, I saw Mr. P. striding diagonally across the street to me. His face seemed much elongated, and I expected to

hear a sad tale. Approaching me, he said, "Mr. Taylor, what shall I do?" He was choking with an agony of emotion.

"What's the matter now, Mr. P.?"

"O," said he, "I loaned my money to my messmate. He said he wanted it but a few days, but now he's got it and gone, and I shall never see it again."

"Well, Mr. P.," I replied, "I'm very sorry for you; but it's no use to mourn over lost money any more than over spilled milk. There's Captain Wooley, whom I know well; he made one thousand dollars, and one day last week, as he was leaving his ship, he put his purse containing one thousand dollars in gold dust into his pocket; but, poor fellow, he has no wife with him to sew up the holes in his pocket, so as he was descending his ship's ladder his purse, gold and all, slipped through a hole in his pocket into the bay. Well, sir, the captain said he never looked back nor lost one moment grieving over it. He knew it was gone, and just went to work, with great purpose of heart, to make another thousand.

"Yesterday as I walked on Montgomery Street a man called me by name: 'Mr. Taylor, look here. I made five thousand dollars, and had it hid away in my shanty here, and last night some rascal came and stole every dollar of it; so I'm just where I started. But never mind,' continued he, 'I'll go to work and make five thousand dollars more, and will try and put it where the rogues can't get hold of it.' And Mr. E., a friend of mine who boarded up town, went down one morning to his auction store, which he had just filled with goods on his own account, but lo! the store, goods and all, were gone! While he slept the whole was consumed by fire. Did he stop to mourn over his losses? No, sir: he got another place and went into business before the setting of that day's sun. And here are hundreds of men who had made a fortune, and had it all invested in their storehouses and the goods that filled them, and in a single night the dreadful fires we have had laid them all in ashes. Well, sir, in the midst of smoke and ruins a new store, phenix-like, springs right up, and is filled with goods by the time the smoke of the former fortunes have cleared away. So you see, Mr. P., if you would get along in California you must pick up courage and go to work, and stick to it till success crowns your patient toil."

Mr. P. soon afterward returned home, where he should have stayed in the first place.

Another of this class came often to me to know what he must do to be saved from starvation. So I said to him one day, "Mr. L., a wag was once asked, 'How many dog days are there?' His prompt reply was, 'Every dog has his day.' Now, Mr. L., if you'll go to work and be patient I think you'll have your day in California as well as others."

He afterward succeeded much better, and attributed his success mainly to that little piece of advice. But a great many of this class in their despondency gave up and sought comfort in the intoxicating bowl and went down to infamy and death. As I walked over the Sand Hills back of San Francisco I found Simon S. lying under a scrub oak in rags, reduced by drunkenness and disease to the verge of the grave. As I exhorted him to give up strong drink, seek salvation, go to work, and become a man, O how bitterly he wept! But, poor fellow, energy was gone, hope had fled, nothing left to stimulate an effort.

H. S., a fine business man with an interesting wife and child in the city of B., was taken from the gutter by his friends again and again. They knew him at home and loved him and greatly desired to save him; but finally, during one of those dreadful nights of storm and tempest in San Francisco in the winter of 1849, he was picked up by the police and put into a station house out of the rain; and in the morning when they went to wake him up they found him cold in death. I have seen such cases by hundreds by the wayside and in hospitals. Their name is legion.

There was another large class of California adventurers who, retaining their social life and hope and energy, tried to substitute objects of social affection for the wives, sisters, and daughters they could not see. These substitutes consisted of pet dogs, cats, etc. A company of men ranching near where I lived on Jackson Street had at one time a couple of grizzly bears with which they spent their social hours. A pet coon made a pretty good companion for some; others preferred a caged wildcat or California lion. One man whom I used to see often had a large family which accompanied him wherever he went. His family consisted of a bay horse, two dogs, two sheep, and two goats. Whenever I met one of that circle (and they were often seen in the streets) I saw them all together, and they seemed to be a very harmonious family indeed. Now, these animals seemed to be very mean substitutes for families at home; but, poor fellows, what better could they do?

About this time the Methodist Company, in the ship *Arkansas*, Captain Shepherd, arrived. According to their advertisement in New York the company was to be composed entirely of Methodists, and many joined it with that understanding, thinking it the rarest chance that ever was to get to California without being brought into contact with the wicked rabble that mixed in with promiscuous companies. But when they got out to sea and gathered the flock together they soon found that the goats outnumbered the sheep. The voyage, socially and morally, was by no means a pleasant one; and I have no doubt that many of them adopted St. Paul's conclusion that to be freed altogether from fornicators, covetous, extortioners, or idolaters, then must ye needs go out of the world. On the night of their arrival in the port of San Francisco, before they could land, a heavy gale caught their ship, which dragged her anchors and was carried by the violence of the storm till she struck Bird Island. There they were in midnight darkness, thumping among the breakers; and for a time they thought the whole ship's company must perish right there in their destined port; but by cutting away the masts they finally succeeded in saving the hull, cargo, and passengers.

The captain was subsequently known in San Francisco as Judge Shepherd. He brought a few very mean men to California; but also some as noble and good, perhaps, as ever landed in that port; such men, for example, as Calvin Lathrop, who for seven years was favorably known in California in the various relations of minister of the Gospel, Bible class leader, gold digger, and clerk, and who filled so efficiently and satisfactorily for years the office of publishing agent of the *California Christian Advocate*. He returned to his family in New York, but remained a thorough Californian.

Self-support in California at times required more economy and harder work than in Africa at the present time. Wood in the market was forty dollars per cord, and very poor stuff at that. I couldn't afford to burn wood at those rates.

The Sand Hills back of where I lived had been thickly covered with evergreen scrub oaks, but they had been all cut off clean as a newly mown meadow. I, however, took my ax and went to work on a stump, and soon found, to my agreeable surprise, that more than half the tree was under ground; that the great roots spread out horizontally just under the surface; so I had a good supply of wood at the simple cost of cutting and loading it on my wheelbarrow and rolling it home. I had made a rare discovery, but, like the Negro who first struck the rich gold lead in "Negro Hill," I soon had plenty of men to share my fortune.

The said colored man, I am told, went into the mines to dig some gold for himself, and, thinking the diggings all free for everybody, he struck into the first good-looking

A TYPICAL FORTY-NINER AND HIS FAMILY.

"One man whom I used to see often had a large family which accompanied him wherever he went."—Page 152.

place he came to. Presently along came a rough-looking miner, who said, angrily, "What are you doing there in my claim, you black rascal?"

"O, massa, I didn't know dis are your claim!"

He then went off a little way and saw a hole in which he thought he might find gold, so he jumped into it and went to work; but immediately a man came running at him in a rage, and shouted, "Get out o' my hole, you lazy nigger, or I'll knock your head off!"

"Lor'sa, massa, me didn't know dis are your hole! Good Lor'sa, massa, where must I go?"

"Go up on the top of that hill and dig," replied the miner, not dreaming that there was gold there, for as yet the value of hill diggings had not been found out.

But the poor old colored man went on the hill and sunk a shaft (just like digging a well), and wrought there several months, when it was discovered that he had struck a rich lead, and was taking out the big lumps. He then soon had plenty of company to share in his rich discoveries. The hill was afterward known as "Negro Hill," and yielded hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Steamship and stagecoach companies in the early days of California became noted for their generosity to Gospel ministers. Captain Gelson, as one of the owners of the steamer *M'Kim*, that plied between two cities, offered a free passage to all regular ministers—those sent out as missionaries, or those having pastoral charges. I believe in that way the precedent was established; at any rate, it became a custom with the owners and agents of steamboats running on the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers to give to all regular ministers a free ticket; and when the California Steamboat Navigation Company was organized they adopted that as an item in one of their by-laws. They subsequently thought that the privilege was abused; that preachers multiplied too fast for the wants of the country; in other words, that many who were not pastors, and possibly not preachers at all, took advantage of it.

It was said, for example, that a man took passage on a Sacramento boat for himself and a lot of mules. When the captain demanded his fare he replied, "O, I'm a preacher, sir." "Indeed!" said the captain, and, pointing to the mules, inquired, "and are these preachers, too?" The fellow had to walk up to the captain's office and settle. In consequence of these abuses the company passed a resolution making it necessary for all ministers wishing to travel on their boats to apply to the president of the company, who would, on the evidence that they were ministers, give them a free ticket.

Upon the whole, the liberality of California steamboat companies toward ministers of the Gospel stands unrivaled in the history of steamboat navigation, and saved to the preachers (all of them poor enough in regard to means) an expense in traveling amounting to an aggregate of thousands of dollars. Stage proprietors in California also showed a commendable liberality in the same way.

The Sacramento flood prevailed for days, bearing on its heaving bosom the tents and small buildings of the city, and a large proportion of their stock, consisting principally of horses and mules, cows and oxen, which had been brought over the plains by hundreds.

There was but little opportunity of saving the stock, because the valley, for the width of several miles, and in length for more than a hundred miles, was an unbroken sea of waters. The dwellers of the inundated city took refuge in the second stories of the few houses that remained, and in boats and in the vessels that lay at anchor in the river. Our Baltimore Chapel was carried from its foundations into the street, as I have already narrated, but was not seriously injured.

Brother Owen and family, after a few days' imprisonment in the upper story of their parsonage, determined to move to San José Valley, a distance of one hundred and seventy-five miles, and seek a place of residence on dry land. Sacramento city was inundated two or three times, which led to the construction of a strong levee around it, and it is hence frequently called the Levee City. Much sickness prevailed there in early days, and thousands of sturdy adventurers sleep their last sleep on her low grounds; but it has become a very beautiful and healthful city.

In the early days of California-Gospel ministers and their wives had to do their own housework. The idea of a regular servant in a preacher's family, when servants got larger salaries than preachers, was out of the question. The preachers and their wives had to serve each other, and both together serve the children and the people. I knew a California presiding elder who used to roll up his sleeves and spend a day over the washtub as regularly as he went to quarterly meeting. I have turned out many a washing of clothes, and baked many a batch of bread, and think I understand the details of kitchen work better than I do bookmaking. There were, however, preachers in California who would not hazard their ministerial dignity in the kitchen or over the washtub, but were contented to let their wives struggle through all such drudgery alone at whatever hazard.

Mrs. Taylor tells the following in regard to one of this class:

"I said to a missionary on arriving, whose delicate wife seemed ill-fitted for the labor and toil of pioneer life, 'You will have to help do the washing.' 'Not I,' replied the brother; and to my certain knowledge he never did. How appropriate! how considerate! a delicate woman toiling at the tub over her dear lord's linen, while he sits complacently reading or puffing his havana, now and then yawning from pure laziness, and inquiring, 'Dear, when will dinner be ready?' as if there were a cook in the kitchen, or a nurse minding the infant, whose cries were heartrending to the sympathizing mother. A man should not wonder if his gentle, sweet Mary, by such multiplied cares, unassisted, in the course of time should seem unlike the youthful, happy girl he took from the old folks at home."

As soon as California pioneers made up their minds to settle permanently in the country their conduct underwent a great change for the better. They began earnestly to manifest interest in the establishment of schools and churches, the regular preaching of the Gospel, the better observance of the Sabbath, and whatever they thought would contribute to improve the social condition of society. Some who could leave their business went in person for their families; but many more, not being able to leave without too great a sacrifice of time or money, sent for their families. Single men, also, from similar considerations, came to similar conclusions in regard to permanent settlement. Some, having matrimonial engagements at home, began to arrange for their consummation with reference to a home in California. Others determined to live in California at any rate, and trust to getting a wife to share their fortunes, either from home or by good fortune from among the arrivals of fair ones, or from the divorcement or death of some fellow who had a wife in California. A great many young men modestly but seriously requested my observation to find out and my mediation to try and secure for each of them a good wife. I once received a letter from a stranger whom I had never seen, living in Bodega Valley, to this effect:

"DEAR SIR: You will please pardon the liberty I take in addressing to you this note, and especially for introducing the subject it contains. I am a young man twenty-nine years old, five feet ten inches high, possessing a sound constitution and good health. I have a

good farm, well stocked, well improved, and all paid for. I want to make this my home. I am a single man, living alone; but I find it not good to be alone, and I want a wife. I thought, as you always take an interest in every good work, and as you live in that great port of entry, you might be kind enough to recommend to me some lady who would make me a good wife. I would like to have one possessing common sense, good disposition, and one who understands how to attend to household duties. I think I could make such a woman happy, and should not expect her to work beyond her own inclination. I am not very particular about beauty, nor whether she has a cent of money. If you can render me any service in this matter I shall be exceedingly obliged, and will, besides, remunerate you handsomely for your trouble. Please write me at your earliest convenience."

His proper signature and address were added; but, poor fellow, the demand was so great among my intimate acquaintances, and the supply so limited, that I could do nothing for him. If it had been practicable for a man to open an intelligence office, with a good supply of wives instead of servants, he would have had a run.

Mr. S., a friend of mine, in the city of Sonora, negotiated for a wife through a very respectable married lady in that city, to whom he was well and favorably known. The said lady had a niece in the East who she thought would suit, and be well suited in my friend, Mr. S. So it was agreed that Mr. S. should write the said young lady, proposing marriage and the offer of money to pay her passage to California, and accompany the letter with his photograph, and that the aunt should also write, giving all necessary information, etc. The young lady was requested to answer at her earliest convenience, and, if she acceded to the proposition, to accompany her acceptance with her photograph. It seemed that the young lady had been desiring to go to California to see her aunt, and on receiving such news from a far country made up her mind to go without delay.

The next mail carried back her consent and the likeness of her smiling face, and as soon as the passage money could be sent from her unseen lover she embarked for California. The two lovers were introduced to each other and united in the holy bonds in the house of the aunt. I learned that they were perfectly delighted with each other!

There were in California, according to the State census returns in 1856, in a total aggregate population of five hundred and seven thousand and sixty-seven, but seventy thousand white women all told; while there were one hundred and seventy-five thousand men of war, men liable to military duty, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five.

Now, in view of the foregoing facts, it is not difficult to conceive of the thrilling social effects of a semimonthly arrival in San Francisco of wives, families, and charming, virtuous Marys. An observer could tell a month in advance when a man was expecting the arrival of his real or intended wife; the old slouch hat, check shirt, and coarse outer garments disappeared, and the gentleman could be seen on Sunday going to church, newly rigged from head to foot, with fine beaver or silk hat, white linen nice and clean, good broadcloth coat, velvet vest, patent leather boots, his long beard shaven or neatly shorn; he looked like a new man. As the time drew near many of his hours were spent near the wharves or on Telegraph Hill, looking for the signal to announce the coming steamer. If, owing to some breakage or wreck there was a delay of a week or two, then the suspense was awful beyond description. I remember how my good friend, Hon. D. O. Shattuck, Judge of the Superior Court of San Francisco, who was waiting the arrival of his family on the steamer *North America*, was agonized when he heard of the wreck of the steamer sixty miles below Acapulco. After much delay and suffering, however, they arrived in safety.

When the signal flag on Telegraph Hill, announcing the arrival of a steamer, was thrown to the breeze there was a general rush, and before the arrival gun was fired the wharf was crowded with such men as we have described, and by those who sympathized socially with them, to the number sometimes of from three to five thousand.

The two steamship companies had to put up a gate at the head of each of their wharves to prevent the assemblage of crowds, and gave strict orders to let none pass in unless they had families or friends aboard. But even after that enough had families or wives in anticipation, or particular friends aboard, to crowd the wharves still. Men by hundreds assembled through social sympathy to witness the happy greeting of men and their wives who had not seen each other for years, accompanied by dancing and shouting for joy, embracing, kissing, laughing, and crying. The disappointment of some was almost like a thundershock. I knew a man well who boarded a steamer expecting to meet his wife, and the disappointment threw him into a spell of sickness, from which he did not recover for nearly a fortnight.

I knew another who came from the mines to meet his wife, waited several days in San Francisco for the arrival of the steamer, and then, instead of meeting his wife, he received a letter from her stating that she feared to make the voyage, and had indefinitely postponed it unless he would come home to accompany her. The poor man was almost deranged, now weeping with grief, now enraged, saying: "I'll never send for her again, and I'll never go home as long as I live! If she can get along without me I can get along without her. I'll go back to the mines and live and die a hermit." Then after a pause he would add, "But there are my children; I can't bear to give them up!"

I took the poor fellow to my house and reasoned with him on the subject until I succeeded in reconciling him somewhat to his disappointment. After a few months his family arrived.

My friend Brown, from Baltimore, had two disappointments before his wife arrived. At the time he expected her he boarded the steamer and learned to his sorrow that she was not aboard. He then thought the next steamer would bring her without a doubt. Two dreary weeks went by, but he was a good fellow and waited patiently; and when the steamer got in he was on hand in good time, you may be sure. Rushing aboard, he inquired, "Is Mrs. Brown aboard? Is Mrs. Brown aboard?"

"O, yes," replied one who seemed to know; "she is in her stateroom, No. —."

He hastily took the circuit of the staterooms to find the number. Mrs. Brown heard in the meantime that her beloved husband was aboard, and was filled with ecstasies. Finally Brown found her stateroom, and sprang in to embrace his wife, when O! shocking to their hopes, they found it was neither of them; he was not the man and she was not the woman! Soon after his wife and family arrived.

I had another Baltimore friend who was a widower. Having at home two very interesting daughters, and a second wife engaged, he sent for the three to come together to California. At the wharf he was met by his youngest daughter, who alone was left to tell the sad tale that the other two had suddenly sickened and died and found a grave in the coral depths of the Pacific. That was a dark day for poor William H. Middleton.

Another friend of mine had his family coming out in the splendid *Queen of the Seas*. When she was due he prepared a great feast and invited about two hundred guests to celebrate his wife's arrival. When he boarded the ship his little daughter met him and pointed him to a box which lay in a boat on the hurricane deck, securely folded in tarpaulin, and said to him, "There's mother." She had been a corpse for three months.

CHAPTER VIII.

My Hospital Ministry.

IN the fall of 1849, as I walked down Clay Street one day, my eye rested on a sign in large red letters, "City Hospital." I stopped and gazed at it till my soul was thrilled with horror. The letters looked as if they were written with blood, and I said to myself, "Ah, that is the depot of death, where the fast adventurers of California, young men in manhood's strength, stricken down by the hand of disease, are cast out of the train and left to perish. There all their bright hopes and visions of future wealth and weal expire and are buried forever. There are husbands and sons and brothers thousands of miles from sympathizing kindred and friends dying in destitution and despair. Shall I not be a brother to the sick stranger in California, and tell him of that heavenly Friend 'that sticketh closer than a brother?'" The cross of intruding myself into strange hospitals and offering my services to the promiscuous masses of the sick and dying of all nations and creeds was, to my unobtrusive nature, very heavy, but I there resolved to take it up; a decision which I have never regretted. I went immediately to the said hospital and inquired for the physician who had it in charge; introduced myself to him and told him the object of my call; to which he replied, "I can readily appreciate your motives, but then you must know, sir, that we have very sick men in every room, who could not bear any noise. Anything like singing or praying might greatly excite them and make them worse. I prefer you would not visit the wards unless some particular man wishes to see you."

"Well, doctor," I replied, "I certainly would not wish to do anything that would be injurious to any patient, but I have been accustomed to visit the sick, and think I so understand my business as to talk and sing and pray, or do whatever may seem appropriate, not only without injury to anyone, but in a manner that will even contribute to the improvement of their physical condition. By diverting their minds from the dark realities of their own condition and unhappy surroundings, and by interesting them in some new associations and themes of thought, I may impart to their minds vigor and hope, which unite with gathering strength and make successful resistance against disease. Those who are hopelessly diseased cannot receive much injury from my visits, while I may be instrumental in benefiting their departing souls. If you please, doctor," I continued, "you can go with me, or send a man to point out the men to whom you do not wish me to speak, and to see that I do no injury to anyone."

Said the doctor, "I have no time to go with you, and nobody to send."

Another doctor present then added, "It is not proper that he should go through the hospital."

At that moment an old man, who had been sitting in the office listening to our conversation, said, "Doctor, there are many sick men in the hospital who I know would be very glad to receive a visit from this gentleman; and if you will allow me, sir, I will conduct him through the rooms."

The doctor replied, "Very well, take him up stairs first, and then down to the lower wards."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the old tar, as he beckoned me to follow him up stairs. He introduced me to every patient in the house, and made a greater ado over my arrival at the hospital than if the *alcalde* had visited them. I was first conducted through the pay rooms, the department of those who, in whole or in part, paid for their keeping. Many small rooms had but from two to four men in them. Others, larger, had as many as twelve. I spoke to each patient, inquiring after their condition in health and the state of their souls. I then addressed a few words of sympathy and religious instruction to all in the room collectively, sung a few verses in a soft strain, and prayed in an audible but subdued tone, adapting the petition, as nearly as possible, to the wants of their individual cases as I had learned them, and so passed on, performing similar services in each room.

After going through the pay rooms I was next conducted across a yard to a separate one-story building about thirty or forty feet in size, divided into two wards, each containing from forty to fifty sick men. Here the city patients proper were confined together as closely as possible to allow room between their cots for one person to pass. I thought the upstairs rooms were filthy enough to kill any well man who would there confine himself for a short period; but I now saw that, in comparison with the others, they were entitled to be called choice rooms, for the privilege of dying in which a man who had money might well afford to pay high rates. But these lower wards were so offensive to the eye, and especially to the olfactories, that it was with great difficulty I could remain long enough to do the singing, praying, and talking I deemed my duty.

The ordinary comforts, and even the necessaries of life, in California in those days were very rare and costly, and to the patients were things to be remembered in the experience of the past only to add, by contrast, a keener edge to their present sorrows.

The nurses were generally men devoid of sympathy, careless, rude in their care of the sick, and exceedingly vulgar and profane. One hundred dollars per month was about as low as anything in the shape of a man could be hired, and hence hospital nurses were not only the most worthless of men, but insufficient in number to attend adequately to their duties.

I remember a poor fellow, by the name of Switzer, dying in one of these wards, who told me that he lay whole nights suffering, in addition to the pains of mortal disease, the ragings of thirst, without a drop of water to wet his lips. A cup of tea was set in the evening upon a shelf over his head, but his strength was gone, and he had no more power to reach it than a man on a gibbet. He was a Christian, too, a member of the Congregational Church, and I have no doubt went from there to heaven. When he got to that country in which "there is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying," and looked back to the place where he left his corruptible body, the contrast must have filled him with unutterable surprise.

The most prevalent and fatal disease in California at that time was chronic diarrhea and dysentery, a consumption of the bowels, very similar in its debilitating effect on the constitution to consumption of the lungs. Men afflicted with this disease have been seen moping about the streets, looking like the personification of death and despair, for weeks, till strength and money and friends were gone, and then, as a last resort, they were carried to the hospital to pass a few miserable weeks more in one of those filthy wards, where they often died in the night without anyone knowing the time of their departure. In the morning when the nurses passed round they found and reported the dead. A plain coffin was immediately brought, for a supply was kept on hand, and laid beside the cot of the deceased, and he was lifted from the cot just as he died, laid in the coffin, and carried out

A MORGUE FOR THE LIVING.

to the dead cart, the driver of which was seen daily plodding through the mud to the graveyard near North Beach, with from one to three corpses at a load.

It turned out that the old man who piloted me through the hospital on my first visit was an old shipmaster, Captain A. Welch. He introduced me that day to his friend, Captain Lock, who died soon after, having after my visit professed to find peace through Jesus, and a preparation for heaven. Captain Welch told me that, seeing his friend neglected, he said to the doctor, "Captain Lock has had no attention for forty-eight hours, and is dying from sheer neglect."

"Well," replied the doctor, "let him die; the sooner the better. The world can well spare him, and the community will be relieved when he is gone." He died that night. Before his death he gave his clothing to his friend, Captain Welch, but the captain told him he would not touch a thing he had while he was alive; but as soon as he was gone the nurse relieved the captain of any trouble with the effects of the deceased man.

The doctor fell out with Captain Welch because he spoke his mind so freely, and threatened to turn him out of the hospital.

"Yes," said Captain Welch in reply, "I saw Captain —— pay you for the ten days he had been here eighty-six dollars, and after his death you collected the same bill from his friends. Now, sir, if you want me to show you up, just turn me out."

The doctor then took his cot from him, and the captain said, "Doctor, where shall I sleep, sir?"

"Sleep there on the floor," replied the doctor, pointing to a corner where they laid out the dead when it was too late in the evening or the weather too bad to remove them directly from their cot of death to the dead cart.

The captain said he lay there one night with four corpses around him, and could hardly get his breath. I have heard patients complain of very foul play toward those who had money, but sick men are apt to be sensitive and suspicious, especially in such a place as that, and I always hoped that the facts were not so bad as represented; but from what I saw I had my fears for the safety of any man's life who had money in the hospital at the time of which I speak.

The hospital changed hands several times, however, within a few months, and one or two good physicians, and I believe honest and kind-hearted men, had for a short time the care of the sick, and were really working a reform in the old hospital, before the whole care of the city patients was, in 1850, transferred to Doctor Peter Smith, in a new hospital near the corner of Clay and Powell Streets, where the sick had better accommodations and more attention shown them.

Old Captain Welch was in the old hospital over a year, and would doubtless have died if he had been confined to his room, but he was out where he could get pure air most of his time. He had a very sore leg, and the doctor told him that it was mortifying and would have to be amputated. Finally several doctors came into his room with a table and a lot of surgical instruments and said to him, "Come, captain, we want to lash you to this table and take off that bad leg of yours."

"I won't have my leg taken off," replied the captain.

"If you don't," said the doctor, "you are a dead man, or as good as dead, for that leg is mortified now."

"Well," said the captain, "if I die I'll die with both legs on me."

The doctor became enraged, and said to him, "If you don't obey orders immediately and submit to the rules of this house you shall leave it this day."

"Very well," rejoined the captain. "And that very day," said the captain to me afterward, "I took up my sore leg and walked off with it, and have not been back since."

John Purseglove, a good Methodist brother who had just arrived in the city, sick and destitute, was sent to the hospital; but, finding that he was sinking daily and would soon die if he remained there, he prayed to the Lord to give him strength to get off his bed and walk away. He said he believed the Lord would help him, and according to his faith so was his effort, for he immediately crawled out, and without saying a word to doctor or nurse or anybody, he scrambled away by the aid of a couple of sticks, determined, if he must die, to die somewhere else. Some of the brethren soon found him and fitted up a room for him and supplied his wants till he recovered. He always believed that by leaving the hospital he slipped right out of the clutches of death.

I have no recollection of more than three Methodists who died in the San Francisco hospital, and they were sick on their arrival and had never been reported to the church. Indeed, there were but very few hospital patients connected with any church. I met with many backsliders there who had once been church members, but were not then.

To transcribe in detail the hospital scenes which have been daguerreotyped on the tablets of my memory during a period of seven years in San Francisco would make a volume. My purpose, therefore, in these reminiscences is simply to present a few specimen scenes and individual cases of hope and despair occurring at different periods in the history of that city.

My usual mode of visitation was to speak personally to as many as possible; inquire into their condition and wants, bodily, spiritual, and otherwise; act as amanuensis for the sick and dying, recording last messages to friends at home; get letters out of the post office and convey them to the sick; carry messages to friends in the city; and in very early days, when waiters were scarce, I often ministered to the bodily wants of the sick, dressed blisters, turned or raised patients, fixed their beds, gave them drink, and sometimes comforted the convalescing with a little of Mrs. Taylor's good homemade bread, and gave them such advice as I thought might be useful to them.

As a spiritual adviser in my hospital visits I generally addressed them personally and tried to lead them to seek an acquaintance with the sinner's Friend. I then usually sung in each ward in a soft tone one, two, or three appropriate pieces, and prayed for them collectively and personally, so far as I had been able to learn their personal condition and wants, and frequently, either before or after prayer, made some remarks in the form of an exhortation to be reconciled to God. I usually introduced religious exercises by saying, "If my brethren in affliction have no objections we will sing a few verses and have a word of prayer together." I do not remember of ever hearing an objection made but once, and that was by a poor man who became very much ashamed of his conduct before the exercises were over. Many, to be sure, seemed careless and indifferent, read novels while I prayed, and never seemed to profit by what I said; but a large majority seemed to appreciate very highly my efforts for their good. Even foreigners who could not understand my language seemed greatly interested, especially in my singing.

I was once traveling in San José Valley, and, passing in sight of a company of Spaniards who had stopped at a spring of water to refresh themselves, one of them came running to me and grasped my hand as though I had been a brother he had not seen for a dozen years. For a moment I could not tell how to interpret his conduct; but I immediately recognized him as a man I had often seen in the hospital. He had been a great sufferer, and I had many times bent over him and inquired after his welfare, and it seemed

that my attentions to him, or the singing or something else, had made a deep impression on him.

In my book on *Street Preaching* there is a chapter of triumphant death scenes, in which is given a number of cases of hopeful conversion to God among hospital patients; those, alas! are but the exceptions and not the rule.

I remember after pleading with a dying man to give his heart to God he said, "O, it's not worth while now; I'm getting better; I'll soon be well. I feel no pain at all, and nothing ails me now but want of breath. I can't breathe easy; but I'll soon be relieved."

Poor man! I could then hear distinctly the death-rattle in his throat, and yet he would not believe that there was any danger. In a few hours he was a corpse.

I remember a fine-looking young man from New York whom I tried hard to lead to Christ; and after talking and singing and praying with him, and doing everything I could to induce him to try and seek Jesus, I said to him, "Now, my dear brother, when will you begin to pray and try to give your heart to God?"

"Well," said he, "I think I will make a commencement in about three weeks."

The poor fellow, though he would not believe it, was dying then, and I knew it, and hence I continued to press the subject of a preparation on his attention till he drew the cover over his head to escape my appeals. A few hours afterward he was covered with the pall of death.

Young C. M. was accidentally shot, and immediately sent for me in such haste that the messenger stopped me in the midst of a street sermon, and entreated me to go at once and try to relieve the mind of the dying man. When I presented myself beside his bloody bed he said, "Father Taylor, I'm glad you've come; but O, I'm in such pain I can't talk or pray now! Please call again in an hour; perhaps by that time I'll feel better." I prayed with him, and called again, but found him gasping in his last struggle.

Without noting a hundred such cases, as I might, which have come under my own observation, I will, for the further illustration of the subject, add but one other case.

He was a very genteel-looking man who died with cholera in the hospital during the fall of 1850. He was in a collapsed state when I found him. I said to him, "My dear brother, have you made your peace with God?"

"No, sir," said he; "I can't say that I have."

"Do you not pray to the Lord sometimes to have mercy on you, and for the sake of Jesus to pardon your sins?"

"No, sir."

"Have you never prayed?"

"No, sir, never in my life."

"You believe in the divine reality of religion and that we may have our sins all forgiven and enjoy the conscious evidence of pardon, do you not?"

"Yes, sir; I believe in religion, and think it a very good thing to have."

He was calm and composed; his dreadful paroxysms had passed, and the fatal work was done. He was then poised on an eddying wave of death's dark tide, which on its next swell would whirl him out of the bounds of time into the breakers of eternal seas beyond. I saw his peril, and pulled with all my might to bring the lifeboat of mercy by his side. I got very near to him, and entreated him to try to get into it and save his soul, but I could not prevail on him to make an effort; under the force of the ruling habit of his life he coolly said, "Well, I'll think about it."

I have seen hundreds of poor fellows sleeping away their lives without any apparent consciousness of danger, and I have heard men call this peaceful dying!

J. M. died of cholera at a boarding house kept by a Scotchman, who sent for me to attend his funeral, and said to me on the occasion, in regard to the deceased: "He was a good man, one of the best men I ever had in my house, and he died in great peace. He did not speak a word for twenty-four hours before his death. Ah! he was a good man; to be sure, he would take a glass of grog now and then, and was fond of a game of cards, and sometimes would swear a little, but he didn't mean any harm by that, for he was a good man, and died in great peace."

A great many, however, of those whom I have seen in the death struggle shook off the apathy I have described and awoke to the keenest sensibilities of conscience and the most dreadful forebodings of future ill; but a large majority of such wrapped themselves in the mantle of despair, so dark and impervious that no ray of hope could reach their souls.

A gentleman from Boston, very near his end, said to me: "My friends are nearly all religious; I have passed through a great many revivals, and have had a great many pressing invitations and opportunities to seek religion. How easy it would then have been for me to have given my heart to God! What a fool I was! Why did I not embrace religion and be a happy man? But, alas! I did not when I might, and now I cannot."

When Mr. R., from Baltimore, was seized with cholera he sent for me to come and see him, and said to me when I entered his room, "My wife, who is a Christian woman, has been writing me ever since I came here to make your acquaintance and attend your church, but I have not done it: and, what is worse, I am about to leave the world without a preparation to meet God." He was as noble-looking a man as could be found in a thousand, and, knowing many of his friends in Baltimore, I felt the greatest possible sympathy for him. After laboring with him about an hour, in urging him to try and fix his mind on some precious promise of the Bible, he said: "There is but one passage in the Bible that I can call to mind, and that haunts me. I can think of nothing else, for it exactly suits my case: 'He, that being often reproved hardeneth his heart, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.' Mr. Taylor," continued he, "it's no use to talk to me or to try to do anything further; I am that man, and my doom is fixed."

The next day when I entered his room he said to a couple of young men present, "Go out, boys; I want to talk to Mr. Taylor." Then he said: "I have no hope, my doom is fixed, but, for the warning of others, I want to tell you something that occurred a few months ago. I was then in health and doing a good business, and a man said to me, 'Dick, how would you like to have a clerkship?' I replied, 'I wouldn't have a clerkship under Jesus Christ.' Now, sir, that is the way I treated Christ when I thought I did not need him; and now when I'm dying, and can do no better for this life, it's presumption to offer myself to him. It is no use; he won't have me."

Nothing that I could say seemed to have any effect toward changing his mind. A few hours afterward, when he felt the icy grasp of death upon his heart, he cried, "Boys, help me out of this place!"

"O, no, Dick, you're too sick; we cannot help you up."

"O, do help me up; I can't lie here."

"O, Dick, don't exert yourself so; you'll hasten your death."

"Boys," said the poor fellow, "if you don't help me up, I'll cry murder!" and with that he cried at the top of his voice, which was yet strong and clear, "Murder! murder! murder!" till life's tide ebbed out and his voice was hushed in death.

CHAPTER IX.

Among the Miners and Merchants.

THESE brief reminiscences of early days in California would not be complete without mention of life among the miners. As an illustration of the miner's hope, faith, patience, and endurance, I will instance the Live Yankee Company, of Forest City. I was informed when there that, as an experiment, they commenced a drift into the mountain between that city and Smith's Flat. The mountain was so high that it was impossible to prospect it by sinking a shaft to the bed rock, the nearest way to the heart of the mountain being in a line from the base.

They soon encountered a stratum of solid rock, nearly as hard as pig metal. The company, having no capital outside of their muscular power and dauntless energy, had to get their provisions on credit, and worked in that drift, boring, blasting, and digging for three years before they got the color, but struck it at last, and were amply repaid for all their toil. They took out a single lump while I was there worth seven hundred dollars.

Miners were not all successful, but they nearly all abounded in hope and energy. I seldom ever met with one who had not a good prospect. No matter what his past disappointments and losses had been, he was going to do first-rate as soon as he could get his claim open or his pay dirt washed out. Even the little boys of the country partook of this spirit. A lucky miner, determined to take his family back to the Atlantic side, came on as far as San Francisco, and, while stopping at Hillman's Hotel, awaiting the day of embarkation, went out one night and fell among thieves, who robbed and murdered him. His body, three days afterward, was found in the bay. His poor widow was almost heartbroken, and their little miner boy, only four years old, when he heard that his papa was dead, went to her and said, "Ma, don't cry! *don't cry!* We'll dit along. You won't have to beg, ma! Dist wait till I get a little bigger, and I'll do up and dig a hole wight down in the mountain and det out the dold for you. Ma, don't cry! You won't have to beg!"

A Baltimorean made five thousand dollars in the mines, and started to go home to his family, but was induced to go into a fluming operation and spend a summer in the river. He concluded that it was no use to go home with only five thousand dollars, when, by staying a few months longer, he could double that amount. The operation in the river was unsuccessful, and the poor man lost not only every dollar of his money, but, by working in the water so much, lost his health and never got farther homeward than to San Francisco. I found him there in the charity hospital, just as he was sinking into the grave.

The prospectors constituted a very large and useful class of miners. They were always dreaming of immense treasures of undiscovered wealth. No matter how well they were doing, when they got a few hundred dollars ahead they must be off with pick and pan and miner's pack, and seldom ever stopped till their money was all gone, and then they set to work in one place again till they could make another raise.

They were constantly discovering new diggings and opening immense treasures for others to gather and enjoy, while they continued to toil and go, and toil and go again, enduring the greatest hardship and labor and poverty, living on hope, but dying in despair.

They were very much like their hardy pioneer brothers who led the van of Western emigration, lived in log cabins, supplied their families with plenty of game and pounded cake, slept on their arms, and defended the outposts of civilization against savages and wild beasts; an honest, generous, noble set of men, who deserved much but got nothing more than a plain subsistence, and usually died in poverty.

As a specimen of California prospecting, I will mention the case of my friend C. He arrived in San Francisco in 1850, and obtained employment at Mission Dolores in the brick-making business, which was his trade, at seven dollars per day, with the promise of steady work by the year. After making a few hundred dollars he became dissatisfied. Said he, "I've not seen my mother for several years, and I can't stay more than a year or two in California, and I see plainly that in that time seven dollars per day won't make such a pile as I want."

A BABY HERO TO THE RESCUE.

"Ma, don't cry! *don't cry!* We'll dit along."—Page 167.

So he gave up his situation and went to the mines, where he knew he could do better with even ordinary success, and, besides, stand a chance of making some big strikes. I met with him a couple of years afterward, and said, "Well, Friend C., how do you get along?"

"O, pretty well," replied he, "I opened a first-rate claim in Mariposa County last year, but just as I got it in working condition the water failed, so I had to let it lie over. When the time came that I could have worked it I happened to be away up near Downieville, and, having a good claim there, I didn't go back to Mariposa. I have taken out a good deal of gold, but in prospecting from place to place I have spent it all; but I have some good claims which will pay big by and by."

Three years after that I met friend C. in American Valley. "Hallo, my old friend; how do you get along?"

"O, pretty well, but I'm not ready to go home yet."

"I presume your dear old mother would be glad to see you by this time."

"Yes, indeed; and I would be glad to see her; but I can't go home till I make something."

"Well, how near are you ready?"

"I don't know. I have made money, but in traveling from place to place I have spent it all. I have been up to Oregon since I saw you, and had a chance to get a first-rate farm there if I could have stayed; but I had some rich claims in Mariposa, and thought I ought to come down and look after them; but when I got there I found that

some fellows had jumped my claim, and I could not get them off without a great deal of trouble, so I came away and left them. I afterward opened a good claim near Yreka, but my partner was a disagreeable, quarrelsome fellow, so I sold out for a mere song, and came away. I have a good prospect near Elizabethtown which, I think, will pay well when I get it opened."

Another with whom I was acquainted, who had not seen his family for six years, said to me one day, "For five years I have set a time to go home about every six months; but every six months has found me either dead broke or doing so well I could not leave."

But few of this adventurous class of prospectors would submit to the mortification of returning to their friends without money, and but few of them ever had enough money at one time to pay their passage home, while nearly all of them, with their mining skill, might have made a fortune had they remained in one place and saved their earnings.

The moral condition of the miners was by no means what it should have been. But very few of them were particularly anxious to go to heaven. I preached to a large assembly of miners one Sunday afternoon in the streets of Placerville, then a flourishing mining city of six thousand inhabitants. In front of my goods-box pulpit stood a stagecoach, which was crowded to its utmost capacity with as many of my auditors as were fortunate enough to secure so good a seat.

I endeavored to show the multitude before me their unfitness for heaven in their unregenerate state, their utter want of sympathy with God or adaptation to the immunities of heaven. To illustrate the truth of my position I said: "If God should dispatch a railway train to the city of Placerville this afternoon, to convey passengers direct to heaven, the conductor might shout 'All aboard' till the setting of the sun and not get one passenger. Heaven has no attraction for you. It is a place to which you don't want to go. Why, if the flaming steeds of Elijah's chariot of fire were hitched on to that stagecoach, and the driver cracked his whip for the heavenly country, every fellow in it would jump out;" and in a moment the coach was cleared. Every man in it leaped for the street in apparent fright from the apprehension that, perhaps, Elijah's horses might be hitched to the coach and they be taken off to glory, a place to which they did not wish to go.

Sunday in the mines was remembered only as a day for trading, recreation, spreeing, business meetings, and preparation for the business of the ensuing week. It was very common to see large cards hung up in boarding houses and business places like this:

"ALL BILLS PAID UP HERE ON SUNDAY."

That was the day for miners to get their blacksmith work done and lay in their supply of provisions for the week; the day for holding public meetings for the enactment of miners' laws or other municipal business. Under a general statute each mining district enacted its own laws by the voice of the majority, regulating all the mining claims of the district. Under these laws they could sue and be sued, and everybody had to conform to them. Mining companies and water companies also did collectively a great deal of their business on that day, and promiscuous masses of all sorts assembled at the hotels and drinking saloons to drink and spree without restraint. What was worse, the standard of moral law was thrown down and its authority denied. When we remember what a large majority of those men were educated in Christian countries, and that many had been professors of religion, it is easy to see how quickly even a Christian people will relapse into heathenism if deprived of the wholesome restraints and elevating influences of the Gospel.

In a preaching tour I made through the mines as late as 1855 I traveled nearly a week without the privilege of any Christian association, and I longed for the opportunity of taking a Christian by the hand and of feeling the warming sympathy of a heart that loved Jesus. On entering a mining town I inquired at the hotel whether there were any professors of religion in that town.

"Yes," answered the landlord; "there is one. Mr. J., our blacksmith, is a good Christian man." And different boarders added, "Yes, Mr. J. is a good man if ever there was one. He has his family here and everybody looks up to him."

So at my earliest convenience I hastened to see Brother J. He received me very cordially and introduced me to his family, all of whom looked very neat and respectable, and I rejoiced in the privilege of meeting a Christian family away in those wild woods.

As soon as I accepted the offered chair I inquired of Brother J. how he was prospering in religious life.

"Well," replied he, "I think I am getting along pretty well considering all the circumstances; but not so well as I did in Illinois, where I enjoyed the public means of grace. My greatest drawbacks here are my having no religious meetings to go to and my having to work on Sunday. I support my family by blacksmithing, and the miners must have most of their work done on Sunday; and, to tell you the truth, I have worked here in my shop every Sunday except two for five years. One Sunday I was sick and could not work, and one Sunday I went to hear the only sermon that was ever preached on this creek, which was delivered by Brother Merchant."

"O," thought I, "shades of the fathers! If this is the best man in these mountains the Lord pity the worst."

I traveled nearly a week before I found another Christian. He was an old shipmaster, a good old Methodist from Boston. I invited him to go to Long Bar, on the north fork of Feather River, to hear me preach on the following Sunday.

At the appointed hour Sunday morning I had a large audience to preach to under the shade of an ancient pine tree. The sound of the Gospel had never echoed through those hills before. Looking over my audience, I discovered the old captain, and felt glad to think that I had at least one praying heart who could sympathize with my mission and my message of mercy. After the meeting I asked the old captain to take a walk with me up into the mountain to pray. I felt that I needed the warming influence of a little prayer meeting, and supposed that he did also. Finding a suitable place, I sang a few verses and prayed; I then sang again, and, thinking I had got the good brother thawed out and that he in turn would contribute to the fire of my own heart, I called on him to lead in prayer. But I couldn't get a grunt out of him. Thought I, "Poor old captain, he is dried up."

I announced an afternoon appointment for preaching in the same place, and thought from the size of the morning audience and the apparent good effect of the preaching upon them that I would have a much larger congregation and a better time at the second appointment. But to my surprise I did not have more than twenty hearers; and when I cast about to know the cause I learned that, according to custom, nearly the whole population of the neighborhood had by that hour of the day become too drunk to attend preaching. Such a variety of antics as they displayed beat anything I had ever witnessed. Next morning I found most of them sober and ready for work; and to show their appreciation of my ministerial services they gave me a donation for my Bethel cause of nearly one hundred dollars.

The cases here given are to illustrate the general character of the miners in those regions. I found in nearly every place I visited honorable exceptions—sober, serious men who deeply deplored the prevailing wickedness of the miners; and everywhere I went there was a general expression of desire for the regular preaching of the Gospel and the establishment of its institutions among them, and a liberal support for a preacher and his family was pledged. I found a few merchants, too, who would not sell goods on the Sabbath. A man of my acquaintance, who passed for a minister of the Gospel before he went to California, opened a provision store in the southern mines. He commenced business with the determination not to sell liquor nor break the Sabbath. He had a moderate degree of success on that principle, but nothing to compare with the success of his business competitors who sold liquor and kept open on Sunday. His pecuniary sense became shocked a great deal more by what he considered his losses than his moral sense was comforted by his spiritual conquests. So, having mining friends to call and see him on Sunday, he was induced to leave his back door ajar so that any who desired might be accommodated with a pair of boots or a week's provision. That paid so well that he was induced next to leave his front door ajar. He then in a short time, in accordance with that dangerous but popular maxim, "May as well be hung for stealing a sheep as a lamb," set his door wide open and added liquor to his stock. He felt that it was all wrong, but pleaded necessity, and thought that as soon as he could make a certain sum of money he would quit the business, go home, and do good with his money. For a season he had extraordinary success, employed thirty yoke of oxen—all his own—on the road from Stockton to his place of business. He besides had several hundred head of valuable cattle.

Finally there came a night in which he was surprised by the Indians, who stampeded his cattle, burned up his store, goods and all, and the ex-reverend gentleman fled for his life, and begged his way down to Stockton as poor as Lazarus. He regarded his reverses as a judgment for his apostasy and repented his fall. When I made his acquaintance he was in the honorable business of milling, making flour to supply his neighbors with bread, and was bringing forth fruits meet for repentance. I heard him in a public meeting give a tearful narrative of the facts above stated.

Brother H., a friend of mine, opened a provision store in the northern mines. The first Sunday after opening a company of miners came to get a supply of provisions at the new store; but to their surprise they found the door closed, and going to the rear they found the new merchant in his tent.

"Halloo, old man! We've come to buy provisions from you. We are glad you have opened a store in these diggings; it's what we have wanted here for a long time."

"Well, boys," Brother H. replied, "I have opened a store here, and intend to keep a good supply of everything; but I want you to understand from the start that I will never sell you any liquor, and will never sell you goods of any kind on Sunday."

"Well, old man, you may just as well pack up your duds and go home, for you can do nothing here on those terms."

"You have a right to your opinion, boys," replied Brother H.; "but I intend to do right, whether I make anything or not. If I can't make a living without poisoning my neighbor by selling rum, and offending God by breaking his holy day, I'll starve or beg my way home; but I intend to give it a fair trial before I abandon the effort."

"Old man," rejoined the miners, "we are hungry; we ate the last of our provisions last evening, and have come to get something to cook for our breakfast. Let us have enough for to-day, and we will come to-morrow and lay in a supply for the week."

"Boys, you can fast and pray to-day," replied the merchant; "and you'll learn next time to make timely provision for the wants of the Sabbath."

With that the miners got angry, swore a while at the old fool, and left; but everywhere they went they told about an old fogy who had "come up into the mountains to teach us all how to keep Sunday."

They thus advertised him all through those mountains, and thinking men at once came to the conclusion that a man maintaining such a position must be an honest man. "We can depend upon the word of such a man as that. Rely upon it, he won't cheat us." The result was that the better class of miners poured in upon him for supplies at such a rate that in a few months he made his pile and returned East to his family.

Wicked as were the mass of California miners, they always displayed some good qualities. They had all encountered hardships and sufferings, and most of them had hearts to sympathize with the unfortunate. Though appeals to their charity were of almost daily occurrence, yet no man in real need that I ever heard of ever made a fruitless call on the miners for help. They were magnanimous, too, in their liberality; but they had an utter abhorrence of little, mean things. For example: There was a fellow at Smith's Flat who, to gratify some secret, brutal passion of his own, tied a chicken and put it alive on the fire and cooked it for his dinner. The thing was made known in the town, and the miners immediately called a meeting and unanimously passed a resolution to the effect that the chicken roaster's presence was no longer desired in that camp, and that fifteen minutes be given him, after due notice from the committee appointed for that purpose, for his disappearance from those diggings, never more to return. Several months had elapsed up to the time of my visit there, but he had not been seen in those parts after the expiration of the ominous fifteen minutes.

A butcher in the town of Alameda received a similar notice from a similar court giving him two hours. About the middle of his last hour I saw him driving away with his effects in a wagon. Among his movables were several live sheep, one of which escaped in the midst of the town and ran for life. The butcher and one of his men pursued it a few squares, shot it, threw it into the wagon, and he was out of sight by the time his hour had expired.

Notorious thieves were often expelled from a mining town in that way, while notorious murderers were hanged by the neck. Judge Lynch transacted a great deal of business in California in those days. However much may be said in condemnation of his court, this could be said in favor of the denizens of California, that riots, and a promiscuous shooting into the masses, killing the innocent with the guilty, such as has been enacted in some of our Eastern cities, was never known in California; such, for example, as I saw in Washington in May, 1857, when to quell an election riot one hundred and ten hired soldiers, with muskets loaded with ball and buckshot, fired upon an unsuspecting crowd of citizens, instantly killing eight unoffending men, besides wounding many others. This I witnessed —if, to be sure, getting up from my dinner table just across the street and standing behind a brick wall to avoid being shot myself may be called witnessing it.

Such riots and such promiscuous killing I never heard of in California. In the administration of California lynch law the thunderbolt of public fury always fell only on the head of the guilty man who, by the enormity and palpable character of his crime, excited it, and then not till his guilt was proved to the satisfaction of the masses comprising the court.

For example: A stranger called late one evening at the cabin of a miner who had his wife with him, and begged for lodgings, saying he was a poor traveler, had been unfortunate in business, etc. The miner and his good wife pitied the poor stranger, took

him in and gave him the best they had. Next morning the miner had occasion to go away a few miles. When he was out of sight the accommodated stranger murdered the woman and proceeded to rob the house. Before he got through with his nefarious work, however, the miner returned, saw what was done, and raised the alarm.

The murderer was caught and tried. A meeting of miners was called, a judge was appointed to try the case; witnesses were examined and the guilt of the criminal proved, upon which the judge stated the case to the mass composing his court, who unanimously voted guilty and death by hanging. The judge decided that the criminal should have fifteen minutes in which to prepare for death. He was then hung by the neck to a tree.

I give this fact without comment, simply to illustrate the character of Judge Lynch's proceedings in the days when he held office in California.

A similar tragedy, and the first of that kind to occur in San Francisco, was enacted by the Vigilance Committee of 1851. Jenkins was hung from a crossbeam at the south end of the Old Adobe on the Plaza. This is the "Old Adobe" to which frequent allusion is made in my book *Seven Years' Street Preaching in San Francisco*, from the front veranda of which I for several years preached to the excited varieties of the world.

It is a fact, which I believe is generally admitted, that just in proportion as the law acquired power in California for the protection of her citizens, in that proportion lynch law was dispensed with, and when the legal authority of the State attained to a degree of honorable dignity and strength sufficient for the accomplishment of its glorious ends throughout that State, then Judge Lynch resigned his office, and forever declined reelection.

Ministers of the Gospel, in California's worst days, were permitted to preach in barrooms, gambling saloons, public thoroughfares, or wherever they wished without hindrance or disturbance. For example, I went into the city of Sonora at nine o'clock one Saturday night, not knowing a man in the place; and finding the streets crowded with miners, who had gathered in from all parts of the surrounding mountains, I felt a desire to tell them about Jesus and preach the Gospel to them; so I asked a brother whom I chanced to meet to roll a dry-goods box into the street, nearly in front of a large crowded gambling house; and taking my stand I threw out upon the gentle zephyrs of that mild April night one of Zion's sweetest songs, which echoed among the hills and settled down on the astonished multitudes like the charms of Orpheus. My congregation packed the street from side to side. Profound attention prevailed while the truth, in the most uncompromising terms, was being proclaimed. At the close of the exercise many, strangers to me, who had heard me preach in the streets of San Francisco, gave me a hearty greeting, among them a notorious gambler, who shook my hand and welcomed me to the mountains.

I preached in Jamestown one night under similar circumstances. I obtained permission of a butcher to convert his meat block into a pulpit; I tried to have the butcher himself converted, but did not succeed in that, though he made very humble confessions, and, like Herod under the preaching of John, "did many things." Selecting the best point for a crowd, I happened again to be in front of a large gambling house. Some of the gamblers, thinking that I was putting on too strong an opposition line, took offense and tried to run me off the track. They knew the character of the miners too well to attempt to confront the preacher personally; so, to try and scatter my audience, they tied some tin pans to a dog's tail and sent him off with a clatter, they yelling after him. I stopped and said, "There they go, poor fellows; they want to make their souls happy. Rather poor intellectual entertainment, but I presume it is the best they can do." By that time they were out of sight, out of hearing, and a quiet, attentive audience remained.

CHAPTER X.

Missionary Life Theoretical and Practical.

MY pastoral and evangelizing work in San Francisco, indoors and out, covered, without a break, a period of seven years. During the first two I was pastor of Powell Street Church, the first Methodist pastorate in California. Meantime the California Conference was organized by Bishop Ames, and Rev. S. D. Simons was appointed to Powell Street, and I was appointed to open and develop a Seamen's Bethel enterprise in that city, to which, in connection with the general hospital work and outdoor preaching in which I had been engaged from the beginning, in 1849, I devoted about five years, extending to the session of the Conference in San José in September, 1856.

God in his word and in his providences has revealed and established two leading modes of spreading the tidings of salvation to perishing sinners of distant lands. The first is to send the Gospel to heathen lands by his ambassadors, and the second is to send the heathen to hear the Gospel in Christian lands.

The divine authority of the first mode is found in the great commission, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." But the apostles receiving it were to tarry at Jerusalem until endued with power from on high. By the time the power descended upon them God in his providence developed the second mode.

When the apostles came down from that celebrated upper room, from that extraordinary protracted prayer meeting, with hearts of love and tongues of fire, lo! right at the door were assembled representative dwellers of at least fifteen different nations. These listened to Peter's great pentecostal sermon, and not only heard and saw the wonderful works of God, but felt in their hearts that very day the power of pardoning grace, and went back to their homes, declaring everywhere the great things which had come to pass in the Holy City, and holding forth, in the experience and conduct of a new life, the torch of redeeming love in the darkest and most remote portions of the earth, long before the preachers had even planted one foreign mission on the plan of their appointments. God was beforehand with them then, as he has been ever since.

The fact is, their views in regard to foreign missionary work and the redemption of the race were as yet so contracted that they would not preach the Gospel to any but Jews, until, by the exhibition of the "great sheet" with its animals of every kind, the apostle Peter's shackles were loosed and he was compelled by the direct command of God to go and preach to the house of Cornelius.

St. Paul was the first foreign missionary to go abroad and establish missions among the heathen and make a practical demonstration of the first mode referred to; but in nearly every place he visited he found scattered abroad the pentecostal seeds of truth, which had been borne, as it were, on the wings of the wind by the efficient workings of the second mode. The planting and sustaining of our Christian missions among the heathen and semiheathen nations of Europe, Asia, Africa, and Oceanica are in strict accordance with the first mode.

Foreign missionary work is scriptural in its authority, and must be sustained. Foreign

missions are worth more than the cost of sustaining them for the influence they exert on commercial adventurers and seamen of all nations. Many a prodigal son has been arrested and brought to Christ in foreign lands by Christian missionaries who might not have been otherwise reached.

A. M. Brown, a sailor of my acquaintance, was extremely wicked and profane, an avowed enemy of Christ and his Church, and especially of missionaries in foreign fields. He openly opposed the missionaries at the Sandwich Islands, Navigator's, and other islands of the Pacific, and did all he could to place obstructions in their way. From California he shipped to Constantinople, and a few days after arrival there was seized with cholera and fell helpless and alone in the street. I heard him say, "While I lay there dying, as I believed, I thought on my past life, and awoke to a sense of my dreadful condition as a sinner, and felt that I should soon be in hell. Despair, with all its horror, seized my soul, and thinking that it was then too late to pray I said to myself, 'Why did I not attend to that before? Why did not some one warn me of my danger? I had a father who once made a profession of religion, but he never told me what a dreadful thing it is to die in sin and go to hell. Why didn't some preacher or some Christian friend tell me of all this? No man has cared for my soul; and now I'm dying in the streets of a foreign city and going to hell.' And," said he, "in an agony of despair I cursed the day of my birth; cursed my father for his neglect; cursed the preachers and cursed the Church; and then my paroxysms of pain would come on, and I writhed under the scorching rays of the sun till life was almost gone; and when I had a little respite I thought of my mother and wept and said, 'O, if I had a mother's care, or if I had some one who could understand my language, and could tell them what to do for me, I might yet live!' The Turks would stop and look at me, jabber to each other, and pass on. When all hope had gone from me a man came and looked at me, and I thought, 'O that he would speak to me in a language I could understand! He spoke, but, alas! it was in the Turkish tongue. Seeing I did not understand him, he addressed me in my own mother tongue. Such music never filled my soul before. He spoke such words of kindness and sympathy as never before fell on my guilty ears. He had me taken to his own house, and under his skillful treatment and care I was relieved in a few hours.

"That good Samaritan was an American missionary; he saved my life, and, more than that, led me to Christ. Three days after my recovery, while still at his house under instruction, God, for Christ's sake, forgave my sins and healed my soul."

From that day Brown became a steadfast, zealous Christian, and later was a local preacher in my charge in San Francisco, and one of the most efficient workmen I had; and when I received a request from the Hawaiian Tract Society to send them a colporteur for Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, I sent them A. M. Brown, who successfully preached the Gospel in the port where he once so wickedly opposed it.

I preached one night in the summer of 1855 in McGinnis's provision storeroom at Twelve Mile Bar, on the east branch of the north fork of Feather River. A large part of my congregation were Chinamen, who listened with great attention. A tall, intelligent-looking fellow called "Chippee" took out his pencil and noted down such thoughts as he understood on a piece of wrapping paper as gravely as a New York reporter. The next morning the clerk at the store asked him to translate his notes into English. Said Chippee, "What you call him talk las' night?"

"That was Mr. Taylor, of San Francisco."

He noted the name in his book, and, looking and pointing upward, said, "What you call him, *Him*—Fader, big Fader, up there—what you call *Him?*"

"We call him God," said the clerk.

He put that also in his journal. He then gave a translation of his notes, now in my possession: "Tell all men no gamble; tell all men no steal 'em gold; tell all men no steal 'em cargo; tell all men no talk 'em lies; tell all men to be good men."

That was the first sermon Chippee ever heard, and those were the ideas he gathered.

What Peter saw in vision on the housetop of Simon the tanner was exhibited in fact in California, and none of them common or unclean nor excluded from the covenant of mercy and redeeming love. It has been my lot to preach the Gospel many times, if not to every creature, to at least specimen representatives of all the creatures of human kind in this lower world.

The following account of "preaching the Gospel to all the world" in San Francisco is given in the *Annals of California*. Due allowance must be made for the writer's poetical allusion to the singing on the occasion:

"Suddenly from the piazza of an old adobe building on the plaza arises the voice of one crying in the wilderness. He raises a hymn in a voice which would be dreadful in its power were it not melodious. Hark! You may hear the words half a mile off.

"The city hall sends back the echo like a sounding board. You may stand at the foot of Merchant Street and distinguish every sentence: 'The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire.' Had the vehicle spoken of really rolled over the planked streets of the city it is doubtful if the tumult of its lumbering wheels could have drowned the voice of him who was thus describing in thunder like music its advent. That voice at once arrests attention.

"The loiterer turns aside from his careless walk, stops and listens. The miner, in his slouched hat and high boots, hears the sound of worship, recollects the day, thinks of the home and the dear ones far away, and of the hours when he too worshiped with them in the old church pew in the country town, with the graves of the forefathers of the village visible from the spot where he sat, and the old elm trees bending gracefully beneath the weight of years and foliage over the dust of those who planted them, and where he listened to the trembling words of the old clergyman as he read or spoke from that old-fashioned pulpit—and he joins the motley crowd. The loafing Mexican arouses from his reverie, and from the smoke of his cigarette gives an extra puff from his nostrils, throws his variegated *serape* over his left shoulder, leans against the fence, and listens to words which he does not understand. John Chinaman passes along, and seeing books, and being of a literary turn, ceases to jabber in the language of Confucius, joins the outskirts of the company, and risks the integrity of his yard-long queue among the outside barbarians. The Malay, with his red painted cap, stops a moment to wonder, and perhaps forgets a while the well-known trade of piracy while listening to a Gospel he cannot comprehend.

"It is not long ere there is a sufficient audience. The singing has brought together the congregation. There is room enough for all. The meeting progresses. Prayer, singing, reading of the Scriptures, text, and sermon follow.

"All can hear, all can see; there is no sexton or usher, nor is one needed. It is a primitive service, very earnest and by no means ridiculous."

I think I never felt a greater thrill of pleasure in proclaiming a free Gospel to the human varieties of California than I did one Sunday morning on Long Wharf, San Francisco. It happened that morning, when the time came for my wharf appointment, that I was minus a text. I was caught in the same embarrassing dilemma once before on my way to preach on the Plaza, but as I passed along I saw a poor inebriate lying

AN UNBELIEVER STRICKEN OF CHOLERA.

"O that he would speak to me in a language I could understand!"—Page 175.

in the sand, face downward, drawing with every breath the sand into his nostrils, and as temperance sermons were in order occasionally, the Plaza being a place notorious for rum holes, I resolved to preach that afternoon a sermon on temperance.

When I had sung up my crowd I said to them, "You may find my text recorded on a sand bank in front of the General Jackson House, on First Street. It is usual in sermonizing to institute inquiries like these: What are the facts in the case? What are the causes or occasions of these facts? What are the consequences?" With that arrangement I proceeded and had a good time, but waked up a great excitement among the rumsellers. Opening our fires right at the mouth of their dens, there was no popping at a man of straw or sham fighting.

When I made out a case I pointed out my man, and the home thrust of the prophet Nathan to the guilty King of Israel—"Thou art the man"—was backed by the concentrated gaze of a thousand listeners. Such thrusts were hard to bear, but harder to resist, and the guilty, after one cry of complaint, usually got out of sight.

On the Sunday morning referred to I found no drunken man to suggest a theme, but met a brother who said, "Good morning, Brother Taylor. What's the news?"

"Good news, my brother, good news. Jesus Christ died for sinners." Said I to myself, "I've got it."

So on I went and took my stand on the head of a whisky barrel in front of the worst rum hole in the city, unless it was one at the opposite corner, just across the street. I preached there a few times, and the proprietor sent me word that I blocked up the street and cut off access to his house, and he did not want me to preach there any more. The next Sunday after I received his message I stood on a pile of wood about thirty feet from his door, and by way of apology for changing my pulpit said: "That man there complains that I block up the entrance to his house, and forbids my preaching there any more. He is a gatekeeper of the way to hell, and is bound to keep the passage clear so that all who are silly enough to go may walk in without hindrance. He's a generous soul, is he not? Moreover, a man who steals God's holy day and spends it in the work of human destruction can't afford to lose an hour of it."

Then the proprietor of the opposition death line on the other side of the street sent me word that I might preach in front of his place. He rued his bargain, and once or twice tried to run me off, but I stood fire, held my ground, and turned his empty whisky barrels to good account by preaching perhaps a hundred sermons from them.

On the occasion I was going to describe I sung together a vast crowd of such variety of human kind as was seldom seen except in California. Peter's congregation on the day of Pentecost for variety was a small affair compared to it. When the song ended I said: "Good morning, gentlemen; I am glad to see you this bright Sabbath of the Lord. What's the news? Thank the Lord, I have good news for you this morning—'Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people.'"

I then addressed them as individual representatives of the different nations, thus: "My French brother, look here!" He looked with earnest eye and ear while I told him what Jesus had done for him and his people. "Brother Spaniard, I have tidings for you, *señor*," and told him the news. "My Hawaiian brother, don't you want to hear the news this morning? I have glad tidings of great joy for you." I then told him the news, and that his island should wait for the law of Jesus. "John Chinaman, you, John, there by that post—look here, my good fellow; I've got something to tell you." Thus I traveled over all creation, calling by name all the different nations I could think of with their rep-

resentatives before me, and I felt unspeakably happy in the fact that throughout creation's vast realm I could not find a rebel to whom I could not extend the hand of Christian sympathy and say, "I have good news for you, my brother, 'glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people.'"

When I had got around, as I thought, an Irishman in the crowd spoke out, and said, "And may it plase your riverence, and have ye nothing for a poor Irishman?"

"I ask your pardon, my dear Irish brother, I did not mean to pass you by. I have good news for you. Jesus Christ, by the grace of God, tasted death for every Irishman on the Emerald Isle; and let me tell you, my brother, that if you will this morning renounce all your sins and submit to the will of God he will grant you a free pardon and clean all the sins and devils out of your heart as effectually as your people say St. Patrick cleaned the toads and snakes out of Ireland."

"Thank you, sir," he said; "I raly belave ivery word you say, and I'll thry and be a bitter man."

An intelligent Italian came to me to know where he could get an Italian Bible. He wanted to read to his companions. He was one of a party of twelve Italian refugees who took part in the revolution of 1848, and had to flee for their lives. He and his party had been in California eighteen months and had often heard me preach, and were anxious to learn about our Bible and religion.

A company of Maltese lived near me for several years. I gave them a Testament and told them about St. Paul's shipwreck and sojourn on their native island. They seemed as delighted with the book as if it were the family records of their fathers. One Sunday as I was preaching on Washington Street I observed in the congregation an old Italian weeping. At the close of the service he grasped my hand and said, "O! dat what I like; tell all the people about Jesus. When you preach again?"

"On the Plaza at three o'clock."

"I'll be dere; I likes it."

A Prussian arose at one of our meetings and said, "I come to California to git golt; now I don't come for golt, I vant to find dat Jesus you all talk about. I vant to find him. His handt been heavy on me since I be in California. He shake me; he shake me now. I dream I was dying and a big schnake had me, and Brodder Taylor come and knock de schnake away. De schnake is de debbil. All you pray for me to get away from de debbil and find Jesus."

We had in those days at Yreka, Siskiyou County, a class of about eighteen Methodist Kanakas, Sandwich Islanders. They were pious and consistent, and contributed liberally to the support of their pastor, Rev. C. C. Stratton.

One Sunday afternoon, preaching on the Long Wharf in San Francisco, and wishing to illustrate the distinction between a decent, well-behaved sinner, outwardly, and a violent, outbreaking sinner, I remarked, after stating the point, "Gentlemen, I stand on what I suppose to be a cask of brandy. Keep it tightly bunged and spiled and it is entirely harmless and answers some very good purposes; it even makes a very good pulpit. But draw that spile and fifty men will lie down here and drink up its spirit and then wallow in the gutter, and before ten o'clock to-night will carry sorrow and desolation to the hearts of fifty families. See that man there trying to urge his horse through the audience" (all eyes turned from the cask to the man). "If he had kept his mouth shut we might have supposed him a very decent fellow; but finding the street blocked up with this living mass of humanity, he drew the spile, and out gurgled the

ON THE ENEMY'S RAMPARTS.

"... whisky barrels to good account."—Page 179.

most profane oaths and curses. But, while there is as much difference now between outwardly moral and outbreaking sinners as between a tightly bunged and an open cask of brandy, I would invite your attention to a time when there will be no material difference between them.

"Should you attempt to get this harmless cask of brandy through the customhouse in Portland, Maine, the inspector would pay no regard to the outside appearance or separate value of the cask. He would extract the bung, let down his phial, draw out and smell its contents; then shake his head, and mark it 'Contraband.' My friends, God has a great customhouse through which every man has to pass for inspection before he can be admitted into his kingdom. When you are entered for examination do you imagine that the great omniscient Inspector will pay any regard to your outside appearance or conduct? Nay, my dear sirs, he will sound the inner depths of your souls. All who are filled with the spirit of Christ will be passed and treasured up as meet for the Master's use; but all who have not the love of God shed abroad in their hearts will be pronounced 'contraband,' and branded eternally with, 'Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.'"

On another occasion, near the same place, I was preaching on the bondage of sin, and said to the large audience assembled: "My dear sirs, you are slaves to sin and Satan; your conduct proves it, and frequently you unwittingly confess it. I said to a man a few days ago, 'My friend, you ought not to swear.' 'It's a free country,' said he, 'and I'll do as I please.' 'But, sir,' said I, 'a gentleman will not please to indulge in a practice so useless and wicked. Moreover, I don't allow a man to swear in the presence of my little boys here.' 'Well,' said he, 'I know it's a mean practice; but I've got into the habit of it and I can't quit it.' So, in trying to apologize for your various sins you have often confessed the fact that you are a poor prisoner in bondage to sin.

"A man enslaved by habits of intemperance once came to see me, and said: 'Father Taylor, what shall I do? I have a dear wife and four sweet little children in New York, and I am afraid I shall never see them again'—crying as though his heart would break. 'I used to have plenty of everything I wanted, and was happy with my dear family—God bless their dear souls! I fear I shall never see them again; but I came to California, fell in with bad company, and have gotten into this cursed habit of drinking and can't quit it. I've tried often, but it's no use.' 'Now, my friend,' said I, 'for the sake of your family that you say you love, for the sake of your poor body, so much abused by rum, and for the sake of your soul, redeemed by the blood of Jesus, do make one more effort to be a man. Shun your drinking companions as you would Satan, and fly from the grogshops as you would from the yawning mouth of hell; and cry to God in the name of Jesus for pardon and help.' 'I will, Father Taylor, I will. So help me God, I'll never drink another drop.' The very next week I found him drunk in the streets.

"One such came to me, and after relating the sad tale of his sorrows, asked to sign the pledge. I gave him a pledge and he signed it, saying, 'There it is; my name is there once for all. Henceforth I'll be a sober man.' The next day as I passed up California Street I saw him with a demijohn in his hand. 'Why, my friend,' said I, 'what are you doing with that stuff?' 'O,' said he, 'I thought as I was knocking off for good this time I would just take one more nip.' My dear friends, such is your own bondage to your prevailing sins, whatever they may be. Chains of habit are stronger than chains of steel; you cannot break them."

Just at that moment a candidate for the chain-gang was conducted along the street

with a heavy chain around his leg. Said I: "Look at that poor fellow! How gladly would he kick off that chain and be free! But look at that great band of iron round his leg, and the strong links. He cannot break them. Yet he is no more a prisoner to-day under that heavy chain, in the hands of his keeper, than you are under the chains of sinful habit—in the hands of your keeper, the devil, by whom you are led captive at his will."

One Sunday morning as I was preaching in Davis Street, a fellow came close to the barrel on which I stood, and looking up into my face, said, "The apostle David says, 'It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.'"

"See here, my friend," said I, "when did you arrive, sir?"

"I came from the old country," said he, "about six years ago."

"But I want to know when you came to California?"

"O, a good while ago," said he.

"How many days since?" said I.

He hesitated, and looked for an opening through the crowd by which he might escape, and then replied, "About two weeks ago, sir."

"I knew," said I, "by your conduct that you had recently arrived and had not learned how to behave yourself here yet. You seem to imagine that we are all a set of heathen here in California, and that you can 'cut up' and do as you please. Now as you are a stranger in these parts, I will inform you that the order of the day in California is for all classes of society to respect the preaching of the Gospel and never to disturb a preacher in the discharge of his duty, and the fellow who dares persist in it may expect that even the gamblers will give him a licking."

I have often caused men when trying to make a disturbance to run and hide themselves by offering an apology for their conduct—"Don't hurt that poor fellow, friends: we must make great allowance for his bad conduct. It is fair to presume that he has just arrived from some barbarous island in the Pacific and has not learned how to behave himself." To turn the eyes of an audience, sparkling with good-natured contempt upon a fellow, will move him as suddenly almost as a charge of bayonets. I have, however, always run such fellows off the track so good-humoredly that I have never yet had an after difficulty with one of them.

Once in early summer I had an appointment to preach one week night in a large barroom on Moor's Flat, in the mountains. The congregation assembled early and spent an hour in playing ball. When the bell rang for preaching the mass of the audience assembled on the porch and cracked jokes and sang lewd songs with the design, I thought, of intimidating the preacher. After letting them conduct the exercises in that way for a few minutes, I said, "Hold on, boys, and let me sing you a song."

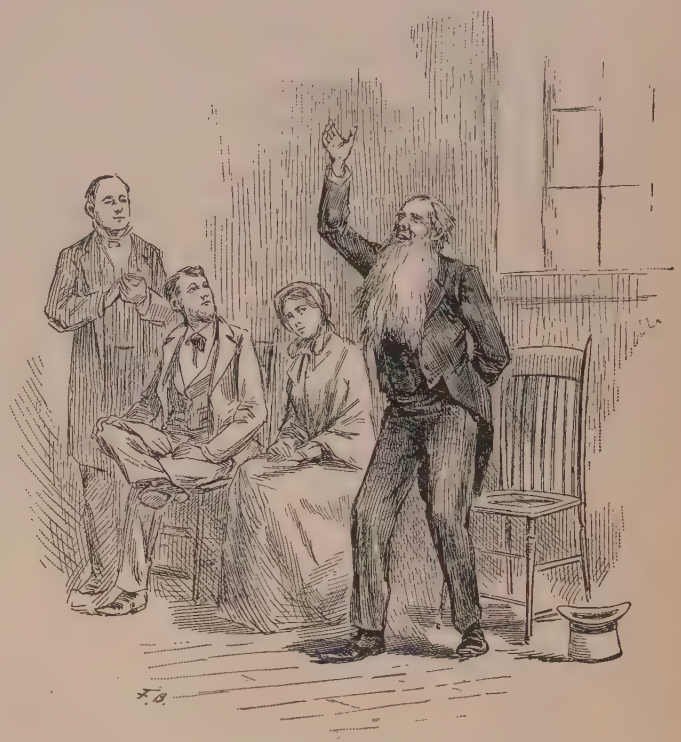
They gave audience, and I sang. Nothing could be more calm than the salubrious atmosphere on that occasion, and the surrounding mountain heights and deep canyons and giant trees of the dense forest all combined to render the scene impressively grand and solemn. The echoes of the song came back from the neighboring mountains, and the trees seemed to be praising God in the melody of song. The singing ended, I said, "Now, boys, walk in here; I have something to tell you." They all slipped in as quietly as possible, and I had a blessed season in pressing home upon their hearts the word of life.

In the early days of Methodism in San Francisco I had a general class meeting in the chapel every Sunday afternoon, at which there were usually present from fifty to ninety persons. There was then but one charge in the city—no North, no South, no party differences or jealousies of any kind; only a constant stream of emigration flowing in.

The city was small, so that the royal proclamation, sounding out from the Plaza every Sunday, tapped the drum of nearly every man's ears in town. All the Methodist passengers, and multitudes besides, immediately showed their faces. After proclaiming to them a crucified and risen Jesus, I always announced the appointments for preaching and class meeting in our church on the hill. Hence the size and variety of our class meetings. As a specimen I extract in substance the following notice from my journal, dated Sunday, February 3, 1850:

"There were in class to-day about ninety persons, witnesses for Jesus, from almost all parts of the United States, from Maine to Texas, and from Buenos Ayres, in South America; from Costa Rica, in Central America; from Prince Edward Island; from England, Scotland, and Ireland; from Germany, Sweden, and Denmark; from North Wales, New South Wales, and New Zealand. They all uttered distinctly the Shibboleth of Methodism, and told the same story of redemption through the blood of Jesus, even the forgiveness of their sins.

"A very common inquiry in the mouths of Wesleyan Methodists from England and her colonies was, 'Do you belong to the Church that Mr. Wesley established in America—the Church of Mr. Asbury and Dr. Coke?' So soon as they heard the answer 'Yes,' they immediately extended the right hand of fellowship for another greeting, and, with tearful smiles, uttered with great emotion, 'God bless you! It is quite an unexpected pleasure to meet you here.' An observing stranger beholding the scene would have said, 'No doubt there is a meeting of two brothers, sons of the same mother, who have not seen each other for twenty years.' And brothers we were with a free good-will, bound together by bonds of mutual sympathy and Christian affection stronger than ties of blood, though we had never seen each other before, and probably never would again till the great reunion of the blood-washed brotherhood on the other side of the river."



THE OLD MAN'S HOPE.

"An old gentleman with a long gray beard."—Page 185.

At the class meeting above referred to an old gentleman with a long gray beard, by the name of Livesey, arose and shouted the praise of Jesus, and thanked God for full salvation "through the blood of the Lamb." He thanked God also for Methodist class meetings, which, for thirty years, had always been seasons of refreshing to his soul. Thirty years ago from that day he had obtained the forgiveness of his sins, and had never turned his back on Jesus; heard Dr. Adam Clarke preach a sermon on "hope," which hope he had "as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast;" had always been a firm believer in the doctrine of holiness as taught by Mr. Wesley; and

yet, continued he, "strange as it may appear, I never obtained an evidence that I was wholly sanctified till last Tuesday night. I was aboard ship in the harbor out there, and while all hands were locked in sleep, and nothing was heard but the dash of the waves against the sides of our vessel, my soul was waiting upon God in an unusual exercise of prayer and faith in Christ, when the power of the Holy Spirit came upon me as I never felt it before. I realized an application of the all-cleansing blood of Jesus to my heart, and that I was made clean through the word. My soul has been full of glory ever since. We have pitched a tent on the beach in 'Happy Valley' for prayer meetings, and God is with us there. Glory! glory be ascribed to his holy name!"

The old man took his seat with subdued utterances of "Glory! glory! glory be to God!"

After that meeting I saw his face no more. During that week he left the city on business, and word came back that his vessel was capsized in the San Joaquin River and that the good old brother was drowned. Never learning anything to the contrary, and receiving additional confirmatory evidence of the truth of the rumor, I settled on the conclusion that God, who buried the body of Moses in some unknown spot "over against Beth-peor" had deposited the body of Father Livesey in some one of the mighty eddies of the San Joaquin River "until the redemption of the purchased possession." His spirit went to bathe in that "pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."

Although I had but a very limited acquaintance with Father Livesey, his image is very distinctly defined in my memory, and I believe I shall recognize him on the other side of Jordan, when, through the great mercy of God, I shall have reached that shore and shall hear from his own lips the mysterious manner in which God in his wisdom took him from labor to reward.

At the class meeting in question many thrilling experiences were related. At least six persons bore a clear testimony to the all-cleansing efficacy of the blood of Jesus applied to their own hearts.

I spent the first Sabbath of October, 1850, in Sacramento city, and had the privilege of preaching three times in our Baltimore-California Chapel, so called because our kind Baltimore friends framed it and paid for it and sent it to California. I selected a goods box on the levee for a pulpit and opened my commission for the first time in the streets of that city. While singing the "Royal Proclamation" two men rode up to where I stood. I never learned their names, but for convenience will call them Bacchus and Fairplay. Bacchus was pretty drunk, and began to yell and make a great ado. Judge W. and a few others took hold of his mule's bridle and tried to lead the disturbers away. "Let that alone," cried Bacchus. "Let go his bridle," said Fairplay. "This is a public street, and you have no business to interfere with him. Let him go, I tell you. If you don't let go I'll see that you pay dearly for it." And many other hard threats were uttered by Mr. Fairplay.

The singing, which had been continued without interruption, together with the strife and hallooing of the drunken man, attracted an immense crowd. When the opening hymn was ended Judge W. and his companion had gotten Bacchus off to the distance of about thirty yards, and had about equally divided the crowd. At that moment I called to the judge and his company, saying, "If you please, gentlemen, let him go and I'll take care of him." But they had become so zealous in the matter that they seemed determined to drag him away, and would not let him go. By the time I had sung another song of Zion

THE DEVIL TRIES TO STAMPEDE US.

"Let him go, I tell you."—Page 186.

they had gone but a few feet further off, and had half the audience, who appeared to be more interested in the fate of the drunken man than in the songs of the preacher. I then called to them again, and said: "Gentlemen, you had better take my advice. If you will let that man go, I will send him away in one minute. I am surprised at you Sacramento folks. Come down to San Francisco and attend preaching on the Plaza next Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, and I'll show you how all classes there behave themselves. Men naturally run after an excited crowd, but you have all seen the great attraction, a drunken man on a mule. Now, let me manage that fellow, and all of you come up here."

With that they let Bacchus's mule go. I then addressed his threatening, storming companion, Fairplay, and said, "I deliver that man up to you, sir; I want you to take charge of him and lead him away. Take good care of him, if you please."

"Yes, sir," said he, "I will"—tipping his hat as he made his best bow, and immediately led him away.

The whole crowd then gathered around me, and I said: "Gentlemen, some of my friends here say that it is getting too late for preaching this afternoon; that by the time I get under way the supper gongs and bells will ring, and that you will all run off to supper. I have some very important things to say to you, and I will have done before the tea gets cold. Now, you had better stay and hear me out, and my friends here will find that they are not so good at guessing as they thought they were."

I then announced as my text, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

The supper gongs in the neighborhood set up a prodigious ringing before I had got half through, but I saw none leave. All seemed willing to risk the cold tea. After singing the doxology, all hats off, many strangers gathered round me and wept as they told of their sorrows and inquired about Jesus, the sinner's Friend.

One Sunday morning I preached to a large audience on Long Wharf from the parable of the sower. Illustrating how "Satan cometh immediately, and taketh away the word that was sown in their hearts," I said of his Satanic majesty that "just at the moment the good seed would take effect he excites in the heart of the hearer opposing passions, or diverts his attention by presenting to his mind some attractive scheme or train of thought while he devours the seed, or by sending a wagon load of calves through the midst of the audience, to the great annoyance of attentive listeners." (A load of calves for the market at that moment was passing through the crowd.)

The audience so blocked the street sometimes from side to side with a living mass of humanity that it was difficult for a man to get through. A wagon or dray would therefore be subjected to considerable delay in making a passage through, and I frequently took advantage of the opportunity and gave them a little grape as they passed. Once when a lean-looking man, driving a poor horse, was trying to urge his way through the crowd, I said, "Look at that poor man! Working seven days in the week is bringing him rapidly down to his grave. A man cannot break the law of the Sabbath without violating a law of his own constitution. Look at his sunken, sallow cheeks and his dim eyes! How the sin of Sabbath-breaking is telling on him! He'll die soon if he don't reform. Look at his poor old horse! The Lord ordained the Sabbath for that horse, but his merciless master is cheating him out of it. See there, how he beats him! After all, I had rather be the horse than the man, if he dies as he lives."

On another occasion a wag, thinking to have a little sport, tried to ride through the crowd on one of the smallest of that small species of animals, the jack. His animal

refusing to go through, I said, "See there; that animal, like Balaam's of the same kind, has more respect for the worship of God than his master, who only lacks the ears of being the greater ass of the two."

The man, in great confusion, beat his animal out of sight in double-quick time. The reader may wonder how I managed to restore the equilibrium of the audience after such a scene. I always tried to anticipate that difficulty, and would follow such scenes by the most solemn appeal the subject in hand would allow. The sudden surprise of such appeals sometimes produces a thrilling effect for good. An important end is accomplished when a sleepy congregation is by any legitimate means fairly waked up. First melt and then mold the metal.

A mother, to whom God intrusted an infant heir of immortality, a beautiful boy, with instructions to train him for holiness and heaven, dosed her dear little boy with sweetened toddy and taught him early to be a winebibber. He did not go to church in San Francisco, for he was not taught to go to church even at home, and was not likely to form such a habit there. But he passed by where I was preaching one bright Sunday morning, on Pacific Street. He listened a while, as most passers-by do, but he had been indulging a little, and was not in a good condition to receive the truth. After meeting I saw him before me as I walked down Sansom Street. He fetched up in front of a large liquor store, where a cask of brandy lay with a little pump in the bung. He looked for a moment with great apparent interest at the cask, as though he thought it a rare opportunity for cheap grog, and his gestures seemed to say, "O for a demijohn!"

But, mother, you know your son is a smart, inventive youth, as you often used to tell him when his wits were sharpened by your sweetened toddy. So he immediately hit on the following happy expedient. Taking off his hat, he pumped it full of brandy; and, as with joyful steps he bore away his prize, every now and then he stopped and dipped his red nose into his hat. When I came alongside, I leaned over to smell the contents of his hat, so as not to be mistaken in my facts, and your generous son said to me, "Come take a drink, won't you?" Not fancying the article, nor the vessel containing it, I respectfully declined. The poor boy was well provided for that day, and probably got a good night's lodging on a free ticket in the station house. I have not seen the precious youth since, unless by possibility he was the same man that I saw soon after in the bay. He had been fished up by some boatmen, and was tied to a pile, to await the arrival of the coroner, whose jury gravely sits on such cases, and at the city's expense returns a verdict of accidental drowning.

One Sunday morning I stood on the deck of the steamer *Webber*, at Long Wharf, and announced as my text, "In that very night was Belshazzar, king of the Chaldeans, slain." Nearly opposite to where I stood, on the other side of the wharf, lay the steamer *Empire*, which had been chartered to convey a company of California legislators on that day to Vallejo, the seat of the Legislature of the State at that time. The *Empire* was steaming up for her Sunday excursion, while I was trying to raise the steam on the *Webber* against Sunday excursions. My song drew to the side of our boat a large crowd, while the embarkation of the honorable legislators drew an equally large crowd to their boat; but I had the whole of both parties within the compass of my voice, and I preached to the *Empire* party more especially. As I doubted whether many of them ever went to church, I thought it a rare opportunity for giving them a little Gospel truth.

I illustrated, by the life of Belshazzar, that a Sabbath-breaking, licentious, carousing, drunken man was utterly unfit for any official position in the gift of any respectable

nation, and to elect men to make our laws whose brains were addled with brandy, and who showed so little respect for one of the highest laws and most venerable institutions of God, the holy Sabbath, was a wicked absurdity and a burning shame to the American people. I did not design, by these reflections, to implicate the whole of the California Legislature, for it contained some very good men, but I thought them peculiarly applicable to the party addressed on that occasion. I illustrated, further, the end of such a course of procedure by the Mene, Tekel, Upharsin, the numbering, weighing, and dividing of the Chaldean kingdom, and the slaying of her wicked king.

A number of months after this occasion a stranger called on me, and requested a private interview. Said he to me, "Do you remember preaching from the deck of a steamboat at Long Wharf nine months ago from a text concerning the destruction of Babylon and the death of Belshazzar?"

"I preach there every Sunday morning. O yes," I replied, "I do remember it now, by the Sunday excursion which started that morning from the opposite side of the wharf."

"That was the time to which I allude," said he, and then related the following facts concerning himself: "I was up to that morning a confirmed Universalist, and was withal a very wicked sinner. As I was walking leisurely down the wharf that morning I heard you singing, and went into the crowd through curiosity to hear what was to be said on the occasion. While you were preaching a strange fearfulness which I cannot describe came over me. I felt a smothering sensation at my heart and thought I was dying. My Universalism all vanished like smoke, and I felt that if I died then I should certainly go to hell. For some time I knew not what to do. I came very near crying out, but something seemed to say to me, 'Pray, pray to God in the name of Jesus Christ for pardon.' So I began earnestly to pray. For three weeks I suffered a constant fearfulness and trembling. I felt every moment as though some dreadful calamity or judgment was about to befall me. I was afraid to go to sleep at night lest I should wake up in hell, and every day there seemed to be literally a heavy mist before my eyes, which made everything look dark and dreary. But all these three dreadful weeks I continued to pray, and suddenly, while I was praying and trying to trust in Jesus Christ, it appeared to me that a stream of light shone right down from heaven into my heart, and in a moment I realized that my burden of sin was gone, and instead of fearfulness and a nervous tremor I felt all the vigor of renewed youth. The mist of my eyes gave way to the brightness of morning. I praised God for his pardoning mercy. I have been up in the mountains ever since. I have had but few public religious privileges, but have had my private prayers, and have been recommending religion to all my associates. Jesus has been very precious to my soul all the time. To-morrow I expect to sail for home, and I want to see you before leaving and get some tracts and religious books for distribution aboard ship. I feel as though I ought to do all I can in the cause of Christ."

He did not expect soon, if ever, to return to California. So we closed our interview with a final farewell, and a mutual pledge to each other to live for God and meet again on the other side of the river.

Sunday, February 23, 1851, was a day of great excitement in the city of San Francisco. It was ascertained that there was a large organized band of thieves and robbers in California in those days, operating at the same time in different parts of the State, yet all acting in concert. Men were knocked down and robbed in the streets in the twilight, and stores and safes were broken open almost daily.

The night preceding the date above a respectable clothing merchant by the name of Janson was knocked down behind his counter with a slung shot, and it was then thought that he could not recover. Two men, by the names of Windred and Stuart, were arrested on Sunday morning, and lodged in jail as the supposed perpetrators of the deed.

The public forbearance, which had been taxed to the last point of endurance, now gave way to one almost universal burst of indignation. The people gathered round the jail to the number of about ten thousand men. I was requested by Windred's wife to visit him, as it was believed that the prisoners would be hung by the people before night. I had great difficulty in getting through the crowd, but finally succeeded in having an interview with the prisoners. Cries of "Have them out! hang them!" filled the air. It was with great difficulty that the public indignation could be suppressed so as to give time for an examination and trial of any kind; but a doubt as to the guilt of the parties arrested prevailed in allaying the excitement. I preached on the Plaza that day to about fifteen hundred persons on the value and indispensable necessity of the Bible, believed in, practiced; indispensable to our safety and happiness personally, collectively, socially, politically; the very foundation on which the glorious structure of our nation is built; the chart by which we may navigate the stormy sea of life and gain the peaceful haven of eternal rest. What does infidelity propose to do for us?

Good order and great seriousness prevailed. Windred afterward broke the jail and cleared himself, and fourteen years afterward, in New South Wales, came fifty miles on horseback to see me. Stuart was cleared by the courts. But the Vigilance Committee of 1851 was organized as the result of these frequent robberies and the inefficiency of the courts, and they executed some and banished others.

On the night of October 29, 1851, the stillness of the third watch was broken by the cry, "Fire! fire! fire!" and the ringing of alarm bells in all the wards of the city. What a dreadful scene! Here, at the dead hour of night, was a hospital built of wood on fire. It would consume to ashes in thirty minutes. In it were one hundred and thirty men—sick men—many of them unable to raise their heads from their pillows. No time for talk. Strong men carried out the patients, taking bed and all. Thus, in a few minutes, about half an acre of ground was strewed with mattresses, blankets, and dying men. The first thing was to get the sick off the damp ground on to the cots and provide covering to keep them from chilling to death in the night air. The next thing was to get some place of shelter. The Waverly House, on Pacific Street, distant nearly half a mile, was offered. Many of the sufferers were immediately carried thither. But that required too much time. Next a two-story house was obtained, very conveniently located, but very inconveniently arranged. It had a narrow hall through the center, with narrow doors opening on each side into the rooms. A cot containing a patient could not be turned out of the hall through these doors, and hence we had to unship each patient in the hall in order to twist him in through the doors into the rooms. All were rescued from the flames, with most of their bedding. Everything else pertaining to the hospital was consumed.

A number of the patients were men who had been blown up thirty-five hours before in the explosion of the steamer *Sagamore*. Some had broken limbs, and others were badly scalded. Some of them, on Monday, the 27th, had taken passage in the city of Stockton on board the steamer *Mariposa*, to attend the celebration of the admission of California into the Union, which took place on Tuesday, the 28th, in San Francisco. On their way down on Monday night their boat was run into and sunk by the steamer *West Point*, and they

narrowly escaped a grave in the dark waters. On Tuesday afternoon, after the festivities of the celebration, they were blown up in the explosion of the *Sagamore*, by which many lost their lives. On Wednesday night they were burned out as above stated. As I carried in a poor Dane who had been paralyzed I saw Isaac Hillman with a pot of warm coffee. I thought my Dane was dying, but a cup of warm coffee revived him.

One Sunday afternoon as I stood on the porch of the Old Adobe, and sung up a thousand men, a good-looking fellow affected to act the clown. It was a clear, cool afternoon, but our clown came up with an old umbrella spread over him. In his right hand was a lantern, and in his left side pocket a loaf of bread. Thus distinguished, after strutting round the circle of the audience he came on the porch near where I stood, lowered his umbrella, and tried to sing. I marked him in my mind, but said nothing. My text on the occasion was, "Let the wicked forsake his way." The first point was, Why should the wicked forsake his way? 1. Because the way of the wicked is exceedingly offensive to God. 2. It is most hideous and hateful in itself. 3. It is utterly ruinous in its effects to every interest of our souls in time, in eternity. These points were duly illustrated and applied.

One illustration used on this occasion, showing how sin degraded the ennobling faculties with which God had endowed our souls, and disqualified us for the pure associations and spiritual delights of heaven, would be regarded by many persons as too ludicrous for a religious meeting; but the application was so direct on this occasion that the effect was good. It ran as follows: "On a trip to San José, in the steamer *Star*, our boat ran aground and kept us there in the mud till after midnight. We had as passengers an alderman, a doctor, a general, a captain, and a high private, six high-minded, distinguished men, honorables of the land, noble spirits of the earth; none of your dull, sleepy fellows, you may be sure.

"While detained on the bar they must have some appropriate enjoyment for the evening. The tastes and habits of such distinguished men furnish an example for all the boys of the land, and we should expect from such a source examples pure and elevating. Well, how did they spend the evening? The general said, 'Steward, have you got any good whisky?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, now, get us up a good bowl of whisky punch.' 'Aye, aye, sir.' The punch disposed of, they next played a game at cards. Then the alderman, who holds a chaplaincy in an association in this city, said, 'Steward, make us some more of that punch; it is first-rate.' The table cleared again, they took another turn at the cards. Then the captain said, 'Steward, you are the finest-looking nigger I ever saw in my life; give us a little more punch.' After they had thus disposed of six bottles they began to be very happy, and it was natural that their joyous emotions should find expression in song. God has endowed us with this talent of music, that by it we may express the joyous emotions of the heart and sing his praise as the angels do. Now, what do you suppose our worthies sang? They sang, over and over again, the song of 'Old Uncle Ned, with all the hair off his head.' Now, with angels and glorified souls, and all who have tastes adapting them to the enjoyments of heaven, the all-absorbing, soul-thrilling theme is the song of the world's risen Redeemer. But the highest point which the aspirations of these noble souls could reach was the funeral lyric of a dead Negro."

I took occasion to give the clown his portion in due season, and when the doxology was sung he came to me trembling and weeping, and said: "Can you tell me what I am to do? I am a gambler and a drunkard and a miserable sinner. I had a good mother, but she is dead, and I have no doubt that she is in heaven to-day. O, I am afraid there is no hope for me."

I took him by the hand and said: "If you go on in your present course, you will never see your mother again. But if you will quit gambling and drinking and come out from your wicked associates, and attend church, read your Bible, and pray, and seek religion through the merits of Jesus Christ, you will yet be saved and meet your mother in heaven. 'Let the wicked forsake his way.' Will you do it? Will you do it now?"

The poor fellow was greatly distressed, and I gave him a good deal of earnest talk about his soul, but I saw him no more. He probably, with half of my audience, left the city the next day for the mines.

My Plaza text for Sunday, March 2, 1851, was, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

"Here is a watch my father gave me when I was a boy"—holding it in my hand. "He bought it from an old bachelor by the name of Walkup, who, of course, recommended it to be a first-rate watch. I am not acquainted with its early history, but if I were to tell you that this watch had no maker, that some happy chance formed the different parts of its ingenious machinery, and that another chance put them together with the very useful design of a timepiece, you would call me a fool.

"To adopt such a conclusion there is surely no such fool in this intelligent audience. But remember, David's fool was not such. He was probably like some fools encountered by Jesus in the days of his incarnation, who drew nigh to God with their lips, and honored him with their mouths, but said in their hearts, 'There is no God.'

"The Holy Spirit is looking at each one of you now and listening to every pulsation of your heart, and were he now to reveal what has there passed this day what shocking revelations he would make! It is not by the profession of the mouth, but by the conduct of men, that we are to learn the orthodoxy of their hearts. A miserable gambler said to me but a short time since, 'When I came to California I had but twenty-five cents; but I had good luck playing cards and by and by set up a monte table, and I thank God I have been very successful.' He said he was a member of a Church, and professed to be very devout.

"A wretched rumseller over here on Jackson Street filched the pockets of a poor fellow, wrecked his constitution, blighted all his hopes for time and eternity, unstrung his nervous system, and drove him into delirium tremens; and when his poor victim was dying the tender-hearted rumseller, full of sympathy for the suffering, sent in haste for me to come and pray for the poor man.

"Why, these gamblers round the Plaza here, whenever they shoot a fellow, go right off for a preacher to pray over their dead. One came for me to preach at the funeral of C. B., who had been shot the night before just there in that large saloon. He said, 'We thought it would be a pity to bury the man without some religious ceremonies. It will be a comfort to his friends, too, to know that he had a decent Christian burial.'

"I have buried three such within as many months. They profess a belief in God, but their conduct gives the lie to their profession.

"What is the swearers' notion of God? Even to-day my ears have been saluted with their horrid oaths. They do not believe in their hearts that there is a God, and but use his name in ironical contempt, or else they have so degraded a notion of God as to treat him worse than they would a dog. They would not think of so treating a fellow-man. 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God,' but every pulsation of that heart gives the lie to the blasphemous assertion. This system of bones and

arteries and veins and nerves, so fearfully and wonderfully made, proclaims, 'There is a God.' And this still more mysterious soul, which occupies this highly wrought tenement, proclaims yet more loudly, 'There is a God.'"

After the benediction a stranger spoke out, saying: "Gentlemen, you all know how laboriously and successfully Father Taylor labors here on the Plaza from Sabbath to Sabbath. Now I move that we take up a collection. I will not urge you to give; I know you are all ready."

"Pass along the hat," said one.

"Let it come this way," said another.

"Stop, stop," said I. "Gentlemen, I am much obliged for your kind feelings, but I never allow a collection to be taken up outdoors for my benefit. I preach every Sabbath twice in the church on Powell Street, and all who are so disposed can give there; but you will please do nothing of the kind here. I cannot have my street preaching trammeled by collections."

I preached about six hundred times in these streets; occasionally took up collections for poor men and for building the Seamen's Bethel (I collected four hundred dollars at one time on the Plaza for the Bethel), but never took up one collection for my benefit, though often in need. My reason is that in the streets I proclaim a free Gospel, the royal proclamation to heathens and Christians, to Jews and Gentiles, to Catholics and Protestants, to inhabitants of every nation, and I am unwilling to furnish ground for any of these to impugn my motives or to say, "He can afford to sing and preach in the streets when he gets a good collection every time."

At eleven o'clock in the night of Saturday, May 3, 1851, a fire broke out in our city, which raged till nine o'clock in the forenoon of Sunday, the 4th. It was the most destructive fire by which the city had yet been visited. The loss was variously estimated at from twelve to twenty millions of dollars. Several hundred passengers had just arrived on the steamship *New Orleans* on the evening the fire occurred, and the city was filled with strangers besides, so that it was impossible to tell how many persons perished in the conflagration. The ashes, it was believed, of six men were found in the ruins of T.'s iron building. It was said that five of them rushed in to rescue a sick man, who was confined to his bed inside, and when they got back to the door it was so warped by the heat that they could not open it, and the fire in the street was so great that it was impossible to relieve them. And there they perished, at the threshold of life.

Many of the streets were planked, and on each side were wooden sewers, which served as flues to conduct the fire, and greatly facilitated its destructive progress through the city. Our Old Adobe escaped, and at the appointed hour for preaching I stood in my place on the porch. It appeared to be a very unpropitious time for collecting an audience. The people were running to and fro under a high pressure of confused excitement, and many were busy in collecting together their little savings from the fire, many tons of which were scattered in tangled confusion all over the Plaza. I, however, threw out, amid the smoke and dust and noise of the vast field of desolation which was spread out before me, one of Zion's sweetest songs, and drew together about one thousand men. My text on this occasion was, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

CHAPTER XI.

Preaching to the Outcasts.

IN the spring of 1852, as I was on the Long Wharf one Sunday morning discoursing to a large audience on the "one thing needful," I proceeded first to show what it was that was needful to the well-being of the bodies of men; that true religion, as a regulator of the appetites and passions, preserved men from a great variety of excesses which were destructive to health and happiness. Illustrating this, I said to the crowd, "Go with me, if you please, through the hospitals of our city. Ask the hundreds of sufferers to whom I will introduce you the cause of their afflictions, and, while you will see some good men brought down by unavoidable diseases, you will find that a large majority of those miserable beings have been there imprisoned for the violation of physical laws from which this needful thing would have saved them."

"That's true, Father Taylor; that's true, every word of it," cried an old man in the audience.

"Yes, sir," said I, in reply; "you know it by sad experience. There, friends," I continued, "you have a living illustration of the truth of my position. That old man, lacking this needful thing, indulged his appetite for strong drink, and, as a consequence, I found him two years ago in the hospital. He lay there for many months, suffering everything but death. The physician succeeded at last in doctoring up his old carcass, and if he had given his heart to the Lord and obtained the healthful, preserving influence of his grace he might have continued a well man. But he went out still destitute of the one thing needful, and in a short time he again took the cup of death, for which he had to serve another long term in the hospital. With naturally a good constitution, if he had been possessed of vital godliness the probability is he would not have lost a day from sickness in California. He is a shipmaster, and capable of doing well for himself and his family; and he came here, too, at a time when he had a good opportunity to make a fortune, and but for the want of this one needful thing he might to-day be reclining on his well-earned California fortune by his own happy fireside, surrounded by the wife of his youth and the lovely children the Lord has given them.

"But here he is, a wreck of manly strength, foundering on the leeshore of the dreadful sea of inebriety, his wife clad in the habiliments of mourning blacker than widow's weeds, and his beautiful daughters disgraced, poverty-stricken, and broken-hearted. I fear he will never see them again, and if he does he is unfit for the relations, duties, and associations of the head of such a family." The poor old captain was now weeping and crying audibly, as a boy that was being castigated. "I would not, my friends, unnecessarily hurt the feelings of the poor old man. He knows I am one of the best friends he has in this land, and that I have often entreated him as a brother and prayed at his side, and have done everything to keep him from self-destruction and to induce him to seek the one thing needful."

In the next place I went on to show, by a variety of proofs and illustrations, the value of religion to the soul.

The darkest chapter in the history of California is that which records the disruption of

family ties and connubial relationships, occasioned, primarily, by the rage and rush of thousands of heads of families to her mines of gold. Many families of children were thus neglected when they most needed a father's watchful care and counsels. Many a wife pined with a broken heart on account of the absence of her husband, and the husband a desolate, isolated wanderer in a strange land. In many cases these husbands were unsuccessful, and often unable even to raise money enough to carry them to their poor, dependent families at home. Very many of both husbands and wives died without the longed-for meeting again. The mails, surcharged with death shocks, for years passed back and forth, from ocean to ocean, and ever and anon, suddenly and unexpectedly as a thunderbolt from a clear sky, the lightning leaped from the train and struck the widow's heart, and hope departed. Still more dark and dreadful is the record of connubial infidelity which hopelessly sundered and desolated hundreds of once happy families.

In the midst of all these dangers the meeting of true and faithful husbands and wives after weary years of separation was an occasion of thrilling interest, and often furnished scenes which baffled the painter's skill. Such scenes occurred at our wharves on the arrival of each ocean steamer. A few incidents characterizing them are contained in the following extract from my journal:

"Tuesday, February 3, 1852.—I boarded the steamer *Panama* upon her arrival this afternoon to see if there were any missionaries aboard. Her trip had extended three days beyond her time, and much solicitude was felt for the safety of her precious freight of five hundred passengers.

"About four thousand persons crowded down Long Wharf to witness her arrival. Quite a company of anxious wives who had come to join their husbands stood on deck looking out to catch in the distance the joyful recognitions of those they loved. One simple-hearted, beautiful little woman, getting a glimpse of her husband in the crowd, clapped her hands and danced for very gladness. One man rushed on deck and threw his arms around his wife as though he would run right away with her, and then, with arms around each other, they walked abaft in the greatest glee, not seeming to be conscious that anybody was in sight of them. Nearly all that met embraced and kissed each other, some laughing and some weeping, amid the cheering of the multitude. A Mrs. Gardner, who had less of youthful fire than many, but I should say not less of genuine affection, was quietly seated on deck waiting the arrival of her husband. The old gentleman took off his hat when he got within a few feet of her, and with his venerable bald head bared approached her with an air of dignified affection which I cannot describe."

But a sad case I saw, and it was one of many of the same kind. A man hastened aboard with joyous heart to meet his wife, and was told that three days out from Panama she had suddenly sickened and died, and had found a grave in the deep blue sea. He was taken to her stateroom, and there were her things just as her own hands had left them.

On the Fourth of July, 1852, I preached a temperance sermon on the Plaza. I drew a parallel between the oppressions of our fathers and mothers under the administration of our mother country, and the more dreadful sufferings of tens of thousands of our fellow-citizens under the despotism of King Alcohol and his long train of officers, thousands of whom were quartered in our midst and pampered at our expense. I drew a picture of the aggressive marches of the enemy and the horrible havoc he was making of American flesh and blood and property and tenderest ties and dearest hopes, and asked them what they would do if any foreign potentate or power should invade our territory and commit such

outrages with the bayonet. Shades of Patrick Henry! Wouldn't Uncle Sam's boys rally and run to the rescue? "Come forward to-day like John Hancock and his invincible compatriots, and sign this 'Declaration of Independence.'" About forty persons came forward and signed the temperance pledge. While I was discoursing an old woman who kept a grogshop close by where I stood came out and cried, "Don't listen to him. He's an impostor. He's preaching for money—telling lies."

"Dry up, old woman," replied some of the outsiders; "dry up! We know what's the matter with you. Your craft is in danger. He is taking away your customers. We know Father Taylor. He is a good man, and he's telling the truth." The woman immediately disappeared. Just as I closed my remarks a man tried to get the attention of the audience, and said, "This man is an impostor hallooing around here to get people's money." "Stop, stranger," said one; "what is your business here in the city?" "Why, sir," replied the fellow, after being closely pressed for an answer, "I am a gambler, and I did a first-rate business and made money here till these preachers came to the city. But this fellow is hallooing at the people here every Sunday, and has broken up my business. I can't get a decent living." "Good! good!" said one and another. "Hearken, friends," said I; "this gambler has paid me a high compliment. He says I have broken up his business." "Good! good!" responded the people. The gambler "vamoosed," and I have not laid eyes on him since.

GREAT IS DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS!
"Don't listen to him. He's an impostor."—Page 198.

In September, 1851, one Sabbath morning, on Pacific Street Wharf, I asked Captain L. for permission to preach from the deck of his steamer, but he respectfully declined granting the favor, saying, "There are some men at work aboard, and I am afraid it would interrupt them." Then I took a position close by, so that I could give the captain and his men "a portion in due season," and to the crowd as well. I happened to get for my pulpit on that occasion a barrel of whisky (I have preached probably a hundred times on the heads of liquor barrels), which stood on the wharf, and prefaced my discourse by saying, "Gentlemen, I have for my pulpit to-day, as you see, a barrel of whisky. I presume this is the first time this barrel has ever been appropriated to a useful purpose. The critter contained in it will do me no harm while I keep it under my feet. And let me say now to you all, to sailors and to landsmen, never let the critter get above your feet. Keep it under, and you have nothing to fear from it."

The congregation gave me that time a hundred and twenty dollars for our Bethel.

The Sabbath following I occupied as a pulpit, at the same place, a barrel of pork. I remarked, as I balanced myself on the head of the barrel: "I see my pulpit of last Sabbath, the barrel of whisky, is gone, and I am very much afraid that my timely warning, as is too often the case, was not heeded, and that its contents have ere this gone down the throats of some of our fellow-citizens. I have in its stead to-day, as you see, a barrel of pork, literally less of the spirit and more of the flesh. But this is God's house while I here dispense his word, as really as the spot where Jacob slept and dreamed and saw the ladder that reached up to heaven. God was in that place, and God is here this morning. Jacob's God is looking at you now. O that the Spirit of his grace may this hour subdue your fleshly lusts while I deliver to you a message from him who sent me."

My text on this occasion was from Proverbs, third chapter, thirteenth and fourteenth verses: "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding: for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold."

"Many of you are just down from the mines. You have made your pile, and now you are on your way with hearts beating with hopeful emotion to see the friends you love. But if you should find a watery grave on your voyage, how you will need the religion of Christ! Above all things else be sure to seek and lay in a good supply of it before you embark. But we were going to ask you how you got your gold. Did you not have to seek for it, and dig deep and toil hard to get it? You were impelled, in your diligent search, by desire, and hope, and faith, and determination, and patience. So must you seek if you would obtain salvation. True, our works do not constitute a meritorious ground of our acceptance with God, but an indispensable condition, on which God, for Christ's sake, graciously imparts salvation to our sin-stricken hearts. The miner says, 'Happy is the man that findeth gold, and gets ready to go home to his friends.' We say, upon the authority of God, 'Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,' and gets ready to go to his home in heaven, to meet his friends who have gone before him. 'Happy is the man' that retains and develops his religion. Now, some of you, after having made your pile, have been decoyed into the gambler's hell, and have in one short hour lost the labor of years. So, many of you, who were once so happy as to find wisdom, having failed to draw out understanding, have been decoyed by the god of this world and robbed of your treasure.

"California is full of backsliders, and they are the most miserable men, and many of them the meanest men in this land. One old apostate said, 'God don't hold any man to answer for his conduct after he crosses the Missouri River.' And thousands have staked the interests of their souls on that lie. Another, who, it is said, was a preacher once, said, 'I knew I could not carry my religion through California; so when I left my home in Missouri I hung my religious cloak on my gatepost till I should return.' Thus, if he ever had any religion, he threw it away before he started for California. This is the worst class of backsliders. They backslide in principle, deliberately. The Lord have mercy upon them! Jesus is looking after you, my backslidden brother, as he looked after apostate Peter. He is very anxious to save you, and he will save you if you let him. Will you? Blessed be God, we have the men here in California who, in opposition to flame and flood and death, have 'drawn out understanding,' and they are happy. The merchandise, or exchange value and circulation of this article, namely, developed religion, understanding drawn out, is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold, even fine Yuba gold. By the gain of gold and the merchandise of silver you may make sunshine,

friends; supply the wants of your mortal bodies, which will be dead and rotten in a few years; gratify your fleshly lusts, which will, when the sources of all gratification are cut off, as they will be when your tabernacle is taken down, like so many vultures, prey upon your deathless spirit forever. Your money, to be sure, may be applied to useful purposes. It will buy you a cabin ticket to New York; but it will not secure you even a steerage passage across death's dark flood. It will give you position among the honorables of the land; but it will not secure you the favor of God and good angels. It will build a church, if you please; but it will not buy your soul a place in heaven. A man who came to California in 1848, and made a fortune, laid him down, not long since, in Washington Street, in this city, and died. He had plenty of silver and gold; but, as he informed me, was destitute of religion. When dying he said, "It is very hard. I have just got ready to live, and now I must die." What a miserably poor man he was! An old colored man from Baltimore city died recently in the City Hospital, on Pacific Street, but a few blocks from this spot. He was a very homely man, and suffered intensely with the "king's evil," and I don't know how many other evils, and had not one red cent with which to bless himself; but he had wisdom and was happy. I saw him frequently, and every time he was happy. A short time before his death I administered to him the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, after which he clapped his bony black hands and shouted the praise of God. Said he, "The Lord only knows how I have been pinched with poverty and what this poor body has suffered; but I am rich; I have an inheritance in heaven. Glory be to God! I shall soon be released from these sufferings and go to my home in heaven;" and then the good old darky sang, just as the colored people only can sing.

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.
"I wish you could have seen how his big eyes glistened."—Page 200.

"I wish you could have seen how his big eyes glistened with rapturous delight as he sang of his home in heaven. Religion gave him a royal heirship in the kingdom of glory. The truth of our text he proved in life, confirming it by his triumphs in death, and is now realizing it in the fruition of a blessed immortality in heaven.

"Now, my friends, you see the prize, you have heard the price; if you like the terms, close to-day. Will you do it? Will you do it now? 'Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.'"

In January, 1853, an article appeared in the *Alta California*, a popular daily of the city, over the signature of "Merchant," against the Sabbath as a day of religious observance. He attempted to prove from the Hebrew Bible that nothing more was contemplated in the institution of the Sabbath than a day of recreation, feasting, and dancing. He announced that that was the first of a series of articles on the same subject. The Sabbath following, January 30, I had a large audience on Long Wharf, and took my text from "Merchant's"

article in the newspaper, and preached on the origin and design of the Sabbath. The merchant, unhappily for himself, had chosen Nehemiah as his favorite author; so we sent Nehemiah after him to deal with him as he did with the "merchants and sellers of all kind of ware" which he expelled from the city of Jerusalem for doing as these Long Wharf merchants do here every Sunday. How successful I was in presenting the truth and in showing up the fallacy of "Merchant's" positions could perhaps be better decided by the congregation in attendance. But the rest of "Merchant's" series on the same subject never appeared. By the way, I had the pleasure of numbering our good Bishop Ames among my auditors on that occasion. Our street congregations usually stood up, but I honored our good bishop with a seat on a pile of wood which lay on the side of the wharf; and I will be pardoned for the liberty I take in saying that he looked as good-natured and maintained his dignity as creditably to himself on that pile of wood as I have ever seen a bishop in his chair in Conference.

On Sunday afternoon, June 26, 1853, I found a man in my Bible class who seemed to be in distress. I spoke to him and he said, in answer to my inquiries:

"I was educated in my youth for a Universalist preacher, but I could not believe the doctrine, and instead of preaching I went to sea. I believe in the doctrine of fore-ordination and reprobation. I have been in great distress of mind for fourteen years. My soul is all over diseased. I have had no peace except what I got by drinking. I drank rum to relieve my distress. I have been hoping that God would have pity on me and bring me in, but I fear he never will do it. I fear I am a reprobate, and that there is no hope for me."

"But, my brother," replied I, "God has declared, in the most solemn and unequivocal manner, 'As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?' Again, it is a declaration of inspired truth that Jesus Christ, 'by the grace of God, hath tasted death for every man.' What for? Did he make a mock provision for such as were reprobated to eternal death?"

"Ah, but we are told," said he, "that though many are called, but few are chosen."

"Truly; but does God call the many, and proclaim to them the tidings of salvation deceitfully, to mock their fears and aggravate their bondage under chains of inexorable fate? Surely the righteous God is sincere in his offers of mercy to all sinners. Christ answers the question why so few are chosen of the many called, 'Ye will not come unto me, that ye might have life.' Now, my brother, God has been very desirous to save you for a long time; but you would not let him. He has been calling you for fourteen years, and you would not come. Instead of hearkening to the voice divine and obeying your Lord you ran off to a grogshop and got drunk. Do you ever pray to God for mercy?"

"What!" said he; "I pray! I pray! Why, it would be blasphemy for such a wretch as I am to pray. The prayers of the wicked are abomination to the Lord."

I replied, "Solomon says, 'The sacrifice of the wicked is abomination;' but it is nowhere said in the Bible that the prayers of a penitent sinner are abomination; but it is said, 'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.' The poor publican, who felt as guilty as you do, and 'would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner. I tell you, this man went down to his house justified,' pardoned in answer to a sinner's prayer."

"O, but," said he, "they were not nearly so bad as I am. The iniquities of my fathers for four generations seem to be visited upon me."

"O, you know," said I, "that the proverb, 'The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge,' has passed away long ago, so far as answering for the sins of our fathers is concerned. Within the last fortnight more than half a dozen sinners equally as bad as you, some of them the worst men in the city, have, in this Bethel, called upon God and obtained mercy, and they are happy in his love to-day."

As soon as the Sunday school and Bible class closed he was taken into the shipkeeper's room, where, surrounded by some warm-hearted sailors, he cried to God, in the name of Jesus, and in an hour experienced redemption through the blood of the Lamb, even the forgiveness of his sins. He soon afterward went to sea. The Lord kept him steadfast.

On the 26th of May, 1853, I attended the funeral of W., of Pennsylvania, who had the previous night committed suicide by the use of laudanum. He lay in a small, filthy shanty, attended by ten of his barroom companions. The undertaker had not arrived when I entered the shanty, but the friends, in their generous haste, proceeded at once to put down the lid of the coffin.

"Good-bye, Bill," said one, as he fitted the coffin lid, and then they went to work to set the screws. One used an old razor, another an old knife, two others employed themselves in pressing in the coffin and fitting the screws; a fifth went off in haste to borrow a screw-driver, that the work, as he said, "might be finished up decently."

In the meantime I proposed to them the following question: "How did this man come to his death?"

"Hard drink," said one. "I've known him here for three years. Hard drink was the thing, sir."

"No," said another, "Bill was one of the best boys in this city. He had his failing, and would drink, as we all do, but he was a first-rate fellow."

"It was a sore face," said a third, "which pained him so that he got disheartened and took laudanum."

"No," said the fourth, "it was a punishment. He could not help it." (He meant it was so decreed.)

"Well," said yet another, "I think it was his misfortune. He was driving a dray in the city and had bad luck, and got discouraged and put an end to himself."

I then arose and sung:

"That awful day will surely come,
The appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test."

I then said: "It is a solemn thing to die. To die in our sins is dreadful, but for a man to rush, by the violence of his own hands, unbidden into the presence of a sin-avenging God is too terrible to be described. What could lead this man to such a dreadful end?" I then quoted their testimony on the subject, and continued: "If this man had been a praying, sober man, would he have had that sore face? If he had been 'diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord,' would he probably have had such hard luck? and, if so, would these two evils combined have led him to destroy himself? Now, the facts in the case are these: The sore face, the hard luck, the discouragement and depression of spirits were all the results of his drunkenness. And hard drink, as

this man has truly said, was the sole cause of his death. Now, how did he become so hard a drinker? By tippling. When he used to drink, as you all do, he did not dream of such an end. Thus the fatal habit grew on him. Do you not know that the chains of habit are stronger than chains of steel? You are every day forging chains which bind you down more and more tightly to an infamous destiny. Your only hope of a better end than the case of this poor man is to taste not, touch not, handle not the unclean thing. Begin now to pray, and cry to God in the name of Jesus for mercy to forgive the past and for grace to cure this ruinous habit and to preserve you in the future."

Two English seamen heard a sermon on Long Wharf in the autumn of 1853, on the healing of the woman who had been sick twelve years and found Jesus by touching the hem of his garment. They became so distressed on account of their own wretched condition as sinners that they went to the Bethel that night and presented themselves as seekers of religion. Soon afterward they experienced the healing virtue of the blood of Jesus in their own hearts and became consistent, happy Christians.

One of them afterward, in relating his experience, said, "When I saw that poor old woman on Long Wharf press through the crowd and touch the hem of the Saviour's garment, I couldn't help but cry; and I thought, O, I wish I could go to him and touch his garment too, and be healed with the poor woman."

William B., a zealous young Christian in our Bethel, speaking of what a miserable time he had while in the service of the devil, gave an account of his voyage to California in 1848. Said he:

"I shipped in the brig *C. F.*, Captain P., from Baltimore. After we got out to sea the captain flogged me regularly three times a day all the way out. On one occasion he said to me, 'B., I believe whipping don't hurt you much, and now I am going to punish you.' He took me and tied me over the hawser pipe at the bows, where I was drenched with sea water at every dip of the brig. I remained there in soak, without a bite to eat, for three days and nights. The captain also beat the cook till he jumped overboard, and then lowered a boat and beat him in the water, and took him up just in time to save his life. I was then a wild, drinking boy, nineteen years of age."

A sailor's life is a hard one at best, but poor B. seemed to have fared worse than usually falls to the lot of his kind. Flogging has been abolished in our navy, and is but seldom resorted to in our merchant ships at the present day.

CHAPTER XII.

Last Years on the Pacific Coast.

ON Sunday, January 8, 1854, after preaching on the Plaza from the text, "If our heart condemn us, God is greater than our hearts, for he knoweth all things," a stranger spoke to me, saying, "There is a man by the name of S., from B., lying at the point of death in that house, the third door from here" (pointing to the door). He also intimated to me something of S.'s notorious character as a wicked man, and said he, "S. did not send for you, but his parents were religious, and perhaps you may do him some good."

I went in and found him attended by four or five men, who appeared to receive me very kindly. He lay pale and ghastly, evidently very near the grave. I said to him, "Friend S., do you suffer much pain?"

"No," replied he, very abruptly.

I then turned away and exchanged a little conversation with his companions, and in about five minutes I approached him again, and, in the mildest and most hopeful manner I could, said, "Friend S., do you not feel as though you might rally and recover? "hoping to gain access to his heart.

He replied, "When I want anybody to talk to me, I'll send for him."

"I have called in," said I, "as a friend feeling the greatest sympathy for you, and am ready to do anything for your comfort in my power."

"I'd thank Mr. H.," said he, upbraiding the man whom he suspected of asking me in, "to attend to his own business." And then addressing me he continued, "Before you came in here I had some peace, but you have knocked me all into a kink, and if you will just go away I think I can die in peace."

He lived close to where I preached on the Plaza, and he had probably heard me preach a hundred times; and thus my presence, without the utterance of a word in regard to the condition of his soul, brought to his mind, doubtless, a thousand Gospel associations which seemed to throw him into unutterable tortures. His only peace depended on his banishing from his mind all thoughts of the past and future. Poor fellow! how sorry I felt for him! If the presence of a poor street preacher clogged with mortality knocked him all into a kink, to use his own language, how could he bear the presence of the holy angels and of the great multitude of the redeemed in glory were he admitted to heaven? How could he bear the presence of the awful God whom he had insulted and defied all his life? How preposterous the idea of any man's being received into the kingdom of glory without an education adapting him to heavenly enjoyments; a moral fitness for such a place. Heaven would be the most unbearable of all hells to such a man as poor S. He left the world all in a kink a few hours after I saw him, and eternal ages will not suffice to straighten him out.

During the progress of a protracted meeting in the Bethel in July, 1854, I said to a sailor who seemed to be concerned, as I thought, about his soul, "Come, sir, come along and kneel down at the altar." He, thinking that I was captain of the ship,

and that my orders were not to be questioned, got right up and promptly obeyed the order.

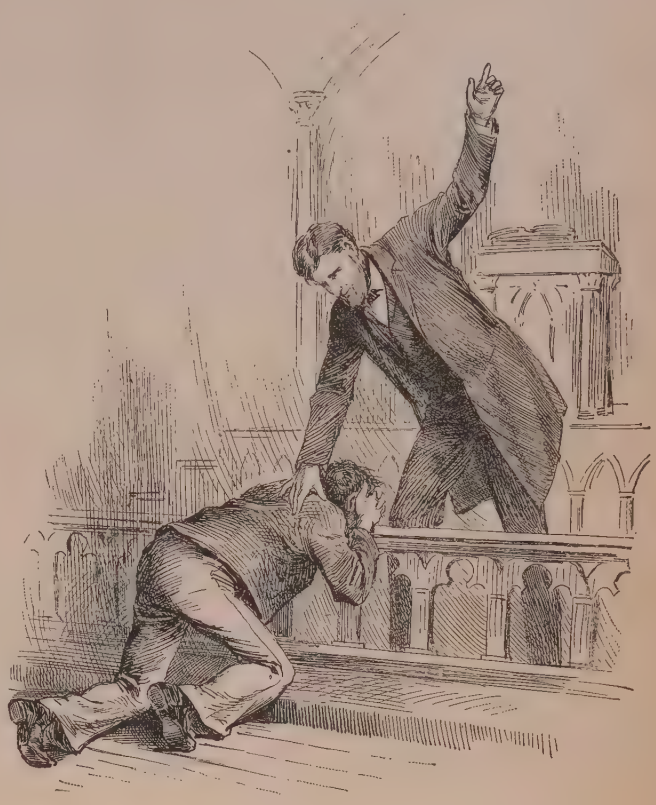
After a while I went to him to give him a little instruction in regard to the work before him, when he said: "O captain, do let me get up; I feel so 'shamed; I have nearly fainted two or three times. O, I am so 'shamed, I must go; I can't stay here. If you will let me go this time I'll come back to church again next Sunday. Do just let me off this time."

"Why, my dear sir," I replied, "if you get up and go out now, before all this congregation, they will look at you and will think you are backing down from what you have undertaken. You had better remain where you are, my friend, till the meeting is out."

"O, I am so 'shamed," he responded.

He remained on his knees till the congregation was dismissed, but I could not get him to pray much. He left and I saw him no more. Poor fellow, he would have a hard time of it if admitted into heaven in his sins and shame.

I remember receiving the following letter concerning a duelist's funeral:



A COWARDLY PENITENT.
"O captain, do let me get up; I feel so 'shamed."—Page 205.

"SAN FRANCISCO, *November* 9, 1854.

"REV. MR. TAYLOR — DEAR SIR: Colonel Woodlief, a gentleman from Texas, with whom you probably had some acquaintance, was killed yesterday in a duel with Mr. Kewen. Previous to the duel in the morning he expressed a desire that, in case of his death, you should be requested to perform the appropriate ceremonies over his body. If you will be kind enough to do so, sir, you will confer a favor upon the many friends of Colonel Woodlief, and particularly upon his lady. The funeral will take place at two o'clock this afternoon, from the Tehama House.

"Very respectfully your obedient servant,

"RICHARD W. ALLEN."

Colonel Woodlief's untimely death was sincerely regretted by the large assembly of his friends who attended his funeral. It is not an easy task for a minister, in the presence of such an auditory and a weeping widow, to do justice to the cause of truth and the feelings of his hearers. I once heard a minister preach at the funeral of an alderman in San Francisco, and though the man was known to be a notorious drunkard, and it was believed he had killed himself by hard drinking, he was held up by the minister in the presence of the mayor, councilmen, and a vast assemblage of citizens as a paragon of moral excellence. The impression was conveyed that he had without doubt been admitted to glory because he was an honorable alderman of the city of San Francisco. My moral sensibilities were

shocked. I would not unnecessarily hurt the feelings of bereaved friends. But thus to obliterate moral distinctions in character and indorse such men, without repentance, as suitable subjects for the kingdom of heaven, gives the lie to God's holy word and encourages sin. My fears for the effect of that sermon on the community were such that I was led, on the following Sabbath, to preach to a large audience on the Plaza from this text: "In hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment."

On the occasion of Colonel Woodlief's funeral I said: "My dear friends, you are doubtless all acquainted with the person and character of Colonel Woodlief and the melancholy circumstances of his death. He was, by birth, a fellow-Virginian with myself, and was always, I believe, regarded by those who knew him as a high-minded, honorable gentleman, and I exceedingly regret that I cannot add a Christian. He was one of my regular hearers on the Plaza, and was often deeply affected by the word of truth. Some months ago, just after a sermon there one Sunday afternoon, I said to him, 'Colonel, allow me to introduce you to Captain McDonald.' Taking him by the hand, the colonel said, 'I know the captain very well; we fought side by side on the fields of Mexico.' 'Ah, indeed! and did you know,' I replied, 'that the captain has embraced religion since he came to California?' 'O, yes,' said he; 'I know that too. He told me all about it.' 'Well,' said I, 'do you see what a great change it has wrought in him?' 'Yes,' said he, 'I see it, I see it.' His eyes filled with tears and his utterances were choked by strong emotion. When he could speak he said, 'Don't talk to me on that subject; I cannot stand it.'

"That was a gracious moment for Colonel Woodlief. The Holy Spirit was touching the tender chords of his soul, and wooing him toward the cross of Jesus. O, how sorry I am to-day that he did not yield to its blessed influence and become a Christian! Religion would have made him a happy and useful man, and we would have been spared the mournful duty we are called upon to perform to-day. For, had he possessed the love of God in his heart, the probability is he would not have been challenged; and had he been, he would have acted under a higher code than that adopted by chivalrous though erring men. He would have exhibited a moral heroism, in standing for his duty to God, himself, his wife, and to society, that would have put to shame the moral coward that would engage him in mortal combat. O that he had obeyed the calls of God's Holy Spirit! Then, had he died in the order of Providence, we would stand around his corpse with very different feelings. We could then, indeed, mix a sweet solace into the bitter cup of the weeping widow. Beware, my friends, of grieving the Holy Spirit! Seek, while you may, God's pardoning mercy. Place yourself under his parental protection, as obedient children, that you may be saved from, or prepared for, the dangers and death incident to mortal life. Jesus Christ, your best friend, is waiting now at the door of your hearts for an answer. He is very desirous to save every one of you from your sins, and only asks your consent."

One afternoon I preached in the hall of the Sons of Temperance. A judgment had been rendered by one of our courts against the city, in favor of a Mrs. Rosa Greenough, for ten thousand dollars. An ordinance ordering the payment of the said ten thousand dollars to Mrs. Greenough had been passed. "What was the ground of her claim against the city fathers?" I asked. "She sued them for an indemnity for the loss of her husband, Robert Greenough, who fell through a hole in Bush Street, which caused his death. How did this hole happen to be in the street? By the neglect of the city authorities to keep the street in order. What were the man's eyes for but to look for the holes in the street?

We have darkness as well as light, and when men walk in darkness they cannot see their danger. Why should the man be out in the dark? That question is not relevant to the point. He was out in the dark and returned to his waiting wife no more. He fell through the hole and perished. Had the city fathers done their duty the hole had not been there, and Robert had not died at their expense. They confessed judgment and paid the ten thousand dollars damages. Very good. If the man was worth that amount—and that is a very low price for a good husband, though we can supply good ones in California at a cheaper rate—Mrs. Greenough had a right to the money.

"Well, on the very night the appropriation was made a man by the name of Mahan got drunk and fell off Meigs's Wharf into the bay and was drowned. How did Mr. Mahan come to his death? He fell into a rum 'hole' and perished in consequence of his fall. How came the hole there? Through somebody's neglect? No; it was open on purpose to catch men. Ah! do we have such holes in our streets? Yea, verily. Not in Bush Street alone, but in every street in the city, and on almost every corner of every street. Are not these holes much more dangerous to life and limb than such holes as caused the death of poor Greenough? I believe Robert Greenough is the first man I remember to have heard of who lost his life in that way in this city. Who can tell how many hundreds of men, strong men, fathers of dependent families at home, and sons of affectionate mothers far away, have fallen into these rum holes and perished without hope? Their name is legion. You have all seen the enormity of this evil in our midst. Does not a tremendous responsibility attach somewhere? Are not heavy damages due from some source? What is to pay? Ask the wife of H. S., whose husband was picked up in one of these holes one dreadful stormy night, and was put by a policeman into a bunk in the station house, not fifty yards from this spot, where he could be sheltered from the storm, all alone, at the midnight hour; from the effects of his fall in these holes he died. He is gone forever. Who is to pay for all this? Do the city authorities, whose business it is to remove nuisances, stop dangerous holes in the streets, and protect the lives and property of their people, know that there are such dangerous holes in the city? Know it? How can they help but know it? These holes are open, and kept open by their permission and authority. Their children are falling through these trapdoors of hell into the burning pool every day, and yet the fathers keep them open every day and Sunday from the first day of January to the last day of December."

On Sunday afternoon, the 22d of June, 1856, at the corner of Sacramento and Liedsdorf Streets, San Francisco, I announced as my text to a very large audience, "The adversary and enemy is this wicked Haman."

The day before, Saturday, the 21st of June, was a day of great excitement in the city. Judge T., one of the Supreme Court judges of the State of California, stabbed Sterling A. H. The great bell of the Vigilance Committee struck three times, and in a moment the whole city was in a commotion. All business was suspended, stores were closed, dray horses were stripped of their gear, leaving the loaded drays in the streets, to join the cavalcade. In half an hour nearly the whole force of the Vigilance Committee, numbering six thousand men, were under arms. Long columns of muskets, bayonets, and sabers gleamed in the sunlight, but all in solemn silence. No drum, no shouting, naught but the stern command of the officers. The only distinguishing badge of this army was a small piece of white ribbon or cloth, tied in a buttonhole of their coats, or vests, if they had no coat on. One fellow, as he ran to get his musket, not having his badge, turned a corner, tore a strip off his shirt, tied it into the lapel of his coat, and on he went.

Judge T. had taken refuge in the armory of the California Blues, the headquarters of what was called the "Law and Order Party." The armory was immediately surrounded by detachments of the Vigilance army, who demanded the prisoners and all the firearms and munitions of war contained in the building. The doors were opened by the surrendering party, and the Vigilantes took possession. On the bulletin board inside were seen posted notices for a grand parade of the law and order forces, to be on Sunday, the 22d, at 10 o'clock A. M., and a review of the army by General V. E. H. Judge T. and some other prisoners were placed in two closed carriages; the grand cortege formed around them and marched in solemn procession to Fort Vigilance, on Sacramento Street. The front rank consisted of a large body of infantry, next in order the carriages containing the prisoners, next several dray loads of muskets and cartridge boxes, the trophies of war, followed by a large guard of infantry. The cavalry brought up the rear. After conveying the prisoners to the fort detachments were ordered out to take possession of all of the armories and arms of the opposing party. There were three more besides the one they had just taken. The whole was accomplished, and about ninety prisoners marched in irons to prison, without collision or bloodshed. Most of the prisoners were discharged next morning from custody. In a few hours the surface of society was calm, business was resumed, and gentlemen, ladies, and children were seen promenading the streets.

A mass meeting of about ten thousand citizens, held a few days before, indorsed the position and operations of the Vigilance Committee; and it was confidently asserted by a majority of the public journals of the city that nine tenths of the inhabitants of the city and of the State approved the action of the committee, in view of the wrongs this community had so long suffered, and felt great security of life and property under their administration. I always, so far as I knew the right, declared my approval of the right and condemnation of the wrong; but I belonged to no party and took no active part on any exciting party question extraneous to the one appropriate cry of my calling, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!"

The foregoing is a hasty review of the surroundings of the preaching occasion to which I have invited attention. The story of Esther is familiar to all Bible readers. I will therefore simply note a few points in the application of the discourse in question. I made Mordecai "the personification of that stern religious principle which constitutes the integrity and stability of the Church in all ages. He worshiped God, and God only; he recognized the authority of the higher law, and he never hesitated between the alternatives of obeying God or man. And yet he sat at the gate, comparatively unknown, poor, and despised. Esther was our representative of active virtue, implying spiritual understanding, submission to the will of God, unwavering faith in Jesus Christ, and all the manifest graces and fruits consequent upon the exercise of it. She is very nearly related to Mordecai. Bigthan and Teresh were representatives of a large class of murderers, gamblers, and ballot-box stuffers. They aspired to be princes in the city of Shushan. They had constituted the aristocracy of the city of San Francisco, moving in courtly pomp, and everybody knew them to be nonproducing, worthless men in society; but it was not suspected that they would put on the livery of the law, subvert the reign of justice, clandestinely trample under foot the elective franchise and other sacred rights of American freemen. Bigthan and company despised Mordecai, and would take no notice of him; but Mordecai is always a loyal subject and a true friend of good government, and watches with ceaseless vigilance the insidious movements of the Bigthan fraternity. He thus detected their secret plots, and through the influence of Esther, his kinswoman, brought them to justice.

PROCESSION OF THE VIGILANTES.

"The avowed object of the Vigilance Committee is to clear this city of the whole clan of Bigthans and Tereshes. Mordecai has been marking their movements for years, and has testified against them. Esther has a voice in the councils of the committee. Like an angel of mercy she hovers over the executive in their deliberations. They have received wise counsel from her lips. But should they succeed in exterminating or banishing all the Bigthans of the land, still Haman remains. We have to look out for him, for he has great wealth and influence; and, though he will not now oppose the counsels of Esther, he is a most dangerous man. Haman is an infidel; he repudiates the word and authority of God. He is a tyrant; he has no regard for the claims of suffering humanity. He is an enemy of all righteousness, because not consonant with his lascivious passions and plans. He is a political demagogue, who would sacrifice a whole nation of Mordecais on the altar of his ambitious pride, and would pay one million one hundred and nineteen thousand pounds sterling for the accomplishment of his ambitious and malicious purposes.

"I heard a man yesterday say that he had expended ten thousand dollars to be elected sheriff, and was disappointed after all. Haman is the fellow, sitting in the councils of the Vigilance Committee, side by side with Esther the queen, that will give us trouble yet. He is a most wily politician. Mordecai will have to sit at the gate in California for several years to come before we shall be able to dispose of this dangerous foe. He seems very kind and pliable now; but as he acquires influence he will the more despise Mordecai, 'and plot against the just, and gnash upon him with his teeth.' But let Mordecai maintain his fidelity to God and do his duty in California; let Esther maintain her purity of heart and her activity in Christian enterprise; and let all the people of Mordecai and Esther fast and pray, and God will make the counsel of Haman like that of Ahithophel. He will lift up the head of his servant Mordecai. Don't be discouraged, my good fellow. 'Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass. And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.' And God shall bring it to pass so unexpectedly and so opportunely that you will exclaim with David the king, 'When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.' Just as they were about to devour me they stumbled and fell, and I escaped. See the displays of God's wise providence in Shushan the palace.

"Haman and his party exulted in his promotion as the guest, with King Ahasuerus, at the queen's banquet, and regarded that as an unmistakable indication of the final success of all his ambitious schemes. But there's that stubborn Mordecai at the gate; he cannot longer be tolerated. Mrs. Haman, true to the class of Jezebels and Herodiases to which she belongs, the very antipodes of Esther, suggested the happy expedient, 'Let a gallows be built seventy-five feet high, and go early to-morrow morning and obtain from the king a death warrant for Mordecai, and hang him' (or impale him, rather), 'and then thou canst enjoy the banquet of the queen.' Strange as it may seem, the king could not sleep that night, and said to his scribe, 'Bring hither the book of records of the chronicles, and read before me.' The chronicles of Eastern kings were written by the best poets in measured verse, so that the reading of them was very entertaining; much more so, we should think, in view of their historic worth, than the novels of modern days. Providentially the scribe read where it was written that 'Mordecai had told of Bigthan and Teresh,' and was thus the means of saving the king's life, and the king said, 'Stop, sir; what honor and dignity hath been done to Mordecai for this?' 'Then said the king's servants that ministered unto him, There is nothing done for him.' And the king said, 'Sentinel, who is in the court?' 'Behold, Haman standeth in the court,' was the reply.

'Tell him to come in,' said the king. 'So Haman came in. And the king said unto him, What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor?' 'Now Haman thought in his heart, To whom would the king delight to do honor more than to myself? I alone was his guest yesterday.' 'And Haman answered the king, For the man whom the king delighteth to honor, let the royal apparel be brought which the king useth to wear, and the horse that the king rideth upon, and the crown royal which is set upon his head: and let this apparel and horse be delivered to the hand of one of the king's most noble princes, that they may array the man withal whom the king delighteth to honor, and bring him on horseback through the street of the city, and proclaim before him, Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor. Then the king said to Haman, Make haste, and take the apparel and the horse, as thou hast said, and do even so' ('Yes,' thought Haman, 'put it on myself; of course I am the man. This head of mine shall bear the crown royal at last')—'and do even so to Mordecai the Jew, that sitteth at the king's gate.' 'My lord, O king, live forever! Thy servant—' 'Not a word, sir; go,' said the king, 'and let nothing fail of all that thou hast spoken.'

"Did you ever in all your lives see a man so crestfallen? Judge T. did not feel worse yesterday when arrested by the Vigilance Committee. So here comes Haman, with the royal apparel and the crown, leading the king's horse to the gate. There sits Mordecai" (pointing to Captain E., who has proved himself a worthy representative of Mordecai for six years in California), "stern in his integrity, but how greatly astonished when his old enemy said, 'Mordecai, stand up, sir, and allow me to put upon you these royal robes and this crown. Mount the king's horse, sir.' And down the street they went, Haman leading the king's charger, and with choked and broken utterances, proclaiming, 'Thus shall it be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor.' The fate of the Haman family is sealed; the redemption of Mordecai and his people secured.

"'God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.'

"Only let Mordecai and Esther do their duty in California; let the infant Church of Jesus in this wicked land 'stand in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein,' obeying God rather than man, though now sitting at the gate in rags, and the time will come when Mordecai's God will say to her, 'Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.' She shall then come up out of the wilderness, 'fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.'"

During seven years—from September, 1849, to October, 1856—my regular street preaching, fifty-two Sabbaths per year, was kept up without a break wherever I chanced to be, but almost wholly in San Francisco, where I served in a pastorate of two years in First Methodist Episcopal Church, and five years in the seaman's work of that port. Though troubled with dyspepsia, I was not at any time laid up on account of illness. I had the bereavement of losing our dear Oceana, born off Cape Horn in 1849, who went away with the angels at the age of fourteen months. She was as beautiful a girl as I ever saw, the very image of her mother. Later we had to give up our precious Willie at our Father's call. But the great tribulation of my life was occasioned by the wreck and ruin of our Seaman's Bethel enterprise. By the liberality of my friends in San Francisco we built and paid for a commodious bethel for seamen, sojourners, and citizens, which became the spiritual birthplace of many souls; but the great want of the port to provide protection for seamen against the shoals of sharks which lay in wait for them was a capacious home for sailors. I bought a lot on the water front

of the city at an early period with my own money, which so appreciated in value that I refused for it an offer of twenty thousand dollars, and made a gift of it as a site for our seaman's home. Having no money with which to put up the buildings required for such an enterprise, we were led to entertain a proposal of a responsible man to the effect that if we would build on said lot a house according to plans which he submitted, he would rent it from us to be used by him for a temperance hotel till we could pay for it by the rent he would pay us, at the rate of one thousand dollars per month, and then turn it over for the sole purpose of a home for seamen. The current rate of interest on money in California in those days was three per cent per month, payable monthly in advance, but the rents being proportionately high the success of the venture was worked out by figures to a demonstration. The house was built, the hotel was opened, but soon the gathering financial storm of 1855–56 became a cyclone that swept the Pacific first, and, gathering impetus by the force of its own movement, tore its way through the United States and shook the nations of Europe to their foundations.

In the midst of this great panic a fire broke out on the city front and reduced our new building and all its contents to ashes. Rents stopped; interest on money went on. Values depreciated from two to five hundred per cent. Those who held mortgages took the property at its depreciated rate, and those who had no mortgages took my word for it, though all was lost as by a storm at sea when a captain's ship sinks from under his feet into the ocean, and, bereft of all but life, he is happy even with that to reach the shore.

At the session of the California Conference, at San José, in 1856, my accounts were carefully investigated by my Conference, and I was acquitted of all blame, and resolutions of confidence and sympathy on my behalf were unanimously passed. That was well enough in its way, but would not pay my bills in the bank.

Meantime I wrote my first book, entitled *Seven Years' Street Preaching in San Francisco*, and got as I believe an intimation from the Lord that I should return to the Atlantic States, labor as an evangelist, print and circulate my book, and raise and refund the money sunk in our lost cause. The bethel itself, built by the gift of our people, was saved, and used as a bethel for years, then sold by order of our Church authorities, and the money used to build Bush Street Methodist Episcopal Church, which lives and grows and exhibits a large new church edifice.

Many of my friends advised me to repudiate the whole thing, as I was not responsible for the disasters that had befallen our cause any more than a captain whose ship goes down in a storm at sea; but I did not entertain that suggestion for a moment, feeling that the honor of God and his cause was involved; but I settled two principles of procedure: first, that I would not ask or receive gifts of money for my lost cause, but depend solely, entirely on the profit of my book sales, and, second, that in every case I would do my best by preaching and altar service for seekers of salvation *before* I would mention books or my need of funds; and I stuck to those principles to the end of the chapter. My Conference asked the bishop presiding, Bishop Scott, to give me leave of absence, as they could not help me, that I might have a chance to help myself; which the bishop did as an exceptional case, but requested me to supply at Marysville and Yuba City for a few weeks till the arrival of the Rev. J. A. Bruner, then on his way from the Eastern States.

I and my family became the guests of Captain and Mrs. Webb, residents of Yuba City, and were most hospitably entertained. I filled all the regular appointments of the station, and preached to the masses in the public streets besides. My outdoor preaching was in front of the largest hotel in the city of Marysville. I first asked and received permission

of the proprietor. Soon after, when I had sung up a crowd there the first time, the barkeeper rushed out and fiercely ordered me to clear out.

"Suppose I decline to go, what then?"

"I'll soon show you if you don't get away from there in quick time."

"I have not the pleasure of an acquaintance with you, sir. I know Mr. Murray, the proprietor of this hotel, and have his permission to preach right here; so you will have to settle the question with Mr. Murray."

The people laughed him to scorn, and he soon disappeared from sight.

Near the close of my engagement for service at Marysville, Captain Webb and I planned a deer hunt in the Coast Range mountains. I was greatly overworked, and Mrs. Webb and her two little children needed an outing. So we set off on a journey of ninety miles across the wild plains of the Upper Sacramento Valley and over the near mountain ranges. Captain and Mrs. Webb and their two little children were in a covered two-horse spring wagon, while I rode on horseback and led a second. We encamped by a small mountain stream of water between the mountain ranges east and west, on Friday evening. On Saturday the captain killed a fawn, which gave us a supply of fresh venison. The Sabbath dawned brightly upon us, but I hardly knew what to do with myself, so I proposed to preach to the captain and his wife, and they cheerfully concurred. I felt at once that I had assumed a delicate and difficult task. I had no acquaintance with them till I went by invitation to sojourn at their house just a few weeks before.

I learned from others who knew them that, though liberal supporters of our Church, they were not members, though they had been members and truly loyal ones in early life, but had removed from Virginia to Missouri, and thence across the plains and over the Rocky Mountains to California, and had lost their standing in the Church and their peace with God; so to speak plainly to them and avoid objectionable personality was a difficult thing indeed, but I trusted the good Spirit of the Lord to help me.

So I gave out my hymn in the regular order of worship; we sang, and I read the lessons. Then I announced as my text, "When for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again which be the first principles of the oracles of God."

I said: "I am in the habit of adapting my subject and the treatment of it to my audience, and wish to give this text a personal application to my hearers. I learn that the captain allied himself with God in his early life and was blessedly saved and gave promise of usefulness. He ran well for a season, but, moving from one region of the country to another, he became so absorbed by new scenes and associations that he lost his hold on God. Had he remained unswervingly true to God and kept up vital union with Jesus, the true Vine, long ago he would have become a teacher in the Gospel ministry, and would ere this have gathered a harvest of precious souls into the granary of the Lord.

"Sister Webb, I learn, was also saved in early life, and, led by the Holy Spirit, might, by her quiet, winning way, have won many souls for Christ; but she, alas! has gone astray, like her husband, so that now 'when ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again the first principles of the oracles of God'—need to turn back and begin with the alphabet, the A B C of the religion of Christ. Worse still, ye have to unlearn a great many bad things that ye have learned in Satan's school.

"The captain, for example, speaks unadvisedly sometimes to his children. I heard him shout at that little boy the other day, 'Willie, if you don't come away from there I'll knock your head off.' What sort of talk is that to a sweet little boy? I know that little boy, and I know that he has brains in his head and logic in his brains, and will draw one

of two conclusions from those premises—either, first, that he is an awful brute of a man to knock his dear little boy's head off, or, second, that he does not mean what he says, and is, therefore, not truthful. I want so to walk and so to talk in my daily intercourse with my children that they will respect my memory when I am dead.

"Moreover, the captain is in the habit of swearing sometimes. I don't mean to say that he is guilty of the vulgar profane oaths which foul the air along our streets. There are a variety of oaths of different shades of turpitude. Some swear by God, some by heaven, some by Pharaoh, some by the devil, some by Jupiter, some by George, and some by Jemeny. The captain swears by Jemeny. But Jesus says in regard to all such oaths, 'Swear not at all.' Sister Webb is quiet and amiable; I have not seen or heard of an objectionable word or deed that I can call in question; but the safe course for either of you is to come back to the first principles, and in penitential grief surrender your all to God and receive Jesus as a present almighty Saviour, and trust in him to save now." We concluded the service in the regular way, by singing, prayer, and the benediction. As soon as the congregation was dismissed the captain grasped my hand heartily and said, "Dear sir, I thank you for your candor and kindness."

He then named a number of our good ministers, saying, "They have been welcome guests at my house for years, and must have seen my faultiness the same as you have, but never did me the kindness of calling my attention to my naughty sayings. You will never catch me again."

I soon perceived that the awakening Spirit had directed the arrows of truth, and that the captain was under deep conviction of sin. His whole nervous system became so shaken that though a famous old hunter he could not hit a deer broadside sixty yards distant. I saw him try. He afterward tried to put a bullet into a large tree on short range and could not do it. After two days we planned to leave the good sister and the children and two of our horses in camp, while I and the captain would go ten or fifteen miles westward to high Coast Range mountains, and sleep, and get the advantage of an early morning hunt on better ground. We kindled our camp fire on the top of a high mountain, from which a sweep of vision in the clear atmosphere took in a panoramic view of the inland valleys to the east and the broad Pacific, and I waked up in the night and saw the moon peeping over the horizon far in the distance below, and quoted Charles Wesley's words, "My soul mounted higher in a chariot of fire, and the moon, it was under my feet."

On the second Sabbath of our sojourn in the Coast Range mountains of California I preached again to Captain Webb and his good wife in the spirit of tenderest Christian sympathy and love. Monday ensuing was our set time to start homeward, but the captain said that he could not get the consent of his own mind to return to his home and his business associations till he should recover his lost standing in the knowledge of God.

The time was at hand when I had arranged to take steamer with my family for New York. So I bade captain and wife and little boys good-bye, and left them in the mountains. I brought back the two horses I took out, and two pairs of the venison hams I had taken, one pair as a present to my friend Captain Haven, of San Francisco, who generously presented me with tickets for self, wife, and children by Pacific Mail Steamship Company's line from San Francisco to New York. He was one of the few business men who did not go overboard under the financial cyclone that had just swept the country. I think he was not a member of any Church, but a noble-hearted gentleman; I still love his memory.

Early in the month of October, 1856, we embarked in the *Golden Gate*, bound to Panama. We then had three living children, Morgan Stuart, Charles Reid, and Osman Baker, the

eldest about nine—Oceana and Willie had gone to heaven, the first about fourteen months and Willie about one year old.

Passing out through the Golden Gate, we encountered heavy seas, and the whole crowd of passengers, without any visible exceptions, became seasick. Poor little Charlie had a feast of pears that day, and between his heaving paroxysms he cried out, "Mamma, I don't like pears. I don't want any more pears." On each Sabbath, by invitation of people and captain, I preached to the crowd on deck. All were orderly and attentive. Poor fellows! I presume they are nearly all dead. I am comforted by the fact that, for more than fifty years of my Gospel ministry, on every occasion I stood near the straight gate that opens into the kingdom of God, and tried by the help of the Holy Spirit to show poor sinners the way in. A gatekeeper don't aim to get off fine speeches, but keeps repeating, "This is the way, gentlemen and ladies. Walk in."

On the voyage to Panama one dear fellow from Baltimore, who had lost his property in the great panic, and lost his mental equilibrium on account of it, jumped overboard. The cry of "Man overboard" brought the ship to a standstill. A lifeboat was lowered and its crew of brave boys pulled back in search of the drowning Baltimorean. After half an hour of suspense the lost was found and rescued, and by the care of his friends got back to his home and recovered his mental equilibrium.

Coming up Panama Bay through a shoal of porpoises, a passenger shot one of them. It bled profusely, and at sight of the blood the whole herd of its kind pursued it to its death. It often leaped high above the surface of the water in its vain attempt to save itself from its friends and relatives. We had all seen attempts of that sort during the great financial panic in California!

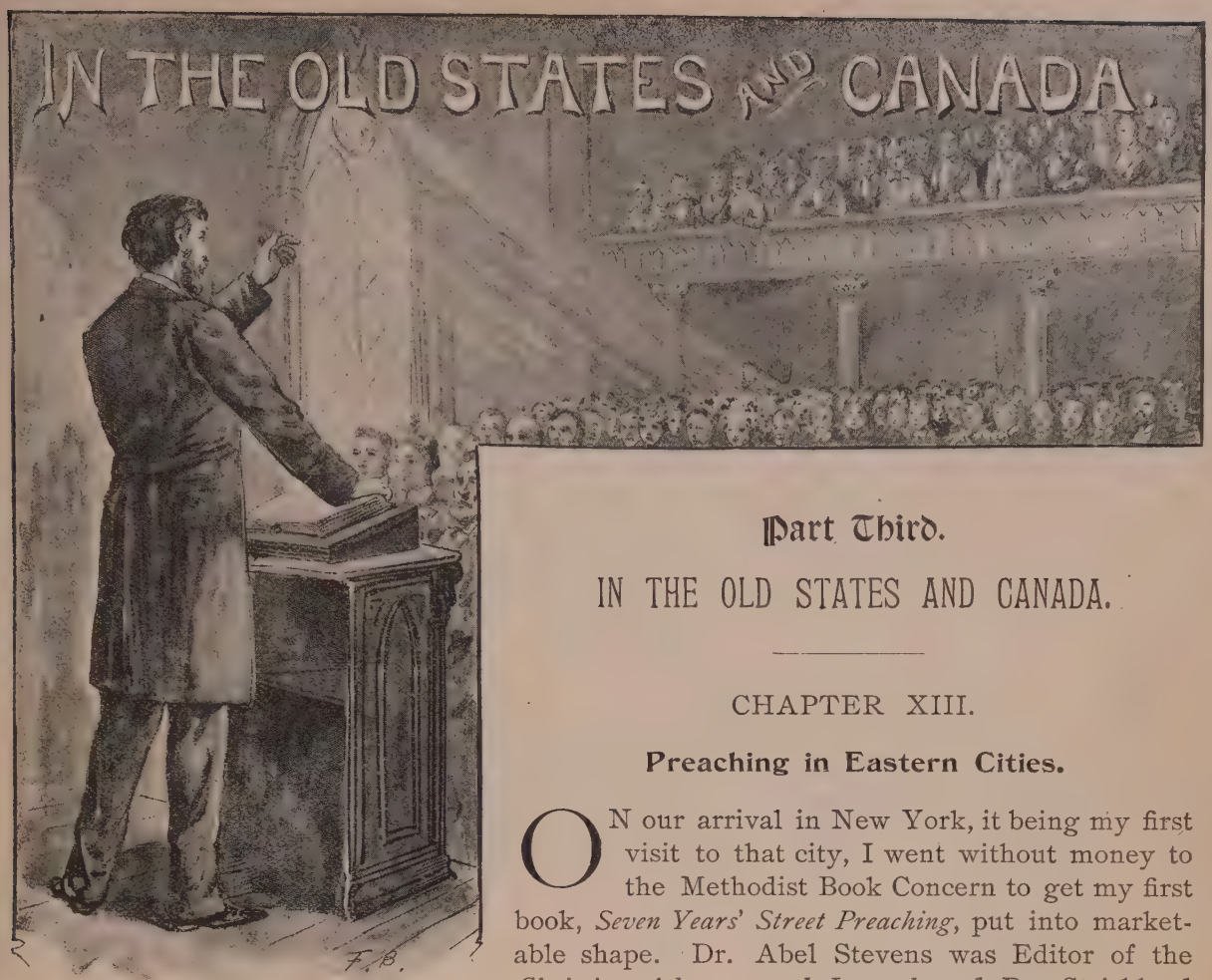
Our little boys had never seen a railroad, and, getting into a car at Panama and moving off to Aspinwall, Charlie shouted in surprise, "Pa, where are the horses?" Coming to a curve bringing the engine into full view, I said, "Charlie, look. See the big horse that pulls the wagon. See how he snorts."

Gazing in astonishment, he said, "Where did they get him?"

At Aspinwall we took passage for New York on the steamship *George Law*. She took us through all right, but a few months afterward, loaded with homeward bound Californians, she foundered in a storm and went down in the depths in the dead of the night. Before morning dawn a sail ship hailed them, and in the true spirit of American gallantry all the women and children were lowered into the lifeboats and taken aboard the sailer, with a request from the captain of the steamer to stand by till morning. Not a woman or child was lost, not a man saved, but a few were picked up from the open sea next morning.

A lucky miner who had made his pile offered ten thousand dollars for a passage in the boat which had conveyed the women and children to the sail ship, and the officer of the deck shouted in response, "Jump overboard." His life was in that jump, but he said, "Wait till I run below and get my gold dust;" but before he could return to the deck the boat was far out on the stormy sea, and soon after the steamer sank and the vast crowd of rich and poor went down together.

Many of them were my personal friends, one a leading member of my church in San Francisco. He had written his wife in Boston, whom he had not seen for years, to meet him in New York on the day set for the arrival of his steamer. She waited long, but in vain. Later she met one of the survivors of the ship, who said, "I saw your husband after the ship had disappeared, and he called me by name and said, 'I am pulling through. In half an hour I shall be in heaven. Say good-bye to my wife.'"



Part Third.

IN THE OLD STATES AND CANADA.

CHAPTER XIII.

Preaching in Eastern Cities.

ON our arrival in New York, it being my first visit to that city, I went without money to the Methodist Book Concern to get my first book, *Seven Years' Street Preaching*, put into marketable shape. Dr. Abel Stevens was Editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, and Dr. Strickland assistant. I knew nothing about proof reading, or putting through the press, so I applied to Dr. Stevens to edit my book. He said his time was so fully occupied that he could not possibly undertake it, but that Dr. Strickland, who had edited Peter Cartwright's autobiography, was just the man for me; so I employed him. He read my proof sheets, and made a few brief alterations, which he said did not alter the sense, but improved the style. I replied that I always appeared in public with my own clothes on, and that it was my style, and not his, which I wished my book to represent; so I corrected the doctor's corrections, and clothed all my facts in my own homespun attire. I did not criticise the doctor's charge of two hundred dollars, but paid it.

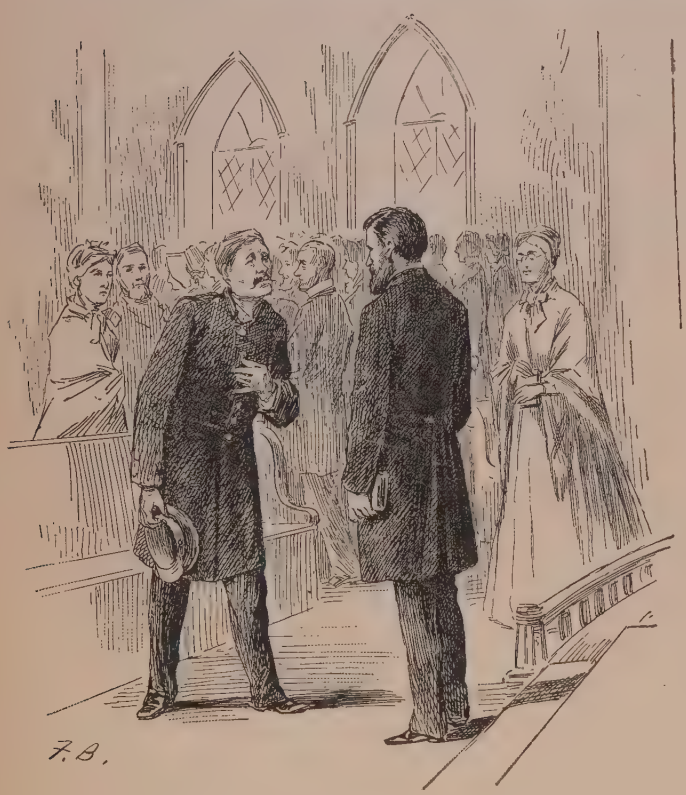
The Annual Meeting of the Missionary Committee was opened in New York a few days after my arrival. One of the principal preachers announced for the Sabbath of the meeting was absent, and I was appointed to take his place both in morning and night, and the Lord gave me words of wisdom for the occasion. The burden of China lay heavily on the hearts of the committee at that time. About ten years had been spent there by our missionaries in leveling down mountains and hills, and filling up valleys, and preparing "the way of the Lord," but "the glory of the Lord" had not been revealed up to that time in the salvation of a single Chinaman. The committee did not show the least hesitancy in going on with the work, but I think Dr. Nathan Bangs expressed the general feeling of the committee when he vehemently exclaimed, "O, if we could get one Chinaman soundly converted to God, it would inspire the whole Church with hope and zeal for

this work." Well, they held on firmly, and during the ten years next ensuing their China missionaries reported more than a thousand Chinamen converted to God; and in latter years "the glory of the Lord" is being revealed through all parts of the Chinese empire.

My friends Ross and Falconer had a leading agency in building and running Seventeenth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, and were members of it, so for a commencement I gave their church a week of special services, resulting in the quickening of Christian workers and the conversion of a few sinners. One night at the close of a meeting a man said to me, "I want to speak to you."

I said, "All right, I am at your service."

"Well," said he, "I am a wicked policeman, right off the streets of New York. I am not in the habit of going to meeting, but I have read the New Testament, and your preaching has made me feel very bad, and I want to know whether the characteristics of Jesus Christ as described in the New Testament are divine or an extraordinary manifestation of human traits and tricks?"



A SINFUL HEART UNDER A UNIFORM.
"Well," said he, "I am a wicked policeman."—Page 218.

I explained the fact to him that, while he did manifest a genuine human nature, most of his words and works cannot be explained on any other theory than that plainly taught in the New Testament, that he was God as well as man; if divine, immutable; hence the same to-day as when manifest in the flesh; hence as really the Saviour of sinners to-day as when he said to the paralytic in the house of Simon Peter, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee;" hence as accessible now as when manifest to human vision in the flesh—"Though we see him not, yet believing we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Next night he was the first to come forward as a seeker of the Saviour, and received the invisible Christ, and was saved, and testified distinctly to the fact that Jesus was to him a divine Saviour.

At that early period of my work in New York I renewed my acquaintance with Mrs. Phebe Palmer, to whom I was first introduced at Baltimore camp meeting on "Low's Ground" in 1848. On my arrival in New York in 1856 I soon became identified with the Tuesday holiness meeting, which was initiated by Mrs. Sarah Lankford, Phebe's sister; but Dr. Palmer and his wife were more widely known as its leaders. It has been regularly kept up for more than half a century, and eternity alone can reveal the extent of the work wrought in the hearts of countless thousands by the Holy Sanctifier at those meetings.

Soon after our arrival in New York in 1856 we were struck by our third family bereavement. We had buried in California our dear ocean-born girl, and our dear bright-

eyed Willie, and now our little Osman, of two summers, was taken away from us by a Father's hand. Our hearts and eyes gave forth their fountains of grief; yet we did not murmur, but rejoiced that our dear babes had gone to their home in heaven.

My book had not yet come from the press, and I charged nothing for my evangelistic services, so that I had not money sufficient to buy a coffin for my boy; however, I did not have to beg or borrow or wait long in suspense. Brother John Falconer provided a coffin, and Brother D. L. Ross allowed us to lay our baby boy to sleep in his own burial ground in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, where he had but a short time before buried one of his own beautiful boys, killed by a fall down a high stairway of a New York hotel.

During the winter of 1857 I preached in many New York and Brooklyn churches. I held a series of services in Hanson Place Church in Brooklyn, during which over two hundred new converts were added to it in the first month of its existence as an organized church. John French, Samuel Booth, and one or two others were the founders, and Rev. Professor Law had, shortly before my visit, been appointed its pastor. It was thus born in an old-fashioned revival, and has been a living revival church ever since; not the result of accretion, but of new creation. A little later I helped to "roll away the stone" and witnessed the resurrection of the Methodist Episcopal church at Mamaroneck. Among the hard cases we had was a wealthy Mr. B. He came to our fellowship meeting and, seeing it was a free thing, told his experience. Said he, "I am a miserable drunkard. I have told my wife about these meetings, and she sent me to her dominie. I called to see him and told him my sad story. I said I had come to see if he could do anything for me. He said he had been disappointed in me and had lost all confidence. I reported my failure to my wife, and she said, 'Well, go down to the Methodists.' So I came down to-night, and I want to know whether you can do anything for me."

Half a dozen responded at once, "O, yes, Brother B., we can get you saved."

So they prayed for him and appointed a man to guard him past the rum shops and see him safely home. He attended the meetings regularly, and on the ensuing Thursday night found salvation. He said to his wife, "Now, my dear, for my sake and for yours and our children's we must set up our family altar."

So she brought him a prayer book, and he turned over the leaves and said, "Wife, I can't find a single prayer in this book *that suits my case!*"

So he kneeled down and prayed a prayer of his own.

In the spring of 1857 I attended a session of the old Baltimore Conference, of which I had been a member. I was most cordially received and invited to address the Conference, and gave that venerable body an account of my feats and defeats in California.

At the close of this series I took my dear Anne and our two surviving children, Morgan Stuart and Charles Reid, to my old home to visit father, mother, brothers, and sisters. We had not seen them for eight years. When I bade them adieu to go to California I never expected to see them again. I spent a few days with these loved ones, and left my family with them during the ensuing summer, while I made the tour of the camp meetings of New Jersey, Delaware, and the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

From Titusville camp I went home with the Rev. George Hughes, then stationed in Trenton, and preached for him Sunday morning and evening, and that day heard the sad news of the mutiny and great war in India, jeopardizing the lives of our missionaries there. At my next New Jersey camp I heard a leading layman relate this experience:

"I was not brought up in Methodist lines, but about twenty years ago I attended some of their revival meetings and became deeply convicted of sin. I cried day and night for

mercy, till one day I got my sins forgiven, and shouted glory to God. My parents thought something dreadful had come upon me, and that I sould certainly die, so they sent a man ten miles for Dr. Henry to come in haste; meantime they locked me up in a room of their house, and I passed the time of my confinement in praising God for the peace and joy that filled and thrilled my soul. In due time Dr. Henry came. He felt my pulse and looked at my tongue, and said, 'William, I must shave your head, and apply a plaster to it.' I said, 'Doctor, the trouble was not in my head, but in my heart; but the Lord Jesus undertook my case. He took away my sins and gave me a new heart; so now I am all right, and do not need any other medical treatment.' He replied, 'William, you are my patient, and you must submit to my treatment.'

"So I submitted in Christian meekness, and he shaved my head and blistered it and tortured me for three days. Then a Methodist who had heard of my case came with the doctor and asked me, in the doctor's presence, how I felt. I said, 'Under the treatment of the doctor here I have got a very sore head, but under the treatment of the great Physician my heart has been healed, and I am very happy.' Then my friend said, 'Doctor, you have entirely misapprehended this case. Nothing in the world ails this young man except that he has got his sins forgiven. This is the Methodist religion that he has got.'"

The doctor gave up the case. Methodist religion has spread so widely since, and so diffused itself into all the older Churches of America, that medical doctors are not required to diagnose or treat those who are afflicted by it.

In the spring of 1857 I conducted a blessed series of meetings in Monument Street Church, Baltimore, from which I was sent to California.

I held services in 1857 also at Eutaw and Charles Street churches. The latter was noted as being the only pewed church in Methodism south of Mason and Dixon's line. Rev. Ben Brook was preacher in charge. The church was composed largely of rich merchants and bankers, who had combined and built up a church suited to their standing and taste. It was usually designated by outsiders as the seat of Methodist aristocracy and pride. Twelve years had elapsed since their organization as a church, during which period they never had what was considered there as a revival. On this occasion of my visit to Baltimore Rev. Ben Brook, the pastor, begged me to assist him in a series of revival services. I replied, "I cannot help you without the concurrence of the leading members of your church."

"Well," said he, "I will announce for you to preach in our church next Thursday night; they will come out to hear you, and after preaching I will consult them."

I went on Thursday night, according to appointment, and found a good congregation assembled. After preaching he introduced the subject of a series of special services. About half a dozen of his official members promptly responded one by one, and all concurred in the statement that such a thing was utterly impracticable at that season of the year. They said in effect, "Most of us are merchants. The month of April is passing away. We are in the midst of our spring trade, and cannot leave our counting houses before midnight six nights in the week. We have never been able to succeed in a revival here at a suitable season of the year, and to attempt such a thing at this most unsuitable season is out of the question." One of the trustees said, "It is a settled thing I cannot be here, and I cannot consent to the opening of the church in my absence."

Rev. Ben Brook sat quietly until they were through, and then arose, trembling with emotion, and gave them a detail of their history for the past twelve years, and their fruitless attempts to have what could be called in Baltimore a revival, and added, "I have been

MISTAKE IN DIAGNOSIS.

"Under the treatment of the doctor here I have got a very sore head."—Page 220

working here for over a year, and have seen but little success in soul saving. You are all very kind to me; there is no better station in the city, but I cannot stand this sort of work any longer. I must see something done or quit. Brother Taylor is with us and can help us. He cannot be with us in the fall, the usual time for revivals; so my feeling is that if you won't concur in this proposal I shall have to put on my hat and bid you good-bye."

After a little pause the leading church officials said in effect, "Well, Brother Brook, we have expressed our minds plainly, and have not changed our view of the case; but if you and Brother Taylor are willing to face the failure and disgrace of an abortive attempt, then go ahead; we will not stand in your way." So the meeting was dismissed.

I then said to Brook, "I don't feel exactly free to work under such discouragements, so you had better excuse me." But in a spirit of apparent desperation he seized my hand and said, "O, Brother Taylor, don't leave me! Let us proceed in the name of the Lord, and he will help us." So I said, "All right." Then we settled on a plan of work:

"1. We will light up the main audience room every night and invite the Lord and the people to the best accommodations we have, instead of trying it in the basement, as heretofore.

"2. We will have a meeting at 11 o'clock A. M. every day in the week, and do the hand-to-hand work which may open to us by the daily request for prayers at our forenoon meeting. We will call for information from those present, giving us the names and addresses of persons under an awakening of the Spirit.

"3. We will employ all our available time in visiting from house to house, inquiring specially for such as may be commended to our notice at the morning meetings, and do what we can for them by personal effort.

"4. The pastor must examine personally everyone professing conversion to God at our meeting, and satisfy himself, as far as it is possible, of the saving character of the work in each case, and keep a record of the facts, name, and address of each one.

"5. The pastor must preach to his people every Sunday morning, and I will take all the other preaching appointments each week."

So we went in systematically on that line.

The first Sunday the church was crowded, as usual, and Ben Brook preached a powerful sermon suited to the occasion. I talked that morning to the people in the Penitentiary, and at night to the aristocrats in Charles Street, preaching the same Gospel to the two extreme classes of that city. There was great interest and apparent awakening, but no person responded to the call for seekers.

Uninspired prophets had predicted that we could not, at that season of the year, get a hearing on week days, noon or night; but to our agreeable surprise we had at our Monday forenoon meeting more than half a hundred ladies and a few men. We invited all persons present who had any knowledge of persons under awakening whom they desired to mention as special subjects for prayer to announce their names and addresses. For these we prayed specially, and visited them personally in the afternoon. I was delighted to find among those high-toned aristocratic people, especially their ladies, many humble, earnest Christians, among whom was Mrs. Theobold, who was a widow and the daughter of the celebrated surgeon of that city, Dr. Smith. She said in the forenoon meeting that she had a sister, Mrs. M., in whose salvation she was especially interested, but could scarcely command faith sufficient to present her name as a subject of prayer, because her sister was a very devout Roman Catholic, exemplary in her life, but was, she believed, resting in a form of godliness without the power; however, she begged us to pray for her sister.

Monday night we had, what exceeded all expectation, a crowded house; profound attention, but no one came out as a seeker. Tuesday morning meeting was about as large as that of Monday, with an increase of divine unction. Tuesday night a slight improvement on the night preceding, both in numbers and interest. Wednesday morning it rained, and we had but few out. Wednesday afternoon we had a good congregation, and a number came to the altar, surrendered to God, received Christ, and publicly testified to an experience of salvation. The news spread rapidly that there was a revival in Charles Street.

So the work went on increasing daily. The second week the large basement hall was crowded at the forenoon week-day meetings. Merchants and others seemed to have plenty of time; many became earnest workers who had never taken part at the front before. In the second week Mrs. Theobold invited her sister, Mrs. M., to go with her to the meeting. She replied, "Your preacher will denounce the Roman Catholics and hurt my feelings, so I cannot go to such a place;" whereupon Mrs. Theobold assured her that though the preacher proclaimed plain Gospel truth he never gave unnecessary offense to anyone.

So Mrs. M. accepted her invitation and came to the meeting. On her way home she expressed a great desire to be saved. She came with her sister the next forenoon, and was seated on a front form which was used for the seekers. Ben Brook approached her and said, "Please, madam, take a seat back further." She promptly obeyed. Then he said, "All persons under awakening who desire to seek salvation will please come to these front forms, that we may pray for you and instruct you." Mrs. M. returned at once and knelt down at the penitent form and submitted herself to God and accepted Christ.

Old Major Dryden, one of its rich old members, whose voice had never been heard in prayer, was resurrected, and one night prayed about as follows:

"O, Lord, twelve years ago we built this house. We poured out our money freely and constructed this beautiful edifice. These fine pews have been sepulchers to the dead, and these fine cushions the habiliments of our graves. We have had good preaching, but we awoke not. O, Lord, thou knowest how helpless and hopeless was our deplorable state. But during these meetings, blessed be thy holy name, the voice of the Son of God has awakened the dead, and they have come forth a great army, and are on the march for the conquest of souls for thee. Now we are glad that we put our money into this beautiful building, and that at last thou hast accepted this our offering, and we will trust thee henceforth to make this the house of thine abode, for Christ's sake. Amen!"

The work went on, and in the course of three weeks over two hundred of the newly converted people were added to the Charles Street Church.

During that summer I labored at about a dozen camp meetings in New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland. Soon after the first election of the able and honorable editor of our old mother of *Christian Advocates* I called to see him in his office to introduce myself and pay my respects to him, but instead of meeting me as a stranger he received me most cordially, saying, "I have known you well for many years. When you were preaching in Philadelphia in 1857 I followed you around and heard you preach seventeen sermons, and I have been keeping track of you ever since." During the spring and summer of that year I preached in nearly all the principal towns in Delaware and New Jersey.

At one of the camp meetings of that season a man of mature age and commanding presence followed me from the stand where I had been preaching that morning into the preachers' tent and sat down beside me; next to me on the other side sat Rev. Brother Willis, an able young minister. The stranger unceremoniously commenced a bitter tirade against Christianity and the Bible, and talked flippantly about the immutability of law;

hence the impossibility of miracles. I sat quietly without a word of reply till he was through. He had raised more than a dozen debatable issues. Brother Willis was in a fidget, and said to me afterward, "I did not see how you could sit quietly and hear such a slanderous misrepresentation of God and his Gospel."

Willis was a gentleman, and would not interrupt the prater, as his address was directed entirely to me.

"Well, you see how I fixed him?" said I.

"I do, indeed, and I see that was just the thing to do."

When the fellow had fired his last gun and silence ensued I said, "Well, my friend, there is one point on which we can agree."

In apparent surprise he inquired, "What point is that?"

"We mutually concede the fact that there is a standard of right, a law of righteousness, by which the conduct of human beings, both in their relations to God and to each other, should be regulated. We may not agree as to the precise lines of its application, nor the source whence nor the medium through which it comes to us, but we do mutually agree that such a law exists, and that we are amenable to it."

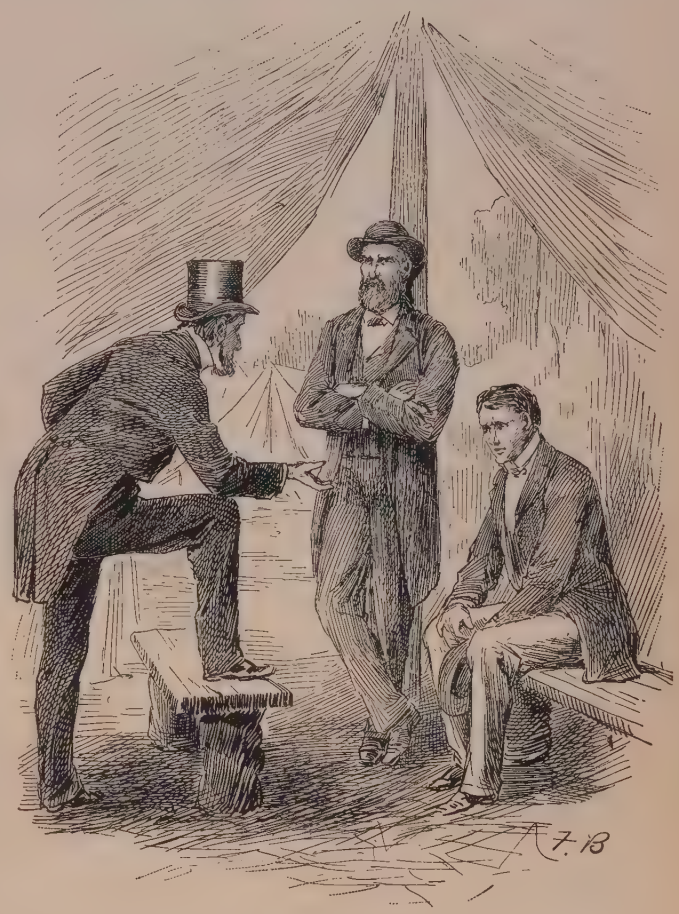
"O, yes, I agree with you on that point."

"Then allow me to ask whether with undeviating fidelity through all the vicissitudes of your past life you have kept that law?"

He colored and coughed and tried to evade my point, but I looked straight into his eyes and said, "Have you?"

Then after a pause of a few moments he replied, "Well, sir, to tell you the truth, I must admit that I have not."

"Then what are you going to do about it? You have been most positively asserting the immutability of law, and now you admit that you have been an habitual breaker of an immutable law. What can the law do for a law-breaker?"



EXPLAINING "THE IMMUTABILITY OF LAW."

"The stranger unceremoniously commenced a bitter tirade against Christianity."—Page 224.

I proceeded to show him that all human attempts to repair the breach by reformation or penance or compensation were entirely inadequate and irrelevant, and that if the Bible did not, through the incarnation, death, resurrection, and mediation of the Son of God reveal a ransom and a remedy adequate to the demands of the case there was none. No human court can righteously acquit a guilty criminal, but, however incomprehensible the mystery, the fact is clearly revealed in the Bible that God can be just, and the justifier of him that

believeth in Jesus, and will freely forgive and acquit every poor sinner who will confess and forsake his sins, and receive and trust Jesus Christ as an all-sufficient Saviour. "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God." This free gift implies a divine act of acquittal at the bar of justice, a divine communication of the fact to the spirit of the penitent believer, and a divine inward renewal of the heart.

The man sat quietly while I kindly opened up these facts verified in human experience. He finally said, "I have never experienced any such thing, and therefore can't believe that there is any such experience possible."

"You have no experience of life in California," I replied. "You have not been there, and conclude, therefore, that there is no such country in the world. I have spent over seven years in California, and testify to what I have experienced and know to be facts. Would you go before this great camp meeting congregation and contradict my statement of facts on the ground that you had never seen California and knew nothing about it?"

Just then the bell rang announcing the hour for the afternoon public service, and I bade my man a good-bye and took my seat on the preachers' stand.

About half an hour afterward I felt a gentle jerk of my coat skirt, and looking round I saw my man close in the rear of the stand. The public service had opened, so there was not a word uttered by either of us, but he handed me a letter and turned away, and being but a passing stranger in that region I never saw him again. The letter read substantially as follows:

"Rev. Taylor—Dear Sir: Your convincing arguments have covered all my points, and your kindly spirit has quite overcome my foolish prejudice against God's truths. My wretched infidelity! I am ashamed of it, and do and shall forever abandon it."

I spent about three months of the summer of 1857 in Philadelphia, and preached in all the Methodist churches of any note in that city. Soon after my arrival in that city the Preachers' Meeting appointed a committee to wait on his excellency the mayor and get his consent to my preaching in the open air. The committee reported at the next meeting that the mayor respectfully declined to grant the request on the ground that there was a city ordinance prohibiting outdoor preaching. A few weeks later, however, I opened preaching services in Eleventh Street Market. I wrote and printed a series of tracts on street preaching, distributing a new tract after preaching in the market each Sabbath. We had crowds of hearers of all sorts and sizes, and we sowed Gospel seed broadcast, and a great and growing interest was awakened on behalf of the outsiders.

At the request of the ministers I opened market house preaching at other centers also, with a promise that they would keep the little stone rolling after my departure. After I had been preaching many weeks in the markets a dear Presbyterian minister said to me: "My conscience has long been troubled on account of the neglected masses who never go to church, and I applied to the mayor for permission to preach in the markets, and he forbade me to do so. I am curious to know how you, as a stranger, got so readily into this work."

"Well, sir, I got in as I suppose Paul got in at Athens. I used my two legs and walked in, and proclaimed the word of the Lord under the authority of the great commission, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.' I have no wish to set the municipal authorities at defiance at all. I simply obey the order of the King, and consent to take the consequences. If the city authorities have any business with me they can find me at the house of Rev. Dr. Anderson, No. 6 Catharine Street."

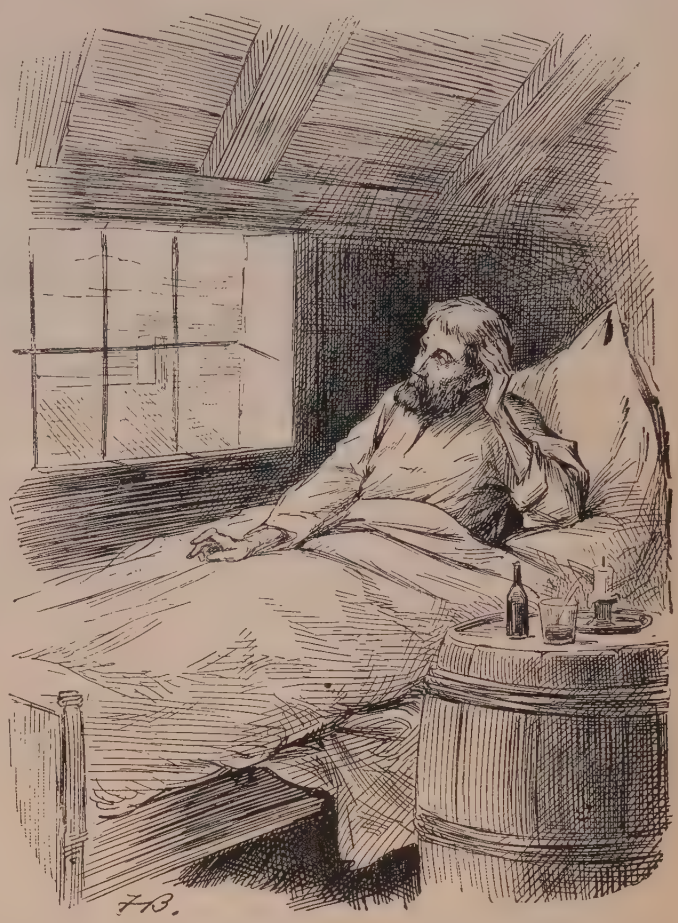
It was during the fall of the year 1857 that for the first time I visited New England and attended New Market Camp Meeting, in New Hampshire. It was at that meeting I saw and heard for the first time the old hero of a thousand battles and world-renowned friend of the sailors, Father Taylor, of Boston. At that meeting I became acquainted also with my abiding friend and fellow-worker in the cause of industrial and self-supporting missions, Rev. William McDonald, and heard him preach on his favorite theme, perfect love.

I was most cordially received at that camp meeting by preachers and people, and had freedom in preaching the Gospel to them.

After the close of the camp meeting I spent about a fortnight in Boston and preached for Father Taylor, also in Hanover Street Methodist Episcopal Church, and in Bromfield Street Church. I preached in the forenoon and attended a general fellowship meeting at night in the last-named grand old hive.

Brother Hawley, one of the official members, in the course of the evening related some of his experiences in California. He said, in effect:

"Soon after I arrived in San Francisco in the year 1850 I was taken ill. Nearly all the people there were sojourning in tents, and there was not a hotel in the place; but I got shelter in the upper room of a rustic storehouse. With my illness, poor accommodations, and utter loneliness I feared that I should die. I felt a great longing for fellowship with some one who loved the Lord, but feared that I should have to go to heaven to find one. Sabbath came, and thoughts of home and church and Christian friends, but the loneliness of my situation was like a horrible nightmare that I could not shake off. Then, all of a sudden, I heard a powerful voice singing in strains of enchanting melody:



A DISTANT AND UNSEEN LISTENER.

"I heard a powerful voice singing."—Page 227.

"'Hear the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Publishing to every creature,
To the ruined sons of nature,
Jesus reigns.'

"I could hear but few words of the preaching that followed. I was too feeble to get out, but was comforted to know that there was at least one preacher in that vast encamp-

ment. I could hardly call it a city, except a city of tents, with a few houses like the one I occupied, made up largely of the lumber of goods boxes.

"To my great surprise and joy, an hour later, by some singular leading of Providence, the preacher came into my room and inquired about my condition and needs, and sang and prayed, and by the help of God drew me up from the slough of despond, and from that hour I began to recover. But for that man of God I think I should have died. I now have the honor and pleasure of entertaining my friend in need as my guest. His name is William Taylor."

DE PROFUNDIS EXCLAMAVI.

"Jesus, Lover of my soul."—Page 228.

During my sojourn with Brother Hawley, in Boston, he gave me the following experience of a Christian woman of his acquaintance, then residing in South Boston:

"On a dark, stormy night a ship was passing slowly down the English Channel. The man at the lookout shouted that he heard the voice of a woman on the dark waters. A boat was immediately lowered and manned by a crew of brave sailors, who, as they approached nearer the object of their search, heard a woman sing:

"'Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!'

"The singer proved to be a woman clinging with one arm to a fragment of a ship that had just been wrecked, and with her other arm pressing to her bosom her infant child. Being a Christian, and expecting to be drowned and to go to heaven that night, she was giving expression to her triumphant faith in those wonderful words of sacred song."

I also attended the Preachers' Meeting and became somewhat acquainted with E. O. Haven, D.D., then editor of *Zion's Herald;* Dr. Twombly, Brothers J. P. Magee, Eastman, and the most of the other leading ministers of that city and adjacent towns. I have never held protracted revival services in New England, but have labored in different years at very many of their camp meetings, and greatly admire and love our New England people.

Dear Anne and her two little boys spent the summer and fall of 1857 with my dear father and mother at their home in Rockbridge County, Virginia. Our dear Ross was born there in September of that year. I visited my parents and all the dear ones again late in the fall, and took my family soon after to Newark, New Jersey. We rented for the winter a comfortable, well-furnished house in a very accessible and said to be a very healthy location in that city. This did not mean any cessation of my widespread and constant labors abroad, but comfortable quarters for Anne and our three boys, giving me a few hours with them one day in each week.

It turned out, however, that I had to spend more time with them than I expected. In a few weeks after we were comfortably settled our little Charlie and Ross were taken down with smallpox, and then, when it was too late, we found out that we were in the midst of that plague concealed from public view; so I shut myself in with my sick boys for a month. Charlie, then of about four and a half years, had the confluent form of that horrible disease. A kind homeopathic physician from Elizabeth city treated them very skillfully, so that they got through without any relapse. Meanwhile Stuart put up this sign on a tree in the yard: "Smallpox! Walk in and catch it!" We sat at a window overlooking the street and watched the men and women as they came along to see them read and run.

Poor Charlie suffered most during the stage of recovery. I had to watch him through the dreary nights to prevent his little fingers from tearing the skin off his face. I would say, "Charlie, don't scratch your face; you will spoil it, and you can't be our pretty little boy any more."

"I won't scratch it any more, papa."

Soon after I would have to caution him again and again, till finally he said, "I can't help it. Won't you tie my hands, papa, so that I can't scratch?"

I did not tie his hands, but watched and gently restrained them. One night he said, "Papa, won't you ask the Lord please to make me well?"

"Yes, dear Charlie, I will."

I then wept before the Lord, and begged him to pity and heal my boy.

Then said Charlie, "Papa, do you think the Lord will make me well?"

"Yes, I think he will."

"When do you think he will?"

"In about two weeks."

Then he silently measured up the time in his mind, and said, "I do wish he would make haste."

Later he said one night, "Papa, please tell me how to pray."

From the time he was able to lisp the name of Jesus he had been accustomed to pray, but now he felt the pressure of a deeper need, bordering as he was on the lines of personal moral responsibility; so I explained to him the Saviour's object lesson of the fathers and mothers bringing their little children to Jesus that he might put his hands upon them and pray. When they got close to Jesus they let go the hands of father and mother and came to Jesus, and Jesus took them up in his arms, and with his own hands took all the bad out of their hearts, and prayed to his own Father for them that their names should be written down in his book as his dear, obedient, loving children, to be filled every day with truth and love and all good things that God's own dear children need, living or dying, on earth or in heaven. When Jesus was in the world, so that the children could see him with their eyes, they came to him, but ever since he went to heaven he is too far off to be seen with our eyes; but in his Spirit, which our eyes can't see, he comes right into the little children

—"that which may be known of God is manifest in them, for God hath shown it unto them." I was persuaded that "the invisible things of God"—spiritual things that pertain to the needs and supply of the soul at this point of transit from the vale of infantile innocency to the plane of personal moral responsibility—are clearly seen, "even his eternal power and divinity" (R. V.). At this stage the child has only to yield itself wholly to Jesus, receive and trust him to take it in hand and have his way with it. The end of repentance is submission to the will of God, and the act of saving faith is the act of receiving Jesus. Under the leading of the ever-present Holy Spirit all that is easy for a little child, and adult sinners cannot get into the kingdom of God with anything less."

So Charlie prayed, and I cried. Next night he called to me in gleeful tones, "Papa, ain't you glad that Jesus died for sinners?"

"Yes, Charlie, I'm very glad."

"Papa, I'm glad too, for Jesus died for me. He has gone to heaven out of sight, but in his Spirit he comes into me and makes me so glad. O, how I do love him!"

I don't believe my dear Charlie had forfeited the justified relation secured to him by the free gift which was unto justification of life, through the righteousness "of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," but that he entered into the high form of the acquitted relation of a responsible subject of the kingdom of God—justification by faith with its concomitants, the regenerating "grace and peace of our Lord Jesus Christ." That is what Charlie received by faith while under the smallpox *tribulum*, and he manifested the fruits of it daily till the day of his death.

Ross was the baby, and suffered less than his brother Charlie, and gained less by what he suffered. The rest of us escaped the scourge.

During this confinement in Newark I redeemed the time of those evil days, and wrote my third book, entitled *California Life Illustrated*, which had a circulation of over thirty-five thousand copies; also a small book entitled *Address to Young America and a Word to the Old Folks*, on my favorite theme of abiding in the kingdom of God. This little work had a circulation of twenty-five thousand copies.

During the winter of 1857–58, as before intimated, I labored in Hanson Place Church, Brooklyn; Allen Street, New York; Mamaroneck, and many other churches in those regions. John French, Samuel Booth, and one or two other pioneers of the Hanson Place movement had opened and developed a Sunday school up to the number of about two hundred scholars and teachers, and had built a good brick chapel. On the first Sabbath after the dedication of the chapel I joined hands with Brothers Law, John French, Samuel Booth, and company, and within a fortnight Hanson Place had a newborn church of more than two hundred newborn souls, many of them heads of families with a large following.

In the spring of 1858 I held a series of special services in Richmond, Virginia, the capital of my native State, and called to mind some of the scenes of my boyhood, when I steered one of my father's big river boats one hundred and fifty miles down North and James Rivers, loaded with flour, and the strange sights I saw in the great city, among which I saw for the first time a ship and a railroad train.

I met some Californians who had been members of my church in San Francisco, especially a good brother by the name of Tanner. I also met with some of my kindred—the widow of Uncle Hugh P. Taylor, my father's brother, her son William, and two or three sisters—dear people.

CHAPTER XIV.

Gospel Excursions of '58, '59, '60.

IN the early summer of 1858 I went west and attended a session of the Erie Conference at Meadville, Pennsylvania. I was most cordially welcomed by ministers and the people. Bishop Janes presided. By invitation I addressed the Conference, and preached a number of times indoors and out. I have often been reminded since by the grand old heroes of that Conference of what a jubilant time we had on that occasion in preaching from the courthouse steps. Quite a number of persons professed conversion to God during that Conference session.

A year later I attended the Erie Conference session at Erie city. The committee of public worship gave me Friday night for preaching, and eighteen persons came forward as seekers and professed to find the pardon of their sins. Sunday afternoon I preached to a great crowd of persons of all sorts and sizes in the public square.

Near the close of the sermon the people were startled by the loud screams of a man who fell prostrate on the grassy lawn and cried aloud to God for mercy. Many earnest men and women gathered around him and prayed for him till he obtained mercy and stood upon his feet and testified to his experience of the saving power of Jesus. He was the sheriff of that county.

Rev. Henry Mansell, a graduate of Allegheny College, and missionary elect for India, was ordained "under the rule" at that Conference, and was specially interested in these cases of conversion to God, and told me many years afterward in the Himalaya Mountains that on a recent visit to Erie city he inquired particularly about the said nineteen converts, and was informed they all remained steadfast members of the Church. The keeping power of Jesus is just as adequate and just as available as his converting power, and "leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ and going on to perfection" the ramparts of maintained holiness become impregnable. To every such man, woman, and child it is affirmed on the highest authority, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

During the years 1858–60, six days and nights of each week I preached in most of the cities and towns in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. My uniform method, even for every single night service, was to preach, exhort, invite awakened seekers of pardon or purity to come to the altar, where we instructed them and prayed for them, and heard the testimony of those who obtained pardon and peace, occupying the time to about half past nine P. M. Uniformly the entire congregation, with exceptions scarcely perceptible, remained till the benediction was pronounced, about ten P. M. We held them by announcing the program at the opening of each service, the last point of interest being a talk about California. This applies specially to the week-night meetings. My Sabbaths were devoted wholly to Gospel services, with a promise to give them a talk on California Monday night.

A man freighted with "news from a far country," and at the same time bearing the burden of the Lord's message to perishing sinners, finds himself often in a strait betwixt two.

Brother John M. Phillips, of book agency renown, once said to me: "Soon after Brother B.'s return from his episcopal tour in India he was announced to preach in Cincinnati. The church was packed from the top to the bottom with an anxious throng, all hungry for a feast of the latest news from India. The bishop preached to them a very good old sermon that they had heard him deliver from the same pulpit but a few years before, and he made no allusion to what he saw or heard or did in the far East, and the people went away hopping mad."

I replied, "O, they just wanted to hear some lion stories."

"Well, he should have told them some."

When an old dame of the culinary art was asked how to cook a hare, she replied, "The first thing to do is to catch the rabbit." The first thing for a speaker to do in addressing an individual or an audience is to arrest attention. Metal has to be melted before it can be molded.

My first visit to an Urbana camp meeting was in 1858. Rev. John T. Mitchell was in charge. He was emphatically a gentleman, and a successful minister of the Gospel. On my last visit to Urbana camp, thirty-four years later, his son Frank was presiding elder of the same district, and was in charge of the camp meeting, father and mother having long since gone to the home of glorified souls.

In 1859 I assisted John T. Mitchell in resurrecting "a downtown church"—old Wesley in Cincinnati. Swarm after swarm had gone out from the grand old hive, and crowds of families had moved uptown, and on to Walnut Hills and other hills adjacent, and Brother Mitchell was appointed to minister to the walls of the time-honored edifice, and to a few elect families still there abiding; so we took the double task of collecting a congregation and of filling up the decimated ranks of Christian soldiers with new recruits. This required a great deal of hand-to-hand pastoral work, but God was with us, and gave us a good measure of success both by the ingathering of outsiders and the upgathering of our young people of the Sunday school. We took the Sunday afternoons for preaching to the children, who crowded the church, and many of them came to Jesus, and were taken up into his arms and received his blessing.

Rev. Samuel Clayton was then city missionary. He was not appointed to any church, for they had none for the neglected classes to whom he was sent. So he hired a room and went around among the masses of poor people near the river to induce parents to allow their children to attend his Sunday school, and thus gathered about a score of what were called wharf rats, and they nearly filled his room on his first Sabbath; but from the time they entered they kept up a row by pricking each other with pins, pulling each other's hair and fist-cuffing generally; so Brother Clayton utterly failed in his variety of efforts to get their attention or secure any degree of order. Finally he kneeled down and prayed; silence without a murmur prevailed, and the preacher, thinking he had triumphed, prayed on with increasing earnestness. Finally, with his closing amen, he opened his eyes to the fact there was not a soul in the room besides himself. The children, seeing that his eyes were closed, slipped away with their bare feet so softly that he did not have any intimation of their retreat.

He visited as many of them as he could find during the week, and invited them to come again. So on his second Sabbath he had the same crowd as before, and not a whit better in behavior. They baffled all his attempts to reduce them to order for an hour or more. Finally he said, "Children, the school is closed, so now run away home." Not one of them moved, but sat and looked at him and laughed. Then said he, "Well, if you

won't go home I will sing for you." So he sang a quick-time tune to easy words, and they were quiet. He thought that a good opportunity for dismissing them, so he got his hat, saying, "I am off, children;" so they all scampered away.

One day during the ensuing week, walking along the bank of the Ohio River, he heard some children singing. He looked around in every direction, but could see nothing of the singers, but finally he found a lot of his wharf rats huddled together under cover of an upturned boat singing the song which he had sung to them on the Sabbath preceding, and he said to himself, "Now, my lads, I've got you. I have already won you by sacred song, and will hold you and lead you to God."

So at my Wesley Church children's meeting the front and center seats were occupied by two hundred children belonging to one school, well-dressed and well-behaved, and that was Sam Clayton's gathering of what they called wharf rats. I publicly denounced the opprobrious term as applied to God's dear little children, not rats at all, but heirs of royal birth to eternal life and glory.

In those early days of my work in Ohio I wrought a week for the Rev. Granville Moody, D.D., in First Church, Urbana. Dr. Moody was an extraordinary man in size and symmetry, with intellect and heart to correspond; six feet four inches in height, and every member of his body in suitable proportion to that scale. He was a native of New England, but was brought up in Baltimore. His life, published by the Western Book Concern, Cincinnati, is a book of marvels.

During my week of service, in which we had preaching daily, afternoon and night, Brother Moody talked in the day and I at night. One afternoon, preaching on entire sanctification, Dr. Moody illustrated the art of getting to the bottom of the taproot of carnal bitterness by the following bit of his experience of suffering in his early mature manhood. He became troubled with an increasing pain in his right shoulder blade.

One day he requested a lady friend to examine his shoulder. In her examination she exclaimed, "O, Mr. Moody, it is an exostosis! It is just the same kind of thing that killed my husband. I could not persuade him to submit to an operation, and it caused his untimely death. Dear Mr. Moody, do send for Dr. Smith. He is the most eminent surgeon in this city. O, dear Mr. Moody, don't allow this dreadful thing to destroy your valuable life."

"I had great dread of an operation, and did not think I could screw up my courage to the sticking point," said Moody; "but that woman's tears and eloquent appeals stirred me to the depths, and without delay I submitted to an examination by Dr. Smith. He confirmed the woman's statement, and said he could give me medicine to take inwardly, and in a fortnight he would be able to see whether anything short of an operation would meet the case. At the end of a fortnight he made another examination, and said the exostosis was enlarging, and the only remedy was the knife. I consented, and he set the time for the operation. At the appointed time Dr. Smith came, and some half dozen medical students and doctors came with him and brought a great lot of surgical instruments. My mother and all my kindred were required to retire from my room. The doctor ordered me to doff my upper clothing and bare my back, and I did so.

"I took no opiates of any sort, but made up my mind to suffer anything to get rid of a thing that would certainly kill me if not removed. The surgeon made a straight cut down the shoulder blade, then he proceeded to peel the flesh back from the bone on either side till it was possible to clear and to raise the shoulder blade, so as to operate on it with a saw, and then sawed off the lower half of the bone, and said, 'My brave fellow, the work

is done.' I could but weep for joy that the woe was past. The doctor made a careful examination of it and of the piece of bone which he had sawn off. Then I saw him talking in a low tone to the other doctors.

"Then the surgeon said, 'Mr. Moody, I am very sorry to have to tell you that this is a much more serious thing than we could anticipate. The bone is badly diseased above the line of amputation, and there is no hope of recovery except by cutting it off as near the joint as possible.'

"The shock for a time seemed quite to overwhelm me. All that I had suffered seemed as nothing compared with it.

"The doctor said, 'We will wait, Mr. Moody, till you recover your heroic equilibrium, before we proceed further.'

"So I braced up my resolution, and in a few minutes I said, 'Proceed, doctor. I am ready.' So he cut and sawed away, and left only the stub of sound bone, and the doctor said, 'It is all right now, Mr. Moody; you will soon be a well man. It is only a question of time.' Sure enough, it not only healed up, but the shoulder blade seemed to grow out to its proper proportions and functions."

I gave a few weeks of the fall of 1858 to Rev. D. P. Mitchell, Presiding Elder of the Allegheny District, Pittsburg Conference. He resided in Salem, Ohio, and his district lay partly in both Pennsylvania and Ohio. It was a hard field, preoccupied by United Presbyterians and Campbellites, good people in their way, but in those days full of the spirit of controversy. They would publicly challenge the Methodist preachers for public debate, and crow over their refusal as proof of a bad cause or inability to defend it. Mitchell was a powerful West Virginian, both in bodily and intellectual force. He was a native-born logician, possessing great piety and perfect equilibrium of temper. As soon as possible after his appointment to that district he made a careful survey of his whole field, then but very partially supplied with houses of worship, and noted the populous centers, in each of which he secretly determined in his own mind to build a church, no matter whether there were any Methodists living in the neighborhood or not. When he was about ready to commence operations in a place selected he flaunted a red rag, and would at once receive a challenge for debate from one or other of the parties named. He always accepted the challenge, and immediately all preliminaries were settled with the time and place for the debate—usually in some grove where a stand and seats were provided in good style—the debate to occupy at least three days, with competent judges appointed. The whole program was extensively advertised in all the papers available and by great placards posted up in all public places. Soon the whole country fizzed with a glow of fervent heat, so that the great crowds came trooping in to see the fight.

Mitchell was master of the situation. He managed to extend the discussion to its limit of three days, and then by a conversation of unanswerable logic and laughable sarcasm he swept the field. His antagonist usually left abruptly without waiting to hear the decision of the judges.

He had a three-days' hitch with a noted Campbellite who made the assertion that every mention of water in the Scriptures was literal, and was never used to represent spirit or spiritual operation.

Mitchell in reply asked the gentleman a few questions which led to a colloquy to this effect:

"'Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.' Is that 'literal?'"

"Yes, most assuredly."

THE AFTER PART OF CLAYTON'S SUNDAY SCHOOL.

"Now, my lads, I've got you."—Page 233.

"'Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.' Is that 'literal?'"

"Yes, certainly; any child can see that."

"'Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.' Is that 'literal?'"

"Yes, yes, all literal."

"'He that believeth on me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.' Is that 'literal?'"

"All literal, all literal."

"Well, then, I have only to say that in western Kansas, where water is so scarce, such a man would be a great blessing to that country as a mill seat and water supply!"

EXIT OF A LITERAL THEOLOGIAN.

"The mill-seat man seized his hat and cut."—Page 237.

The people laughed themselves almost into fits, and the mill-seat man seized his hat and cut.

Then Mitchell, without a smile, announced that he would preach there that night, and continue a series of preaching and soul-saving prayer meeting services for a week or ten days. In that series he would enroll from twenty to a hundred newborn souls, organize them into a church, circulate a subscription paper, and raise funds to erect a chapel in that neighborhood, and let out the contract, buy the lumber and other material, and set his carpenters to work before he retired from the spot. Meantime he would be quietly planning to move in a similar way at some other point, usually remote from the scene of his last success. His methods were varied to meet peculiar emergencies. He kept his own counsel, and his movements could not be anticipated.

He had two poor families living in Butler. The church of the United Presbyterians was about a mile out of town, but they held a preëmption claim on Butler and all the region round about. Mitchell wrote to one of his members residing in Butler to arrange for a preaching appointment on a Sabbath named, and to have it stated that the presiding elder would preach. As per announcement, the elder was on hand in due time. It was a dark, rainy day, and no assembly and no preaching place available. The agent reported that he tried in vain to get the use of a house or a barn, but could find no open door for a Methodist minister in that section of the soil. Mitchell preached in the cabin of one of his families. The roof was bad, and the rain poured in plentifully on preacher and people. After preaching the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered.

Mitchell then announced that on a certain day he would commence a camp meeting in a well-known grove of timber near the town of Butler. He had his men stick up huge posters in all places accessible, advertising the camp meeting. He had meantime negotiated for the use of the grove with the owner, a skeptical old sinner who was not allied with any Church. Mitchell's camp meeting became at once the ridiculous theme and standing joke of all classes of the people. "A corncrib would hold all the people of Mitchell's camp meeting, with pews taken," they said.

As Mitchell passed around his district he engaged a large number of his well-to-do families to come to his camp meeting at Butler and be sure to get their tents up and be ready for business the day before the opening of the meeting. He also drafted a corps of his most able preachers to be there in time for the opening service. The whole plan was carried out with military precision. The day before the announced time the roads were thronged with wagons, teams, and crowds of people on foot, and before night a town of tents was built, laid out like a great encampment of soldiers.

It was in every way the greatest surprise of the age for that country. The meeting was carried on with marvelous effect for a week. Nearly a hundred new converts were enrolled, a Methodist church in Butler was organized, and a subscription raised near the close of the camp meeting for building a church in Butler, and the contract for its erection made and signed before the closing doxology of the camp meeting was sung.

I assisted Brother Mitchell in the dedication of his Butler church in due time. It was a plain but beautiful structure with Roman windows. Most of the funds required had been previously paid in. The balance was raised at the dedication. Some of the United Presbyterians, who had been strong in their opposition, generously joined hands to help the Methodists to pay the amount required to present the house to the Lord free from debt.

At another part of the Allegheny District were two small rival chapels, five or six miles apart. It had long been conceded that the following of both would but fill a medium-sized country meeting house, and several attempts had been made to unite the two and build a good central, new chapel, but they could not agree on a suitable site.

Father Johnson owned a big farm at the crossroads. Both parties were quite willing to build at Johnson's Corners, but could not procure the site. Father Johnson would give a lot of ground if he could, but had given his farm to his sons, who were unsaved and unfriendly to the cause.

Mitchell got the bearings of the whole case fully in his mind. "In the midst of counselors there is safety." That is perfectly true in its appropriate application. Napoleon said, "One poor general in command is better than six good ones;" and I should say that one good general at the front is enough. Mitchell was a good general, both in the ranks, sword in hand, and with word in the great counsels of the Church, being many times a working member of the General Conference.

Mitchell made up his mind to build a church at Johnson's Corners. So he laid the matter before Father Johnson, who replied that he would be glad to give an acre of ground for the building but for the fact that he had given his farm to his two sons, who were in possession of it and were working it.

"Have you given your sons a deed of conveyance?"

"No; but I have given them the farm and promised to give them the deed."

"Very well. If I confer with your sons, and they will cheerfully consent that you deed an acre at the crossroads to the Methodist Episcopal Church, according to the form printed in the Discipline, will you do it?"

"I am sorry to say that they are not converted and not friendly to our church, and I cannot hope that they will consent to any such proposal."

"If they will not, that will end it; but if they will, what will you do in that case?"

"I will most gladly give you a deed for the acre you may select at the crossroads."

Mitchell straightway mounted his horse and rode out into the field where the two young men were plowing. He dismounted and cordially shook hands with them and talked about the good farm, good plows, and good horses, and the best methods of farming. Of all such subjects Mitchell was a master.

"I am very glad, young men, that you have such a valuable farm with which to start in life, with so good a training in farming industries. The thing that would add value to your farm and beauty to its improvements would be a good new Methodist church at the crossroads. I have been speaking to your father about it, and suggested that he give an acre of ground for that purpose. He said he would gladly give us the land for that purpose but for the fact that he had given his farm to his sons; but if they will cheerfully consent he will execute the deed at once and contribute besides toward building the church. So this grand opportunity is at your disposal."

The two young men without a word of disputation cheerfully consented. Before night of that very day Father Johnson executed the deed for a choice acre of ground, signed by his sons as witnesses. The subscription paper was also prepared that day, and Father Johnson headed it with a subscription of a thousand dollars.

That night Mitchell went to his Quarterly Conference and suggested the advisability of building a new church. The old discussion about a suitable central site was opened and the old impossibilities brought to view. Mitchell quietly occupied the chair till they had exhausted their ammunition in the old fight.

"How would you like to build a church at Johnson's crossroads?"

Both parties responded to that as "just the thing, but the land can't be had for love or money. The old man has given all his farm away to his two sons, and they hate the Methodists and wouldn't give us a foot of land to save our lives."

"But if, after all, Father Johnson will give us an acre at the corners, and his sons will cheerfully concur, will you accept it and go to work as one man and build the church?"

"Most assuredly we will; and we will have one good central church instead of two poor ones."

Then Mitchell spread his deed out on the table and invited them to come and read it for themselves. They could hardly believe the facts verified by their own eyes.

Mitchell said, "I have one more question to submit. We want the money now to build a church at Johnson's Corners. If Father Johnson, in addition to the acre of ground, will give us one thousand dollars toward the building, how much will you give? Call the roll, Mr. Secretary. Note what each one is willing to give."

It was done, and what was lacking Mitchell said he would be responsible for and raise it from his friends outside.

Within a few months the beautiful new church was dedicated. A series of salvation meetings immediately followed, and many souls were saved, among whom were Father Johnson's two sons, who became stanch supporters of the church.

The last time I saw that wonderful man, D. P. Mitchell, was at the General Conference in Cincinnati, in 1880. He gave me a full account of his pioneer work in Kansas. He spent many of his latter years in the Kansas Conference, and died suddenly at the front sword in hand.

Most of my time, six days per week, during the year 1858 was devoted to evangelizing work in western Pennsylvania and Ohio, attending camp meetings and Conferences, and occasionally holding a week or two of special services in a single church; but I usually spent each Sabbath and the Monday night ensuing in large towns, and Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday nights in as many different smaller towns, so that my work was widely diffusive. Yet, through the most cordial cooperation of preachers and people everywhere, it was, by the mighty Spirit of God, rendered everywhere manifestly effective.

In connection with my regular work that year in Indiana I wrote my fourth book, *The Model Preacher*, showing who the model preacher is and how he does it. It has had a circulation of about thirty thousand copies, and helped many a young preacher to follow in the lines exemplified in the ministry of the model preacher.

The year 1860 was my principal term of service in the State of Illinois, a loyal, loving people with less of the Southern blood, and more of the New England, than I found in Indiana.

The cyclone of civil war had commenced to sweep over the nation. My sympathy for suffering soldiers would have led me into a chaplaincy. Brother William Rutlege as a chaplain talked to me about it and had me preach to his regiment, then quartered at Jacksonville, Illinois, but the Lord ruled otherwise, and I kept steadily on my providential line of world-wide evangelizing work. In the beginning of 1861 I went to Canada and spent a year on a line of work embracing about all the towns from Sarnia on the west to Montreal in Canada East. I was everywhere in those provinces received with the same cordiality, with two or three unimportant exceptions, that greeted me in the United States, and backed by the same earnest cooperative Christian work. During the summer of 1861 I labored at nine camp meetings in Canada, and witnessed great ingatherings of penitent souls.

Peel Camp Meeting, in the West, was my last for that summer. Rev. Father Fear was in charge. At the closing morning service the sacraments of baptism and of the Lord's Supper were to be administered at the stand.

Father Fear said to me, "I want you to help me out of a difficulty. I have to baptize a number of our young converts and administer the sacrament at the stand; but among our young converts is a young medical doctor who has been brought up under Baptist training and wants to be baptized by immersion. The nearest water adequate to that purpose is a mill dam about a mile distant, and I can't go there and at the same time attend to my duties, as announced, at the front, so I will take it as a great favor if you will kindly baptize the doctor by immersion."

"The Discipline of my Church authorizes me to baptize by any mode the subject may desire, and I have immersed quite a number of my new converts in times past; but in this case I hardly know what to say. I am constantly on the tramp, and literally lay aside every weight, even of an extra pair of trousers, so [as I explained to him] it would not be expedient to submerge in the mill pond the only pair of trousers I have with me."

Then a thickset, genial Irish preacher about five feet in height said: "Your reverence, I can fit you out, for I happen to have an extra pair of trousers with me, and I will lend you a pair of mine."

So I went into the preachers' tent and drew on the Irishman's trousers (putting my feet about a foot too far through), and, accompanied by three or four of the brethren, I immersed the doctor and relieved his conscience.

I spent a Sabbath in a Canadian western town, accompanied by my Anne and her two little boys. Edward was then our baby, born the year before in Elmira, New York.

WISDOM VISITS HONESTY IN THE FIELD.

"I am very glad, young men, that you have such a valuable farm."—Page 239.

We were very comfortably entertained at the home of the colonel of a Canadian regiment. A general muster had been called for Monday to enlist volunteers to prepare for the possibility of an English and Canadian war with the United States. Four or five thousand troops had already been sent over from the mother country. So I preached three times, as usual, on Sabbath, and Monday morning I accompanied the colonel from his suburban home into the town where he was to take charge of his regiment. The streets were early crowded by excited men who had been called to meet a war emergency. As the colonel and I walked the streets men from all directions hailed him with the inquiry, "What's the order of the day?"

"The first thing is for you to be introduced to my good brother here, California Taylor," was the reply. "He is a true native-born American, the author of some very interesting books. I advise you to buy a set of his books and take them home to your family."

I asked the colonel in the evening how many volunteers were enlisted during the day.

"We only got one," said he. "I don't doubt for a moment the loyalty of the men to their queen and country, but most of them declined to enlist because they don't believe there will be any war, and others because they fear there will be war."

Among the many camp meetings I attended in the States was the great Red Lyon Camp in Delaware, patronized largely by the churches of Philadelphia, an encampment of five hundred tents with an assemblage of thousands of people. Nearly every church had a large boarding tent and a big prayer meeting tent, and nearly every family its own canvas home and its own family worship at sunrise every morning. Regular frame and weatherboard houses at camp meeting are of later date. Bishop Scott was an active worker at the big camp I attended. John S. Inskip was there, and preached a great sermon on the resurrection of the human race. I had my share of the preaching, and more than an ordinary part of the exhorting. It was the pulpit custom of those days to appoint two preachers for each preaching service, one to preach and the other to follow with an exhortation.

Often the exhorter was called without previous notice. I had a surprise of that sort on Monday morning at that Red Lyon Camp. After the exhausting excitement and labors of the Sabbath, Monday forenoon was a trial for any preacher. On that occasion a lean, learned D.D. preached a very long, lean sermon. The vast encampment became a dormitory; even "the watchmen on the walls of Zion"—about thirty preachers—were fast asleep. Just in front of me sat one of the leading ministers of Philadelphia, whose head unconsciously reposed on his right shoulder. Feeling drowsy myself, I clasped the head of my sleeping brother in front between my two hands and set it in its upright position, and thus waked up the pair of us; but the mass of the ministers and the laity slept on. As the preacher was getting on to *fourthly* the hour for dinner was at hand. I supposed that all hands would wake up and go to dinner; but to my surprise when the preacher finished his last and "just one word more," the presiding elder said, "Brother Taylor, exhort!"

A familiar metaphoric saying of my boyhood came to mind—"a hard row for stumps"—a significant saying among pioneer farmers with a plow in a newly cleared field full of stumps—but it was a principle with me never to shrink, but accept the first call to any responsibility. So I was up and at the front in less than a minute, not knowing what to say. My voice, previously trained to open-air preaching for sixteen years, was equal to any vocal emergency. So I waked the sleeping host and said, "Friends, those hard seats without backs are very uncomfortable places for sleeping, and yet you are in great need of sleep. After the exhausting services of the Sabbath and your short hours of last night, you are sadly in need of sleep and in need of better sleeping accommodations than you can get on

those hard benches; so I advise you to repair to your tents at once, and in your comfortable home quarters take a good, refreshing nap."

By that time they were all wide awake and much refreshed by the rest their bodies had extorted from their sense of propriety, so that no one showed the least disposition to take my advice. I then proceeded with an exhortation of about ten minutes, and called the mourners; and to the surprise of nearly all, as it seemed, the seekers of pardon crowded to the benches cleared for such, and the soul-converting work went on at the front through the afternoon without intermission for dinner. Of course I did not claim the credit of the victory won, for we had hosts of as grand a working force of both ministers and laymen and women as could be found anywhere on the green earth.

It was part of the business of all church people represented to take home with them a fresh force of new converts and fresh fire from camp meeting altars, and to open a campaign of special soul-saving services in their home fields.

In the early part of 1857, besides my series of services in Monument Street, Charles Street, and other churches in Baltimore, I preached in Georgetown, West Washington, my field of labor in 1846–47, and in different churches in Washington city, and conducted a series of services for a fortnight in Wesley Chapel in that city, Rev. William Krebs, the pastor; meantime I preached to outside masses in the public markets of that city. I had a goodly heritage—incessant hard work six days per week, always surrounded by good, loving Christian friends, and blessed with conscious peace with God and all the time of saving power among my hearers. And yet, though grateful to my merciful Father in heaven for these innumerable blessings, I suffered daily a painful sense of loss like a great bereavement on account of my isolation from home and family.

From 1858 to the spring of 1861 I preached in nearly all the towns of any note in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and in some in Iowa, and held protracted meetings in Wesley Church, Cincinnati; Chillicothe, Athens, and other centers.

In Wesley Church I helped Rev. John T. Mitchell to fill up that desolate old hive with a swarm gathered from the highways and byways.

At Chillicothe we brought relief and joy to some of the old shouting sisters of the First Church there. There was in that church a merchant, a very consistent but quiet Christian, who was continually calling the shouting sisters to order, insisting that in the Church of God everything should be conducted in accordance with the rules of decency and order. One night the merchant, on account of the crowd, sat on the upper step leading into the altar, when my wife and I sang a hymn called "The Resurrection." It was new and produced a great stir in the audience. The merchant became so excited that he seemed to lose consciousness of where he was and of the proprieties suited to such a place, and threw his head back on to the floor and his heels up as high as he could get them and yelled. The dear old women had him, and he never called them to order again.

Of our young converts at Athens, under the pastorate of Rev. A. B. See, one is now the Editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, and another the senior Book Agent of the Western Book Concern.

In dividing up my time between the four States, namely, Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, and Iowa, I had presiding elders and others well acquainted with the country to make out for me lists of appointments extending through several months, which were published in the local papers, usually devoting Sabbaths and Monday nights to large towns and a week night each to four villages weekly, with a round at camp meetings and Conferences in season.

I promoted widely the circulation of my books, but had a definite understanding with

the Lord, and with the preachers with whom I labored, that in each place, even for a single night, the first business was the entire sanctification of believers and the salvation of sinners. At the close of the service of week nights, about ten o'clock, the announcement was made in regard to books to be had after the congregation was dismissed.

I had much difficulty in most places to induce the people to admit a sufficiency of fresh air into their preaching halls and churches to keep their bodies and minds in a healthful and receptive condition. For example, I had an appointment to preach one night in a new church in Lena, Illinois, under the pastorate of Brother Guyer, formerly from Baltimore Conference. The windows were paint-locked and could not be opened. The door was the only breathing hole in the house, and that was so crowded by the people occupying all the standing room that but little air could get in.

At the beginning of the service I explained, as usual, the necessity of fresh air. I said, "In fifteen minutes you will use the vitalizing power of all the oxygen in this audience room, and emit from the lungs and from the countless millions of pores of each mortal body in this assembly poisonous gases which will stupefy body and mind and defeat the purpose for which we have assembled." With such words I scarcely restrained the people from spending their time in poisoning each other. I assured them that fresh air was one of the essential conditions to a receptive state of mind and body, and said, "If you can get a window or two open we can have many people converted to God here to-night. If not we shall have a poisoned, sleepy congregation, and you will go home and tell what a miserably poor preacher you had." Some of the trustees tried the windows, but could not open them. Then I saw one of them (Brother Heth) wrapping a handkerchief around his right hand, and with it he knocked out a pane of glass about twenty inches square and gave us a good breathing hole. That saved us from defeat. At the close of the sermon a crowd of seekers pressed their way to the altar and a number of them were converted to God, among whom was a Roman Catholic woman, who told her experience in beautiful simplicity. Years afterward as I passed through that region I was informed that she developed into a very steadfast, consistent Christian.

The State prohibition movement at that period, commencing in Maine, rolled westward. The State of Indiana fell into line and passed a prohibitory law which was in force about three months. During that period it is said that not a drunken man was seen in that State, and the good people thought the morning of millennial glory was dawning upon them. Then one of the judges of the Supreme Court came along with his legal lever under a cry of "unconstitutionality," and reopened the floodgates of intoxicating drink; but Judge Lindsay, county judge of Howard County, proclaimed the liquor traffic a nuisance.

I spent a night in Kokomo, a county seat, and learned that after months of universal total abstinence in the town a man was seen staggering in the street more than half drunk. The people called a mass meeting of inquiry to find out where the man got this whisky; they discussed the subject and appointed a committee which they called the "Smelling Committee," to smell out the man who dared to sell rum in that town. Said committee found a barrel of the deadly stuff that had been secreted in the town; the owner was "smelled out," and was being tried before Judge Lindsay the day I left there for violation of the "nuisance law."

In another town, Williamsburg, further south, there were seven grogshops. The ladies had a meeting and considered the perilous situation, and served a notice on all the rumsellers in town to close out by a certain day named or they would be forced to the extreme necessity of destroying all their intoxicating drinks. The moral suasion of the ladies

did not move them, so on the day appointed nearly a hundred women appeared in line on the street, each with a hatchet in hand; a deep snow was thawing, and the streets were flooded with streams of water. A minister stationed there at the time told me that when they first appeared on the street they picked their way carefully along the sidewalks to keep their feet dry, but when they had cleaned out three or four of the grogshops, knocking in the heads of barrels and pouring out the liquor in streams, they just trudged along in the middle of the street, wading through the slush and never stopping until they cleared the town of grogshops. I received these facts on the ground on which they occurred, and from witnesses of the scenes described. I make no comment on the facts stated, except to say that they indicate the deep sense of cruelty, injustice, and woe brought upon women by the destruction of their husbands and brothers through the liquor traffic, and the desperation and daring to which it may yet lead. That was long before the modern crusades of Ohio. This indicates the character of the crusade in Indiana. The Ohio crusaders depended mainly on praying in front of the rumshops. The Hoosiers depended mainly on the effective use of their hatchets. The crusade, in still another form, is becoming world-wide through the Women's National Temperance Union, and if men fail to do their work righteously at the ballot box and on the field the women will take it up.

My first visit west of Indiana was at the session of Illinois Conference, held in Danville in the year 1859. I went on a Saturday afternoon from the North Indiana Conference session, reached Danville late in the night, and put in appearance at the Conference love feast next morning, an entire stranger unheralded. At the close of the love feast many of the brethren surrounded me, inquiring, "Who are you, and where did you come from?" Then the next thing was, "We want you to preach for us." I said, "All right, that is in my line of work, and by the imparted might of the Master I always hold myself in readiness to preach or to die." Then they raised the question among themselves, "How shall we work it? Bishop Simpson is to preach this morning and ordain the deacons, Bishop Ames is to preach in the afternoon and ordain the elders, and Dr. L. is to preach the annual missionary sermon to-night, and that fills up the day. The only chance we can see of giving you a hearing will be after the ordination of elders in the afternoon. That will give you but a very short time, but we must hear you." I said, "All right; I can say a great deal in a short time."

They had a new church there, but it was too small to accommodate the crowd on that occasion. So they prepared a stand and benches in a grove adjacent to the town, after the style of a camp meeting. The arrangement was that the morning and afternoon preaching and ordinations should be in the woods and the missionary sermon at night in the church. So we had a great crowd in the woods. In the morning Bishop Simpson preached one of his masterly sermons and ordained the deacons. In the afternoon Bishop Ames measured up in point, pungency, and power to Bishop Simpson in the morning, and ordained the elders. By that time the people were surfeited with good things, the sun was getting low, and they were in a hurry to get home, so as to get their supper and return to the night service.

As soon, however, as the ordination "Amen" was pronounced the people simultaneously arose and made a start for their homes. The presiding elder having charge shouted to them, "Hold on! hold on! California Taylor is going to preach." They had enough, and did not hold on at all; they were on the march. In another minute or two they would have been under full headway homeward. So I sprang to my feet and sang the "Royal Proclamation." They all instantly sat down. Then, instead of going into a sermonical arrangement, I gave them a thunder-and-lightning exhortation about fifteen minutes

in length, and called for the seekers of salvation to come to the front. That was not on the program at all; but the powerful sermons of the morning and afternoon were just of the right sort for enlightening and awakening, so that I had but to strike and apply a Gospel match to the charge, and the effect was quick and powerful. In a few minutes the front benches were crowded with weeping penitents. The preachers caught the flame and came together, and we had a regular pentecostal camp meeting scene. We sang, prayed, and instructed the seekers till sundown. Meantime the brethren determined to continue the meeting in the woods that night instead of going to the church. So they brought lanterns, lamps, torches of various kinds, and lighted up the ground. The news of a revival stirred the town, and we had an immense crowd at night, equal to anything in the day. But the great excitement of the various services of the day seemed to exhaust the people. They were tired, and the doctor of divinity, appointed a year before to preach the missionary sermon for the occasion, gave out for his text, "Curse ye, Meroz, curse bitterly, because they came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

His sermon for the occasion was most suitable. The people were so weary, and his preaching was so monotonous and long that the people, preachers and all, got a good nap of sleep, which was just the thing they specially needed. By the time the preacher was through the congregation was very much refreshed. As soon as the D.D. took his seat the presiding elder said, "Brother Taylor, exhort." So I shouted, "Awake, O sleepers! arise, and call upon your God." I exhorted about fifteen minutes and called for seekers, and they crowded the front seats. The preachers went into it with a will. A good number were saved that night. One young man shouted aloud and testified all over the camp to his experience of salvation. I don't think I ever met one of the ministers present on that occasion through the intervening thirty-six years who does not remind me of it.

In Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois I shook hands with some of the surviving pioneer heroes of the West, among whom were Jimmy Havens, of Indiana; Peter Cartwright and Wilson Pitner, of Illinois. Father Havens was a short, thickset, muscular man, specially endowed with the rare gift of good common sense and with great power of endurance; he was a man of intelligent, earnest Christian character, and an indefatigable worker as an early founder of Methodism in that State. For a time he traveled a circuit that comprised almost the entire State of Indiana. He told me it took him so long to go around his big circuit that his own dogs didn't know him when he got home.

He displayed his muscular Christianity at a camp meeting he held once in the neighborhood of Indianapolis. One evening during the meeting he learned that a mob of desperadoes had been organized in Indianapolis to break up the camp meeting. Their plan was to go out in force and put out the camp lights and knock down or kill all who might dare to oppose them and have their own way with the rest. So Father Havens organized a special police force to protect the camp. Soon after dark his policemen were driven in from the surrounding woods by the great mob, which seemed to strike terror into the hearts of all the people. The police were afraid to touch them or to stand for the defense of the encampment. Havens on inquiry found out the locality of the principal leaders, and told some of his police to follow him, but to keep back in the dark, so as not to be seen, and he would go himself, and speak to the leaders of the mob. He went straight to the rendezvous of which he had heard, and found six desperate fellows together. He remonstrated with them, and declared that he was conducting an orderly meeting under the protection of the law, and did not wish to be disturbed, and begged them to go away and let them alone. They swore that they were going to have things their own way. Havens

replied, "Now, boys, I will give you five minutes to get off this ground or take the consequences." They laughed and mocked him, and wanted to know what he could do. He said, "If you don't leave these premises in five minutes you will find out." They just stood and jeered him. "Three minutes have gone; you have only two minutes more." They stared in astonishment and called him an old fool. He said, "I give you notice, boys, that your time is nearly up!"

At the end of the five minutes, before they knew what he was going to do, as they were attempting to rush upon him, he struck them one by one with his fist and felled the whole of them to the earth. His men in the rear seized three or four of them, and the rest, with their followers, ran away. When Havens got back to the camp he found the people in a great fright, and the preacher who was to preach that night begged to be excused; so Havens took the pulpit and preached himself. Subsequently the rowdies brought suit against the preacher for assault and battery. He appeared in court and defended his cause by a simple statement of the facts in the case. The judge gave the fellows a severe scolding for their bad behavior and dismissed the suit.

While I was with Peter Cartwright I studied him closely. He was an extraordinary man in his day. The children of both of those great men grew up for God; some were ministers, and all useful members of the Church of their fathers. Their fathers were live men, and made common cause with their children and won their hearts for Jesus.

Wilson Pitner was not so widely known abroad as was Cartwright. I made his acquaintance in 1855. As a specimen of his simplicity as a speaker and an illustration of the spirit of self-sacrifice which conquered the West for Methodism, and which, if carried out, would conquer the world, I note the following narrative of facts which I received from eyewitnesses. At a session of the Illinois Conference in the early days Pitner was called on for a missionary speech. He stepped on the platform and said:

"Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, my heart is in this missionary work, but silver and gold have I none. I travel a poor circuit in northern Illinois. It is a rich country, but settlements are new and have not yet realized sufficient returns for their industry to buy their salt or to pay the preacher. They have plenty of corn, and they live on corn bread without butter. They furnish corn to feed me and my family and horse, and I am thankful for that, but they have no money. I could not get money to buy a suit of clothes to wear to Conference. The elbows and knees of my clothes are patched, as you see. My old hat wore out months ago, but I took my trap and wended my way across the prairies of Illinois, and ascended a bluff near the Iowa line overlooking the Mississippi.

"There I kneeled down at the root of a friendly oak that crowned the bluff and put up a prayer. I said in my prayer, 'O, Lord, thou knowest what a poor circuit thy servant has to travel. My people are kind-hearted, but they have no money. I have no money, thou knowest, to buy clothes to wear to Conference. But, blessed Father, I think I can scuff through with this suit for another year; but there is my old hat, that is a scandal to the profession; but, Lord, thou hast plenty of beavers running round here, doing no good to the world, so far as I know. I want to go down to this great river of thine and set my trap for a beaver, and if thou wilt be so kind as to send along one of thy big beavers to-night into my trap I will be very much obliged and remember thy kindness as long as I live.' I put up my prayer in faith, and did some watching and work as well. I went down and searched the river bank diligently till I found a beaver slide, where the animals were in the habit of sliding down the bank into the

river for their personal entertainment; and I set my trap at the bottom of the slide, just under water, and went home meditating. Next morning, just as the light of the day began to streak the eastern horizon, I was well on my way to the Mississippi to see what the Lord had done for me in answer to my prayer. Just as the great orb of day began to roll his mellow light across the bosom of the great Father of Waters, I was descending the bank, and when I reached the bottom I saw that sure enough the Lord had sent me one of the biggest beavers he had. I knocked him on the head and took off his rind and carried it up on the bluff, and laid it down at the root of that friendly oak, where I had put up my prayer, and kneeled down upon it, and with tearful eyes returned sincere thanks to God, as I had promised to do. I dressed the skin until it became as soft as silk, and converted it into a beaver cap to wear to Conference. There is no other such cap at this Conference as the cap the Lord gave me in answer to my prayer, and I prize it highly, I can assure you. My heart is in this missionary work, and I have nothing else that represents money value, so I give my cap for the missionary cause." And suiting his action to his words he tossed his cap into the collection basket.

Wilson Pitner made a visit to Nauvoo and spent a night there with Joe Smith, the founder of Mormonism. He pleaded with Joe all night to give up what he knew to be an imposture, and reminded him that he knew well that the book he pretended to have produced was written by a Presbyterian minister in Washington County, Pennsylvania, by the name of Spaulding, written only as a romance. Plenty of people still live who knew Spaulding and his manuscript. He was well-known as the pastor of Sydney Church, in Washington County, near the Virginia State line. After Spaulding's death it was thought that his manuscript, printed as a romance, would help to support his widow, and for that purpose it was put into the hands of Neisbitt & Co., in Pittsburg. They promised to examine the manuscript and report, but when the widow's friends made inquiry about it the manuscript could not be found. Sidney Rigden was a printer in that office, and Rigden and Joe Smith knew well what went with Spaulding's manuscript. "And you know, Joe Smith," continued Pitner, "that you are deceiving the people, and that if you do not give up your iniquitous course the judgment of God will fall upon you." According to Pitner's statement to me, "Joe sat and listened, but every now and then he would spring to his feet and invoke all the curses of Mormonism upon me. I sat there quietly and replied, 'Joe Smith, do you think I am afraid of you? With the love of God swelling this jacket of mine I could swim the fiery gulf and shout, Glory to God!' We had it up and down the whole night, and just as the morning dawned I left him, but as I said good day I added, 'Joe, you know I would not harm a hair on your head, but I tell you if you don't repent of your sins and quit deceiving the people you will be dead and in perdition before many weeks.'" It so turned out that within a few weeks Nauvoo was taken by storm and Joe Smith was killed.

While working in Illinois I became tired going by rail trains at untimely hours, and bought a span of horses and a good carriage. The horses were blooded cobs; they had been trained as race horses, and their action was superior to any other horses I ever handled. It seemed to be mere pastime for them to wheel me and my wife and two children ten miles an hour without a whip. The first day I drove them through deep mud I had to make ten miles to an eleven o'clock appointment, and eighteen miles in the afternoon to my night preaching place. The preacher whose pulpit I occupied that afternoon said that I could not reach my night appointment because the swollen river was impassable. I replied, "I am not responsible for high rivers, but I am responsible for getting to my appointment if it is a possible thing, and I will have to go and see to be satisfied on that point." So after

dinner I hitched in my horses and pushed on toward my appointment. When out about a mile I heard shouting behind me, and looking back I saw the said preacher on horseback in hot pursuit. Coming up with us he said, "The culverts along the river road have been washed entirely out and the road is entirely impassable. I want you not to imperil your lives, but come back and stop with me and preach for my people to-night." Just then I saw two men on horseback a few rods ahead, and shouted to them saying, "Are you going to cross the river?" and they said "Yes." "Will you conduct me across with my carriage and pair?" "Yes." And I said to the preacher, "Good-bye, I am off." So my guides, instead of going by the flooded river road, opened a fence and went through a corn field for a quarter of a mile, and part of the way the water came up to the traces of my horses. We came out opposite a bridge which ordinarily spanned the river, but there was a great river flowing between us and the bridge. My wife and children, as well as myself, got up on the seats so that the river rushing through the carriage would not wet our feet. My guides led steadily on and I followed, and we crossed the bridge all right. When we came in sight of the place where I was to preach we saw the large church lighted up. I said to my wife, "You see they have faith, and we have the joy of not disappointing their faith."

We had a crowded house and a good meeting. I have always been favored by special providence in the arrangement and fulfillment of my appointments to preach. I think I could count on my fingers the times I failed through a period of fifty years to keep my appointments, and they were on account of snowdrifts and flood well-known to the people.

I was working in Illinois when the gathering storm of the civil war broke upon the nation. Two of my own brothers went into the Federal army, one of whom, through exposure and severity of the weather during the siege of Fort Donelson, was taken down with typhoid fever and died.

Most of the year 1859 I spent in the State of Indiana, and labored in all the towns of any note in that great State. The people of that State in those days excelled as singers, and were the greatest people known for shaking hands in meeting when they got happy. They seemed like kinsfolk to me, and I loved them dearly. My friends there, in the ministry and out, were numerous, and my work of preaching daily in pulpits and the public squares of their towns, and at their camp meetings and Annual Conferences, was all on the high lines of things extraordinary, and yet so uniform in their character that I find it difficult in this hasty sketch to particularize so as to note persons or events. Many of the old heroes then at the front have gone to their home in heaven.

My work was hindered by the war excitement through the West, and the wildcat currency, familiarly known as "stumptail," required us to examine the bank reports daily to see how short the tail had become, and often we found no tail at all; so I concluded that I could serve the cause of God and my financial interests better by a visit to my friends in Canada. Accordingly I spent a year, from the spring of 1861 to the spring of 1862, in Upper and Lower Canada, preaching as an evangelist in all the towns of any size from Sarnia in the West to Montreal in the East. I had a most cordial reception by the Wesleyan Methodist Conference at its session at Brantford in 1861, and its ministers opened wide to me the doors of all their churches; so with the hearty cooperation of preachers and people I put in six days per week, including nine camp meetings that year. The work extended over a wide range of territory, and under the blessing of Providence reached thousands of souls.

I here insert two reminiscences relating to this period in my ministry:

"WATERLOO, IA., *July*, 1892.

"I first met Bishop William Taylor in Canada West, at a camp meeting, in a grove north of St. George, in 1861. He was then known as Father Taylor, the California Street Preacher, and what was then known as Canada West is now denominated Ontario. St. George is about eighteen miles west of the city of Hamilton. The Rev. William Lund was at the time pastor of the Wesleyan Methodist Church on the St. George Circuit.

"This was a remarkable camp meeting, and Father Taylor was then at his prime. His form was straight and comely, his voice clear and ringing, his definitions of puzzling theological questions distinct and very satisfactory. I call to mind an anecdote he related about a father at Terre Haute, Indiana, who descended by sliding down a rope into a well to save his daughter Lizzie, who had fallen in. He saved his daughter, but so ruined his hands that they were of no use to him in his employment ever after.

"This father he compared to Jesus coming down to save us, and with such telling effect that the vast assemblage was moved to tears. At that camp meeting over one hundred were converted, and about eighty were baptized at its close, selecting as they choose all three modes, sprinkling, pouring, and immersion.

"This took place in 1861. I entered the Upper Iowa Annual Conference, of which I have been a member now twenty-six years, being stationed at present at Vinton, Iowa. To-day I had the pleasure of hearing Bishop Taylor preach again. He still retains the same clearness of thought, but of later years has more of the manner of a teacher than a Boanerges. J. W. CLINTON."

"GREENCASTLE, IND., *June*, 1893.

"In the fall of 1859 the writer was a student at Asbury (now De Pauw) University. He had just begun his career as a student, and had big eyes for personages who came that way. Among the rest came William Taylor. My impression has been that he had just then emerged from his experiences as a street preacher in San Francisco. I now learn, however, that he had been away from that field for two or three years. The history of his life and work in that period does not now concern me, but only my impressions of his visit, his personality, and his sermons before the students and the Church. His apparition left me with a very distinct memory. I see him to-day, after the lapse of nearly thirty-four years, sharply outlined against that far horizon of my boyish recollection. I perceive in the backward look several things about the man and the preacher as he then was. The first of these is the fact that he had already developed that wonderful directness of speech which is, perhaps, the secret of his influence in the religious society of our time. At that date he spoke directly out, just as he did after the discipline of another quarter of a century. I suppose that this method of immediate speech, passing without any intermediate formulary from the speaker to the spoken-to, was with him a natural gift. This is to say, that he had the quality of doing so dormant among his faculties, and the opportunity and exciting cause came with his experiences in the streets of San Francisco. In that arena, such as it was in the sixth decade, a man must be direct or be nothing. What effect could be expected from the formal and logical speech of oratory when addressed to the melange of rough miners, gamblers, scamps, refugees of ten countries and fifteen races gathered then in what had lately been the sand roads of Yerba Buena?

"Bishop Taylor learned the lesson perhaps more perfectly than any man of the period, or indeed of the subsequent times to the present. Most public speakers have not learned it yet. Within two weeks of the writing of this note I went to the Five Points on Sunday

afternoon and saw a young limb of the Gospel orating (pardon the word, I pray you!) to what could be called a congregation only from the circumstance that it had congregated—a little! There were three or four men sitting on the benches smoking pipes; some half-grown girls with dirty clothes were leering at each other under one of the sycamore bushes. The boys were incipient rowdies of several bloods. When I stepped upon the stone pavement which civilization has succeeded in laying in that triangular ground of crime and darkness, the young preacher was saying this: 'O, my erring fellow-mortals! If any of you should imagine that by contrivance and subtlety you can evade the penalty due for the infraction of violated law you may be assured that such expectation is delusive.' He pronounced the word delusive very elegantly, with a good long 'u' in the second syllable. I noted with care that not a single one of his alleged auditors was paying the slightest attention to what he said. I could but mutter to myself as I turned to go, 'O for William Taylor!'

"Bishop Taylor learned to be direct. Many others have learned the lesson from him. A large part of the successful evangelism of the age has sprung from him and from his method.

"The second impression remaining in my memory of Bishop Taylor as he appeared thirty-five years ago is his large and distinct personality. He was then virtually as he is to-day; not aged, to be sure, but all of the marks and features of his originality were strong upon him. His personal manner was then the same as to-day. His voice was powerful, natural, resonant, pathetic. His power of recital, whether of incident or of invented example, was, I think, almost as complete and efficient at that time as it is now. In fact, the William Taylor of 1859 was essentially the Bishop Taylor of the Columbian year.

"The third thing that I remember, and the last which I will here refer to, is the fact that the locomotive habit had already taken possession of him. I believe he was more restless then than now. He must go and go. Of course while he was speaking the demands of his nervous nature were satisfied with that kind of expenditure. But I think he could neither sit nor stand or pose. We have in physical nature what is called the unstable equilibrium. This William Taylor had in his inner man. I do not mean to compare this venerable apostle of the 19th century with the eldest of Jacob's sons! The instability in the case of the bishop relates only to the excess and vehemence of his nervous forces, demanding action, action, action. I believe he has never been in confinement, though the vicissitudes of his career might well have brought him to prison and to bonds. Perhaps this would have been to him the greatest of all hurts. It is doubtful whether the activity of his mind in prison—unless, indeed, he had been well supplied with paper and ink—would have sufficed to bear him up against the distress which must have come of enforced inaction.

"In common with many other men who were boys in the sixties, I have had pleasure and profit from acquaintance, however incidental, with William Taylor. Why should we call such a man a bishop? What good does that do? What should we say of one who should refer to the life and work of Bishop Paul? JOHN CLARK RIDPATH."

My horses did us grand service in Canada. As a specimen of their speed I drove them one Saturday sixty miles to an appointment next day at Guelph. They came in before dark, heads up; and with aching arms I was hanging on to the lines. When we reached our destination the Wesleyan minister came out to bid us welcome, and said, "What a grand pair of horses you have!"

"Yes," said I, "they have carried us sixty miles to-day and show no signs of weariness."

"Yes," continued he, "they are noble animals."

THE BENEDICTION OF THE WICKED.

"They pelted me with their old boots and shoes."—Page 254.

I added, "If there shall be, as Mr. Wesley thinks, a resurrection of the brute creation, I shall want to go to the celestial clover field in which these horses graze and see how they get on."

The old preacher said, "O, yes; such animals as these must have a future life."

In the opening of the winter of 1862 I conducted services in Great St. James Wes-

leyan Church in Montreal. Many souls were brought to God in our meetings, and among them were a number of British soldiers, grenadier and fusileer guards; some also from the Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh Regiments, which had been through the Crimean War. I delivered a course of temperance lectures in a large hall in that city. My friend, Mr. Dougall, the founder of the *Weekly Witness*, of New York city, stood at the head of a temperance organization in Montreal which had a standing of thirty years.

Many of the soldiers signed the pledge during my course of lectures. One day, at the close of a lecture, a soldier came to me and said, "I want to sign the pledge."

"Is your mind fully made up to abstain from drink?"

"Yes."

"Well, there is the book; it has been open for thirty years. You can put your name down if your mind is prepared to stick to it."

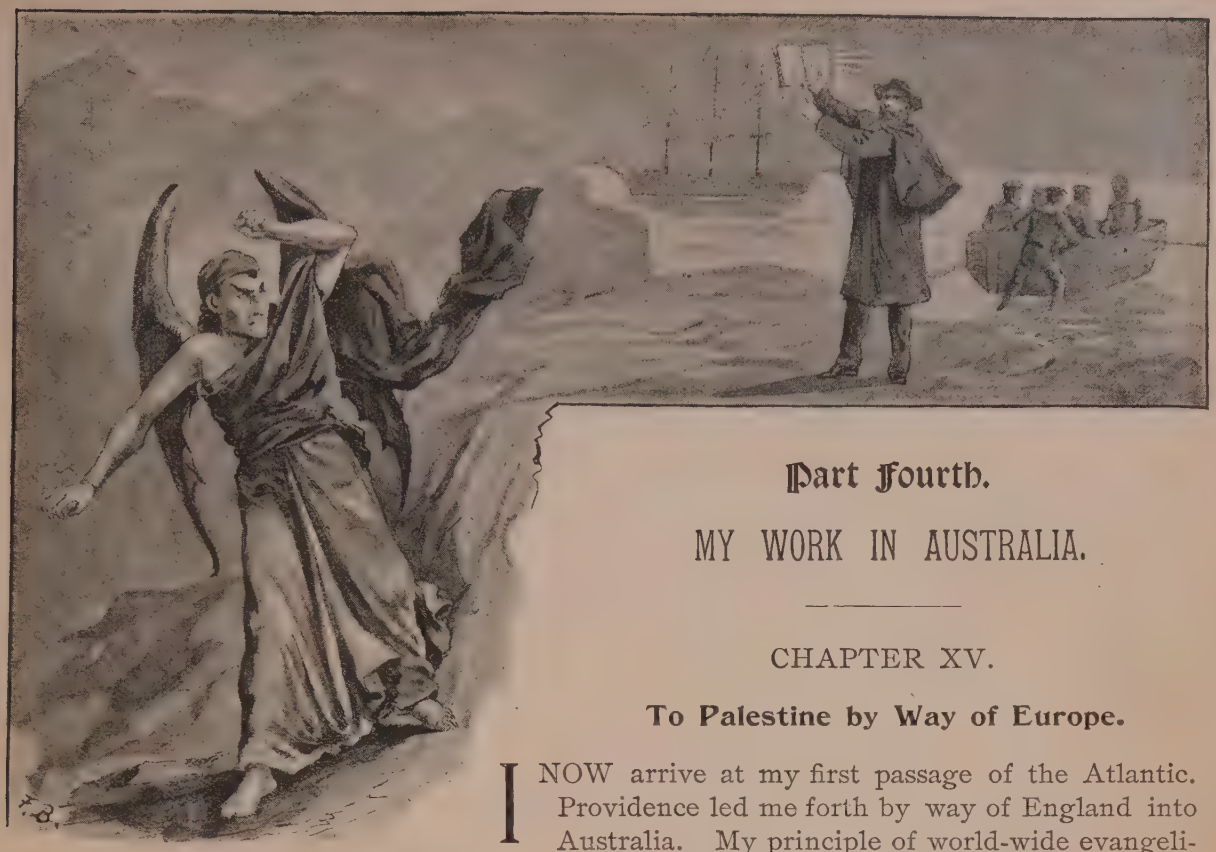
"Well, sir, since I have been hearing you preach I feel that I need something more than signing the pledge. I am a poor, wicked sinner. I never prayed in my life, and I don't know how to pray; but if you will be so kind as to write me a prayer I will commit it to memory and say it, and see if the Lord will pity me. I don't know how to talk to the Lord, but he may let me repeat the prayer you write for me."

I said, "My dear brother, there are some little prayers recorded in the New Testament which will suit you better than any I can write for you. The prayer of poor blind Bartimeus is a good one—'Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.' He was told to shut up, but he cried the louder—'Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.' And Jesus stopped and called him, and gave him sight and salvation too, and he followed Jesus in the way. The prayer of the poor publican, 'God, be merciful to me a sinner,' was offered and answered in less than five minutes. These prayers are better suited to your case than any I can write for you."

"Well," said he, "I will try them. I cannot come to your meeting at Great St. James Church to-night. I will be detained on duty in the barracks, but if I am spared until to-morrow night I will attend your meeting and try those little prayers, and see what good I can get."

I replied, "Don't wait until to-morrow night. You may be dead before that time. You can pray now, or in the barracks to-night you may kneel down by your bunk and surrender to God and receive Christ. He can save you in the barracks just as well as in Great St. James Church."

Sure enough, the next night I saw him in my audience listening attentively, and when I invited seekers to come forward to the altar of prayer he marched up promptly. Instead of kneeling down he stood, and said to me, "I have not come to seek the Lord to-night; I have come to testify. You said the Lord Jesus would save me last night in the barracks if I would call upon him; so I kneeled down by my bunk, and the soldiers began to swear at me, saying, 'Here is a fellow on his knees,' and they pelted me with their old boots and shoes and whatever they could get hold of. But I paid no attention to them. I kept on crying, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' I felt worse and worse, until finally I surrendered to God and received Christ, and the Holy Spirit notified me of my pardon, just as you said he would. I was acquitted at the bar of justice, and he wrought in me a marvelous change, which is indescribable. I lay in my bunk and praised God all the rest of the night, and all this day I have been walking the streets of Montreal praising God for this great salvation."



Part Fourth.

MY WORK IN AUSTRALIA.

CHAPTER XV.

To Palestine by Way of Europe.

I NOW arrive at my first passage of the Atlantic. Providence led me forth by way of England into Australia. My principle of world-wide evangelization took the helm of my life and pointed the way to the remote island empire of the South Pacific. These are the circumstances of my going:

In February, 1862, while laboring in Peterboro, Canada, I was the guest of James Brown, M.D. Dr. Brown had spent some years in Australia, and gave me a glowing account of those rising colonies, but stated that they greatly needed just such evangelizing help as I could give them. "They have cleared the forests," said he; "they have plowed the fallow ground and sowed the seed, but they are not successful like you in gathering the harvest; so that in a short time you could render them a service immeasurable in breadth and in its ingathering of innumerable precious souls." The doctor thus spent days on me, and made an impression upon my mind that I could not dispose of except by taking it to the Lord in prayer. So I went out into a wild forest, kneeled down in the snow, and prayed until I was certified by the Holy Spirit that the Lord wanted me in Australia. My family returned to our old home in California, and on May 1, 1862, I took passage for Liverpool on the steamship *Kangaroo*, en route for Australia. The *Kangaroo* was crowded with passengers, and we had a fortnight of stormy, heavy weather, so that we did not see the sun from the time we left Sandy Hook until we sighted the coast of Ireland, the fog bell tolling the whole way across. We came within a few rods of running on a huge iceberg on the passage.

As a first-class passenger, I went to the captain soon after we embarked and requested to be allowed to preach to the second-class passengers on the forward deck. He made no objection, and said he would order the officer of the deck to provide for it and announce it. I was so much accustomed to preaching four or five times each Sabbath that I could not reconcile my conscience to pass a Sabbath without proclaiming the Gospel to the masses of

the people that crowded our decks. When the hour for preaching came I went to the place appointed and found no preparation and no hearers. I went to the officer of the deck and inquired if any arrangements had been made for preaching on the forward deck. He replied he had heard nothing about it and had received no orders from the captain, and that the captain was in his room asleep. So I had to give it up for that day. Without complaint I renewed my request the next Sabbath. The captain seemed to be very cordial and said, "Certainly, certainly;" but that promise drew a blank the same as the first. In all my previous voyages I had been requested by the captain to preach, so that this was the first time that I had to ask for permission, and I entered upon a new experience.

After a voyage of fourteen days we anchored in the Mersey River, at Liverpool. On the first Sabbath morning after arrival I found my way to Brunswick Wesleyan Chapel, and was introduced to the pastor as a minister just from the United States. The pastor promptly retorted, "The dis-United States?"

"No, sir; the temporary disruption of my nation will not alter its name nor its united nationality."

He was an able minister, and I was greatly interested in his sermon, but was surprised to see that he stood up to pray and that the whole congregation remained seated. I kneeled as usual, but did some watching as well as praying, to see how they did it on that side of the water.

The preacher said some very plain things; among them was that his people were so blinded by the deceitfulness of riches that they would marry their daughters to the devil if he had money enough. So in my own mind I concluded that their daughters were not in danger of such a marriage union, as the devil had been bankrupt for ages and did not own a foot of land in the world.

With as little delay as possible I went directly from Liverpool to the Wesleyan Conference, then in session at Camborne, Cornwall, and put up at a hotel. I had letters of introduction from ministers in Canada to William Arthur, Dr. Prest, and many other distinguished members of the Wesleyan Conference. So I was cordially received. I was surprised to find that their Conference business was conducted in a social, conversational way, instead of by parliamentary usage, to which I was accustomed in our own Conferences in America. I was more surprised to see the free use of wine by the ministers at the dinner table. On being invited on all such occasions to take a little for my stomach's sake I respectfully declined, and gave my reasons, in which I embodied a speech on total abstinence.

Dr. Prest was the president and the immediate successor of Mr. Rattenbury. At that Conference I heard Mr. Punshon for the first time. I also heard Mr. Rattenbury preach in Gwennap Pit to a vast crowd filling the pit from bottom to top and all around the edges, just such a crowd as Mr. Wesley describes in the days when that was one of his regular preaching places. I was permitted to preach thrice in their chapels during Conference, also once on the street, and once a thousand feet down in Dalcoath Mine, then under the management of Captain Charles Thomas. His son, Captain Josiah Thomas, conducted me down the shafts to a depth of seventeen hundred feet. At the depth of one thousand feet I sang and collected a large number of miners, to whom I preached, and to which many responded in loud amens and hallelujahs. I was informed that there were fifty miles of cuttings in that famous tin mine. Coming up from that horrible pit, I was invited to a sumptuous dinner at the home of my friend Captain Thomas, and had occasion to deliver my temperance talk at the dinner table.

From the Conference I accompanied Rev. William Crook to Drogheda, Ireland. I preached a week in his church in that town, and a goodly number of his people entered into the liberty of the children of God. My stopping place during my sojourn there was in the house of a dry goods merchant by the name of Davis.

One day at the dinner table Brother Davis gave an account of a neighbor with whom he had watched during the preceding night, and who had died before morning. He said: "The deceased was once a prominent and zealous member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, but he prospered in business, apostatized from God, withdrew from the Church, and became a bitter persecutor; but in his long illness he was brought to repentance, and died in peace last night and went to heaven, and now he is better off than any of us."

I listened to his story and said, "You are satisfied, Brother Davis, that he has gone to heaven and is better off than we are."

"Yes; that is my statement and my belief."

"Well, all I have to say is, admitting your statement as to destination to be true, I would not exchange places with him."

My statement seemed to startle the preacher, the merchant, and the company surrounding the table. The minister said, "Do you mean to say you would not exchange places with a man in heaven?"

"Yes, sir, that is what I said, and that is what I mean."

"Well, sir, we don't understand how you could say such a thing."

"To my mind it is a very plain case. To take me out and put him in would not be a profitable exchange for the world. Admitting that he was saved, and well rewarded according to his works, yet he will be a star so small it will require a tremendous telescope to spot him. Whereas, I expect, through the mercy of God, to realize the promise, 'They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars forever and ever.'"

THE QUESTION OF AUSTRALIA DECIDED.

"I went out into a wild forest, kneeled down in the snow, and prayed."—Page 255.

So they all concurred in my judgment of the case.

I conducted special services, usually a week, but in some places two or three weeks, in each church, in Dublin, Belfast, Portadown, Armagh, Enniskillen, Sligo, Bandon, Cork, and other places of less note, covering a period of about four months.

In Armagh, the ancient home of my Scotch-Irish ancestors, I found plenty of folks ready to claim kin with me, although more than one hundred years had passed since my ancestors emigrated to America, so that I found it impossible to trace reliable lines of relationship. But I loved the Irish, and highly appreciated their great kindness to me and my opportunity of ministering to them and of witnessing the salvation of many sinners in their churches.

Meantime I had to take part at their dinner table discussions on the pros and cons of the civil war in America, then in progress. The rank and file of Great Britain stood

naturally in sympathetic attitude toward the Federal nation, but the *London Times* espoused the cause of the Southern Confederacy, and created such a fog in that murky atmosphere that the common people could not see their way out.

In the beginning of 1863 I wrote and published in London a royal octavo pamphlet entitled *Cause and Probable Results of the Civil War in America—Facts for the People of Great Britain.* I wrote, as I always do, over my own signature, and, being familiar with the leading facts of the case and the measure of them from Maine to California, I came to the stand as a witness. I felt that something had to be done quickly at that end of the line. One cruiser had already gone out from England; the *Alabama* and others were contracted for; so, to prevent the nation from being misled and the disturbance of friendly relations between Great Britain and the United States, I came to the front and said what I had to say as a witness. I did not stop to sell my pamphlet, but secured a long list of names of lords, ladies, ministers, and people of all classes, and sent out for free distribution eleven thousand copies.

I loved and pitied the Southern people, and always expressed kind words in praise of their good qualities, but deplored and abhorred their fierce attempts to rend in twain the North and South, whom God had joined together.

The English press noticed my pamphlet, but none of them attempted to challenge my facts. Some of the leading papers in the opposition raised the inquiry, "Who is this man Taylor? What business has he here?" Others said, "This man Taylor used to be a street preacher in California. We don't know what he is doing here."

My pamphlet was one of the text-books used by the Rev. Newman Hall, who delivered lectures in the principal centers of England in the interest of our Federal nation. Leading Quaker Friends in Manchester circulated them extensively among their people, and I had the happiness to know that some good resulted from my humble effort to render service to my country.

I heard President Hayes, years afterward, express his belief that my pamphlet, circulated in England at that time, was worth more to our cause than a regiment of soldiers at the front. That pamphlet, which was then prophetic, would serve well as a history of the cause and results of the civil war in America.

I spent seven months in England and Ireland on this my first Australian trip as an evangelist in Manchester, Birkenhead, Crewe, London, and other points. I was most kindly received by the people to whom I ministered, and whom I loved sincerely; but my call was to Australia, taking a look at Palestine on my way out. I never went abroad to see, but saw as I went.

While in London a young man who heard me deliver a lecture in St. James Hall called to see me, and expressed a great desire to accompany me to Palestine. I respectfully declined to take charge of him, as he had never been away from home; but he was so anxious to go with me that he brought his mother to intercede for him. She was a widow, and this young man was her only son. He was called James, but I pleased him by calling him "Jimmy." She had given him a good education, and he was preparing to enter the ministry in the Baptist Church. He was a young man about six feet in height. He evidently had ability in him, but no facility to bring it out. His mother was a woman of means, and cheerfully furnished money for his expenses.

CHAPTER XVI.

In the Lord's Land.

EARLY in the spring of 1863 I and my young man took passage for Paris, and spent a week in looking at the wonders of that wonderful city and its environments; then went on to Marseilles and took passage in the Massageries Imperialias line steamers to Beyroot in Syria. We touched at Palermo, in Sicily. We proceeded through the Grecian Isles in the Ægean Sea, stopped at the island of Syra, and spent a few days in Smyrna. There I met a number of the missionaries of the American Board, and received from them a great deal of very interesting and valuable information in regard to their missions in Turkey, east and west. Leaving Smyrna, we touched at Pompeiopolis, and explored its wonderful ruins, and went on to Alexandretta, at the northeast angle of the Mediterranean Sea. There we struck the old warpath of Alexander the Great and his armies, and the old apostolic line of travel between Antioch and Cilicia. We saw at Alexandretta a caravansary of great antiquity, where Barnabas passed a night on his way to Tarsus to seek Saul. From Alexandretta we proceeded down the coast of Syria, and landed at Beyroot. There I made the acquaintance of Dr. Thomson, the author of *The Land and the Book*, that most interesting history of Palestine. There I made arrangements for a tour of observation through the Holy Land. Dr. Thomson kindly wrote out for me a plan of travel, naming definitely every place that I wished to visit and the length of time to be given to each. Of course I had to employ a dragoman and enter into articles of agreement with him and acknowledge them before the American consul, covering all the arrangements for the journey.

On the Sabbath I had the pleasure of hearing two of the missionaries there preach, and was also privileged at night to preach the Gospel to an appreciative people who could understand English.

On Monday morning early my dragoman came with the saddle horses, one for himself and one for me and another for Jim; also five donkeys to carry the tent, cooking utensils, and food for the journey of a month. One of the horses was ordinary, and the other was a poor one; so I gave Jim the choice, and he was sharp enough to choose the better one. He had never mounted a horse in his life, and had a great time in getting astride the animal. Finally he succeeded, and put his feet as far through the stirrups as he could, and without taking hold of the reins held on to the mane with both hands.

We set out to go twenty miles south next day to Sidon, and passing out through the southern suburbs of Beyroot we came to the crossroads, and Jim's horse, concluding to go to Damascus, set out on the Damascus road as hard as he could run, the dragoman in pursuit. So we had a horse race to start with. The dragoman ran him down and led the horse back, and we made another start. After we had gone a few miles Jim's horse would not leave the party, but whenever we came to a patch of grass he stopped and grazed until we were nearly out of sight; then he would come after us as hard as he could run. Once, when halfway up to us, Jim's hat was blown off, and on he came, his hair streaming in the

wind like that of John Gilpin. When the horse overtook the company he slowed up, and Jim jumped off and ran back to get his hat. He was next seen pursuing his horse, trying to catch him. The horse seemed to enjoy the fun, and ran across the path zigzag; finally Jim seized him by the tail and held on and managed to get hold on the bridle, and after many unsuccessful attempts succeeded in mounting. This young man was just from the city, and never seemed to learn how to manage a horse, as similar ridiculous things were repeated nearly every day for a month.

After leaving Sidon the dragoman showed us where Jonah landed from his whaling voyage, and also showed us where he was buried. The cenotaph had been recently covered with new red velvet, and conveyed the idea that Jonah had been dead but a few days. So I turned my face to the inner walls of Jonah's mausoleum and laughed until I cried at the ridiculous nonsense of such traditions, and made up my mind that I would not listen to such again, but give my attention to well-attested geographical and historical facts, which were quite sufficient to occupy all the time I had at command.

We spent a night at Sidon, which is thought to be the oldest city in the world, bearing the name of Sidon, the great-grandson of Noah. It is a walled city with narrow streets. I spent a pleasant evening in visiting missionaries of the American Board stationed there, but slept in my tent outside the walls. Next day we took our lunch near the ruins of the old city Sarepta, and proceeded on our way to Tyre. We spent some time exploring that region, and proceeded to Acre and ascended Mount Carmel, and thence to Nazareth, and spent the Sabbath and a few days ensuing traversing the paths pressed by the feet of the dear child Jesus, and witnessed the Easter celebration of the Greek Church.

Our tent was pitched in an olive grove near to the fountain, the only water supply of the town, where Mary used to come with a pitcher on her head to draw water. The Easter celebration and festivities drew together in the olive orchard where we were tented a vast crowd of men, women, and children, dressed in their oriental costume, the women especially displaying a vast amount of jewelry—rings on their fingers and pendants in their ears and noses.

The little girls spent the day mainly in swinging and singing. Nearly every olive tree had one or two swings attached to its limbs, and the whole orchard was vocal with the songs of the little girls from morning until night. The little boys dressed, put on airs of great dignity, would not sing, and would not even assist in swinging the girls.

From Nazareth we went to the top of Mount Tabor, a conical truncated mountain of nearly a thousand feet elevation, covered with shrubbery and affording on its summit suitable conditions of the account we read of the transfiguration of the God-man.

From Mount Tabor we passed on to what is believed to be Cana of Galilee, and on to Tiberias, on the west coast of the Sea of Galilee. When we arrived the surface of the sea was as smooth as a sea of glass, but about nine o'clock at night we had a tornado which carried the spray over the walls of Tiberias and to a considerable distance into the town. The sea is five hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, surrounded by hills and mountains. The rarefaction of the atmosphere creates a vast vacuum, which draws from the higher strata of the snow-capped region of Mount Hermon a cyclone of cold air to fill the vacuum, the same phenomenon arising from the same cause as in the days of old.

At Tiberias we met a party of Englishmen and Americans, among whom was a minister of the Gospel from Boston. The minister said that he had made an arrangement for an excursion on the lake the next day, which was the Sabbath, and invited me to stop and go with them. I informed him that in all my journeyings I rested on the Sabbath day

and preached when I had an opportunity, the same in Palestine as in America, feeling it my duty and privilege to remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. He replied, "That is the right thing to do, but I am traveling with a company made up largely of English gentlemen, and they have the management of affairs, and I have to go with the crowd." I informed him that I was master of my own expedition, as usual, with no traveling companion except a youth from London, so that I was free to do right and chose to do so.

We went swimming in the Sea of Galilee and visited the Hot Springs a little south of Tiberias, and returned and spent the Sabbath in Nazareth; thence we proceeded by the usual path to Nain and to Dothan, and then on to the great mound-shaped hill on which the city of Samaria stood, and thence on to Shechem; we ascended Mount Gerizim, explored the ruins of the old city of the Samaritans, and their temple walls, covering over two hundred feet square, and their ruins, of from five to ten feet high, remaining.

I asked a Samaritan, "What is the name of this ancient town?" and he said, "Sychar." I asked an Arab, separately, what that town was called, and he said, "Sychar." I counted as many as eight cisterns which had once been used for collecting water from the clouds. When they ran short the nearest permanent supply of water was Jacob's Well, at the south-east base of the mountain, about one thousand five hundred feet down from the summit. So we descended from the mount to the well of Jacob. At the mouth of the well was an excavation six feet deep and eight feet wide, walled up to afford a shade and a resting place for travelers. The well was covered with a large flat stone, with a hole in the center in which a large stone key was inserted. We were wearied in our journey and thirsty, and had nothing to draw with, and the well was deep. So we called an Arab laborer, who was at work a little distance from us, to come with his pitcher and well-rope and draw for us.

He removed the key and opened the well and let down his rope, but it was too short. It would not reach the water, so we got two or three silk sashes from the Arabs and tied them to the rope and drew a pitcher of water, beautifully transparent and deliciously sweet, from Jacob's Well.

The distance from the surface to the water was about eighty feet. The water was probably ten or fifteen feet deep in the well. I subsequently read the adventures of a traveler through that region who stated emphatically that he visited the spot and there was no well there. It had possibly been closed up and he did not find it. It was there nevertheless.

On our way thence to Jerusalem we camped and slept, as nearly as can be ascertained, on the spot where Jacob slept and dreamed and saw a ladder extending from earth to heaven, the angels of God ascending and descending upon it.

We proceeded thence to the Holy City, and pitched our tent outside the walls a little north of the city. Next morning, the day after our arrival, we went to the American consulate. The consul was absent, but the vice consul, who was a native of Jerusalem, received us courteously. Jim took occasion to go at once to the bank on which he had a letter of credit, and drew his money. Not wishing to carry money, I had a letter of credit on Beyroot which was sufficient to pay my part of the expenses through to Alexandria, and was depending on Jim's draft on Jerusalem to pay his half through. The consul arranged to spend the day with us, so we walked about Jerusalem and "marked well her bulwarks."

The city is surrounded by a wall from twenty to eighty feet high, about ten feet thick. The extent of the wall, inclosing the city in rhomboid shape, is two and one eighth miles, built by Sultan Solyman in A. D. 1542. We visited all the points of special interest, including the sepulcher of the kings and the great quarry of Mount Moriah, whence it is

supposed a large part of the building stone of the ancient temple of Solomon had been quarried and elevated through a huge shaft up to the spot now covered by the Temple El Aksa. The solid rock of the quarry is soft yellow limestone, which hardens and whitens by exposure. We discovered why there was no sound of hammer in laying the stone. We saw great blocks of stone quarried and left standing, from which we could clearly see how it was done. Blocks were still attached to the original solid mountain of rock. The blocks were parallelopipedons about eight feet by two by two in dimensions, standing in perpendicular position. The two outer or exposed surfaces of each block had been quarried and dressed with an iron-handled chisel.

We visited the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem. It is an octagonal structure; each angle is sixty-seven feet. The diameter of the interior is one hundred and forty-eight feet. It would require a volume to describe all the wonderful scenes and associations there brought to view. Many books have been written on the subject, and I shall not attempt it. We also ascended the Mount of Olives and saw the Garden of Gethsemane, and there, seated under an ancient olive tree, Jim and I read the entire gospel by Mark, and called to mind the places we had seen where most of the scenes described had occurred, many having transpired in sight of the spot we then occupied. There amid those sacred associations, fresh as the dew of heaven, I sang the following poetic description of Christ in the garden:

"While passing a garden I paused to hear
A voice, faint and plaintive, from one that was there.
The voice of the sufferer affected my heart,
While pleading in anguish the poor sinner's part.

"I listened a moment, then turned me to see
What man of compassion this stranger might be.
I saw him low kneeling upon the cold ground,
The loveliest being that ever was found.

"So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his prayers,
That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat, blood, and tears.
I wept to behold him, I asked him his name;
He answered, 'Tis Jesus; from heaven I came.

"'I am thy Redeemer, for thee I must die;
The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by.
Thy sins like a mountain are laid upon me,
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee.'

"I trembled with terror and loudly did cry,
'Lord, save a poor sinner! O, save or I die!'
He cast his eyes on me and whispered, 'Live!
Thy sins, which are many, I freely forgive.'

"How sweet was that moment he bade me rejoice!
His smile, O, how pleasant! how cheering his voice!
I flew from the garden to spread it abroad;
I shouted 'Salvation!' and 'Glory to God!'

"I am now on my journey to mansions above,
My soul's full of glory, of light, peace, and love;
I think of the garden, the prayers and the tears
Of that loving Stranger who banished my fears."

Then we kneeled under the ancient olive and prayed, and the very same Jesus of whom we read manifested himself to us in the blessed realization of his saving power.

We spent several days on that first visit to Jerusalem, seeing all the sights of particular interest. On the evening of the first day, when we returned to our tent, I saw my traveling companion fumbling through his pockets as though he had lost something. I said, "Jim, what is the matter? Have you lost anything?"

"Yes," said he, "my pocketbook is gone."

"All your money in it?"

"Yes; I drew it all from the bank this morning and put it into my pocketbook, and I don't know what has become of it. I cannot find it."

I had paid out all my money for my half of the expenses through, and was depending on the half that Jim was to furnish for the final settlement with our dragoman. So I found myself in straitened circumstances. The next morning after breakfast we went to the office of the American consul. We could hardly hope to get track of the money, but soon after we entered the consulate the consul inquired if either of us had lost a pocketbook. I said, "Yes; my friend Jim here lost his."

"Well," said he, "my janitor, who is a Mohammedan, found a pocketbook lying open on the settee there. He swore by Mohammed that he had not taken any of the money out, but passed it to me open as he found it."

I told Jim to count his money and see if it was all there. He carefully counted it and stuffed it into his pocket without saying a word. I said to him, "Is your money all there?"

"Yas."

I made him haul it out and give the Mohammedan a dollar. Then I said to him, "I will borrow your money and settle with you before we separate, at the Pyramids of Egypt." So I took charge of his money.

From Jerusalem we made the usual trip to Jericho, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea. We learned that a short time before a British lord, and five noblemen with him, went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves. They were not left by the roadside half dead, like the poor fellow we read about, but they were stripped of all their belongings except the clothes they had on their backs.

We met a number of exploring parties in different parts of Palestine, and they were all armed, and had an escort of soldiers to protect them against the Bedouin Arabs. My policy was to take nothing with me worth stealing, move along quietly and attend to my own business, treat men and dogs with common civility, and sleep in an open tent with no guards except the guardian angels whom God sends to look after those who trust in him. I was sorry when my camp was contiguous to that of those protected parties with sentinels keeping watch through the night, for they kept up a shouting one to another and disturbed my rest. So I always preferred to camp in some quiet spot where no travelers were within half a mile of my tent.

But on our trip from Jerusalem to Jericho we fell in with a party of English and Americans with their mounted native guards on Arab steeds. Coming to an open field, the Arab horsemen engaged in horse racing and sword exercise, performing some wonderful feats of agility, and Jim's horse caught the spirit of the race, and with no restraining hand upon him he dashed into the crowd of racing horses and went back and forth. Jim's hat was blown off, and his long hair was streaming in the wind, which made him the most laughable sight to be seen on the journey. He managed by hanging on to the mane

of his horse with both hands to retain his place and came out all right. He was a very remarkable young man.

We always had our prayers and regular Scripture reading aboard the ships in which we traveled, in the hotels where we stopped, and in our tent every night and morning. I found him to be a very pious young man, a beautiful reader, and he prayed in charming simplicity. He was a teetotaler, and in all respects conducted himself with great propriety. But if he ever had any emotion in his soul he succeeded most thoroughly in concealing it. He never betrayed in the whole journey, mixing up often with troops of Bedouin, the slightest emotion of fear or pleasure or surprise. He never expressed admiration or wonder at anything he saw. One day a flock of gazelles swept across the plain in full view, and I shouted, "Look, Jim, look, look!" I saw his head turn slowly on its axis, but his countenance never changed. I said, "Did you see the gazelles?"

"Yas."

He was a young man from the city—his mother's darling.

Passing through the mountains on the way from Jerusalem to Jericho, we visited, at the base of the mountain, on the edge of the Jericho plains, a large flowing spring supposed to be the same whose waters were healed by the prophet Elisha, and which still sends forth its healing streams through the plain. Naught remains of the once famous city of Jericho except a few native huts.

We passed on to Jordan and bathed in its waters. I struck out into the current, which excited the alarm of an Arab, and he pursued me, saying, "A man was drowned there but a few weeks ago, and it was very perilous to go into the swift current." I told him not to distress himself. I understood the situation perfectly and did not need any help. It is a very crooked and rapid stream. Its fall in sixty-six miles from the Sea of Tiberias to the Dead Sea is one thousand feet. The stream circles around a distance of nearly two hundred miles to make a straight line of sixty-six miles. At its Dead Sea mouth it is one hundred and eighty yards wide. At the place of the crossing and baptism of Jesus it is about one hundred feet wide and twelve feet deep.

The Dead Sea was also visited, and some of our party bathed in it. I found that its waters, though transparent, were unpleasantly sticky, as though impregnated with the sins of the Sodomites; so I preferred not to go into it. I accidentally got a pair of kid gloves saturated with it, and when they were dry they broke to pieces as though they had been boiled.

From the Dead Sea we went to Masada, an impregnable Greek fortress in the mountains. We went thence to Bethlehem, and saw on adjacent hills the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks, and saw the sights in that ancient town representing historic memories most sacred.

We also visited Hebron and the burying place of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. From Hebron we returned to Jerusalem, visiting the pools of Solomon by the way, and had an additional exploration of the Holy City. I took occasion to call on Bishop Gobat, who had charge of an Episcopal mission which was under the joint jurisdiction of England and Prussia. The bishop received me very cordially and gave me an account of the labors of my old California friend, Alfred Roberts, who died in peace and was buried on Mount Zion, but a few rods distant from the tomb of King David.

I visited his grave close to that of the singer of Israel. I had been warned by the consul, also by Dr. Thomson, not to attempt to enter the mausoleum of King David, as it was constantly guarded by most fanatical Mohammedans, and no tourist's life was

safe inside its walls. But after we had seen everything else of special interest in the city I said to Jim, "Let us go to the tomb of David at a venture." So we walked straight up to the entrance, and several of the fanatical guards rushed out to meet us. I gave them the salutation common in that country, and approached them and shook hands and smiled. They gathered around me and stroked my beard. I could not speak their language, but I smiled on them again and made inquiry by signs what I should pay to go through the mausoleum and see the tomb of David. They stated the price, which was not large. I paid the money and they conducted us through. I don't know on what ground they excused themselves for so doing, but, from the length of my beard and the influence of my presence upon them, I concluded, upon reflection, that they probably thought that I was a Mohammedan sheik, and the beardless youth my son, from some remote province, and they treated us accordingly.

While at Jerusalem my dragoman said, "I am afraid the government will seize my animals under the impressment law," and wanted me, if possible, to secure protection for his animals. I took him to the American consul, who heard his cause and replied that while he and his animals were in my employ he, as consul, could, under my rights as an American citizen, protect his property, but when discharged from my service he could not protect him against the claims of his own government. He was not disturbed in Jerusalem, but when we reached Joppa and I discharged him from service, the poor fellow came to me with a very sorrowful expression on his countenance, and said that the government had seized his three horses and five donkeys and driven them off to the government stables.

In Joppa we engaged passage, by a French steamer, for Alexandria, in Egypt. The ship lay out more than a mile in the offing, and three hours before the time for sailing Jim and I hired a boat to take us to the steamer; but before we had made half the distance we were struck suddenly by a tornado, kindred to the one that struck poor Jonah's ship in the olden time. We had to "about ship" and pull for the shore, and came very near being swamped and swallowed up. I was vividly reminded of the sad experience of Jonah, but was comforted by the assurance that I had never taken a ticket for Tarshish nor disobeyed my heavenly calling. By the extraordinary pulling of our men and the good providence of God we safely reached the land.

The steamer, under the pressure of the gale, weighed anchor and put out to sea two hours before her time for sailing, and we had to remain at Joppa for a week longer. We visited the "house of Simon the tanner," and saw a tanyard hard by the sea, suggestive, at least, of the sights and scenes of the olden times there.

We got a refund of our passage money and bought tickets by a Russian steamer and proceeded on our way to Alexandria, where we spent some days examining the wonders of that wonderful city. Thence we took our way to Cairo, one hundred and ninety miles, and interested ourselves with the strange sights and scenes of that old city. Planning to visit the Pyramids, it was desirable to cross the Nile and get out to them before sunrise.

So we made an agreement with the donkey boys to bring us two donkeys and call us by four o'clock in the morning. We were waked up in due time, and I was up and washed and dressed and down from the third story of the hotel in less than ten minutes, and found the donkeys, with their drivers, ready to start. I waited for Jim, waited and waited, until the dawn of the morning. Then I ran up stairs to see what ailed him, and found him undressed bending over the washbowl scrubbing his neck and ears with a soapy woolen cloth, making preparation to climb the Pyramids. I urged him to hurry up and

not to waste our valuable time. He took no offense at my plain talk, but I could not perceive the slightest quickening of his movements. The result was that the sun was about an hour high before we reached the Pyramids. We climbed the Great Pyramid, explored its great interior chamber, examined the Sphinx, and returned to Cairo in the evening of the same day.

The next morning Jim bought a third-class ticket back to Alexandria, en route to the home of his mother in London. He traveled out with me as a first-class passenger, but said that he would economize on his return trip; hence bought a third-class railway ticket and climbed into a car surrounded by a kind of fence without doors, and, there being no seats of any sort, the passengers were crowded in with Mohammedans all squatted on the floor, and Jim, seeing no space on the floor, sat down on the shoulder of a Mohammedan.

The poor fellow squirmed and complained, but Jim was unmoved. Soon after the car whistled and rolled off, and that was the last I saw of my friend. I had taken care of him as I would of a child, and now I had to leave him to his own resources. He wrote me afterward that he had got home safely, but lost everything he had except the clothes he had on. He said, "I gave my things to a man to carry, and he carried them, and I have never seen them since."

I embarked in the early spring of 1863 at Suez on the steamer *Mooltan*, of the Peninsula and Oriental line of steamers. My ticket from Suez to Melbourne, Australia, cost me one hundred and twenty pounds, including a liberal supply of wine and whisky. I said to the ticket agent in London, "You charge me on my ticket to Australia twenty pounds for drinks. I am a total abstainer, and protest against paying such a sum for no value received."

"We have our rates, and I am not at liberty to change them. You are at liberty to drink or not, as you like."

A few years later the company sold the tickets at reduced rates, and sold the drinks to such as wished to spend their money in that way.

The *Mooltan* was a ship of about four thousand tons, with good accommodations, though crowded with passengers, most of whom were bound for India. At Point de Galle, Ceylon, the passengers for Australia were transferred to a smaller steamer, the *Mooltan* being bound for Calcutta. I had no opportunity of preaching on the *Mooltan*, but joined in the Church of England service on each Sabbath morning. On our Australian steamer we had a British nobleman and some officers of the army, who expressed a wish to hear me preach the Gospel. They had consultation among themselves and deputed one of their number to confer with me and get permission from the master of the ship. I, of course, gave cheerful consent, but the captain positively refused to allow it on his ship. Then followed an altercation between the committee and the captain that rose to such a height that the captain kept to the bridge and his room, and to the end of the voyage was not seen to walk the deck or sit at the table for his meals. I had nothing to do with it, and was very sorry to be even the innocent occasion of the trouble.

My first peep at Australia was at Albany, at the southwestern extremity of the continent, where our ship anchored for eight or ten hours. Captain A., a genial fellow-passenger, and I spent most of the day in the bush of scrub timber, and among the wild flowers of every color and tint, and birds in great variety, such as we had never seen before. I drew many of the feathery tribe into the trees near to us by whistling notes new and attractive to them.

On inquiry we learned that there was a small chapel in the town and a minister of the

Church of England. We also found a man and his wife who were Wesleyans. They had no minister, but were building a Wesleyan chapel with the hope of getting a minister sent to them. It was a frame building about 24x34 feet, inclosed and under roof. Captain A. gave one pound. I had paid out so much *backsheesh* in Palestine that I had but two dollars and fifty cents left; but I borrowed five dollars from Captain A. and gave it to the new chapel fund.

Our next port was Melbourne. Amid the crowd passing from our ship to the shore I lost sight of Captain A. There I was, a stranger in a strange land, with two dollars and fifty cents in my pocket and no letter of credit on anybody. On inquiry I was told Scott's Hotel was the best in the city, so I selected a room in Scott's Hotel, in which I put my trunk.

I had a letter of introduction from my friend, Mr. McArthur, of London, to his house of commercial business in Melbourne; so I proceeded at once to the house of McArthur & Co. Mr. Finlay, head man of the premises, a most genial brother of perhaps thirty-three years, received me most cordially. I drew another letter of introduction out of my pocket from Rev. T. N. Hull, of the Irish Conference, for whom I preached a week in Belfast, to his brother-in-law, James Copeland. So I said to Brother Finlay, "Are you acquainted with Mr. James Copeland?"

"O, yes; he is connected with our firm, and is at his desk in the next office."

So I entered his office and presented myself and my letter. He did not stop to read it, but seized me with both hands, saying, "We have received several letters from Mr. Hull in regard to your coming, and have been on the lookout for you for several months. We give you an Irish *Cead mile faltha* (a hundred thousand welcomes). Come with me; I want to introduce you to the Chairman of Melbourne District and Superintendent of Melbourne First Circuit, Rev. Daniel J. Draper."

So we went, and I was introduced to Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Draper, who gave me a cordial welcome to their home and to the colony, saying, "We have read and reread of your California experiences as recorded in your California books." Mr. Draper proceeded to say, "I want to engage you at once to preach for us in Wesley Church, in Lonsdale Street, next Sabbath, morning and evening," an edifice that cost two hundred thousand dollars, with sittings for over two thousand persons, with an immense organ in the rear gallery.

I replied, "The habit of my life as an evangelist is to preach in the same pulpit Sabbath morning to the church members, at 3 P. M. to the children, and in the evening to the masses of unconverted sinners, and continue nightly up to Friday night."

"That is a good program, but you are just off a long voyage and need rest. Preach for me next Sabbath and take next week for rest, and commence your week of special services on the following Sabbath. I am now in the midst of my quarterly visitation of the classes. Next week I can finish that work and duly advertise your coming services."

"This being Thursday, I will have a good rest before Sabbath, and my time is so precious, so far from wife and children, and so much work before me, that I cannot on any account consent to lose a week; but, to avoid any disturbance of your plan of pastoral work, I can arrange to give next week to Melbourne Second Circuit, and give you the week following."

"O, no; I must have you for all the services of Wesley Church next Sabbath."

"Very well, I will give you all of next Sabbath, and if the Lord does not give us a clear intimation that we should proceed at once according to my proposal, I will accept yours." We then kneeled down and submitted the case to God.

Just then Rev. J. Waugh, the Chairman of the Ballarat District and Superintendent of Ballarat Circuit, came in and gave me an Irish welcome and a pressing invitation to labor in his circuit and all the circuits of his district. I was a few minutes later introduced to Rev. Brother Simmons, Editor of *The Wesleyan Chronicle*, the Methodist weekly paper of the colony of Victoria. So within an hour the main body of the Australian continent was opened for my work. I had accepted Brother Copeland's invitation to put up with him. His home was in a suburban village named Hawthorn, five miles out, but with his good horse and carriage it was but a pleasure trip. So my host ordered my trunk from Scott's Hotel to his Hawthorn home, and I had my two and a half dollars in my pocket. The Copeland family consisted of James and Hugh, bachelors, and their maiden sister, Eliza, and Brother Finlay and wife lived next door; so that my home and its belongings were all that I could desire.

As we drove out to Hawthorn, Brother Copeland said, "I am very sorry that you have arranged to commence your great work at Lonsdale Street Church. It is the high place of Methodist pride and formalism. The Church of England service is read and chanted every Sunday afternoon, and while they have many earnest, humble Christians, the obstructions are so formidable that you can't make the success that would establish a commanding precedent which would give you the flood tide that you will need in your tours of the colonies. Brunswick Street Church is large and commodious, and is crowded with the common people who will hear you gladly, and you could be sure of a grand success there which would arouse the city, and then you would be able to succeed among the aristocrats of Lonsdale Street."

I replied, "You know, dear brother, that I am not the author of the present arrangement, but it is exactly according to my mind. By the power of God we will storm Sebastopol, and then the smaller forts will run up the white flag."

We had most cheering Christian fellowship at Hawthorn. On Saturday we drove into the city to note the progress of advertisement and preparation for a week of special services at Wesley Church. We found Brother and Sister Draper on the wing of preparation for the coming campaign of next week in their church, and they pressed me kindly to make their house my home while at work for them. This was early in the month of May, 1863. At 10:30 A. M. of a lovely Sabbath day of that charming climate the main body and galleries of Wesley Church were packed with expectant hearers. I announced for my text the last words of Jesus.

"The last words of a departing friend are usually very impressive. Many of you, my dear hearers, remember distinctly the last words of your dying mother, testifying to the saving power of Jesus. She begged you in loving sympathy to *receive* and *trust* Jesus, and meet her in heaven. These last words of our best Friend one who loves us immeasurably more than our mothers ever did or ever could, were words uttered on the eve of his departure for his heavenly home, addressed to his disciples, but belonging likewise to all his humble learners, through all ages to the end of the world.

"'He said unto them, It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power.' We can't lade the ocean with an eggshell; no more can we know the times and seasons of God's inscrutable providence; but we may have the light to know and the power to do all that God requires of us, not simply hear about it. 'But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.' Not without that, nor before that, but after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.

"We have in God's kingdom in nature water power, wind power, steam power, electric

power; but to utilize these mechanical forces we must conform to the laws that govern them; so to command and use spiritual soul-saving power we must conform to God's order. 'This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath life: and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life,' though provided alike for every creature of the human race.

"We cannot have him unless we receive him, but we cannot receive him as the great Healer of our souls unless we submit to his treatment. 'As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.' The divine Son of God is the only Saviour of sinners; but in the application of his saving power from its dawn in the darkness of the horrible pit of sin and death to its consummation on the heights of celestial glory the Holy Spirit is his divine administrator; not a theory, not an element, not an influence, but a divine person. There is but one God, but in the essential constitutional being of God there are three distinct persons, each possessing all the attributes of personality. The Father, in his eternal, indissoluble union with the Son and Spirit, is verily God. The administrative will of the Holy Trinity is that of the Father, not implying priority or superiority, except, possibly, the administrative function. The Son, in his eternal and indissoluble union with the Father and the Holy Spirit, is verily God; his will is always acquiescent with the will of the Father—'I came not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me.' The Holy Spirit, in his eternal, indissoluble union with the Father and Son, is verily God. His will is always acquiescent with that of the Father and the Son; hence, as the divine executive of the Godhead, 'he proceedeth from the Father and the Son;' a mystery incomprehensible, but a fact demonstrable in human experience.

"When Jesus told his disciples that he was going to leave them sorrow filled their hearts. He said, 'It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.' To part with the Son of God as their divine companion and comforter, to receive one inferior to himself, would be a calamity and not a comfort. Again, in the same discourse Jesus said, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you. I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.' He, as the Son of God manifest in the flesh visibly, will come again and still abide with them as the Son of God manifest in the Spirit. We 'see him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.' 'These things have I spoken unto you, being yet present with you. But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.'

"Thus the Holy Spirit is the divine Author of 'the record of God concerning his Son,' and the divine expositor of it. They hearkened to the last words of Jesus: 'Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.'

"The disciples witnessed the visible, heaven-bound ascent of their risen Lord, and then assembled to the number of one hundred and twenty saved men and women, who constituted the focal forces of his newborn Church, in the upper room, in which it had been organized a little more than forty days before, to await the invisible descent of their risen Lord through the Holy Spirit. Engines won't work without the application of mechanical

forces. This little company of men and women were under orders to lead the hosts of humble witnesses of the saving power of Jesus to the uttermost parts of the earth and to every creature, a work more stupendous and difficult than the creation of worlds; and they had to wait for the coming of the King who hath 'all power in heaven and in earth,' to be communicated to the witnessing host through the Holy Ghost. So 'these all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication, with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and with his brethren.' These all prayed thus for nine days without any apparent success, but on the tenth day the promised power came. On that day Peter preached a plain, logical sermon from the prophecies of Joel and of David, leading to the conclusion, 'Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ.' The result was that three thousand of those blinded murderers of the man Jesus, under the awakening power of the Holy Spirit, surrendered to God, received Jesus, the almighty Saviour of sinners, and were baptized, and 'continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers;' a demonstration of the power of Jesus through the operation of his Holy Spirit to save his people from their sins, attested by three thousand new witnesses.

"The infallible record of God concerning his Son, prophetic and historic, supported by the testimony of countless millions of credible witnesses, written and verbal, is the basis of faith that God hath provided for a perishing world. Every poor sinner pardoned and healed by Jesus Christ is in God's economy a witness to the creative skill of the divine Saviour, regardless of age or sex, and under the prophetic unction of the Holy Spirit becomes a special messenger of God in his soul-saving work. To such Jesus says, 'He that receiveth you receiveth me; and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me.' That is what he says to old men, and to sons and daughters, servants and maidservants, of mature age, who receive the prophetic outpouring of the Holy Spirit; but Jesus gives special notice of his high appreciation of juvenile witnesses.

"In answer to the question, 'Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?' Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, 'Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.' Such a little child is a witnessing messenger from God to a perishing sinner. If the poor sinner will receive the little messenger, and hearken to his message, and act upon it, he will, on the faith of the facts embodied in the testimony of the little child, receive Jesus and verify the truth that, 'As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.' But if the poor sinner reject the little messenger he will not receive the message, hence will not receive the Saviour, and thus persist in unbelief and perish; and the compassionate Judge will say to him, 'O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself.' The drowning of the body in the depths of the sea is but a weak illustration of the self-entailed torments of the 'second death.'

"The sum of Paul's preaching and the ground of his great success is thus stated by himself to King Agrippa: 'Having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come, that Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people, and to the Gentiles.'

"The sum of John's apostolic ministry was that he 'bore record of the word of God,

and of the testimony of Jesus Christ, and of all things that he saw.' We find the venerable old man an exile on the dreary island of Patmos. We say, 'Dear old father, for what were you sent to this exile?' 'For the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ.' If he had given his life to the word of God and speculative theology, minus 'the testimony of Jesus,' he would not have had sufficient success to provoke a tide of opposition strong enough to land him on Patmos.

"He says further, 'I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held.' This divine method of soul-saving work gave success that excited opposition that hastened them to the goal of a martyr's crown.

"This divine combination is not only an aggressive force in soul saving, but a powerful weapon of defense against the assault of 'the great dragon, the old serpent, called the devil and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world'—'and they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony.'

"'And the dragon was wroth with the woman'—the Church of Jesus Christ—'and went to make war with the remnant of her seed, which keep the commandments of God, and the testimony of Jesus Christ.' If we do not keep the commandments of God and manifest the fruits of a divine work within, our testimony will be a failure and a reproach.

"There lived in the State of Indiana a little boy known as 'Budd Thomas, the daft.' There lived in the same town in which Budd lived a learned lawyer who was an avowed infidel. No good lawyer who will give due attention to the word of God and to the testimony for Jesus Christ can be an infidel; but this one had not examined the facts and evidence in the case, but went regularly to hear an eloquent minister of the Gospel stationed in the town. So the minister prepared and delivered a series of sermons on the evidences of Christianity, hoping to win the unbelieving gentleman of the bar. Soon after the lawyer presented himself as a candidate for church membership. The minister was doubly delighted: first, that the man of the bar had become a Christian, and, second, that this great change wrought in the man was the result of his eloquent preaching; so he modestly inquired which of his sermons had brought about the great change he professed to have experienced. The lawyer replied, 'My dear sir, excuse me when I tell you that I listened attentively to your entire series of sermons, and to my own satisfaction answered all your arguments, and became more than ever before confirmed in my unbelief in being able to do so.'

"'Then how were you brought into your present joyful experience of salvation?'

"'I was overtaken while passing along the street a little after dark by a sudden fall of rain, and ran into the first open door I saw, and soon found myself in a Methodist class meeting. I never was in such a meeting before. There were, male and female, about twenty persons present. I soon perceived that they were testifying to facts pertaining to their religious experience. Sitting back, and observed by but few, I, with notebook and pencil, took down, shorthand, the testimony of eighteen witnesses. Then I waked up as from a dream, and said to myself, "These are credible witnesses. I know most of them, and should be glad to have such witnesses in court to establish any matter of fact within their knowledge, and I observe that they are bearing witness to facts of conscious experience. Now, unless I can impeach these witnesses and ignore their testimony, their cause is established." While thus grappling with the facts before me Budd Thomas, the daft, arose to his feet and said: "My mother got sick. The doctor comed and comed, and she got worse and worse. Then she held my hand, and said, 'Budd, I am going to leave you.'

I said, 'No, you ain't, mother; you can't go anywhere, you can't get out of bed.' 'True, Budd, I can't get out of bed, but my spirit is going to leave my body and go to heaven. As I have often told you, Budd, fourteen years ago Jesus took away all my sins; he has kept me all these years, in all my sorrows, from departing from him, and now he is coming to take my soul to his own home. When I am gone, Budd, you will feel very lonesome, but any trouble you may have that you would like to tell to your mother you must tell it to Jesus. Give yourself to God, and receive and trust Jesus, and he will save you as he has saved your mother.' Her words were all dark to me. I never knowed anything about death, but felt a choking in my throat, and went away, and cried, and cried, and then some people comed and they fotch me into the house, and said, 'Budd, your poor mother is dead.' I said, 'No, she ain't, she is asleep.' Then I called, 'Mother! O, mother!' but she no open her eyes, and no speak to me. Then I put my hand on her face, and it felt as cold as ice, and I said, 'What is this? Is my mother gone?' Then a man comed with a wagon and a great big box, and they put my mother into the box, and hauled her out into a field, and put the box with my mother in it down into a deep hole in the ground. And I said, 'I am going down there with my mother,' but they cotch hold of me and pulled me back. Then they shoveled dirt down on my poor mother and filled the great hole and packed it down. Then they fotch me back to the house, and I cried and cried. Then I went into mother's room and kneeled down where my mother prayed, and said, 'O, God, my mother's God, mother told me to tell my sorrow to you. She told me that you loved poor boys. She told me that for Jesus' sake you took away all her badness and made her happy. I know you did, for she said you did, and that you would give me a new heart, same as you gave my mother. I believe what my mother said, for she never told me a lie.' And just while I was talking to my mother's God, and trusting my mother's Jesus, O, what love and happy come into me! Then I know that my mother's God be my God, and my mother's Jesus take away my sins, and make me clean and happy inside, and I be happy every day, and I know some day Jesus will take me to his own happy home, where my mother has gone."

"'Budd sat down, and I arose to my feet, shaking as with an ague, and said, "I want to find Budd Thomas's Jesus, and I want Budd to come and help me." I dropped on my knees, and the daft laid his hand on my shoulder and said, "O, mister, you can't save yourself from sin, and nobody can save you but Jesus. He died for you and rose again, and he is here now waiting to save you, and will save you this minute if you will give yourself to him and receive and trust him." Right there and then I surrendered myself and all my belongings to God, and received and trusted Jesus Christ as my Saviour, and he saved me, and saves me now. It did not come to me through your eloquent preaching, which was all right in its way, but through the testimony of Budd Thomas, the daft.'"

At Wesley Church, Melbourne, my first Sabbath in Australia, I preached at 3 P. M. to the children. The body of the church was packed with bright, well-dressed, well-behaved boys and girls. Rev. Mr. Draper, the same as in the forenoon, sat in the reading desk opposite the pulpit, both being about twenty feet from the rear wall, which space was occupied by the communion rail on the four sides of the square. From the reading desk the superintendent had a full view of the preacher and of the congregation.

Without attempting to give a verbatim report of the sermon on this occasion, or on any other occasion, for I had nothing written, and a full report would occupy too much space for our present purpose, which is to give illustrative examples of the plain preaching used by the Holy Spirit, through the cooperative agency of a loving, appreciative Christian people, in the sound conversion of thousands of sinners to God, I said:

"My dear little people, I want to tell you a true story about a little boy. He was a good boy, and like most good boys had a praying mother. All mothers love their little boys, but mothers who don't know the Lord don't know how to bring their children to the Lord.

"The mother of the little boy I am going to tell you about did know the Lord, and prayed to the Lord every day for her dear little boy. She gave him to the Lord in the hour in which he was born—the wise thing for all mothers to do; but when he was about five years old she put him to school with her minister, that he might learn the way of the Lord more perfectly than he could under her teaching alone. All good Gospel ministers are glad to help mothers to acquaint their children with God.

"So the little boy of our story studied his lessons well, and said his prayers and tried to be good, but the bad was in him and he couldn't get it out, for he did not know the Lord, 'neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him.' Children, can you tell me the name of the little boy we are talking about?"

The responsive shout came up from many open mouths, "Samuel."

"Correct. What was his mother's name?"

"Hannah."

"What was the name of the old minister?"

"Eli."

"He had two naughty sons; what were their names?"

"Hophni and Phinehas."

"Did they honor their father and mother? No, they were very bad men and came to an untimely death. Are ministers' children, as a rule, worse than the children of other people? No, but some of them are very bad. Samuel did not know the Lord, but he wanted to know him, and was then 'nigh unto the kingdom of God.' The wicked sons of Eli 'knew not the Lord' and didn't want to know him, so they perished in their sins; but Samuel took the good advice of his mother and of his minister. Do you want to know how he got acquainted with the Lord? It occurred at night in the large room adjoining the meeting house where Eli slept, and where Samuel had his pallet in the corner.

"One night when he turned in and shut his eyes to go to sleep he heard some one call him, and thinking it was the voice of his minister he answered, saying, 'Here am I.' But getting no response he jumped up and ran to the bedside of Eli and said, 'Here am I; for thou calledst me.' And he said, 'I called not; lie down again.' And he went and lay down. Then he heard the same call, 'Samuel!' And Samuel arose and went to Eli and said, 'Here am I; for thou didst call me.' And he answered, 'I called not, my son; lie down again.' And he went and lay down.

"'Now Samuel did not yet know the Lord, neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him. And the Lord called Samuel again the third time. And he arose and went to Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou didst call me. And Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child. Therefore Eli said unto Samuel, Go, lie down: and it shall be, if he call thee, that thou shalt say, Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth. So Samuel went and lay down in his place. And the Lord came, and stood, and called as other times, Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel answered, Speak; for thy servant heareth.'

"Samuel got acquainted with the Lord that night, submitted wholly to him, saying, 'I am thy servant,' and received the Lord to be his Saviour; and the word of the Lord was revealed unto him, and from that night unto the day of his death in old age he increased in the knowledge and love of God. The Lord not only saved him that night, but commis-

sioned him to be a witness of his experience of salvation and a messenger from God to those who were in rebellion against him. And though but a little child he delivered a most solemn message from God to his old minister the next morning.

"All the facts of what God said and did, as written in his book, are index facts of his unchangeable character. We read what he was to learn, what he is, and what he did, that we may know through all time what he does. We thus learn that so surely as he called little Samuel, so he calls every little boy and girl, through all the ages, to the end of the world; and just so certainly as he revealed himself in love and mercy to Samuel, just so certainly will he reveal himself in saving mercy to every boy and girl who will submit to God and receive and trust him as did little Samuel; and every such child becomes a witnessing messenger of glad tidings to others.

"Any poor sinner who will receive one such little one as a messenger from God and give attention to his testimony will receive Jesus as his Saviour; but if he make light of it, discard the testimony, and shame the little witness, he will not receive Jesus, and will thus destroy himself and sink his soul into perdition, which will be a thousandfold worse than drowning his body in the depth of the sea. My dear little sisters and brothers, did you ever hear God calling you? Perhaps you don't know his voice. Samuel did not at first. He does not usually call us by a voice to our ears as he did Samuel, but by his Holy Spirit in our hearts. Don't you remember when you lay on your bed in the dark room and shut your eyes and tried to go to sleep and couldn't? There was something talking to your inner self. It kept talking, not to the ears of your body, but to the hearing of your spirit; and it kept on talking till you said to yourself, 'God is my great King and my Father who is in heaven. I ought to love him; I do love him a little bit, but I love my dog more. I have broken some of his commandments and sinned against him in many ways. O, what shall I do when called to stand before him to answer for all my badness? O, I am sorry that I have been so wicked. What shall I do?' Do you remember that time? Not one time alone, but many times. Often you felt your pulse to see if you were taking a fever, and you said, 'What a dreadful thing it would be for me to get sick and die in my sins!' What was that which talked so to your spirit and convinced you of your sins? That was God talking to you by his Holy Spirit. When God calls you, answer at once as did little Samuel, 'Speak, for thy servant heareth. By the will and power thou givest me, I submit to thy will, and receive thee and trust thee for my salvation.'

"We don't live in the days of Moses, when God manifested himself to the people by thunder and lightning, earthquake shocks and blast of trumpets, and various signs and wonders, addressed to the eyes and ears of the people, but in the last days when God speaks to our ears by the small voice of his ambassadors and to our hearts by the still but mighty operations of his Spirit in our hearts.

"We don't live in the days when the Son of God was manifested to human eyes in the flesh, but in the brighter days when the Son of God is manifested in his Spirit to our hearts. Of the former days the apostle Peter says, 'We were eyewitnesses of his majesty.' Of the last days in which we live he says, 'We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the daystar arise in your hearts.'

"When the Son of God was manifest in the flesh the people had to see him with their eyes to receive and trust him. When Martha and her sister Mary wanted Jesus to heal their brother they had to send a messenger a day's journey to bring him: but in the glorious Gospel days in which we live we have not to say, 'Who shall ascend into heaven to

bring him down, or who shall descend into the deep to bring him up?' For he is nigh us —always within earshot of our heart whispers. 'Though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory: receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.' Any poor sinner may obtain pardon for all his sins and a new heart by surrendering to God and receiving Jesus. 'As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.' The next thing is, 'as you have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him.' That is just what Samuel did from that blessed night when he got acquainted with God till the day he died and went to heaven. Dear children, the greatest need of your lives in this world is loving companionship with Jesus. Even in your estrangement from him there is much to be enjoyed in this beautiful world he has made for his obedient children; but what will you do without Jesus when all alone you will have to face death?

"A dear little girl in the State of Ohio was dying. She knew Jesus and loved him, but the smothering touch of death frightened her. Opposite her head sat her minister, Brother Wright; next sat her father, and near the foot end of her bed sat her mother. The little sufferer said, 'O, Brother Wright, what shall I do? I'm dying, and death is so dark and lonesome, I am afraid. Can you do nothing for me?' He could do nothing but weep. Then turning her eyes toward her father she said, 'Father, I'm dying, and the grave is so dark and lonesome. If you could go with me I could lean my head on your bosom and be happy.' The father covered his face with his hands and cried in the bitterness of bereavement. She then looked at her mother and said, 'Dear mother, I am afraid to die. What shall I do?'

"The mother said, 'Janie, dear, look to Jesus. He will go with you through the dark valley of death.' Then Janie turned her face toward the wall, and in prayer and loving trust committed her soul and body to Jesus, and he filled her heart with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Then with a face radiant with the light of heaven she said, 'Brother Wright, I am not afraid now; Jesus is with me. The grave is not dark at all. It is all bright with the smile of my dear Jesus. Don't cry, papa; I am not lonesome now. Jesus is going with me, and I'm not afraid. Sorry to leave you, mother, but I'm glad to go with my dear Jesus and live with him in his own sweet home in heaven.' Soon after she fell asleep in Jesus."

There was close attention and manifest awakening, but no time for an after meeting. At so early a stage of our series of special services I considered good seed sowing the appropriate thing, rather than reaping.

CHAPTER XVII.

Melbourne Evangelization.

IN a short time the tide of salvation was at the flood and soon extended to St. Kilda and all the other Melbourne circuits. Among the leading superintendents of circuits were D. J. Draper, Joseph Dare, James Bickford, Thomas Williams, and others. Draper and Bickford were among the early pioneers of Wesleyan Methodism in that city, and laid broad and substantial foundations.

The government made liberal offers of building sites for houses of worship to all denominations of Christians who would erect a chapel on each lot selected within a given period of time; also for educational purposes. Those Wesleyan pioneers selected about a dozen sites and erected a chapel on each one within the time specified. They came very near losing the last one, and were finally notified that if the chapel was not built upon it within ten days it would revert to the government.

It was thought to be impossible for them to come to time on it, but it was a valuable site in a suitable center, and they could not afford to lose it. So, on the last day of grace, I dedicated their new chapel, a plain but commodious, comfortable house of worship, all seated, ready to accommodate about five hundred persons. They also secured, under the same liberal offer of the government, ten acres of land within the city limits for a Wesleyan college. Walter Powell offered ten thousand pounds if the colony of Victoria would raise ten thousand pounds for the erection of buildings as an outfit and partial endowment for the college.

During my stay in that colony a great convention of the friends of education was called, and I had the honor of staking Walter Powell's ten thousand pounds against the liberality of all the Wesleyans and their friends of Victoria for the establishment of Wesley College. They accepted the challenge and paid down the cash, and the college was built and named. Rev. James S. Waugh, who was also an early pioneer and able minister of the Gospel, became its president.

Next to my ambassadorship in soul saving in Australia the raising of money to pay for their newly built churches was a specialty in which the Lord gave great success. I refused throughout the whole campaign to receive gifts of money for my own cause, and was, therefore, the more welcome in every field in which I labored. The people themselves were so appreciative and so anxious to reciprocate that before I had spent a week in any new field it came to my knowledge that the people were contriving to make up a purse to give me, often arranging for a great "tea meeting" for collecting a large fund to present to me. But I invariably got the superintendent of the circuit to announce to the people that California Taylor refuses to receive any money in the form of a gift, but he will tell them before he leaves what they can do for him. So the meeting in each place would progress without any side issue of any sort till the last day of my service. Then I explained to them the facts in regard to my Seamen's Bethel embarrassment and my method of relieving it, and that my business was, with the cooperation of ministers and their working forces, to extend the kingdom of Christ far and wide through the medium of the pulpit

and the press; that all my evangelistic labors were given gratuitously, and that by means of the press I paid my own traveling expenses and supported my family, and turned over the surplus profit to liquidate the debts involved by fire and flood in California; and announced that all who wished to lend a hand could find my books at the store of some merchant whom I named in each case. So that in that line they patronized me liberally.

James Copeland, of the firm of McArthur, Finlay, Copeland & Co., was my receiving and distributing agent for Victoria. Ebenezer Vickery, of Sydney, was my receiving and distributing agent for the colony of New South Wales, and Michael Kingsborough, of Adelaide, for South Australia; and I had similar agents in the other colonies.

My agents received consignments of books and sent them out to a responsible retail agent in each field in which I labored, who supplied the books to the people and rendered an account and paid the money over to my receiving agents. So that I had no trouble in personally handling the books at all.

Next to my preaching, the Lord used the books in rendering the work continuous, permanent, and fruitful.

My mission to Australia was in fulfillment of an unmistakable providential program and the accomplishment of a great providential purpose. All Christian Churches, Roman Catholic and Protestant, had been early planted and were taking root in the virgin soil in those vast colonial countries already known as the Southern World.

Besides the South Sea Islands, New Zealand, and Tasmania, Australia is a continent about two thousand miles in extent, both north and south, east and west. My work extended through all the inhabited portions of these vast regions, countries that Mr. Wesley had never dreamed of when he said, "The world is my parish." Wesley personally compassed but a very small portion of what he claimed as his parish, but Wesleyan Methodism is extending to its utmost limits, so that the song of "Marching on," sung of the soul of old John Brown, might be more appropriately set to the march of Methodism through the wide world.

The Wesleyan ministers in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and her colonies are noted for their plain preaching of the Gospel according to the standards indicated by Wesley, Fletcher, Watson, and others, and their faithful adherence to their rules in carrying out all the details of early Methodist pastoral work. So the pioneer Methodist ministers of Australia had laid a broad and solid foundation; had strong and growing church organizations in all the important centers of this great field. They had leveled down mountains and hills and filled up the valleys, made crooked places straight and rough places plain, and had prepared the way of the Lord on a broad scale, and the time had come for the glory of the Lord to be revealed, so that all the people of those vast colonies could see it. America is in debt, to an incalculable extent, to English Methodism.

Under a great compensative law of providence I was sent across the waters under a divine commission as a Gospel engineer to help those faithful track layers to get their engines and trains on the track, and to get the steam applied so as to secure the purpose for which all this heavy outlay of time, toil, and talent had been expended, and thus pay a big installment on our indebtedness to British Methodism.

During my labors in those colonies, covering a period of nearly three years, on my first tour they reported a net increase in the Church membership to the Australasian Conference of over eleven thousand members. Then, by a steady growth through a period of three years in my absence, to which I added another evangelizing trip through those colonies of fourteen months, ten thousand more were added. So that during those six or seven years

the official Minutes of the Conference reported a net increase of twenty-one thousand members, many of whom became ministers. So that the work was manifestly of God, and hence permanent and progressive to this day. At the present time they have a full-grown Church organization, comprising five or six Annual Conferences and a General Conference that has its full representation of laymen and ministers. My quotation of aggregate results was taken from the official reports of ministers and their Conference Minutes. I kept no records of names or the numbers of the thousands of persons, old and young, who received Christ and salvation at the meetings I conducted.

My method of work in every place was to preach the Gospel, and at the close of every sermon to invite all unsaved people who were convinced of the truth of God as proclaimed, and convicted of sin, and desired to be reconciled to God, to come forward and kneel at the communion rail and other convenient places, so that I might personally grapple with their difficulties and show them the way into the kingdom of God. We did not make their coming forward an essential condition of salvation. We urged them to surrender to God in their pews, or by the wayside, or at their own homes, and if they had not succeeded in finding salvation in secret places, or in a way unobserved by others, we advised them, as they had been public rebels against God, it was but fair to him and his cause, like Zaccheus and another publican we read about, that they should make an open confession and a public renunciation of their evil deeds. "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but whoso confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall find mercy."

Our altars were usually crowded on every occasion with awakened sinners; and as fast as they surrendered and accepted Christ, and obtained the witness and experienced the regenerating work of the Holy Spirit, all who were so prompted arose and testified to the facts in their case. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Then they were conducted by class leaders and introduced to the superintendent of the circuit in the vestry room adjoining the church in the rear. It was his business, according to our instructions, kindly but thoroughly to investigate each case and satisfy himself as to the genuineness of the work in each heart; and that every one who could not give a satisfactory testimony from a conscious experience of pardon and peace of God should be kindly advised to return to the altar of prayer and continue as a seeker until he should obtain a clear experience of salvation.

Of each one whose testimony was clear and satisfactory we took the name and the address and made inquiry of the Church relationship or preference of each one. If they were already members of any other Church, or preferred to become members of any other than the Wesleyan Church, they were so entered on the book of records, and advised to go and report as quickly as convenient to their own ministers. All who expressed a wish to connect themselves with the Wesleyan Methodist Church gave their names at once, and were assigned to a class that night. A list of their names was passed to their respective leaders before they left the place of worship, with instructions that the leader should visit them in their homes and get them to class meeting without delay. In order to train all such in the way they should go from the start, I announced publicly that no class meeting should be suspended during any week of the special services, but should meet half an hour earlier than usual, and get into church by the close of the preliminary service in time to hear the text and get the benefit of the preaching.

Thus the revival tide did not cut its way through all the embankments, submerging all the different branches of ordinary Church work, but flowed out through all the dykes and refreshed all the gardens, to give new vitality and growth to all the trees growing by the

rivers of water, that their leaves should not wither, and that they should bring forth their fruit in their season.

We usually spent but one week in a church, but two or three weeks in a few large centers, and but a day or two in many of the smaller ones. Our regular order of service was to preach on Sabbath morning to the church, the body of believers; in the afternoon to children, and at night aimed directly at the awakening and salvation of sinners. With those preliminaries we counted on a crowded altar of seekers and the salvation of a good portion of them on the first night, and worked specially on that line till Tuesday or Wednesday night. On Thursday night I preached to the church specially on the doctrine and experience of entire sanctification to God, and invited all believers present who were not living in that experience to come to the sacramental altar, where they were in the habit of renewing their oaths of allegiance to God, and under the clear light then shining upon them to make their consecration complete, and receive and trust the Lord Jesus for full salvation. Many thus had their loyalty, faith, and love perfected.

In addition to the believers who were sanctified wholly, we usually had also on the same night a number of sinners saved. On Friday night we had a grand rally along the line to complete the harvest for the week. Saturday was a day for rest and for traveling to another field of service. It was quite common to take up one day in the week for our tea meeting and a special effort to raise funds to pay off their church debts. I took opportunity on all such occasions to speak concerning God's law of the tithe. Having established human rights to time, he set apart six days in which his human subjects were commanded to do all their work, and reserved the seventh of time for the purpose of rest for mankind and all beasts of burden and a day for special religious meditation and the collective worship of God. He enforced the order by the precedent of his own use of time as an object lesson and an example for them to follow; for in six days the Lord made the heavens and the earth and all things therein, and rested the seventh day and hallowed it.

It is a matter of no moment whether there were cycles of time called days, represented by days of twenty-four hours each, suited to man on earth, or twenty-four millions of years, each reckoned in the eternity of God. The proportion in either case is the same—six days for labor, one day for rest. So when God established human rights to property he reserved the tenth of all our net profits or earnings. "All the tithe of the land, whether of the seed of the land, or of the fruit of the tree, is the Lord's: it is holy unto the Lord." "And concerning the tithe of the herd, or of the flock, even of whatsoever passeth under the rod, the tenth shall be holy unto the Lord." It may be said that our person and property and everything we have belongs to the Lord. In the broad sense, as subjects of his government and children of his household, that is true. But God has been pleased to enter into a business copartnership with his subjects and his children, unto whom he is kind and liberal, allowing us to have and to hold in our own right nine tenths of all that we make, and reserving as his share of the business one tenth only, and that is to be distributed to his poor subjects who cannot make anything. So, if we want to have God's blessing on the fruit of our hands, we must deal honestly and fairly with him. God makes complaint of many, saying, "Ye have robbed me," and they reply, "Wherein have we robbed thee?" And he answers, "In tithes and offerings."

What is the result? "Ye are cursed with a curse." It doesn't pay to rob God. What is his order? "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, . . . and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." He does not com-

mand you to bring the free-will offering; he will honor and reward all who do so, but the free-will offering must be entirely voluntary; while to pay the tithe is a legal obligation, and to withhold the tithe is to rob God. To encourage us to obedience he adds, "I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the Lord of hosts. And all the nations shall call you blessed: for ye shall be a delightsome land, saith the Lord of hosts." The term "devourer" is a generic term representing all the destructive things, as the locust, caterpillar, grasshopper, chintz bug, the army worm, the potato bug, cyclones, and untimely frost, and all other pestilential things that destroy the fruits of the ground and constitute the curse entailed by robbing God. Such teaching should not be left to the meetings for raising money, but should have its place in the education and will of our people, especially our young converts in God's financial economy.

Daniel J. Draper was a broad, thickset, rotund man; a good preacher, an able administrator, a social, kind-hearted gentleman, with a keen sense of the ludicrous, and always enjoyed a good laugh on suitable occasions. The dear man and his good wife some years after my acquaintance with them spent some time in England, on a visit, and on their return passage for Australia, aboard the steamship *London*, which was swamped in the Bay of Biscay under the pressure of a furious gale, they, with more than one hundred others, were drowned. Out of the whole ship's company only twenty-one escaped. The twenty-second, who had a chance, was a young lady. She got position for a leap into the lifeboat on the crest of the last wave of hope, but through fear she failed to jump and perished. The report of the survivors was that most of the ship's company, seeing no hope of escape, fell on their knees in prayer, and Rev. Mr. Draper and his wife were laboring among them the same as at the penitent altar, talking to them and praying for them and urging them to receive Jesus, till preacher and people went down into the depths of the Atlantic together.

James Bickford was also a good preacher, and a very wise counselor in anything pertaining to important business. He got his early training as a missionary in the West Indies. At one time while there he got out of patience with his people on account of their many wants and complaints, and said to a crowd of them one day, "I can't stand this any longer; I will have to put on my hat and leave you."

An old colored sister responded, "Massa Bickford, don't go yet; one ounce of sugar will ketch more flies than a gallon of vinegar." So he hung up his hat and stayed and learned wisdom of the colored people.

On a certain occasion he took passage in a small schooner bound from Georgetown, Demerara, to Essequibo. In weighing anchor and getting out into the stream it collided with another schooner and tore away its bowsprit, but went on its way without stopping to apologize for the damage that had been done. After they had gone six or eight miles they saw a boat with six powerful oarsmen in hot pursuit and shouting to Bickford's captain, "Heave to!"

The captain of the vessel they had injured was in hot pursuit. The captain of the retreating vessel said to a boy, "Go below and load two pipes, and bring them here to me."

The boy ran and brought the pipes. By that time the other boat came sweeping alongside, her captain shouting, "Heave a line!"

The rope was cast and tied to the boat of the injured vessel, and the captain climbed up the side of Bickford's schooner in a dreadful rage, swearing at an awful rate and threatening vengeance. "You tore out the bowsprit of my vessel, and I will have you

THE CRY OF SALVATION RISING ABOVE DESPAIR.

"Rev. Mr. Draper and his wife were laboring among them."—Page 280.

arrested and brought before the magistrate. I will make you pay dearly for such carelessness."

The other captain sat quietly and listened till he got through; then he said, "Captain, I am very sorry we injured your vessel, but we had scarcely sufficient room for getting out from our moorings, and the wind caught our sail suddenly and we were borne down upon the prow of your vessel and couldn't help ourselves. I knew you to be a gentleman, and deferred explanation till I could see you on our return trip. Such men as we are have no business before a petty magistrate; we can settle our own affairs. If you can wait until I get back I will be glad to put a new bowsprit into your vessel and charge you nothing; but if I can find a suitable stick of timber aboard you can put it in yourself and I will do as much for you the first chance I get."

With that he shouted, "Boy, go down into the hold and see if you can find a good piece of timber for the captain."

"Aye, aye, sir;" and away ran the boy to get the timber.

He said to another boy, "Bring a couple of pipes and a match;" and in a few moments the two captains were seen seated side by side enjoying a friendly smoke. Meantime the boy below was fumbling around in search for a piece of timber suitable for a bowsprit, when in fact there wasn't a stick of timber there. So he came back and reported that he couldn't find any timber suitable.

The captain said to his friend, "Well, captain, you can get a stick on your return and repair your vessel and charge it to my account."

He replied, "All right, captain; good day, good day."

The young minister was listening and learning how to deal with men, leaving out the falsehood of the captain's successful scheme. Rev. James Bickford is still in the front, an old man honored by his brethren. He had a comely and noble woman for a wife, but no children.

Thomas Williams made a grand record as a missionary in the Fiji Islands. He had a most interesting wife and lovely family, and after many years of service among the Fijians he put in many years of faithful work in Australia.

Joseph Dare was brought into the ministry in Australia. He was a large, thickset, powerful man, a faithful and successful preacher and pastor, owned of God and honored by his people through the ministry of perhaps about a score of years, and died in the Lord. He had a lovely wife, brought up a Presbyterian, who rendered valuable service in her sphere. I have it to say that I highly appreciated and dearly loved and honored all the preachers and their wives among whom I labored through the years that I spent in Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania, but my time and space will only allow a brief illustrative reference to a few of them.

After my campaign in the circuits of Melbourne I went to Geelong, forty-eight miles west of Melbourne by rail. I am sorry I can't recall the name of the minister there; he was, as I well remember, an effective preacher and a very hospitable, loving brother, with a wife to match.

We had there a blessed work of God, both in the edification of believers and the awakening and salvation of many sinners. My home there was with an Irish merchant tailor by the name of Burke. He was a quiet, lovely, and loving man, with a wife of the same sort; both intelligent, earnest Christian workers. Sister Burke and her little sister, on a voyage from Ireland to Australia, came very near finding a watery grave. Their ship was borne down by a furious storm, and for two or three days they expected her to be

swallowed up. When they thought their ship was engulfed in the ocean depths the two sisters embraced each other, consigning themselves to God in joyful hope of an entrance into heaven; but the little sister clinging tightly said, "You must hold me tight, and don't let the sharks eat me till I get drowned." Happily, however, the storm abated, and the sharks didn't get the Lord's little girl.

Our Gospel net at Geelong brought up a great variety of fish. Brother Lowe, a prominent man in the country adjacent, took me on a drive. Passing a house he said, "Mr. B. lives in that house. For years he has been the pest of this neighborhood. He is a farmer, fairly prosperous, but awfully profane, with an ungovernable temper and a 'tongue set on fire of hell.' For years he has been in the habit of going around through the neighborhood, from house to house, abusing his neighbors, accusing them of all sorts of things and cursing them and threatening vengeance upon them; but he went to your meeting and was awakened, went forward and sought salvation and found it, and on his return home went around to every house in this region and confessed his meanness, told his experience, asked the people to forgive him as God had forgiven him, and ever since he has been as gentle as a lamb. As far as I can learn everybody believes without a doubt that the man is grandly saved."

Geelong is located on the north side of Hobson's Bay, and has a harbor much superior, in regard to protection, to the anchorage near Melbourne. But for the expense of opening a channel through what is otherwise a dangerous bar, it is believed that Geelong, instead of Melbourne, would have become the great commercial emporium of the south coast of Australia. It has a good back country of farm land, and is growing not rapidly but permanently. It has good church edifices and a noble people.

From Geelong I went to Castlemaine, about one hundred miles northwest of Melbourne by rail. It is a large mining town, surrounded by extensive gold fields.

The superintendent of the circuit was Rev. William Hill. He had spent a number of years as a Wesleyan missionary in Ceylon. When he had been there a few years as a young man his betrothed, a beautiful young lady, came out from England to be united with him in marriage. On her arrival she found him down with what appeared to be a fatal form of fever, and near the gates of death. One of her fellow-passengers, reputed to be a wealthy merchant, made proposals of marriage to her on the voyage. She told him that she was engaged, and was on her way to join her intended husband. When the said merchant saw the condition of the missionary he renewed his suit, but she scorned the proposal, telling the man never to speak to her again, and took charge of the sick missionary and nursed him through his illness. After his recovery they were united in marriage.

He was a man of medium size, black eyes, good features, and was in every respect a gentleman. They were indeed a lovely pair, well matched, and did good service in Ceylon for years. Subsequently they joined the Australasian Conference, and were doing good work in Castlemaine, where I first met them.

We had as usual a good series of soul-saving services.

Brother Hill was subsequently stationed in Melbourne, and there met with a tragic termination of his life. There was a movement by means of public conventions and speeches throughout the colonies against capital punishment. It was gaining popular influence every day, seriously affecting the administration of justice by the courts. A dreadful man convicted of murder in the first degree was, under the influence of this popular excitement, sentenced to life imprisonment.

William Hill was in the habit of regularly visiting the stockade, or prison, in which the said murderer was incarcerated. Mr. Hill's services were all gratuitous, through sympathy and interest in the prisoners. He was well known and beloved by the officials and by the criminals. By mutual arrangement the warden opened the prison cell of each prisoner in turn to admit Mr. Hill, and then turned the key on him for ten or fifteen minutes, giving him time to talk privately to the prisoners and to pray for them.

Thus one by one he would go through the whole stockade. So one day he was locked up with the murderer referred to, and talked to him kindly about his soul, then kneeled down and prayed; and while praying, with his eyes shut, the murderer quietly drew an iron bar from his cot and smashed the preacher's brains out. The telegraph lines spread the news with lightning speed through all the colonies, and the verdict of every colonist was that he ought to be hung.

That put a stop to the agitation against capital punishment in the Australian colonies, and so far as I know it has never been revived since. The man was tried for the murder of the preacher and he was sentenced to be hung. Wesleyan ministers and others visited him and prayed with him. He professed to find peace with God, and they entertained the hope that he was saved. Under the sentence of life imprisonment he remained an impenitent murderer, but under the sentence of death, according to the original law, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man his blood shall be shed," he was brought to repentance. The Lord hath no pleasure in the death of a sinner, either temporal or spiritual, but a murderer is such a dangerous animal in society God hath given an order to put him where he cannot do any more harm.

AWFUL DEATH OF WILLIAM HILL.

"The murderer quietly drew an iron bar from his cot and smashed the preacher's brains out."—Page 285.

From Castlemaine we proceeded to Sandhurst, about twenty miles north. Sandhurst and Golden Square are also mining towns in the midst of a rich mining region. In these and other mining towns, extending to Echuca, on the south bank of the Murray River, we had a blessed work of God among the miners. I subsequently made a tour to Kyneton, Kilmore, and away on to Beechworth, to the northeast, and to Albury on the dividing line between the colonies of Victoria and New South Wales. Many miners and traders in those wild regions were also brought to God by our services.

One night in that crusade, after preaching, a crowd of seekers came to the front, and as the meeting was progressing I saw two big miners in the rear of the chapel conversing earnestly with each other, and feared that they were plotting; but after a time one of them came and kneeled down, and cried, "Lord, have mercy on me, a poor sinner."

I instructed him, and he surrendered to God, received Christ, and experienced the pardon of his sins and regeneration of heart. He sprang to his feet and told us that he had found Jesus and was saved. Then he looked around for his companion and shouted, "Come on, Bill, it is a real thing; I have got it."

So, on the testimony of his friend, Bill came forward and also sought and found the Saviour. The two of them went on their way rejoicing over the treasure they had found.

The long trip of over two hundred miles to Beechworth and Albury I made by stage-coach. Returning, I proceeded to Ballarat, ninety-eight miles northwest from Melbourne. Ballarat was next in population to Melbourne, in the midst of a rich mining district. James S. Waugh was the Chairman of the Ballarat District and Superintendent of Ballarat Circuit. The largest church is called Lidiard Street Church.

My home was at the house of Brother J. A. Doane. His name is seen in connection with some of the popular tunes of our own day as a composer of music. He was a prominent leader in the church and had an excellent wife to help him, and was superintendent of a large Sunday school. The first series of services there extended over a period of three weeks. About five hundred persons of all sorts and sizes, each examined by the pastor, were reported converted to God. Two theaters of the town were closed up for want of patronage. The larger one of the two was sold to a temperance organization and used as a temperance hall—a higher class of entertainment in the facts and forces of personal salvation than in the fiction and farces of theatrical sensation.

One night during the series of services at Lidiard Street Church there was a sudden shriek from some one in the gallery. The people sprang to their feet in great consternation. One man jumped over the gallery rail into the crowd below, and there was a vain rush to try to get out. The aisles above and below were so packed by people standing that it was impossible to get out quickly. So I stood in the pulpit and sang,

"Hear the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Publishing to every creature,
To the ruined sons of nature,
Jesus reigns!"

I sang the first verse through on a key that might have been heard outdoors for a half mile, and not a person seemed to hear a word. I sang a second verse, and they were still screaming. I stood quietly and sang the third; then they began to look up, and they saw that the preacher was in his place; they looked about them and saw that the house was still there and nobody hurt, so that, simultaneously, they sat down, and before I sang the hymn through everybody there was sitting as quietly as though nothing had happened. No one seemed to know what was the matter. I learned afterward that there was an apprehension that the gallery was insufficient to bear the weight of the multitude that thronged it, and it was said that something like a cracking and giving way of the gallery was heard, which created the panic. But the gallery didn't come down, and there was really no occasion for the fright. I turned the incident to account in an exhortation to be ready for the sudden crack of doom which may break upon us at any moment. We may expect that the coming of the Son of man will be as sudden as the lightning flash. There will be one hour in which he will raise all the dead of the human race. He has appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness. It stands us in hand to be ready for sudden surprises.

So we had an unusually great crowd of seekers and saved ones that night. If we had

not sung them down no doubt many of them would have been trodden to death in the rush to get out.

From Ballarat I went to Creswick, a few miles north of Ballarat, a flourishing mining town. I found at Creswick a noble, loving, and lovable people. There we had a blessed work of God during a week of special services. I became acquainted there with an old California miner whose Christian name was Tom. He was a pugilist and a desperado in his way. But he was induced to come to meeting. A short time before my visit there he was awakened and sought and found the Lord. On being invited to join the Wesleyan Church he said, "I can't join the church till I read the New Testament and see whether I can live up to it."

So they gave him a New Testament, and he read it carefully through. Then said he, "I accept everything I have read in the Testament as the truth of God, and I consent to obedience to the best of the ability that God shall give me. But I read in one place that if a man shall strike me on one cheek I must not strike him back, but must turn the other cheek and let him strike it. I have been a pugilist for many years, and I think my habit of striking back is so fixed that I shall not be able to keep that command, and I will have to wait a little bit longer."

Soon after a fellow-miner by the name of Bob came into Tom's tent in a terrible rage and swore at Tom at an awful rate and threatened to thrash him. Tom silently prayed to God for help and kept his mouth shut. As Bob increased more and more in the violence of his threatening gesticulations Tom said to his partner, "Come, let us go to work."

Bob followed after them, storming and threatening. Bob had a big dog with him, and hissed his dog on Tom. Just as the dog was going to seize his leg Tom brought his miner's pick around with a sweep and knocked the dog into the miner's prospecting hole, which was four or five feet deep. Bob had to stop to get his dog out, then he came running after them as hard as he could run and, rushing up, struck Tom with his fist on one cheek, and Tom turned the other cheek, saying, "There is another cheek, Bob; fire away."

Bob turned suddenly about and hastened away. He came again that night and begged Tom not to sue him for assault and battery. He inferred from Tom's refusal to retaliate with his fist that he meant to sue him through the law. Tom shook hands with him and assured him that he wasn't going to sue him. All he wanted for him was that he should seek Jesus. Bob began to come to meeting with Tom from that time. When I saw them Bob had not yet professed to experience salvation, but he was seeking it.

So Tom said to the minister, "I am ready now to join your church. I have read the rules, and I have proved the sufficiency of the grace of God to enable me to keep them."

And he was keeping them conscientiously and successfully then, and will, no doubt, to the end.

We held a series of meetings also at Clunes. One of the men converted to God at Clunes soon after wrote to a merchant in Ballarat confessing to have cheated him out of one hundred and fifty dollars and of injuring his reputation, asking pardon for both, and promised to refund the money within a given time. Quite a number of satisfactory cases of restitution occurred in connection with this movement in different parts of Australia.

We had also a blessed meeting at Maryborough, further north. The superintendent of the circuit was Rev. Samuel Waterhouse, one of the seven sons of Rev. John Waterhouse, who for so many years was general superintendent of the Wesleyan Missions in the Fiji Islands. Two of his sons were able ministers of the Gospel. His son, John, Jr., was long an earnest missionary worker in the Sandwich Islands. Samuel labored for years

as a missionary in Fiji, and became a successful minister and pastor in Australia. Some two or three years after I left the dear brother became insane. On my second tour through those islands I visited Samuel in the insane asylum at Hobart Town, Tasmania, in company with two of his brothers. We found him in the grove of trees and shrubbery contained within their extensive walls. He shook hands with me cordially and said, "Mr. Taylor, I am glad to see you. I had not heard of your return to these colonies since you left us some years ago," and added, "Can you sing like you used to?"

I said, "Yes, I can sing."

"Well, sing for me; sing 'The Home in Heaven.'"

So I sang it; then I said, "Can't you sing?"

"Yes, I will sing you my own translation in Fiji of that wonderful hymn:

"'Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.'"

He sang the hymn in Fiji, then he ran off into a reverie about Louis Napoleon and other irrelevant lines of thought; but he seemed to be cheerful and to be trusting in the Lord. When we were leaving he followed us to the gate and begged us piteously to let him go with us. I could but weep as I took his hand and remembered the happy days we had spent together and the buoyancy and brilliancy he then manifested in contrast with the dark eclipse that had shut down upon him and upon his dear wife and three children.

When I was laboring at Ballarat the Rev. W. Woodall was the preacher in charge at Scarsdale, a new mining town. Four months prior to that the Wesleyans commenced to organize a church there, but had no chapel or suitable place of worship; but the preacher said if I would agree, after filling a line of appointments occupying a couple of months, to give him a week at Scarsdale he would go to work meantime and have a church built.

So I promised to give them a week at the time appointed, and came to time, but the minister met me with a sad tale of discouragement. He had the frame of his church up and under roof, and the floor laid, and three parts weatherboarded. One side had been left open, extending the sitting accommodation through a large tent, giving an accommodation in the chapel and the tent together for fifteen hundred persons. But a reverend gentleman claiming to be in the direct line of succession to the apostles, living in Smythesdale, two miles off, had procured a hall in Scarsdale, and had, according to previous announcement, delivered a lecture the night before against revivals and American revivalists. The house was crowded. "He didn't mention your name," said Woodall, "but described your height and appearance, and your methods of work, ridiculed your preaching and especially your singing, and seemed to carry the sympathies of the crowd, so that I fear we shall not be able to stand the tide of opposition that he has raised against us."

He inquired of me what I thought we had better do. I said, "I will tell you a story. I heard of a man in Virginia, America, who had a black man in his service whom he called Sam; he and Sam went to the mountains one day to hunt deer. One method of hunting in that country is to place a man with his gun in a gap of the mountains, which they call a stand, through which a deer if started up within a certain radius and pursued by hounds will run, giving the man in ambush an opportunity to shoot it as it passes.

Sam, being handy with a gun, was placed at the stand, while the master took the hounds on the hunt, and soon they started up a huge buck, and he went down the mountain as only frightened bucks can do, passing by the stand within easy range of Sam's gun; but Sam didn't shoot. The master came running and shouting, 'Sam, Sam, didn't you see that buck?'

"'O, yes, Massa, I seed him.'

"'Why didn't you shoot him?'

"'O, Massa, de way dat buck was jumpin', no use to waste de ammunition on dat buck; a few more such jumps as dat will fix him.'"

"So, whatever became of Sam's buck, you needn't be frightened at the jumper of last night. A few more such jumps as that will fix him."

So he laughed and cheered up.

The next forenoon we had the chapel and tent packed, and during that day and three days ensuing, including preaching one day at Linden, eight miles distant, we had over forty souls converted to God, and a big tea meeting, which resulted in raising a large part of the funds requisite to complete the church. When the reverend gentleman saw what a victory we achieved he put an article in the paper, called the *Greenville Advertiser*, complaining that a local preacher had the impudence, at the close of his lecture, to call in question the truth of his statement in regard to the revivalist; then went on to say that he hadn't told the half he could have told.

That article was answered in the next issue of said paper by a Baptist gentleman who attended our meetings; he called the public attention to three points: First, the bad taste of this man coming the night before the opening of these special services to lecture against revivals and American revivalists. Secondly, the ridiculous conceit of the reverend gentleman in presuming to tackle such a man as California Taylor. Thirdly, he should have taken the advice of an old philosophic Pharisee, "If this work be of men, it will come to naught: but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it."

The said minister replied to that in an article in the next issue of the paper, stating that "the meeting was most disorderly, reminding him of a stockyard, with the squealing of hogs and the bellowing of bulls." There were fifteen hundred witnesses in that neighborhood who knew that charge to be untrue. Our meetings, indeed, were of a most orderly character there as elsewhere. So that the community at large, including his own people, brought such a pressure to bear upon him that within two weeks his bishop removed him to the far interior.

My next appointment on leaving Scarsdale was at Hamilton, eighty miles west through the open prairie. James Oddie, Esq., of Ballarat, drove me through in his carriage-and-two within two days.

Hamilton is in the midst of a vast sheep-growing country. Most of the available land of all those colonies had been monopolized by the sheep growers. Owing to the light character of the soil and the shortness of the grass it was estimated that every sheep required an acre of ground, so that the land was let out under a twenty years' lease by the government at a very small rental, in large tracts from ten thousand to one hundred thousand acres in each sheep run.

Thus Australia became the most famous of all wool-producing countries. So that the wool growers and the bankers were considered the rulers of the Southern World. It was almost impossible for a farmer to get the title to a small piece of land for cultivation. The government, being anxious to encourage immigration from Great Britain, refused to renew

leases to wool growers and advertised to sell the land at auction in blocks or sections of six hundred and forty acres, depriving every bidder of the right to buy more than one section.

A big squatter near the town of Hamilton, a short time before my arrival, managed to evade the law by furnishing to his shepherds the money with which they went to the sale, and each bid off and bought a farm, paid the money, and got their deeds and conveyances, and turned the whole over to the squatter.

We had a good work in Hamilton. I went from there by a wheeled conveyance about fifty miles to Portland, a town of two thousand in population, near the coast.

After Portland we took in Belfast, Warnambool, and other towns on the south coast. We had streams of blessing all along the line, compassing a vast region of the country, sparsely settled, covered with sheep by the million, interspersed with countless flocks of emus and kangaroos.

I was told that a short time before my arrival in that region the sheep growers became so disgusted with the kangaroos for their fondness for the kangaroo grass, which the squatters wanted for their sheep, that they ran two lines of wire fencing each more than a mile in length in the form of the letter V, and the men turned out on their fleet horses, each with heavily loaded whips, and, forming a great circle with their dogs, they drove countless numbers of kangaroos into the vortex and clubbed a thousand of them to death. They did not skin them nor make any use of them—just killed them to get rid of them and let them rot to enrich the ground.

They are curious-looking animals; they do their traveling by tremendous leaps on their hind legs, only using their fore legs for progress when they let themselves down to eat grass.

I always took great interest in seeing what they called the old man kangaroo getting over the ground as but few other animals can do. I have seen the old mammy kangaroo wait for a half dozen baby kangs and hide them away in her jacket pockets and hop away with her precious cargo as gracefully if not quite so fast as the old man. I didn't think much of the gallantry of the old man in going off and leaving her in charge of all the children.

A Scotch coach driver, with whom I traveled on a long journey in that country, told me that once on a fleet horse he pursued an old man kangaroo and brought him to bay and attempted to knock him on the head with his loaded whip. The kangaroo dodged the stroke, pulled the Scotchman off his horse, and with his forearms around him got one of his hind feet up and ripped his clothes off from chin to thigh, and, he added, "But for the mercy of God that I fell near to a fallen tree and lay close up to its trunk he would have torn my insides out. Meantime a friend of mine galloped up and knocked him on the head."

He never attacked another one.

The second colony I visited was Tasmania. I first held a series of services for three weeks in Launceston, a beautiful city of ten or twelve thousand inhabitants. The Wesleyans there had a fine large church. For many years Launceston was the home and place of business of my friend Henry Reed. He was a merchant there for a number of years.

He was a man about six feet four inches in height, broad and symmetrical, a magnificent man in appearance; a man of great intellectual power and force and business tact. His principle was to buy and sell for cash, and he made a fortune on that plan. While still a

A PRIMITIVE AUSTRALIAN BATTLE.

"He pursued an old man kangaroo and brought him to bay."—Page 299.

young man he made a business trip to England by a sailing ship around Cape Horn. Off the cape his ship was caught in a heavy gale, and sprung a leak which the captain said would swamp the ship in three hours if not stopped. It was impossible to remove the freight and stop it from the inside in that time. But the brave sailors, with extraordinary management, succeeded in drawing a sail under the bows of the ship and back sufficiently to cover the leak, which gave them time to remove the freight and close it up from the inside; and Henry Reed, when he realized the wonderful escape he had made from death, wept with gratitude to God and solemnly vowed that from that moment to the end of his life he would be a Christian. He brought out his brandy bottle and pack of cards and threw them into the sea, and made a public declaration that henceforth he would live for God. He exerted all his will power, depending on his own strength of purpose, and did his best. But he soon found that sin was deeply seated in his inner being and held him in bondage, so that the good that he would do he could not; the evil that he would not was just the thing he did. He kept at it, however, with Pharisaic zeal. He thought it would be of great assistance to him to have a good wife; so he married an estimable lady, with whose brother I made my home part of the time of my sojourn in Launceston.

Mr. Reed was happy in his marriage, but it brought no relief to his imprisoned spirit; so, accompanied by his wife, he took ship again to Tasmania and resumed his business, carried it forward with his usual success, but fasted and prayed till his wife became alarmed and employed a doctor to look after him.

The doctor tried to drive him off his knees and compel him to take more food, but Henry continued to have his own way in spite of the devil and the doctor. But after a couple of years or more he made up his mind to go back to England, thinking he would have a better chance to be good there than in Tasmania; but he did not like to expose himself to the temptations of a passenger ship, so he determined to charter a ship on his own account with a good religious captain and crew, and thus protect himself from evil communications.

He advertised for a ship and crew according to his own ideal. In a short time he procured a good ship, fitted her out, shipped a good religious captain and crew, and said, "Sail for London."

He had not been long on his voyage till he found that his captain was utterly incompetent and had let his chronometer run down, so Henry dismissed him and took charge of the ship himself and navigated her to London; but he couldn't give up the idea of having some religion on board; so he announced to his crew that he would have a service every Sunday, and told them that he would not compel them to attend service, but if they would come and behave themselves properly the steward would give each of them an extra ration of grog as they passed out of the meeting. So they all attended the service and behaved themselves very properly, and got their extra grog. His service consisted in reading a psalm and a chapter of a book entitled *The Whole Duty of Man.*

On his arrival in London, having plenty of money, he devoted himself largely to visiting hospitals and the sick, and made liberal distributions of his money to the sick and suffering. He made it a point to go and hear all the celebrated ministers that were in his reach and try to find a remedy for his sin-sick soul. After spending about two years in that way he concluded that after all he could serve God better in Tasmania than in England; so he returned to Tasmania.

During his absence on that trip the Rev. Nathaniel Turner, who for many years had been a missionary in New Zealand and the Friendly Islands, but was now a member of

the Australasian Conference, had been appointed to Launceston. He was a grand old missionary. I administered to him years afterward, when he was dying in Queensland, Australia. Under his ministry in Launceston, Tasmania, during Reed's absence, a great work of God had been manifested. A Christian merchant from Liverpool, England, had settled there who was a great worker in the Church. During the revival under Mr. Turner a large number of persons had been converted to God. Among the converts in that revival were the Hon. Mr. Gleadow and the Hon. Isaac Sherwin, members of the Legislative Council of Tasmania, and old friends of Henry Reed. Soon after Mr. Reed's return Mr. Gleadow prepared a banquet of welcome in honor of Mr. Reed, inviting a large number of his friends.

At the table Mr. Reed chanced to sit next to the Liverpool merchant, and in conversation soon became deeply interested in him and begged the merchant to accompany him to his own home that night after the banquet, that he might cultivate his acquaintance. The merchant respectfully declined the invitation, saying, "To-night is the night for my class meeting."

Mr. Reed said, "What do you mean by a class meeting? I never heard of a meeting of that sort before."

"O," said he, "it is a social religious meeting where the people assemble and talk one to another on religious subjects, tell of their religious trials and triumphs, and edify one another and pray for one another."

"Well, my dear sir, that is just the kind of a meeting I would like to attend; won't you let me go with you to your class meeting?"

"O, yes, Mr. Reed, if you will go I will be glad to have your company."

But soon after he got up unceremoniously, and as he was passing out through the door Mr. Reed shouted after him, "Hold on, Mr. ———; I thought you were going to take me to class with you?"

"Well, I concluded that it was too much to expect of you, to leave your friends and to go to a class meeting."

"I told you that was just the kind of a meeting I wanted to go to; and I insist on going with you. Friends, please excuse me, I am going to class meeting."

So he went, and sat down in a company of eighteen or twenty plain-looking men and women. One after another they told their experience, their struggles with their old bad nature and vain efforts to try to be good, and that when they had given up all hope in self and all works of righteousness, and surrendered to God and accepted Christ, God pardoned their sins, sent his Holy Spirit into their hearts, and changed their vile nature. They told how the conflict went on—of their victory every day through faith in Jesus.

Though Mr. Reed had been brought up in the Church, accustomed from childhood to read or hear prayers, he had never in his life up to that time heard a witness testify to a personal deliverance from sin and Satan and a real change in heart and life. The words of those witnesses were accompanied by an unction from the Holy Spirit which applied the truth to his heart, and he said, "Friends, this wonderful thing you have got is the thing I need;" and he dropped on his knees right there.

They gathered around him and prayed for him, and soon after he let go self and sin, and in utter helplessness accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and Jesus in that hour saved him.

Soon after Mr. Reed joined the Wesleyan Methodist Church and became a local preacher. While he pursued his mercantile business with unabated success he became, I

think, without any doubt or question, the most successful soul-winner in that colony. He made a regular daily business of it.

When he was riding along the road and came to a company of convict road-makers he would dismount, hitch his horse, collect them together, read the Bible and explain it to them, kneel down on the gravelly road and pray for them. He also held special services for soul-saving. The plain people came from a radius of ten or fifteen miles to attend his meetings; so that he soon had a large class of people brought to God through his own agency.

At that time the Wesleyans of Launceston had a small, unsuitable chapel in which to worship. Mr. Reed, Mr. Gleadow, Mr. Sherwin, and other members who had zeal and money, joined with the old hands, and went to work and put up a good church edifice.

Mr. H., chairman of the district, lived in Hobart Town, one hundred and twenty miles distant. So when on a visit to Launceston he ascertained the time required to complete the building and set the day for its dedication, and said, "I will come up from Hobart Town in due time and bring a supply of prayer books, so that we may from the start introduce the prayer service of the English Church."

Mr. Reed replied, "Why, Mr. H., I was brought up in that Church, and I joined the Wesleyan Church particularly on account of the simplicity of their forms of worship. If I must conform to English Church usage and read those prayers over every Sunday I will go back to the English Church, where I belonged."

The chairman got a little excited and said, "I will have you understand I am the chairman of this district, and my ruling is that we will have the prayers, and I will bring the books."

The brethren dissented. So nothing more was said, and the meeting closed.

On the Saturday afternoon set for the arrival of the chairman Mr. Reed mounted his horse and met him some distance from the town and invited him to go home with him. He went, accordingly, and was treated like a prince; but neither he nor Reed broached the subject of reading prayers.

He was not aware of the fact that Henry Reed had a Sunday morning prayer meeting in his house before daylight, and that it was attended by a crowd of people from a radius of ten to fifteen miles around—people who had been converted to God through his agency, and came every Sunday morning to his prayer meeting and spent the day to attend the services of the church. So before daylight Sunday morning the chairman was awakened by earnest, powerful singing. It astonished him, and he slipped out of bed and went down into the hall and stood near the entrance from the hall into the prayer room, where he could hear all that was said; and he heard a dozen prayers or more, and all to the same effect, that the great God would bless their chairman and fill his heart with divine light and love and make him forget those old prayers, one brother saying emphatically, "O, Lord, you know that we don't want those old prayers in our new church, but we don't want to offend our chairman, so we look to you, and cry to you, and trust you to save us and our church from those old prayers. They are very good prayers, but they don't suit poor country folks like us. We don't want them. Brother Reed don't want them. So we put the case in your hands and trust you."

Before the adjournment of the prayer meeting the chairman slipped back to his bed. At the appointed time he went to the church, read the Scriptures, and prayed and preached in the ordinary plain Methodist way, dedicated the church to the service of God, and did not then, or ever afterward, make the slightest allusion to "the prayers."

We had three weeks of special services in Launceston, with marvelous soul-saving results. At the close of that series we had a grand social reunion and farewell meeting.

I never preached a farewell sermon, never initiated or encouraged a farewell demonstration; but it was no use to oppose the loving purpose of that grateful people. Those farewell meetings were largely patronized by leading members of all the different denominations of Christians, and had a good unifying effect.

A Scotch Presbyterian gentleman at the Launceston farewell stated in a somewhat elaborate speech "that at the present time there were two classes of people in that city, the Taylorites and the anti-Taylorites. When an anti-Taylorite comes to me with his unkind criticisms I say, 'How often have you heard Mr. Taylor?'

"'I only heard him once, but once was enough for me.'

"My reply to such is, 'Well, I won't talk to you until you hear him at least three times.' Some persons came to me with the assertion that 'that California fellow has come here for nothing else but to get your money.' I said, 'How much of your money did he get?'

"'Well, I bought a set of his books.'

"'Have you read them?'

"'O, yes, I couldn't help but read them.'

"'Did you get the worth of your money?'

"'O, yes, they are the cheapest books in the market.'

"'Well, that is the only way he receives money, by giving more than an equivalent in the books, and puts in all his preaching and other tremendous labors without money and without price.' Such critics would quarrel with St. Paul for receiving pay for his tents."

Among the converts at Launceston were the Hon. Mr. Grubb, his estimable wife, and two sons, Fred and Charlie, and two daughters, Mamie and Elvie, all of whom joined the Wesleyan Methodist Church. Mr. Grubb was a brother-in-law of Mr. Reed, his first wife being Mr. Grubb's sister, and it was through that relationship that I became personally acquainted with Mr. Reed, who was then residing near Tunbridge Wells, thirty miles southeast of London. Mr. Grubb, wife, and children all became earnest, successful Christian workers. One day at their dinner table the subject of conversation turned on the self-sacrifice I had to make by so wide a separation from my own home and wife and children for the good of others. I replied to the effect that naturally I had no ambition or desire for foreign travel and labor. My great desire was to stay at home with my wife and children in the regular service of our itinerant ministers; but I had a manifest call from God to leave father and mother, house and home, wife and children, and go as an ambassador for Christ to the ends of the earth. I was not disobedient to the heavenly call, but the separation from wife and children was a crucifixion unto a death that never dies. I said, "I don't know how other Christian men would feel under such circumstances, but in my case it appears to me that the weaning agony of a million babies augmented by the feigned severity of their mothers would hardly express my bereavement. The Saviour's estimate of loss in such a case may be measured by the indemnity that he guarantees when he says that whosoever forsakes father and mother, houses and lands, and wife and children for the kingdom of heaven's sake shall have a hundredfold in the present time and proportionate rewards in the world to come. All such have to be fully assured, in the premises, that they are indeed called by God to such a line of self-sacrifice, and to be sure that the motive underlying obedience is loyalty and love to God, not the hope of the great reward promised; nevertheless, I rejoice in the fact that God and his Church never ostracize nor wean their children.

HENRY REED AMONG THE CONVICT MINERS.

"He would dismount, hitch his horse, collect them together, read the Bible and explain it to them, kneel down on the gravelly road and pray for them.—Page 295.

"Hence God says: 'Rejoice ye with Jerusalem [his Church], and be glad with her, all ye that love her: rejoice for joy with her, all ye that mourn for her. . . . For thus saith the Lord, Behold, I will extend peace to her like a river, and the glory of the Gentiles like a flowing stream: then shall ye suck, ye shall be borne upon her sides, and be dandled upon her knees. As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem.'

"So in a blessed spiritual sense I am always at home, and highly appreciate the houses and lands the Lord provides for me in all countries to which he leads me. This mansion and resources of wealth belong to my inheritance under the Gospel charter."

I saw Brother Grubb's color change, which seemed to indicate a thought in his mind that I was proposing to infringe on his rights; so I added, "I don't mean to say that God troubles me with title deeds, the employment of servants, the weary toil required for building this mansion, and the caring for the beautiful lawns and gardens and shrubbery which adorn the premises. He intrusts to such men as Brother Grubb all that sort of work. Everything is prepared to hand before I come along, all that I need or can appropriate is as accessible to me as the man of toil that prepares it. I don't know but that I fare better than he does, take it all in all, because they kill an extra chicken when I come along."

They laughed at the simple way of presenting the subject, but rejoiced in the sublime facts evolved by it.

My principal home during the period of my special services in Launceston was with the Hon. Isaac Sherwin. He and his wife and daughter were all comely in their personal appearance, filled with loyalty and love to God, quietly but eminently useful in Church work, hospitable and affectionate in the highest degree, yet without ostentation. They lived in the sunshine of prosperity, yet in part beclouded by a sad bereavement.

As I turned over the photograph album that lay on their center table, and called the attention of Sister Sherwin to the photo of a very interesting-looking young man, I inquired, "Whom does this represent?"

I saw the tears gathering in her eyes as she replied in utterances broken by emotions of grief, "That is the photo of young Mr. B., of Hobart Town, who killed our son Henry."

"What! Is that the way you cherish the memory of men-killers in this country?"

"Yes; Mr. B. is a fine young man. He was a fellow-student with Henry at Horton College, and came home with Henry to spend his vacation with us. The two young men went out gunning one day, and Henry was brought home dead; young B. accidentally shot him."

Then she showed me a letter of condolence written by the young man who killed her son.

If it had been in evidence that young B.'s will had taken action against the life of his fellow he would have been hung up by the neck and filled a felon's grave. But it was manifest to all that he had no such purpose in his heart, hence did not even forfeit the confidence of the friends whom he thus bereaved.

I proceeded from Launceston, one hundred and twenty miles south by coach to Hobart Town, on the banks of the Derwent River. Hobart Town was the largest town in Tasmania, and Launceston second. The former is now called simply Hobart. The population of Launceston has now increased to over seventeen thousand, and that of Hobart to fully twenty-five thousand souls. There are also many smaller towns in Tasmania, in all

of which I labored. So that swollen streams of salvation flowed through the island from end to end.

The Tasmanians are a teachable, confiding, loving, and lovely people; but few traces of old convictism were anywhere to be seen. The "old hands," sent ostensibly for their country's good, were nearly all dead. Many of them were very good people, and died in the Lord and left a good inheritance for their children. One of the survivors with whom I became acquainted was a Wesleyan local preacher. He chanced to be passing from his work to his home, in one of the northern towns of England, when a mob was being arrested for breaking up wheat-threshing machines, the introduction of which was thought to interfere with the labor market in England, and occasioned mob violations which led to the transportation of the rioters. My friend John was found thus with bad company and was hurried off with the rest onto the convict ship to Van Dieman's Land.

ECSTACY OF A CONVICT PREACHER.
"O, hallelujah, he has wound me up snug."—Page 301.

John's wife was left behind, but he had his Saviour with him; so he consoled himself with the belief that as these poor fellows had no chaplain the Lord had permitted him to be arrested and convicted, and thus to become their chaplain; and he devoted himself assiduously and successfully to the work of his ministry. He served out his term of ten years and subsequently made money, brought out his wife, and, though not wealthy, had a comfortable home of his own when I had the honor of an introduction to him. He was an old man then.

I said, "Well, Brother John, how do you prosper?"

He replied, "O, Brother Taylor, I don't think I have that perfect love that you were preaching about to-day; I have been trying to serve God ever since the days of my youth. I have had a hard pull of it; the Lord has been very patient with me, very kind, but I have not been made perfect in love, and I feel very sad about it. I fear the mainspring is broken."

I had previously heard of the consistency of his life as a Christian and of the success of his humble ministry, so I said to him, "O, no, Brother John, the mainspring is not broken, it is run down; it just needs to be wound up, and it will tick on all right;" and he very feelingly said, 'O, Lord, wind me up," and I said "Amen." He repeated, "O, Lord, do wind me up now."

Said I, "A timekeeper to be wound up has to lie quietly in the hand of the winder; if you will submit yourself wholly to God, and let him take you in hand, he will wind you up all right."

He responded, "Blessed Lord, I do submit: I put my life, soul, and body into your

hands. I want you to have your own way with me, and wind me up to-day." Then he said, "Why, bless God, he is winding me up; O, hallelujah, he has wound me up snug. Now I have got it, I have got the perfect love of God, and I expect to keep on all right now to the end of my life."

And so he did; he lived but a few years longer, and left a shining record of past usefulness.

The Rev. Mr. Quick, President of Horton College, wrote a beautiful sketch of his life, which was published in one of the Australian papers.

At Longford, twelve miles southwest of Launceston, I spent two nights in special services. I became acquainted with a prominent citizen of that town who had been brought up a Unitarian; a few days after I left Launceston for Hobart this Unitarian gentleman was passing a bookstore in Launceston, and saw in the window a large portrait painting. After looking at it intently a few moments he inquired of the bookseller, "Whom does this striking picture represent?"

The bookseller replied, "That is Mr. Taylor, from California."

"Well, it is very strange I never heard of that man before, but that is the man who appeared to me in a dream two nights ago; I dreamed that I went to a meeting. The house was crowded with people and this man was in the pulpit preaching to them, and he revolutionized all my ideas of God and salvation; that is the man. I recognize him as distinctly as if I had known him in person, and I must hear that man if I have to go to Hobart Town to do it."

"Well," said the bookseller, "you need not go to Hobart Town to hear him; he is visiting all the towns, and in due time you can hear him in Longford, for he will soon be in this locality."

So he was on the lookout for his man, and was one of the first to welcome me to Longford. Though my time there was so short he took in the teaching with great avidity, and I had reason to believe, as his dream indicated, that his ideas were not only revolutionized, but his heart was changed.

Returning from Tasmania, I rendered some additional service to the work in Melbourne. Melbourne is a beautiful city; massive buildings, displaying the fine taste of modern architecture.

I proceeded thence to Sydney, the great commercial emporium of New South Wales, a city at that time of about two hundred thousand population. I went in response to the earnest call of Rev. Stephen Rabone, and many others.

Rev. Mr. Rabone was an old missionary of the South Sea Islands, but at that time Chairman of the Sydney District.

By special invitation my first home there was with my old California friend, Captain P. W. Bowden. He spent some time in my house at San Francisco in 1850, and now, under the genial law of reciprocity, he welcomed me to his house. He and his wife and two lovely daughters showed me every possible attention within the range of Christian love and fellowship.

As they lived in a suburb of the city, some miles distant from the center of our operation, my city home was with Dr. Moffitt and family. Dr. Moffitt was an Enniskillen Irishman; a magnificent specimen of a man every way; six feet four inches in height; broad, straight, and symmetrical in all his proportions. He had spent twenty-three years as surgeon in her majesty's navy. Obtaining an honorable discharge from that service, he had been practicing in Sydney on his own account for many years, and made a great

reputation as a medical doctor, as a class leader, and a Christian worker in York Street Wesleyan Church, which was his center of usefulness with a radius of undefinable bounds. He had a beautiful wife; but, to the great grief of his heart, up to the time of my visit she had not given her heart to God. During our meetings she was soundly saved, to the great joy of the doctor and her people. Her brother also, a lawyer at the bar, was converted soon after.

My first series of services in Sydney, running through a period of two weeks, were held at York Street Church, the largest of many Wesleyan chapels in that district. The work of salvation among the sinners, and of entire heart purity among the old Christians, was fully up to any thing we had seen in the colony of Victoria. I spent many months in that city and its suburbs, giving at least a week of special services to each chapel. The work was mainly among Wesleyan Methodists; but other churches were also quickened and enlarged. Rev. Dr. Steele, a Scotch Presbyterian minister, a man of lovely Catholic spirit, took quite an interest in our meetings.

It was observed that a family belonging to his church by the name of McDonald, especially the mother and her two daughters, were seen at the first meeting I held in York Street, and they, with other members of their family, were seen at every meeting I held in or near that city for months; and it was a matter of some surprise to those who knew them that while many were waiting to see the outcome of the movement before identifying themselves with it, those Presbyterians entered into the work from its commencement. The McDonalds were godly people of high repute. Three of the sons were bankers, all fine-looking men, each with a heavy black beard. The mother had an old-time prejudice against beards, and often begged her boys to shave, which they respectfully declined to do. But for months before my arrival she ceased to remonstrate with her sons against wearing beards. The key to the whole thing came out in a statement she made one day in my presence at her dinner table. Addressing me, she said, "Three months before your arrival in Sydney I was led by the good Spirit into a great struggle of prayer and fasting on behalf of the churches of this city and colony. Iniquity was abounding, and the churches were so formal and dead they seemed utterly unable to stand the opposing tide of wickedness, much less to move aggressively for the salvation of the people. This burden upon my heart so increased that I was unable to take sufficient sleep and food to keep me up, so that my health was sadly impaired. I was led to pray specially that the Lord would send some one through whom he could stir the hearts of the people of this city and colony, and so bring them into harmony with him, so that he could use them effectively for the accomplishment of their work.

"I was finally relieved one night by a vision through a dream. I saw a beautiful chariot without any horses or any visible power of locomotion, moving slowly over the city just above the housetops, and I saw standing in it a messenger from God, a tall, straight man with long beard, and he was sowing seed broadcast, and proclaiming in the name of the Lord. In my dream I wept for joy, and said, 'That is the man the Lord is sending in answer to my prayer.'

"In my dream I gazed with tearful eyes at the man's face and figure till an impression was made on my memory as clearly defined as a photograph, and I thought, 'If I ever see that man I shall certainly know that he is the man that God sent.' I awoke and my weight of anxiety was gone from my heart. My prayer was answered, and I said, 'That man will surely come.' At that time I had never heard of you, and knew not that there was such a man in the world, but from that time on I was on the lookout. Three months

afterward I saw it announced that Rev. William Taylor, from California, was to commence a series of special revival services in York Street Wesleyan Church. I hastened to the first service announced, and as soon as I entered the door and saw you standing by the pulpit I recognized you at a glance as the man I had seen in the Gospel chariot three months ago.

"I needed no other certification as to whom this stranger might be. But from the first meeting I, with as many of my family and friends as could possibly arrange it, never failed to be present at your meetings in or near the city."

Among the suburban churches in which I conducted revival meetings was a beautiful new Gothic structure at Newtown. Rev. Joseph Oram was the pastor. The church had been opened but a few months. Brother Oram gave me the following account of the first sermon he preached in it.

Said he: "I had just been appointed there by the Conference, and was charmed with the beauty of this fine Gothic church just opened for services. I ascended the winding stairs to the pulpit, and after an introductory service announced my text, and had extraordinary liberty in delivering my first discourse to the people of Newtown, and congratulated myself on the commencement of my pastoral work among them with such a success. When I descended from the pulpit at the close of the service my wife met me at the foot of the stairs and said, 'O, Mr. Oram, all your sermon was lost in reverberations among the rafters of this church. We couldn't interpret a single sentence that you uttered.'

"So," continued Oram, "I have had nothing but failure and defeat ever since. I began with a crowded house, but they could not hear the preaching except in senseless reverberation. They have scattered off to other churches, and I am left almost without a congregation." Said he, "Can you do anything for me?"

I said, "O, yes, I can come and fill your house and preach a week, get a hundred people converted to God, and give you another start."

"How can you overcome this terrible reverberation?"

"Fill up the house with crinoline, and that will deaden the sound, and by distinct articulation, avoiding loud intonation, I will find my way to their ears and hearts by the grace of God."

At the time appointed I went. The house was crowded. At the first service and every service I succeeded in giving them the Gospel with no uncertain sound.

The pastor made a careful record and reported one hundred souls converted during the week, one of whom was W. J. F., a nephew of the Duke of Wellington, a celebrated barrister and crown prosecutor for the colony of New South Wales. He was nominally a Christian before, but came forward and kneeled down with other seekers, and sought and found reconciliation with God and a new heart, and from that night became and continued a most efficient Christian worker.

He rendered effective service at a number of my meetings in different parts of the colony, and mainly through his agency a number of lawyers with others were converted to God. He remained a member of the Colonial Church of England, on the broadest principle of Catholicity and cooperation with all churches.

Most of the new converts of the Newtown series joined the Wesleyan Church, and Brother Oram got a fresh start with a full house. The question was how he could hold them when he could not convey his Gospel message to their ears on account of the defective acoustics of the building. The plan of the architect contemplated the construc-

tion of galleries which would alter the acoustic conditions. It was believed that good galleries would effect the remedy. The trustees were heavily burdened with debt and were entirely unwilling to increase it; so I proposed, with the outside influence now available and the large accession to their church, to raise funds to put in new galleries without touching the subscriptions on which the trustees were depending for the liquidation of their debt, and if they would go to work and put in the galleries within two months I would assist them in the reopening and help them to raise the money necessary. The trustees concurred in this proposal, and the galleries were constructed and completed, and the church was reopened at the time appointed, and the money, somewhere in the neighborhood of two thousand dollars, was forthcoming in due season.

The acoustics of the church was greatly improved, and Brother Oram made a success. His niece, Miss Janie Allan, a very superior young lady, was converted to God during our series of meetings in Newtown, and afterward became the wife of my old friend James Copeland, of Melbourne.

After we thus spent three months in Sydney churches there was a great desire expressed by many that we should, if possible, procure a hall that would accommodate the outside masses, for whom there was no room in the churches. My friend Ebenezer Vickery offered to pay the rent required to the extent of fifteen hundred dollars. A committee was appointed to search for a suitable hall. The largest auditorium they could find was the Prince of Wales Theater, that would seat about two thousand persons; so they built and seated a preaching stand to accommodate about twenty preachers, in Hyde Park. No seats were provided for the audience. They were to stand on their feet. As the meetings were to be at night we laid on gas, which emitted, through two great stars some six feet in diameter, two hundred jets of gaslight. This profusion of light was reflected upon the audience by a framework above the front of the stand, leaving the preacher in the shade. I preached there in the afternoon on two Sabbaths and ten week nights to a vast crowd of people, estimated variously at different times to be numbered from ten to seventeen thousand hearers. At the close of each preaching service all persons who were awakened under the preaching and desired salvation were invited to go promptly to York Street Church, where a working force was in readiness to instruct them in the way of righteousness and lead them to the Saviour. Very many were saved during that series of services. Among them was a tall, commanding man, a Scotchman by blood, but born in Australia. He had never known the fear of men or devils.

Once when two belligerent tribes of Australian natives were set in battle array and were about to commence a fight with their spears, war clubs, and boomerangs, this man rushed in between the two barbarian armies and commanded the peace. The men of both armies were his friends, and shouted to him not to go in there, that he would be killed. He held his ground between the two parties, passing along the line back and forth, shouting to them to desist, and finally they obeyed his orders, repaired to their camps, and dropped the contention.

This man lived at Mudgee, one hundred miles in the interior; but he attended my meetings in the park in Sydney. The lightning of God's awakening Spirit struck him, and he was so frightened at the discovery of the perilous condition of his soul, on account of his rebellion against God, that, as he stated afterward, he could not wait to walk from the park to York Street, but ran like a poor manslayer to the city of refuge; and when he entered the church he didn't sit down, but moved rapidly and kneeled down at the altar of prayer. My remembrance of that scene is as fresh as yesterday, though that was twenty-

eight years ago. His name was William Blackman. He joined the Wesleyan Church, and became an extraordinary Christian worker.

We took in most of the towns of New South Wales, ministers and people cooperating with a will.

Brother Joseph Wearne, the owner of flour mills in Sydney, an earnest Christian worker, drove me in his carriage across the mountains one hundred miles to Bathurst. On our way we became acquainted with a Brother Scott, a generous-hearted Irishman, on the banks of Fish River. I said to him at the breakfast table, "Well, Scott, are you engaged in raising cattle?"

"No; unfortunately I am growing horses."

"How many horses have you?"

"At the last count I had two thousand, most of them as wild as kangaroos. Some time ago I offered a man half of all that he could make to lasso a few hundred of them and take them to Sydney market and sell them. He broke in several herds, and they brought in Sydney market from one pound to seven pounds each. But the expense of putting them into the market swallowed up the profit, so it didn't pay. The price of a horse here, as he runs with the herd, is a shilling. The pick of a herd would be two and sixpence."

Four or five years afterward, on my second tour through those colonies, I met Brother Scott, and asked him what he had done with his horses. He said that he had boiled down a lot of them and sent the oil and the bones to Sydney market; but the expenses of preparation and transport were such that the business didn't pay, and he gave it up. "I gave no further attention to the horses; there are a couple of a thousand running somewhere; if anybody wants a horse he has my consent to go and catch him."

We had a blessed work of God at Bathurst. One minister there of another denomination felt it his duty, in anticipation of my coming, to warn his people against going to hear "that California man." That turned out to be a good advertisement for our work. A number that came were converted to God. They said, "We would not have heard of the meetings, and would have known nothing about them, but for the announcement of our minister." So, unwittingly, he did them a good service.

I went from Bathurst in a private conveyance forty or fifty miles across the continent to Mudgee, the home of my friend William Blackman.

The Wesleyan Methodists had but recently completed a new church edifice there. Their pastor was Rev. Brother Turner, a son of old Nathaniel Turner, of missionary fame. He had an earnest Christian working corps, but they had drained their money resources in building their church, and were then about three thousand pounds, or fifteen thousand dollars, in debt.

I got acquainted with one dear fellow in that church whom they had picked up in the gutter some three years before and got him saved. He was then a poor, penniless, abandoned drunkard; but they clothed and fed and fostered him, and in a few weeks he looked like a new man, as he was in fact. They gave him some money to buy a basket of oranges to start the orange peddling business, so he was known as "the orange peddler of Mudgee." He sold oranges and talked salvation. People believed in him and encouraged his trade, and after a few weeks he bought a handcart and enlarged his business operations.

Two or three years afterward the new church was completed, and the trustees had a breakfast meeting. It is a common thing among English Methodists in raising money to

have a breakfast meeting and to invite all their moneyed friends to breakfast. You should never ask an Englishman for money when he is hungry. Take him when he has eaten a good breakfast. If he has the money, and you have the cause worthy of his attention, he will give his money freely.

After this breakfast in Mudgee the patrons were invited to walk up and lay their offerings on the table in front of the pulpit. Many responded, some paying five pounds, some ten, some twenty, some of the merchants paying as high as fifty pounds. By and by the orange peddler walked up. Nobody seemed to suppose he had made more than a living. He walked up and faced the audience, and told his experience, giving the date and circumstances of his conversion to God, and added, "I was a poor, ragged drunkard, an abandoned sinner. These kind Wesleyan people drew me up out of the horrible pit of drunkenness and led me to Jesus, and he saved me from my sins. These people bore with me and kindly led me, showed me Christian sympathy and love, and started me in business. God has prospered me, and to-day I want to put down on this table all my earnings in the orange trade, above expenses, as a thank offering to God and to these people for their kindness to me."

He had a bag in his hand supposed to be filled with copper pennies. At the close of his speech he emptied the contents of his bag onto the table, and the clerk counted and reported two hundred and fifty sovereigns in gold. So they said, "It pays to gather up drunkards and take care of them."

During the progress of my week of service there at Mudgee I went by invitation to dine with a wealthy wool grower, eighteen miles distant. The floods were out and the rivers were booming. William Blackman, in his carriage drawn by a span of splendid horses, forded the river at the peril of being carried away, and took me through in a little over two hours. Brother Turner accompanied us on horseback. We saw the process of wool-washing before it was shorn from the sheep. The sheep were washed in warm water, and then they swam in the running creek within the circle of a secure railing and came out perfectly white and clean; after that they were shorn. It was just in the shearing season, and the owner had about eighty hired shepherds and shearers, so he had me to preach on the veranda of his spacious house to his shepherds, shearers, and family, aggregating about one hundred persons. After preaching we sat down to a sumptuous dinner. Before he commenced his dinner he made a speech to this effect:

"I belong to the Church of England; that was the Church of my fathers. I expect to live and die in it. But I have been closely observing the Church work being done by the Wesleyans in these colonies, and I believe that they are doing more work and better work than in any other organization of the kind in this country. They have put up a good chapel at Mudgee, but I learn that they have a debt of about three thousand pounds, and from my knowledge of the men and the amount they have already contributed this is a burden more than they are able to bear, and I make this proposition: If they will go to work and raise within one year two thousand pounds I will give them one thousand pounds cash, and their church will be free from debt."

We then proceeded to take our dinner. So we went back to Mudgee that afternoon. Brother Turner called on the trustees and other men of means and said, "If you will raise a thousand pounds I will raise the same amount from my friends in other parts of the colony."

So they made an effort the next night, and the money came in freely. The stage-coach called at the door for me at ten o'clock at night for a drive through to Sydney,

THE ORANGE PEDDLER POURING OUT HIS GOLD.

"At the close of his speech he emptied the contents of his bag onto the table."—Page [illegible]

one hundred miles. I left in the midst of a shower of banknotes, and did not know the final result till my return to Australia some years later, when Brother Turner informed me that the two thousand pounds were raised and that the wool grower paid his thousand pounds, and the church was clear of debt, "and was relieved most opportunely," he added, "because we have had a financial panic since that which would have swamped us."

I was informed that just back of the mountains, fifteen miles from Mudgee, there were over fifteen hundred head of wild cattle without any owner, ranging through the mountains at will. Just a little before my visit there the wild bulls got into the habit of coming down to the plains and frightening the people. So the men turned out on horseback with their rifles and shot thirty of them in one day, simply to abate the nuisance, without using the hides or flesh of any of them.

Soon after my visit the country round about Mudgee was thrown into a panic on account of a "bushranger"—the Australian name for a highway robber—who made it a business to rob individual travelers and "stick up" stagecoaches and rob the mails and passengers. The people appealed to the government for protection, but months of peril passed without relief.

So Brother Blackman said to a brave Wesleyan brother named Woods, "I fear, Brother Woods, that the government will not relieve this community of this terrible peril and panic, so I think we had better pursue this robber and arrest him."

"All right," said Woods, "I will go with you."

The two men mounted their fleet horses, with their blankets and provisions, and went on a hunt for the bushranger. They were two weeks tracking him. They traveled through the day and camped wherever night overtook them. They learned, among other things, the size and shape of his horse's shoe, so that they could recognize his tracks. On the last night, having taken his bearings, they traveled all night, but a few hours behind him, and at nine o'clock in the morning they sighted his camp fire, and, approaching softly, found that he was asleep, his two horses hitched near to him. Our two men took their positions from two different standpoints, so as to cover him with their rifles, and Blackman shouted to him to get up. That aroused him from his sleep, and Blackman shouted, "Discharge your pistols in the air above you, and break the butts off."

He responded, "Who are you?"

Then Woods shouted, "Obey the order at once, or you will find out who he is."

They both stood with their rifles leveled on him. So, seeing there was no chance for escape, he discharged his pistols in the air and broke off the butts, and they closed upon him and ordered him to mount his horse. They did not bind him, but rode, one in front, the other in the rear, and kept an eye on him and brought him to town and delivered him up to the authorities. He was tried and sentenced to the penitentiary for fifteen years. Blackman visited him in the prison regularly, furnished him books to read, and was hoping to get him saved, and if clearly "transformed by the renewing of his mind" he hoped after a few years to get him reprieved. Blackman's cool courage was equaled only by his sympathetic kindness of heart. The government tendered Blackman a vote of thanks and presented Woods with a gold watch.

We had a good work at Goulburn, under the pastorate of Rev. J. Gaud. I was entertained at the house of Mrs. Hurst, the widow of a minister who died in Melbourne some years before. She was well-to-do and lived in a mansion, and was a very intelligent and earnest Christian worker.

We had a good work also at Yaas Circuit, under the pastorate of Rev. William Hill,

bearing the same name as the brother who, as before mentioned, was killed in Victoria. Brother Hill was an earnest Christian minister, but had passed through great bereavement in the death of his wife a year or two before. He had two beautiful little boys requiring a mother's care, and being himself comparatively a young man he thought he ought to be married, and begged me to name some one with whom I was acquainted who would be a mother to his boys and a good helper in his work.

I prayerfully considered the matter, feeling a profound sympathy for the brother, and I said, "If you can get the hand of Susan Glasson, one of my converts in Bathurst, and an earnest Christian worker, your fortune will be made."

She was a young lady of fine appearance, superior intelligence, belonged to a well-to-do, highly respected family, and in every way an estimable young lady. He said, "That is all very good, but I am so closely tied down to my work and the distance is so great that I don't feel encouraged to go on such an uncertainty; so if you can do anything to introduce an acquaintance between us I will take it as a great favor."

"Well," said I, "give me your photograph and those of your two boys, and I will introduce an acquaintance between you."

So I wrote her stating the facts in regard to Rev. William Hill, and stating that he would like to make a visit to Bathurst. "I herewith send the photographs of the reverend gentleman and his two little boys. If such be the will of the Lord, he would like to have a mother for his boys, and I write to inquire whether, without committing yourself or him, he would be a welcome guest at your father's house; if so, keep the photos; otherwise send them back to me."

She kept the photos and returned answer in a few words that her father would be glad to make the acquaintance of Rev. Mr. Hill. I sent the reply to Brother Hill, and immediately he took his horse and buggy and made a straight cut through the prairies, a distance of eighty miles, and was kindly received by Brother Glasson. The result was that within a few months they were happily united in marriage. I visited them some years afterward in their own circuit and home, and was confirmed in the belief that the whole arrangement was in accordance with the will of God. When I visited them she had one little daughter of her own, but made no distinction between her own child and those of her husband, and was in every way a suitable companion and helper in Brother Hill's pastoral work.

We had a blessed work at Kiama and at other points down the coast and south of Sydney, and also at Newcastle and Maitland and other circuits north of Sydney.

Brother W. J. F., crown prosecutor, rendered me grand assistance at Maitland, a town of three or four thousand population. Through his agency two lawyers publicly sought and professed to obtain reconciliation with God at that series of meetings. One of them, Mr. M., was a man of note in many respects. He kept an open sideboard with choice liquors free to any of his friends at any time they might choose to walk in and help themselves. He spent money freely on horse racing. He was an able lawyer and a jolly fellow in high circles of social life. Through the crown prosecutor's influence he was induced to come to my meetings. After he had been to hear me a couple of times he was called on to preside at a public dinner to be given in honor of a distinguished citizen who was about to leave for England. At the dinner table a minister who didn't believe in revival work related a damaging story about the California evangelist. Mr. M., addressing the preacher, said, "I have heard California Taylor preach, and I am prepared to say, without implicating your honor, sir, that you are peddling lies against Taylor. I think

things have come to a poor pass when one preacher has no better business than to peddle lies against another preacher."

Mr. M. was relating this encounter to the crown prosecutor, and he said, "If I hear any more of these people around here retailing lies against Taylor I will knock them down."

His friend said, "O, they can't hurt Taylor; that is not the way to seek redress. You come to the meeting and see what good you can get, and never mind the talk of the people."

Mr. M. was already converted to me, but not to God. He came to the meeting the next night and became deeply awakened. The night following, when I invited seekers, he took his wife by the arm, and side by side they walked up and kneeled at the altar of prayer. We exhorted them to surrender to God and accept Christ. They did so, and testified distinctly to a personal experience of justification by faith and peace with God.

The news of their conversion produced a great sensation throughout the town of Maitland.

The next day he was passing the hotel, and a lot of his old barroom companions and the hotel keeper shouted in derision, "Here comes a saint;" and as he approached them they said, "Hello, Mr. M., we heard that you had been to the bull ring of that American preacher."

Mr. M. walked in and said, "Hold on, boys, I will tell you all about it. It is true that I was at the Wesleyan Church last night and heard that California man preach, and God's spirit shone into me and showed me what a miserable sinner I was, and I surrendered to God and accepted Christ and obtained remission of sins and a new heart; and that is the thing you all need. Take my advice and go likewise and seek the salvation of your souls."

Then addressing the hotel keeper he said, "You know that I have spent hundreds of pounds at your bar, but I have taken my last drink, so it will be a great loss to you; but if you will follow my example and accept Christ and get saved you will be a great gainer."

He boldly witnessed for Christ on all suitable occasions, public and private, so that in a short time there was not a dog in town that would use his tongue in the presence of Mr. M.

The man who claimed to be his minister called to see him and said, "Mr. M., I hear that you have been to the meetings of that foreigner, and that you have been mixed up with these despised Methodists. I hope it is not so."

"'Yes, it is, and I am glad of it," said Mr. M. "And allow me to say, ever since I came to this town, many years ago, you have had free access to my house and to my sideboard, to help yourself to whatever you wanted; you have laughed with me and joked with me and drank whisky with me through all these years, but never hinted to me in all this time that I had a soul to be saved. And now that God has had mercy on me through the agency of Mr. Taylor I think you ought to be glad and to rejoice with me."

"Then, Mr. M., will you promise me that you won't leave your mother Church?"

"No, sir; my mother Church never gave me any motherly attention; so I shall hold myself free to join the Church in which I can get and do the most good."

Before I left New South Wales for Queensland I delivered a course of lectures in York Street Church, Sydney, on "St. Paul and his Times," having delivered a similar course in St. George's Hall, at Melbourne. At both places we had a great crowd of hearers and an enthusiastic reception of old facts in new forms concerning the life and labors of the great

apostle. At the close of the last lecture in Sydney several ministers simultaneously put the question, "Where did you get your facts? Did you read Conybeare and Howson?"

"No; I have not read the books of those gentlemen. I get my facts mainly from Dr. Luke?"

"Dr. Luke of Germany?" inquired one.

"No; Luke the beloved physician, Paul's traveling companion, who knew all about it."

They exclaimed, "O!" They had not thought of him.

The fourth colony to which I extended my services was Queensland. We went by steam five hundred miles from Sydney to Brisbane. There we had an outpouring of the Spirit during nearly two weeks of services, with a good average success.

I witnessed there the triumphant death struggle of an old veteran, the Rev. Nathaniel Turner. I administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to him a few hours before his decease. He retained intelligent consciousness up to the moment of his departure. His holy and useful life furnished the best evidence of his preparation for death; but to all that was added his testimony when dying to the presence and saving power of Jesus and his joyful anticipation of entering immediately into his heavenly rest.

On the steamer in which I went to Brisbane I very unexpectedly met with my old friend Henry Fowler, also on his passage to Queensland. I was well acquainted with his father and sister and seven brothers in Ireland and England. The men were all, except one, who was a minister in the English Church, successful business men, all praying men and Methodists. Most of them amassed large fortunes as merchants and were liberal givers to a great variety of benevolent enterprises. Yet they were all humble men of toil, always diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. I love all of them as ardently as if they had been my kindred by blood relationship. Dear Henry, in a consumptive decline, was on a health-seeking tour in Queensland.

When we landed in Brisbane he went on westerly to Ipswich. Later he attended my week of special services at Ipswich, and entered into the experience of perfect love to God and was a willing worker in his cause up to the full measure of his physical strength. His health there seemed to improve, so that with the hope of prolonged life he invested his money in a sheep run. The active horseback exercise of the owner of a sheep run, he thought, would be conducive to health. That hope, however, was not realized. He passed away to the country where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

Peace to the ashes of my dear brother, Henry Fowler! Since that six of his brothers, all pretty well advanced in life, have passed away, and have joined him, no doubt, in their heavenly home. His sister and one brother are (in 1895) the only remaining representatives of that noble family so dear to me.

From Brisbane I went by steamer five hundred miles north, to Rockhampton. On the way up our steamer ascended Mary River to Maryborough, an important timber mart, where I preached once to the people during the few hours that our ship lay at anchor On the way up Mary River quite a number of Australian natives boarded our ship. A rope attached to the stern of the vessel was drawn along in the water for a distance of twenty or thirty yards, and they, one by one, swam out into the stream away above us, and as the ship passed them they watched their chance to seize the rope. The advanced movement of the ship at the rate of six or seven knots per hour drew the black fellows under the water, so that they had to pull themselves one by one against the current with their heads

PERSECUTION OF AN AUSTRALIAN CONVERT.

"Here comes a saint."—Page 311.

under the water. It was a most difficult achievement. About half of them failed to get aboard. Those who pulled themselves hand over hand up under the stern of the ship then readily climbed to the top and got aboard. They came aboard stark naked, but were at once presented with a gunny bag for each one, and, cutting a hole through the bottom, they passed their heads through and were thus rigged out in full costume in a few minutes. They were very graceful in their movements, very polite, seemed quite jolly, and were very grateful for small favors. The little presents they received they tied onto their heads and jumped overboard, and were soon out of sight.

We saw vast flocks of red ibises along that river; beautiful birds, both in their plumage and in their towering, circular flight.

Having to return south by the same steamer on which I went up, I had but three or four days in Rockhampton. Our meetings were well attended, and we had a good quickening of believers and some souls brought to Jesus.

Returning to Sydney, I took ship immediately for New Zealand. I promised Rev. Mr. Buddle, the Chairman of the Auckland District, whom I met in Victoria nearly a year before, that I would be in Auckland about Christmas; and sure enough in the early dawn of Christmas morning our ship cast anchor in Auckland harbor. I remained there about a fortnight, with fair but not extraordinary success. The Christian people were exceedingly appreciative and kind, with a full reciprocal response from my own heart. Auckland was an important town of about five or six thousand in population. It had been for many years the capital of New Zealand; but about six months before the date of my visit Wellington had become the seat of government.

A number of the government officials went south in the same steamer in which I took passage. Our route was by land travel six miles across from the east side to Manitau harbor, on the west side of the island. There we embarked in a small steamer going south. The first afternoon and night we encountered a fearful swell, and our boat rolled and pitched like a cork in a boiling caldron. In the darkness of the night a senator was thrown from an upper berth, his whole length, on the deck. He lay there perfectly still for about a minute. I feared that the honorable gentleman was dead, and said to myself, "Poor fellow! If he is dead we shall find him there in the morning." I was holding on for life, and had no time or strength to spare for anybody. Then, as the poor senator lay on his back, he beat the deck with all his might with the heels of his boots in the spirit of utter desperation and despair. He survived the perils of that night, but died soon after.

I stopped off and preached a week at the beautiful town of Nelson; then went by another steamer through Cook Strait to Wellington, the new capital, where we had an excellent series of meetings, at which several distinguished citizens were converted to God. We encountered there very bitter opposition to our work.

A man of some note in that town wrote a series of letters against me and my methods, which were published in a daily paper.

On my return to Wellington from the south a bundle of papers and letters written by my honorable host in reply were put into my hands, containing said letters. I had no time for reading them, and never opened the package.

The war was raging at that time between the Maoris and the English soldiers. I learned afterward that the poor fellow who tried to extinguish me with his pen went out with an expedition of soldiers to the front, and the heathen Maoris got hold of him and *cooked him and ate him!* Nearly all the Maoris of New Zealand live on the Northern Island, and are supposed to number about twenty thousand. The men are tall, brave, and

powerful. They had waged war off and on against the English soldiers for about a quarter of a century. They would fight until their ammunition was exhausted and then retire to the inaccessible mountains, grow potatoes, make gunpowder, and get ready for another battle. They were extraordinary engineers in their way. In a night or two they would construct a *pa* or fortress, that would resist English guns for a fortnight, and when the place was taken by storm there was not a rat or a rag to be found in it.

A part of the plan was to construct a tunnel by which they could escape in their extremity and come out on the other side of the hill, while the English soldiers were hunting for them, and then go off to some other hill and construct another *pa*, and float their flag of defiance. Their method of constructing a fortress was to dig a deep trench to the extent of the inclosure they wished to use as a fort, and set about three lines of heavy logs in a trench, on end, about three deep, and ram them around solid with clay and stones, so that cannon balls spent their force before they got half through. They would never go out into an open field, but always fought from behind their own intrenchments, and in their last extremity pop into their tunnel and leave the premises without two cents of value to grace the victory of their besiegers.

Colonists were sometimes killed who were associated with the red-coated soldiers. The Maoris never seemed to show a disposition to kill the colonists; but flaunting a red rag to a mad bull could no more surely excite the fight in him than the sight of a British redcoat would infuriate a Maori.

The British soldiers were finally nearly all withdrawn from New Zealand, and the settlement of their war difficulties was left to the colonists and friendly natives. Since that time their troubles gradually abated till of late years I have heard nothing more about them.

I went by steamer from Wellington to Dunedin, the southern extremity of the Middle Island. The settlement of Dunedin was primarily composed of Presbyterian Scotch immigrants, for the purpose of establishing a class settlement composed of the elect only. There were two strong Scotch Presbyterian churches and one Wesleyan there at the time of my visit. I preached in all of them, and my message was received with appreciative cordiality.

At the close of a meeting I conducted in Charlestown, Boston, Massachusetts, May 7, 1883, a dear Christian sister reminded me of a fading fact in my memory, that as a Roman Catholic she went to my meetings in Dunedin and received Jesus, and he saved her and kept her saved ever since.

In due course I took ship from Dunedin to Lyttelton, a port town of the province of Canterbury, the capital of which bears the name of Christchurch. Lyttelton was founded by Lord Lyttelton and a company composed of select members of the Church of England. It was a class settlement. The port town was called after his lordship. Christchurch is a few miles inland, or underland, for it is reached by a railroad tunnel through a mountain, not quite finished when I was there, so that I had to climb the mountain. It is a beautiful city on the bank of a river flowing through a broad, fertile valley between rugged mountains. I crossed the Atlantic Ocean twice in company with Lord Lyttelton, and found him a genial Christian gentleman.

On one of those voyages our High Church captain said he would not allow a Dissenter to preach aboard, not even in the second-class passengers' saloon; but his lordship Lyttelton and others obliged the captain to give his consent, and his lordship went to my preaching on each Sabbath that we were aboard; so he was a liberal Churchman.

One of the largest and most costly churches in the Christchurch class settlement was a Wesleyan Methodist church, in which I preached for a week with blessed success among a most lovely and loving people.

We had an exceedingly rough passage from Dunedin to Lyttelton. The captain and all the crew were seasick; the passengers, of course, did not escape. My roommate was a citizen of Dunedin, who had no business aboard and no desire to go North, but came aboard to see some of his friends off, and in treating one another to strong drink he got so drunk and became so contrary that they could not get him to leave the ship. He waked up the next morning to find himself more than one hundred miles from home, with no business aboard, and what with his drunken spree and seasickness he had an awful time of it.

I took steamer at Lyttelton for Sydney, a voyage of about one thousand two hundred miles, touching at Wellington on the way. I spent a few weeks in New South Wales and a few weeks also in Victoria, and had a very encouraging review of the work and a favorable opportunity for the edification of young believers.

I proceeded from Melbourne to South Australia, the sixth and last colony in which I labored in the Southern World. It was announced that I would commence special services in Pierie Street Wesleyan Church, in the city of Adelaide, on a certain Sabbath. I expected to arrive on Friday, but owing to stormy weather our steamer did not arrive till Sunday noon; but I got there in time to preach that afternoon and night.

I had in South Australia the same hearty reception and cooperation by ministers and people that I had in the five colonies in which I had labored two and a half years. We had a wonderful work at Pierie Street, and, indeed, in all the four circuits of that city.

Mr. Ironside, the superintending minister of Kent Town Church in that city, begged me to give his people a week of special services, saying, "If you will come and preach a week in our new unfinished chapel we will get Thomas Waterhouse converted to God and he will help us to pay the debt on our church, and will build us a college. His wife is a Methodist and a good worker in the church. Mr. Waterhouse is very kind, but holds so tightly to his money that we can get but very little help from him." It was my great pleasure to get such a man saved, not for the sake of his money, but of love for his soul and his growing young family. So when I got through at Pierie Street I proceeded to Kent Town. By prearrangement with the minister I made my home at the house of our friend Waterhouse. Though he was a millionaire he was an unobtrusive, humble, kind, hard-working man.

I had family worship with them morning and night, and my host and his good wife went with me to every meeting I held there, and exhibited increasing interest in the work. I improved every opportunity to pour the truth into the mind and heart of my host, but made no direct assault upon him. Toward the latter part of the week of special services there he invited me to take a drive with him in his carriage, saying he wanted to converse with me personally. So on that drive he gave me a brief history of his life.

He said he had been brought up in the Church of England, but had married a Methodist lady. Since that, when he went to church at all he went with his wife to the Wesleyan Methodist Church. He was not, however, a regular churchgoer at all. Said he: "The trouble is, when I go to church and hear a stirring sermon I get into great trouble in regard to my relations to God and eternity, but when I try to make up my mind to become a true Christian I am headed off and defeated by the theological dogma of God's foreknowledge. It comes to me in this way: If God foreknew that I would be saved and in due time get

to heaven I need not trouble myself about it. If he foreknew as a certainty that I would die in my sins and go to hell, what can I do to alter an immutable certainty? So, to relieve the distressing perplexity involved in my mind, I stay away from the house of God."

I asked him to give me the chapter and verse where any such dogmas were taught in the word of God. "O," said he, "I have heard them preached for years, and I take for granted that they are taught in the Scriptures.

"I take it upon me to say that you may search the Bible through and you will find no such teaching in it. You will find frequent reference to God's foreknowledge, but no such extreme issues as you have stated. God knows perfectly all existing things in all worlds. He knows the possibilities along the lines of cause and effect of all existing things; and his governmental administration covers all the certainties and all the contingencies that can possibly come to pass in the future ages, and perfectly provides for all such possible events; so that he can never be surprised or embarrassed in his administrative provision to meet any and all such contingencies. Thus, his prophetic announcements, reaching a thousand years into the future, were uttered in full knowledge of the possibilities of their fulfillment; he himself adjusted all the varieties of agency or other conditions employed by him to bring to pass the fulfillment of his own prophetic utterances. So he knows the possibilities of the individual subjects of his government contingent on the freedom of the human will. But contingencies can't be known in advance as certainties. If they were certain they wouldn't be contingent. There may be, to be sure, and usually is, a certainty hinging on a contingency, but until the certainty actually supersedes the contingency, and thus becomes certainty, it cannot be known as a certainty.

"To say it is impossible for God to lie or to do undoable things is no more a reflection on his attribute of omnipotence than to say that he cannot know an unknowable thing is a reflection upon his attribute of omniscience. So your salvation, or damnation, hinging on the contingency of your moral freedom, remains an open question with God and men till settled by the final decisions of your will, which remain unknowable things till they become certainties in fact."

The countenance of my friend lighted up as he exclaimed, "O, that is wonderful! That lets me out of the snare of the devil and the theologians!"

On his return to his house he told his wife that he saw the gates of the kingdom of God ajar, and that he was going in; he had made up his mind that he would go forward as a seeker to get further instruction that night. However, I was disappointed in seeing him remain in his pew during the prayer meeting and not present himself as a seeker, and that was our last meeting of that series.

The next morning he said, "I suppose you were disappointed last night that I did not go forward with others to seek the Lord. I was just in the act of going forward when the preacher came to me and said, 'It is not necessary for you to go forward and kneel down there with that motley crowd; seek the Lord in your pew, and I will come around to your house to see you and we will have a talk.' So I took his advice, and I am feeling as wretched as any poor rebel against God is likely to feel in this life."

"Well," said I, "you know it is not far to where I commence a new series of meetings in the Second Adelaide Church, and I will continue to share your hospitality through next week, and shall be glad to have you attend those services also. You don't need to wait, however; if you can surrender yourself to God and receive Christ here in your own room, all right. But it is very appropriate and often necessary for public rebels against God to make a public renunciation of their rebellion and a public avowal of their loyalty."

He and his wife went with me, and at the meeting on Sabbath night he came and knelt down with the publicans and sinners, humbled his pride, surrendered to God, received Christ, and was saved. Naturally a quiet man, he made no loud profession, but distinctly testified to his experience of pardon and peace from God. Then he applied to the pastor of the said Second Wesleyan Church of Adelaide for admission into his church as a member. The pastor replied, "You live within the bounds of the Kent Town Circuit, and we pastors have an agreement among ourselves that we will not encroach upon the territorial bounds of each other's circuits."

Mr. Waterhouse replied, "I like my preacher very well, but my confidence in him as a guide to the narrow path that leads to heaven has been broken. When I was on the eve last Friday night of going and kneeling with other seekers at the altar of prayer he said to me that it was not necessary that I should go forward; so that, while he insisted on the common herd of sinners to publicly confess and renounce their sins, because I happened to have a little money he said that I had no need to go and kneel down with those folks; that I could find the Lord as well in my own private pew. So I can't trust myself in the hands of such a shepherd. And as for your agreement with other pastors of the city with regard to your territorial limits, it may be all well enough in its way, but I can't allow it to infringe my moral freedom to choose to join whatever church I like. If I should choose to join the Presbyterian, or any other church, it is my own business; who has any right to say what church I shall join, or who has any right to shut the door of their church against me?"

The minister replied, "Very well, I will see the pastor of Kent Town Circuit and explain it to him, so that he will not feel hurt with me, and enter your name on my church register."

Subsequently Brother and Sister Waterhouse attended nearly all my special services in the city and most of the towns adjacent, and manifestly increased in the knowledge and love of God.

Wherever I spent a week for special soul-saving services, one evening was devoted to a tea meeting to help to meet the financial demands of the circuit. The order was first a plain tea, followed by a public meeting crowding the church, at which addresses were delivered and the offerings of the people received. At every such meeting I delivered a speech on God's law of the tithe and free-will offerings, the first under a divine legal requirement, the second a voluntary thank offering.

After some months of services in the different churches Brother Waterhouse said to me, "I never knew what I was worth financially, nor the extent of my yearly income, till I heard your lecture a few times on systematic giving, both under the law of the tithe and the higher law of liberal free-will offerings. Your lectures have led me to take stock of all that I have to see how much I owe the Lord—to see how much I owe on old account, and how much I should pay on running account."

I did not ask him nor did he show me his exhibit, but just as Mr. Ironside had predicted he helped Kent Town Circuit to finish paying for their new church, bought twenty-three acres of ground in the city of Adelaide, and with some help from the people built and endowed a Wesleyan Methodist college, known as Prince Albert College.

Michael Kingsborough, one of very many of my dear friends in that city, gave me the following illustration of the change wrought in the heart of Mr. Waterhouse:

"A few weeks before you arrived I went into his office and begged him to contribute on a scale worthy of his ability to a very needy cause which I presented, and he offered me

three pounds. I declined to take it, and arose abruptly to leave his office; he called me back and said, 'I will give you five pounds.' That is all I could squeeze out of him, and I wanted at least a hundred. A few weeks after his conversion I went into his office to enlist his interest in a cause not half so important as the one I previously submitted to him; when I mentioned the subject, before I had time to present any argument, he said, 'All right, Mr. Kingsborough, I will give you a check for two hundred pounds, and if you need more call again.' The iceberg had melted and from it flowed the living waters.

I extended my evangelizing labors through all the towns of any note of South Australia, preaching the sound, simple Gospel which, through the Holy Spirit, was made the power of God unto the salvation of multitudes of those very interesting people.

The three annual sessions of the Australasian Conference, held during the period of my labors within its bounds, covering a period of nearly three years, reported a net increase in their churches of over eleven thousand members. Of course this was the outcome of long preparatory work, and a hearty cooperation everywhere of ministers and people in conjunction with my leadership on the lines of special evangelizing effort. I made a great gain by amending, through the teaching of the Holy Spirit, our old orthodox definition of saving faith. By the old formula we said to a seeking sinner, "Do you renounce your sins, consent to part with whatever is wrong and do right? to avow your allegiance to God without reserve? If so, then you have only to believe and be saved. Believe that Jesus died for you and rose again. Believe that he is able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by him. Believe that he is able to save you. Believe that he is willing to save you. Believe that he is willing to save you now. Take one step more, and believe that he saves you; not that he has saved you, not that he will save you, but that he saves you now." This was our old Methodist formula from the days of Wesley down, and countless thousands have been saved by faith through its presentation.

Every line of it is simple and sound except the last. When we say to a penitent soul, "Believe that he saves you now," suppose in point of fact he doesn't; then he is told to believe what is not true. When a poor sinner reaches the *now* when God saves him, God notifies him of his pardon by his Holy Spirit, and the Holy Spirit regenerates him, and his salvation becomes a matter of fact; not a matter of belief, but a matter of experience which he knows, and to which, as a witness, he bears testimony. The redeeming feature of our old method of teaching was in the fact that it insisted on a continuance of the struggle on the part of the penitent, until he received the direct witness of the Spirit, and consciously realized his renewing work in his heart. It is, therefore, as a whole, incalculably superior to a more modern yet popular way of teaching penitents the way of faith—saying, for example, to a sinner, "'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.' Don't you believe on the Son?"

"Yes, of course I do; everybody who is not an infidel believes on the Son."

"Then if you believe on the Son you have everlasting life."

The sinner replies, "I am a poor hardened sinner; I have no evidence that I have been accepted of God; I certainly feel no change in my heart."

"O, it is not a matter of feeling at all, it is a matter of faith. 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life;' you believe on the Son, therefore, you have everlasting life. Just take your Bible and go into Christian work and show others this way of faith."

Suppose such a teacher should present the documentary credentials of a great physician to a man groaning under an attack of cholera, and read the papers to the poor fellow, and say, "Do you believe that?"

"Yes, I have heard of that doctor before; I believe that."
"Then you are cured."
"O, my God, these cramps are getting worse; they will kill me if I don't get relief."
"Now hold on, just read this again; I will read it over to you."
"Yes."
"Now you read it over yourself."
"Yes."
"You firmly believe that?"
"Why, yes, certainly I believe that."
"Then you are cured."
"I don't feel that I am cured."
"O, it is not a matter of feeling at all, it is a matter of faith."
That is an illustrative parallel case.

In the analysis of saving faith we have, first, the natural functions of faith; second, the spiritual power of faith through the operation of the Holy Ghost; third, the basis of faith, documentary and verbal—the documentary credentials of the doctor, corroborated by the testimony of witnesses who have been cured under his treatment; fourth, the act of faith, which is the act of submitting to treatment and receiving the doctor. That act of faith necessarily precedes the cure. We feel our need, we examine the facts and evidences; we thus get confidence in the doctor, consent to the treatment, and accept him as our physician. Then if the doctor has the skill adequate, by the blessing of God, he effects a cure, and the cure becomes a matter of permanent consciousness, and the ground of testimony to the facts of the case. Thus the act of saving faith on the part of the penitent sinner is the act of receiving Christ.

"As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." Believing on his name implies a perception of what his name imports, derived from his credentials, documentary and verbal, leading to a surrender to him and an acceptance of him.

The end or object of repentance, therefore, is unreserved submission to the will of God, abandoning self and all hope in self, and the act of faith is the act of receiving Christ. But that is a thing of the heart as well as of the head.

"With the heart man believeth unto righteousness," but "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?" God knoweth the hearts and trieth the reins of the children of men. God alone is competent to know when a poor sinner submits and receives Christ. The moment he sees any poor sinner thus surrender, abandon hope in everything else, and receive Christ, no matter whether by ten years' or ten minutes' repentance, that moment the eternal Father, through the merit and mediation of Jesus Christ, acquits the believing penitent; as a judge he acquits him at the bar of justice; as a father he forgives him. That part of the transaction is called justification by faith. That transpires at the mediatorial throne, hard by the throne of immutable justice. In this wonderful transaction mercy and truth meet together, righteousness and peace kiss each other. That changes the relation of the poor sinner from that of a condemned criminal to citizenship in the kingdom of God, and from that of a poor prodigal outcast to restored filial union with God. Then, "because he is a son, God sends forth the Spirit of his Son into his heart, crying, Abba, Father." "The Spirit himself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." The Spirit himself, not by proxy, angelic or human, notifies him of the wonderful transaction that has just transpired before the throne,

and, simultaneously with this notification, he throttles the lusts of the flesh and purges them out—"adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like"—plenty more of the same sort—and sluices and renews the premises by "the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost," which is followed immediately by the fruits of the Spirit—"love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance,"—working by love, purifying the heart, manifesting itself appropriately in words and deeds.

During my twenty-three years as a minister of the Gospel, up to that date, I used the old orthodox formula, "Believe that he is able to save you, believe that he is willing to save you, believe that he is willing to save you now, take one step more and believe that he saves you;" it is all sound and reliable except the last clause. All through those years I was puzzled and perplexed at that point; I kept the poor fellows on their knees for days or weeks or months till they obtained the witness of the Spirit of their pardon. I had such a dread of heterodoxy that I never called in question, in all that time, the soundness right through of this definition of faith. I was led by the Spirit in the beginning of my work in Australia to appreciate the value of the word "accept," and later accompanied with it the word "receive," in their highest and best use. "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God;" and "as ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him." Of course I had seen these words before in our hymns; I saw them when a boy in the Catechism of the Presbyterian Church and in the Scriptures; but the place where they belonged, with all their vital force and effectiveness, is preoccupied by a fallacy, "Believe that he saves you now;" and they thus become practically obsolete.

So I at once, for my own use, amended the formula, and the rapidity with which thousands received Christ and testified to the facts of their conscious pardon and regeneration through the Spirit, and the exemplification of it in their lives, and the permanency of the work, led me to shout, "Eureka!" and a part of my mission ever since has been to spread through all English-speaking countries of any note in the world, and far into heathenism, this simple, sound, practical definition of saving faith.

My evangelistic services in South Australia extended to all the towns in the colony of any note, and were attended with the demonstration of the Holy Spirit to the salvation of multitudes of her lovable people.

Our limited space will not allow an extended record of names of places visited, and of friends dear to me as kindred, and with facts and incidents with which the whole movement was replete.

I had for some time been in correspondence with my wife and children in regard to their joining me in Australia. The matter was favorably considered at both ends of the line, but their coming was postponed from time to time till it became a question of doubt whether or not they would come at all.

I became acquainted in Victoria with a Baptist missionary from India by the name of Smith, who interested me in the stupendous work to be wrought in that empire, and in the possibility of reaching thousands of them through the English language, especially through the agency of the Eurasians, who had learned the English language from their fathers and also the native language of their mothers, and were, therefore, a valuable go-between class, bridging the gulf between a stranger and the native masses. So I made up my mind that, completing my work in the Australian colonies, I would take India

A PREACHER'S AIDS TO COMPOSITION.

"My book on holiness was mainly written in the midst of that crowd."

on my route home to California and see what the Lord would do through my agency in India.

So I wrote my family that by a given date I would be off for India. If they should come in time I would take them with me. If they should come after my departure they could follow on and find me at Bombay or Calcutta or some other center of that great country.

When nearly through with my engagements in South Australia I received a telegram from Sydney, New South Wales, informing me that my wife and three sons, Stuart, Ross, and Edward, had arrived in that city, and were comfortably settled in the family of my friend Dr. Moffitt, all in good health and cheer. They had come from California to Sydney in a sail vessel loaded with wheat.

They had some adventures and some perils by the way. Their captain and crew picked up a man, so nearly dead as to be insensible, from the wreck of a ship that had foundered at sea. He was restored to health, but one of their own passengers took ill and died and was buried at sea.

I responded by telegram that by a given date I would complete my work in South Australia and would meet them in Sydney. A few days later I received a telegram announcing that Stuart, our oldest son, was very low with fever. So I wept and cried to God and hastened my departure from the scene of my recent labors. I had just written, in connection with my daily work, my book entitled *Reconciliation; or, How to be Saved*, and on my voyage from South Australia of a thousand miles to Sydney I wrote my book *Infancy and Manhood of Christian Life*.

The steamer from Melbourne to Sydney was packed from stem to stern with a crowd of fast men who were on their way to Sydney to a shooting match. They spent their evenings largely around the dining table playing cards, smoking cigars, drinking brandy, and cracking jokes. So my book on holiness, which has had a circulation of about thirty thousand copies, was mainly written in the midst of that crowd by the same light in which they were playing cards, with oaths from the unlucky losers.

I had not seen my family for over four years. I kissed my wife and wept. Ross had grown out of my knowledge; I took him into my arms and kissed him and said, "Ross, do you know me?"

He said, "Yes, papa."

"How did you come to know me?"

"My mother told me it was you."

So he received me by faith based on his mother's testimony.

Then Edward, who was only two years old when I left him, came in. I took him into my arms and kissed him and said, "Do you know me?"

"Yes, papa."

"How did you come to know me?"

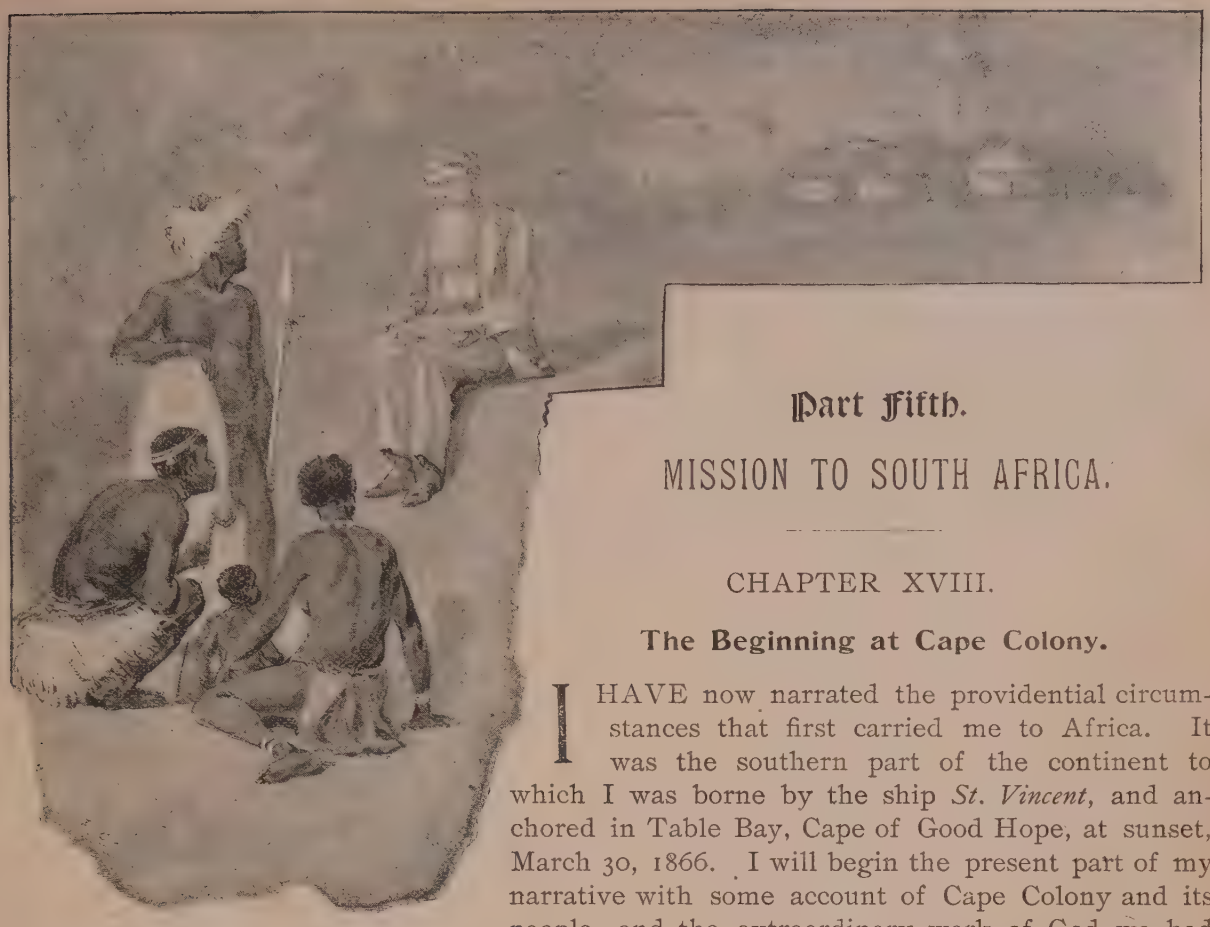
"O, I remember you very well."

He probably remembered me by my photo, with which he was familiar. Our poor son Stuart, was suspended in a doubtful scale between life and death. Dr. Moffitt, an eminent physician, in consultation with another, were doing the best they could. Ross, Edward, and I went into a retired place in the suburbs of the city and had a prayer meeting for their brother. I prayed with all the earnestness of a broken heart; Ross prayed, and Edward prayed, and the three of us wept together. Soon Stuart began to show signs of recovery. We were then on the eve of the hot season in Australia. Dr. Moffitt said that Stuart would

certainly die if he remained in Australia during the hot season. To go to India would be no better. He said the only ground of hope he could see was to take him to South Africa. "Go," said he, "by a sail ship, and spend the hottest part of the year in the Southern Hemisphere at sea, and arrive in Cape Town at the close of the hot season."

So within a fortnight Stuart was able to be carried aboard the steamer, and we proceeded to Melbourne, and, after a few days of rest there, we went on to South Australia. From there we got passage on a clipper sail ship, *St. Vincent*, to Cape Town, South Africa.

God had a most important mission for me to fulfill in South Africa, extending through Cape Colony, Kaffraria, and Natal, covering a coast line of a thousand miles.



Part Fifth.

MISSION TO SOUTH AFRICA.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Beginning at Cape Colony.

I HAVE now narrated the providential circumstances that first carried me to Africa. It was the southern part of the continent to which I was borne by the ship *St. Vincent*, and anchored in Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, at sunset, March 30, 1866. I will begin the present part of my narrative with some account of Cape Colony and its people, and the extraordinary work of God we had among the Kaffirs. I will take my reader back twenty-nine years and describe the great things that I saw and heard in that wonderful country. The corroborating testimony of other witnesses to my facts will come in as side-lights to my narrative.

The Cape of Good Hope was discovered by the Portuguese in 1486, and called the "Cape of Storms." The King of Portugal subsequently changed the name to "Cape of Good Hope." In view of the terrible gales which occasionally occur, and the exposure of Table Bay to their fury, it would seem that the first would still be a very appropriate name. Only eleven months before our arrival a northwest storm swept the bay with such violence that of twenty-seven vessels in the harbor only nine of them rode out the gale. The remaining eighteen were driven ashore, with great loss of property and life. As the colonial government and people are making docks, by an immense excavation in solid rock, and forming a breakwater with the stone thus obtained, I think there is *good hope* that it will soon afford safe anchorage for the shipping. The breakwater has been carried out seventeen hundred and one feet. The rock, with a slight mixture of the soil taken from the site of the inner basin, amounts to eight hundred and twenty-two thousand and fifty-five cubic yards. The whole cost of the work, so far as they had gone up to December, 1866, amounted, according to their official report, to the round sum of three hundred and ninety-one thousand one hundred and thirty-five pounds and fourteen shillings.

The first European settlement at the cape was in 1652, consisting of one hundred men, under the authority of the Dutch East India Company, not so much with a view "to establish a colony, as the establishment of a place for supplies, and for recruiting the sick of the company." It continued under the control of this East India Company, by consent

of the home government in Holland, with a short intermission that the English held it, for one hundred and fifty years, slowly increasing its population and extending its territorial lines.

In 1806 the British troops took possession of the colony, and it is to be said to the honor of Lord Caledon, the first English governor, that he struck the first deathblow against slavery, which everywhere prevailed among the Dutch settlers. In 1807 he proclaimed it to be "unlawful to retain Hottentot children as apprentices."

It was in 1834 that slavery was abolished throughout the colony under Sir B. D'Urban. This occasioned great dissatisfaction among many of the Dutch settlers, and large numbers of them left the colony and went to seek a country in the interior wilds of Africa. A large number of them went to Natal, more than one thousand miles east of Cape Town, but in consequence of their bad treatment of the natives in that country they got into collision with the English colonial government. Mr. George Cato, of Natal, then an English trader there, afterward a wealthy landowner, sugar planter, counselor-general of the governor and government of Natal, consul of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, and consular agent for the United States of America, and altogether the most important individual in that colony, wrote a letter to a friend, who showed it to the governor, and British troops were sent to D'Urban, the principal port of entry, called after the governor, to protect the natives and British residents in that quarter. After a great deal of skirmishing and some hard fighting the defeated Dutch *trekked* beyond the Drakensberg, and formed settlements on the Orange River, which subsequently developed into the "Free State" and "Transvaal Republic."

Meantime the tide of English immigration continued to increase. "In the year 1820 the British government spent fifty thousand pounds sterling in sending British settlers to the eastern province of Cape Colony, so that by the gradual diminution of the Dutch element and the increase of the English, as early as 1822 it was ordered, by proclamation, that the English language should be used in all judicial proceedings." The Dutch population, however, in most places, especially in the western province, remained much greater than the English, and as it regards their wealth and superiority of church edifices the Dutch Reformed Church was practically the State Church of the country. Though it did not monopolize all the State aid of the colony, yet of the sixteen thousand pounds annually granted by the colonial government for the support of religion the Dutch Reformed Church got nine thousand pounds. The Parliament, during its recent session (1865), came within two votes of abolishing State aid altogether. They will probably come to that before many years, for the most of this money goes, not to support weak churches in poor and sparsely settled portions, but mainly to the wealthy churches in Cape Town.

The population of Cape Colony, according to the census of 1865, amounted to an aggregate of 482,240, or, in round numbers, nearly half a million, of which 71,078 are whites, principally Dutch and English, including, of course, the usual proportion of Scotch and Irish.

The native population is subdivided as follows:

The ancient occupants of this country were Bushmen, a nation of beings of very low stature, low in intellect, having the character of being a marauding, murderous people. They are now almost extinct. They were superseded by the Hottentots, a race peculiarly marked, with deep-set eyes and very high cheek bones; their faces on a line across the nose and cheek bones are very broad, the forehead not so broad, and the lower part of the face and chin very narrow.

It was this class of natives that the Dutch reduced to slavery, and hence came such an amalgamation with the Dutch that the name Hottentot, in many sections of the country, is synonymous with Bastard.

The Hottentots throughout the colony, pure and mixed, number 79,996. The Bastards hold themselves quite superior to the purely black races, and usually have separate sittings in chapel. Many of them are rising in the scale of education, civilization, and religion. They were principally under the care of the missionaries of the London Missionary Society.

Many thousands of these Bastards, not embraced, however, in the census of Cape Colony, under the chieftainship of Captain Adam Kok, by the advice and encouragement of the colonial government, removed about 1862 from Griqualand, near the Orange River in the Free State, to a large district of country in eastern Kaffraria, bordering on the colony of Natal, called No Man's Land. Their missionary declined to accompany them to their mountain home; but in building up a town of over one thousand population they built in the midst of their barracks a chapel which would seat about six hundred; and there, and in several smaller communities, they had regular services every Sabbath. I preached for them on my journey through Kaffraria, and though it was raining and sleeting and bitterly cold their church was crowded with well-dressed and well-behaved worshipers. Their language is the Dutch, though many of them are learning the English. But a large class of the Hottentots have learned so many of the vices of the white man, especially a love for brandy, that they are dying out very fast.

Before the European occupancy of Cape Colony the Kaffirs had pressed down from the east into the country of the Hottentots, and had taken a great deal of their land which they had previously taken from the Bushmen.

The Kaffirs in Cape Colony number 95,577. They are naturally a powerful race of people. Those in the colony and on the eastern border of it are considered finer specimens of men than the nations further eastward. Rev. William Shaw says, "The Kaffirs are physically a fine race of people. The Amaxosa are, as a general rule, of greater stature than Englishmen, and in general well made and finely proportioned. Many have well-formed heads and pleasing features, such as would be deemed handsome in a European. They walk erect and with a firm step, and, when occasion presents, they show great agility and fleetness of foot." Mr. Godlonton, the originator and senior proprietor of the *Graham's Town Journal*, which claims the most extensive circulation of any paper in the colony, told me that before they had regular mail facilities in the colony he had a Kaffir who, twice each week, carried a load of papers fresh from the press, after dark, forty-six miles to Fort Beaufort, and delivered them there at day dawn next morning. The overland mail from the eastern province of Cape Colony to Natal is carried a distance of over four hundred miles by Kaffirs on foot. The traders and missionaries often send books and other articles in the mail bags, amounting sometimes to a load, as I have seen and handled them, more suitable for a horse than a man, and yet those uncomplaining fellows carry them through with great dispatch.

"Kaffir women," says Rev. Mr. Shaw, "when young, generally appear to be quite equal to their countrymen in physical development, only differing in size as in all other nations." "The prevailing color of the Kaffirs on the border is nearly that of dark mahogany. There are, however, great varieties, from a tawny brown to a jet black. As a general rule the Zulu Kaffirs are much darker than the frontier tribes." I have seen a great many myself who are a pure red, glossy, copper color. Many of them have nearly as good a Jewish physiognomy as any of the sons of Abraham.

The chiefs all hold their rank by hereditary right, and Rev. Mr. Shepstone and others have been able to trace the regular succession of the principal ruling chiefs of the country back for fifteen hundred years. The people are divided into nations, tribes, clans, and families.

The Kaffirs speak a most euphonious language, constructed with such precision that old Kaffir scholars have told me that they never heard a Kaffir make a grammatical blunder in speaking his own language, and almost every Kaffir is a natural orator. The principal nations, beginning in the colony and going eastwardly, are the Amaxosa, Amatembu (Tembookies), Ambaca, Amapondo, Amapondumsi, and Amazulu.

Besides the ninety-six thousand Kaffirs, in round numbers, in Cape Colony, there are supposed to be at least three hundred thousand between Cape Colony and Natal, in a strip of country one hundred and fifty miles wide and four hundred miles coastwise, known as Kaffraria. They have a fine country for live stock, well watered, and a good supply of cattle, sheep, and goats. Their principal grain is maize, or Indian corn, and Kaffir corn, which resembles broom corn, but double in size, both in stem and grain. These are pounded in a mortar, and prepared very much like American hominy, and also ground into meal between two stones suited to the purpose and worked by hand, as the women did in grinding in olden time.

The name Kaffir, by which all these nations of South Africa are designated by Europeans, is not a name used by the natives to designate either themselves or any other tribes in the country. The word is derived from the Arabic *kufr*, and signifies an infidel or unbeliever. It is, in fact, the epithet which most Mohammedan people in the East would apply to any European or Christian.

The remaining one hundred and thirty-one thousand nine hundred and ninety-two mentioned in the census, filling up the aggregate of nearly half a million in the colony, are Fingoes, except some fifteen or twenty thousand Malays, principally in Cape Town and Port Elizabeth, who were brought originally from the Dutch East Indian possessions. The most of these Malays are Mohammedans, and have their mosques and peculiar forms of worship in the cities just named.

The Fingoes, which constitute so large a proportion of the native population of the colony, are refugees from the east. They were driven from their homes by Chaka, an Amazulu chief, who waged a most desolating war for eighteen years, from 1817 to 1835, against all his neighboring tribes. Mr. Shaw says: "The terror of Chaka's name and the destructive mode of conducting war by the Amazulu, combined to deprive the surrounding tribes of all hope that they could offer any effectual resistance; and in numerous cases they fled from their country on the approach of the smallest detachment of Chaka's fighting men.

"The victories of his warriors extended east, west, north, and south, over an area of more than one hundred thousand square miles. Some of the more powerful tribes when driven out of their own districts invaded the territory of their neighbors, until the whole region from Delagoa Bay to the Griqua country, near the Orange River, and from the Basuto country in the north to that of the Amapondo in the south, was one scene of war and desolation. Men, women, and children were unsparingly slain by their conquerors. It is believed that fully one half the population of that immense district just described, during these eighteen years of slaughter, perished."

Many thousands of the refugees were received by the Amatembu, Amaxosa, and other Kaffir tribes along the eastern border of Cape Colony as *Fingoes*, that word having

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE SOUTH AFRICANS.—INTERIOR OF A ZULU-KAFFIR HOUSE OF THE UPPER CLASS.—From a recent photograph.

a meaning almost the same as "serfs." They were not slaves to be bought and sold and separated from their families, but were distributed by families and clans among the head men of different kraals; seed and cattle were furnished them, and the free use of the public domain, but their corn or cattle were at any time subject to seizure at the will of the Kaffir chiefs. Thousands of them subsequently took refuge at the Wesleyan Mission stations in Kaffraria. The Kaffir chiefs meantime became very jealous of the Fingoes and greatly oppressed them.

When the Kaffir war against the colonists in 1835 broke out, many Fingoes rallied around our missionaries at Butterworth, Clarkebury, and Morley Wesleyan Mission stations, and on the arrival of the British troops many more fled from their masters and took refuge in the British camp. Governor D'Urban, finding that the Fingoes reposed great confidence in the missionaries, requested Rev. John Ayliff to put the whole body of the Fingoes under their special care and lead them to the land of the free in the colony.

The governor in his official report says: "When it became necessary to make war upon Hintsa and his people, finding the people called Fingoes living among them in a state of most grievous bondage, and seeing them anxious to be delivered, I at once declared them to be a free people and subjects of the King of England; and it is now my intention to place them in the country on the east bank of the Great Fish River, in order to protect the bush country from the entrance of the Kaffirs, and also that by bringing a large population into the colony the colonists may supply themselves with free laborers."

In company with the British troops, on their return into the colony, Rev. John Ayliff, during one week, from May 9 to 15, 1835, led out of bondage into the colony sixteen thousand of these people with all their cattle. The policy indicated in the governor's proclamation has ever since been carried out, and the Fingoes, who now number over one hundred thousand in the colony, have ever remained loyal to the government, and they are still specially under the care of the Wesleyan missionaries.

The government has done much for them in various ways. Governor Grey established industrial schools for them at Fort Peddie, Heald Town, and Lesseyton, under the Wesleyans, and at Lovedale under the missionaries of the Free Church of Scotland.

The Kaffirs, never having been in bondage, are open, independent, and manly in their bearing, and seem never to feel that spirit of servility common among the Fingoes, and for a long time the Kaffirs continued to despise the Fingoes; but the latter had superior political relations as British subjects, and the fact is that many hundreds of them, by their industry, have become the owners of good farms, oxen, wagons, and herds; and that thousands of the younger ones can read and write and speak the English language, and now command the respect of even their former masters. The following extract from *Graham's Town Journal* may serve as a further illustration of this subject:

"The circumstances of the colonial natives generally may seem, to persons fresh from Europe, supremely miserable; but this is very far, indeed, from being the case. Hardy, with few wants, and having those wants easily supplied, the poorest of them are better off than the lower class of Europeans, while thrifty and industrious men often accumulate a great deal of property.

"We could point out at least half a dozen natives in a single district whose properties, if realized, would produce from three to five thousand pounds each; and there are hundreds of Fingoes, whose position among natives is one of opulence. The fact is that with ordinary prudence any native, not unduly encumbered with wives, may, after a few years of service, save enough in the shape of live stock to give him a very creditable position

among his compatriots. We may mention, for instance, that within the last five months the following stock—all the property of native immigrants—passed through Queenstown: of sheep and goats, 7,548; of cattle, 627 head; and of horses, 159. In the settlement of the last colonial war complications with the Kaffirs the government got from the celebrated warrior chief Krilie a large tract of country beyond the Kai River, which has recently been given to the Fingoes. They have hence become the owners of the soil in which they dwelt as serfs. The immigrants above mentioned were journeying to this land of promise. About forty thousand Fingoes have already settled in their new home, which may appropriately be called Fingoland.

"This colony, like Australia and Canada, is ruled by a governor (appointed by the home government), assisted by an executive council, as well as by upper and lower houses of Parliament, respectively named the Legislative Council and the House of Assembly. The council contains fifteen members, eight of whom are elected by the votes in the western districts, and seven by those in the eastern province, while the assembly comprises forty-six members, elected by the various constituencies throughout the colony. The judicial establishment comprises the Supreme Court, of four judges, who hold sessions in Cape Town, and circuit courts in the country districts; also an eastern province high court of judicature. The numerous courts of resident magistrates, in all the larger villages, exercise limited jurisdiction in all civil and criminal cases."

Cape Town, the capital of the colony, is located at the base of Table Mountain, which rises very precipitously to an elevation of about four thousand feet, and is nearly as flat as a table on the top and often covered with a light, fleecy mist, gently dropping over the edge like a tablecloth. The mountain constitutes a grand background for the city, and contrasts beautifully with the splendid flower gardens and groves of oak and Scotch firs which abound at its base, in and around the city. Cape Town has a population of 28,547 (1866), of which 15,118 are whites, about 12,500 Malays, and 1,000 Hottentots and Kaffirs.

There are three large Dutch Reformed church edifices in Cape Town, containing an aggregate of three thousand members. Rev. Andrew Murray, Jr., pastor of one of them, a liberal and thoroughly evangelical man, was Moderator of the Synod. His father, Rev. Andrew Murray, an old pioneer minister in the Dutch Reformed Church in South Africa, has given three highly accomplished and pious sons to her ministry. The father, full of years and ripe for heaven, died a few months ago in Graaf-Reynet. There are three Protestant Episcopal churches in the city, one Presbyterian, one Independent, one Evangelical Lutheran, and two Wesleyan, one for English and one for colored Dutch.

My friend, Henry Reed, Esq., of Dunorlan, Tunbridge Wells, in one of his voyages to Australia stopped, in the year 1840, in company with his family, at Cape Town. When the ship came to anchor a Malay boatman tipped his hat to Mr. Reed:

"A boat, sir?"

"What will you charge to take me and my family ashore?"

"Thirteen dollars, sir."

"Thirteen dollars! Why, that is too much."

"No, sir, it is the regular price, and I can't do it for less."

"Very well," said Mr. Reed, "we will go with you."

When safely landed he paid the Malay thirteen dollars, about two pounds and fourteen shillings. The next morning a messenger called on Mr. Reed at his lodgings, and said, "The Malay boatman who brought you ashore yesterday is at the door, and wants to see you."

"Dear me," thought Reed, as he was going to the door, "that fellow is not satisfied with his extortionate gains of yesterday, and wants to make another draw on me to-day, the mean fellow."

"What do you want, sir?" demanded Reed.

"You made a mistake yesterday in the money you paid me," replied the boatman.

"Not at all, sir; no mistake about it. You asked me thirteen dollars for your work, and I paid you, and you'll not get any more;" and added to the sentence in his own mind, "These villainous boatmen are alike the world over."

"No," said the Malay, "you are quite mistaken; I charged thirteen dollars—"

"Yes," rejoined Mr. Reed, "and I paid it, and you ought to be satisfied."

"But," continued the son of Mohammed, "I meant Dutch rix-dollars, and you paid me three times as much as I asked, and I have brought your money back"—handing him the money.

Thirteen rix-dollars are nineteen shillings and sixpence, instead of two pounds and fourteen shillings.

Mr. Reed was satisfied to receive back his money, but especially delighted to find such an example of honesty where he least expected it.

SOUND ETHICS IN A YELLOW BREAST.

"You made a mistake yesterday in the money you paid me."—Page 335.

Owing to the illness of Mr. Reed's little daughter Mary, whom he finally buried in Cape Town, he was detained there many weeks. It was a time of great distress to the Cape Town people, and Mr. Reed was providentially detained to minister the word of life to perishing hundreds who were dying of the smallpox. The disease, which was of the most virulent type, had been communicated to the town from a slaver which had been captured and brought into Table Bay with its living freight of wretched captives. It spread rapidly over the town, causing a panic which nearly suspended all kinds of business except that of doctors, nurses, undertakers, and gravediggers. Money in payment of debts was refused until it had been dipped into vinegar and laid out to dry. The hospitals were crowded, and then the municipal government had a large building, two miles out of town, fitted up and filled with decaying, dying sufferers. Mr. Reed and his family were boarding with Mrs. Gunn, who kept a first-class boarding house, which was well filled with government officers and distinguished travelers.

All who are acquainted with Mr. Reed's labors among all sorts of adventurers in Tasmania and Australia know that he would not stop a day in any place without preaching Christ to the people, publicly or privately; so in Cape Town he at once went to work for his Master, but for a time, for prudential reasons, he avoided contact with the smallpox

patients. Soon, however, he was waited on by two pious soldiers, Sergeant Runciman and a fellow-sergeant, who informed him that there were hundreds of men and women dying in the new extemporized hospital beyond the town, and not a soul to speak a word of comfort to them or tell them how to receive Jesus Christ as their Saviour. The soldiers begged Mr. Reed to become the volunteer chaplain to that hospital, who, upon a little reflection, responded, "I will." When Mrs. Gunn's boarders heard of it they had a meeting, and after discussing the subject decided that Mr. Reed should not go, lest he might bring the contagion into the house and hazard the lives of the whole of them, and that if he should persist in carrying out his purpose he must remove from Mrs. Gunn's house.

To all this Mr. Reed replied, "It will be a very great inconvenience for my family, with a sick child, to leave and go we know not whither; but I believe it is my duty to go, and do what I can for the sick and dying. I will commit the whole matter to God, do my duty, and leave all consequences with him."

So he went daily till the plague abated. He took them by tiers or sections as they lay, and spoke to them personally and collectively, and told them how, by the power of the Holy Spirit, they should surrender their poor diseased bodies and souls to God and receive the sympathizing Jesus, who was saying to them, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." A speechless dying girl, with smiling face, drew a Bible from under her pillow and showed it to Mr. Reed, indicating by signs that her title was clear to a mansion in heaven. On one occasion two persons with whom he conversed as he passed in were dead before he got back. He had hope in the death of some, and the judgment alone will reveal the number who were snatched as brands from the burning through his agency during those trying weeks. God took care of his servant, and he heard nothing more about his having to change his quarters, but remained quietly at Mrs. Gunn's house, which was one of but very few houses in the city that entirely escaped the dreadful visitation. I received these facts directly from Mr. Reed.

Rev. Mr. Hodgson, who had been laboring for some years as a Wesleyan missionary among the natives in the Orange River country, was then Superintendent of the Cape Town Circuit, and greatly interested Mr. Reed with a narrative of his adventures in the interior, and introduced to him a Christian native man who had just come with a wagon from Orange River to Cape Town.

This native man was a Christian hero, as the following facts related by Mr. Hodgson to Mr. Reed will show. The lions in the Orange River country, when they get old and too stiff or too lazy to follow their trade of catching bucks and other active animals, sometimes crouch about the kraals and pounce upon a man; and when they begin that kind of work they soon acquire such cannibal proclivities as to become very troublesome customers.

An old lion had been making some such unwelcome visits to the kraal to which this Christian native belonged, and one day he and two others took each a gun and went out in search of him, hoping to make a final settlement with him. A few miles distant from the kraal, passing over the brow of a ridge into a little vale, they suddenly surprised a large lion feeding on the remains of an animal carcass. The lion, preferring fresh meat, seemed glad to see them, and without ceremony advanced to give them a greeting. The men, in their sudden fright, declined the interview and ran for life. The Christian man quite outran his two heathen compatriots; but as he was making away with himself as fast as he could the thought struck him: "One of those men will be killed; neither is prepared to die! I am prepared, thank God! I had better die, and give them time for repentance!" He instantly stopped and faced about; the two men passed him, and before he could

transfer his thoughts from his heroic consent to die for his heathen neighbor to a purpose of self-defense with his gun the lion was upon him. With the force of a mighty bound the lion struck him on the breast with his paw and tore off the skin and flesh to the bone. Then with his forefeet upon the body of his victim he took one of his arms in his mouth and crunched and mangled it. Then he got the stock of the gun between his teeth and ground it to splinters. Meantime the others, seeing their friend down, returned near enough for a sure shot; both fired, and the lion dropped dead beside his bleeding victim.

Brother Reed examined the deep scars left by the paws of the lion, which the noble fellow would carry to his grave. "Scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." And here was one of

HEROISM OF A NATIVE CHRISTIAN.
"I had better die, and give them time for repentance!"—Page 336.

Africa's sable sons so imbued with the selfsacrificing spirit of Jesus that even for a bad man he was willing to die.

On my first Sabbath in Cape Town—1st of April—I preached at two Wesleyan chapels. The limited capacity of the chapels and the smallness of the congregations contrasted unfavorably with the fine churches and packed audiences of Australia. During that week we secured good boarding accommodations, and sought information in regard to the field. I learned that the English work in the western province was very limited, the mass of the people composing our societies being colored, speaking Dutch. I was informed that we had a much better English cause in the eastern province, five hundred miles distant, and in Natal, one thousand miles distant, but that there were only two places in the eastern province and two in Natal where I could get a congregation of any size speaking English.

In the afternoon of the 7th of April I attended the anniversary meeting of the Wesleyan Sunday schools and delivered an address on the Gospel doctrine of having all the children converted and trained for God. Rev. Andrew Murray gave an exhortation.

Brother Filmer, one of the superintendents, in his speech said: "Seventeen years ago we had a revival in this town; about fifty souls were soundly converted to God; some of them have become missionaries, and others remain useful members of the Church. Then five years ago we had another revival, principally among the Sunday school children. About forty professed to find peace with God. Some of them have fallen away, but the most of them have remained steadfast, and I find some of them among our Sunday school teachers now, and others are useful members of the Church. I am now feeling, hoping, and believing that we are on the eve of another outpouring of the Holy Spirit."

I thought, "Well, such revivals during a period of seventeen years are much better than nothing, but fall very far short of God's purpose and provisions in Christ, and the spiritual demands of nearly thirty thousand sinners."

On Sabbath, April 8, I commenced a series of special services in Burg Street Wesleyan Chapel, which was kept up for nine days, during which I preached thirteen sermons. A few seekers came forward the first night, ten and upward each night of the series till the last, when the altar was crowded with about thirty seekers; but our congregations were not large, and the whole machinery of church agency seemed very weak.

The members of the church seemed very willing to do what they could, and I believe they were much strengthened, and twenty-one souls were reported by Brother Hardey as giving satisfactory testimony to the fact of their conversion to God.

On the Wednesday night of our week of special services we had with us Rev. William Impey, Chairman of the Graham's Town District. He had been twenty-seven years a missionary in Africa, a good preacher, and a man of fine administrative ability. He was a son-in-law of Rev. William Shaw, so well known as the apostle of Methodist Christianity in the eastern province and Kaffraria, and the President of the English Wesleyan Conference for the year 1866. Rev. Mr. Impey was on his way to England as a representative to the Conference, and Mrs. Impey to see her father and friends. He had with him a most complimentary testimonial for Mr. Shaw, signed by one thousand four hundred persons in the eastern province, to remind their old pioneer friend that they had not forgotten him.

Brother Impey, on his own behalf, and on behalf of the ministers in his district, gave me a cordial welcome to South Africa, and a pressing invitation to visit Graham's Town. "I'll give you the keys," said he, "and you may go into my circuit and do as you please."

"O, I thank you, Brother Impey," I replied, "for your expression of confidence, but I do not wish the keys of any man's circuit. When I accept the invitation of a minister to work in his circuit or church it is simply that, under the leading of the Holy Spirit, I may assist him and his people in their great work. It is my rule not to work in a church in the absence of the pastor; but as you have left such a noble brother as Rev. Thomas Guard—two of whose brothers, ministers in the Irish Conference, I know—as your representative, I accept your kind invitation."

We had so many seekers the last night in Cape Town that I felt rather sorry to leave, but I had to go then or wait probably a month for the next regular steamer. So on Wednesday, April 18, I took passage on the steamer *Natal*, a clean, comfortable little boat of four hundred tons, for Port Elizabeth. We expected to reach Algoa Bay on Friday, but in consequence of head winds and rough weather we did not arrive till Saturday afternoon.

CHAPTER XIX.

Port Elizabeth.

REV. JOHN RICHARDS, the Superintendent of Port Elizabeth Circuit, met me at the wharf and kindly conducted me to his house. Brother Hardey had written to him that I was coming, but he did not know definitely when, so there was no announcement of our contemplated meetings.

As it was important that the public should have notice of our proposed series of meetings, I modestly said to Brother R., "In Ireland they would in such a case get a lot of little handbills printed for private circulation, and send them to all the families they might desire specially to invite to our meetings. In Melbourne they would have large posters put up all over the city straightway, and let everybody know what we proposed to do."

He thought it rather late for anything of that sort. "But," said he, "I will go down town and tell some of our friends, and request them to inform others."

I proposed to accompany him. We went about a quarter of a mile down the principal business street, and I was conducted into a substantial stone chapel, with end gallery, deep pews, and doors to guard the way into them; an organ in the gallery, and at the opposite end, well up toward the ceiling, a small old-fashioned pulpit. That was the Wesleyan Chapel, large enough to seat about four hundred persons.

In came the chapel keeper, and Brother R. said to him, "Tell the people that a stranger will preach for us to-morrow."

Then we went to several shops, and I waited outside while Brother R. went in to tell them about the arrival of a stranger. But I thought my good brother was not raising the breeze fast enough, and that if we had to blow our own trumpet we had better do it effectively. So I then went in too. He introduced me as "Rev. Mr. Taylor, who has been preaching recently at the Cape."

Thought I, "Dear me, if I have no greater prestige than what I gained at the Cape it will not fill our little chapel to-morrow."

So when he told the shopkeepers to inform their customers that "a stranger will preach at the Wesleyan Chapel to-morrow" I threw in a few qualifying terms, such as "California," "Australia," "A work of God," "Bring your friends, and have them saved by the mighty Jesus. God hath sent him for that purpose, and they ought to receive him gladly."

In passing along I was introduced to a local preacher, and to help him gird on his armor I gave him our plan of procedure, with a few illustrative facts. When I told him that we had very orderly meetings, and closed them as early as 10 P. M., he broke out in one of those incredulous laughs for which the Lord reproved Sarah. "I would be glad," said he, "to see such things in Port Elizabeth, but cannot see how they can be brought about. Why, our people here," he added, "can hardly wait till eight o'clock, much less ten."

"O, well," I replied, "we will dismiss them each night as early as eight o'clock, at the close of the sermon, and give all an opportunity to leave who wish to do so."

He replied, "You don't know the Port Elizabeth people as I do, or you would not entertain such hopes."

After we had made our round among the shops we spent the evening with Mr. Sydney Hill, of the mercantile firm of Savage & Hill, 41 Bow Lane, Cheapside, London, and Port Elizabeth. Brother Hill was a very intelligent, thorough business man, a zealous Wesleyan Christian, superintendent of the Sunday school, class leader, and altogether one of those noble men whom the Lord distributes through the world where they are most needed.

On Sabbath morning we had the chapel more than half full. Brother R. read Mr. Wesley's abridgment of the Morning Service, I preached, and the Holy Spirit wrought as in days of old.

At 3 P. M. I preached to the children. The chapel was well filled, not over crowded; but we had still more out in the evening. About 8 P.M., after the sermon, I dismissed the congregation, but most of them kept their seats, preferring to remain for the prayer meeting.

After explaining our method of conducting a prayer meeting I said; "If there are any sinners here who feel the awakening power of the Holy Spirit and, like the awakened souls on the day of Pentecost, wish to know what to do, they may come forward to this altar of prayer, and we will tell you what we did when we were in your sad state, and how we obtained salvation through Jesus Christ."

Thirteen adults came forward as seekers, and about half of them professed to find peace with God. I found we had some good workers, who coming up wrought effectively.

At a quarter past nine Brother R. said, "With Brother Taylor's consent we will close the meeting for this evening."

I felt sorry to close so early, for a number were near the strait gate and striving with many tears to enter in whom I had not had time to speak to personally; but I deferred to my superintendent as the best thing probably under the circumstances, and the meeting was promptly closed.

When we got back to the mission house Brother R. said, "I feel rebuked, for I did not think that one person would come forward to the altar at this early stage of the meeting, and especially the persons who did come."

Sister R. also upbraided herself for having her faith outdone. They were both, however, greatly delighted and encouraged.

I spent two weeks in Port Elizabeth, preached sixteen sermons, and lectured one night on "Reminiscences of Palestine." We had from ten to twenty seekers forward every night, and conversions to God on each occasion, but how many were saved I know not, as the minister said he knew them and did not, so far as I know, keep a record of their names. I had preaching service on Saturday night for the natives—Kaffirs and Fingoes. The chapel, seating about three hundred and fifty persons, was filled. William Barnabas, a good man, local preacher and native teacher, was my interpreter. I felt so awkward in preaching through an interpreter, and being very weary from excessive labors through the week, I did not enjoy the service, and saw but little indication of good from the effort.

On the second Sabbath, besides the regular morning and evening preaching for the whites, I preached in the afternoon from the court house steps. A little shower of rain at the time of assembling kept many away, but we had out about six hundred persons, and it was a profitable service. I thus preached the Gospel to two or three hundred who would not otherwise have heard it from me. During preaching a funeral procession passed close by. The subject suiting the occasion, I illustrated it by the dead returning to dust. Then

a little later the police came along with a bloody-faced prisoner, followed by a rabble, and I said, "Look at him. 'The way of transgressors is hard.'"

At the close a man came and shook my hand, saying, "I have heard you preach to the gamblers in San Francisco and to the sailors on Long Wharf, and I heard you give a singular reproof to some sailors that I'll never forget. They were loading a barge with coal, and one, with a profane oath, wished the coals in h—. 'That is quite unnecessary, my friend,' said you, 'for if you go down to that place you will find plenty of fuel.'"

When I went to the eastern province it was with the purpose of spending one month there, dividing the time between Port Elizabeth and Graham's Town, and another month in Natal. I had my return ticket, for which I had paid seventeen pounds, extending to three months, but I soon found that the English population of the eastern province was much greater than my limited information had led me to suppose, and that my time should be extended to at least two months for the eastern province alone.

THE SONS OF NOAH MEET AGAIN.

"Brother Richards introduced me to the first Kaffir I had ever seen."—Page 343.

On the evening of my arrival in Port Elizabeth Brother Richards introduced me to the first Kaffir I had ever seen. He stood before me six feet four inches, with finely developed form, good head, very pleasant countenance, and a superior display of ivory. "This man," said Brother Richards, "is one of our local preachers, Joseph Tale, from the Annshaw Circuit, about one hundred and fifty miles in the interior." Through William Barnabas I asked him many questions about the work of God among his people. He gave a very encouraging account of the number and steadfastness of their people on the Annshaw Mission. I told him that when my boxes were opened I would give him some books. He said his children could read English, and they would read them to him. I felt great sympathy with the native work, and deep regret that I could not preach to them. I had no faith in successful preaching through an interpreter.

Brother Richards made me a plan for a two months' tour, embracing Graham's Town, King William's Town, Queenstown, Cradock, and Somerset, each appointment about eighty miles from the next. I would have two weeks for Graham's Town, and a week for each of the other places, and a week at Port Elizabeth, on my return, in waiting for a steamer to take me on to Natal. He accordingly informed the ministers of my arrival, and they all wrote me a cordial invitation to visit them, and with them came pressing invitations from Salem, Bathurst, Fort Beaufort, and Uitenhage Circuits. The last two I added to my plan. I made no provision for preaching to the natives, for not knowing their language I did not hope to be able to work successfully among them.

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CHAPTER XX.

At Uitenhage and Graham's Town.

ON the 5th of May I went from Port Elizabeth to the beautiful town of Uitenhage. At Port Elizabeth I had been sojourning a few days at the house of Mr. W. Jones, a somewhat eccentric but very clever, genial Welshman and a superior local preacher in the Wesleyan Church. His wife, a very good woman, was a class leader; his daughter Jessie, a fine young lady, and several sons were unconverted.

Brother Jones gave me the use of his carriage and two horses, and his son Philip to drive me to Uitenhage. We took with us Mrs. John Richards and Miss Jessie Jones. Sister Richards was in such a poor state of health when I arrived that she feared she would not be able to attend many of my meetings, but as she entered into the work her health improved, and after two weeks' special services at home was now going to help me a week among her friends in Uitenhage, among whom she was blessed in doing a work for God. During our journey that day she took occasion to say that she had been greatly edified by my Gospel ministrations, and was much pleased with me in everything she had seen except my beard, in regard to which she put me on my defense.

I said, "Sister Richards, when I was in Belfast a Primitive minister waited on me to say, 'There are some good people in this city who are greatly prejudiced against a beard, and I think you can be more useful among them if you will go to a barber and get shaved.' In reply I said, 'I would not do anything which would be damaging to any person following my example; for instance, I don't use tobacco in any form, I don't use wine or spirits, except sacramentally or medicinally. I have been a total abstainer from my youth, for the good of others, as well as for myself. As to the beard, while in the genial climate of California, with youthful vigor on my side, I did not feel the need of it, and wasted much precious time in cutting it off; but having returned from California to the Eastern States of America my thin jaws were exposed to the northwest blasts of New York, Wisconsin, and Iowa, which gave me neuralgia, and I suffered what appeared to be almost the pains of death. So I found that I was obliged to seek protection for my face and instead of bundling up in a sheepskin and an artificial respirator, the constant readjustment of which would consume time and give trouble, I just threw aside that barbarous instrument. the razor, to see what the God of providence would do for me; and this flowing beard was the result, and it answered the purpose exactly. I soon got well of neuralgia, and have never had it since. I have found it a good comforter, a good respirator, a good shield against the reflecting rays of the summer sun, which used always to blister my face, and crack my lips till I could neither laugh nor sing without the shedding of blood. Moreover, it was a protection against gnats and flies. By a deep inspiration in preaching, which is essential, I used sometimes to take down one of those pestiferous little fellows into my throat, and then followed a sudden change in the exercises. I have suffered from none of these things since I submitted to the Lord's arrangement, planting the beard where it was needed. I have found it of great service to my vocal organs, and hence necessary to my work of preaching the Gospel, and to cut it off is to impair my working effectiveness, and

so far a sin against God.' With that the Irish brother said, 'I suppose it is not worth while to say anything more about it.' 'No, my dear brother, I cannot do a wrong thing on any account, and I also like to help break down an unreasonable prejudice in this matter, under the influence of which many a poor Irishman is daily shedding tears under the operations of an old dull razor.' The good people of Belfast soon got over their prejudice against my beard, and we had a blessed work of God during my stay among the sinners of that city."

I repeated this Irish discussion to Sister Richards as we drove along, and she could not help joining Miss Jessie in a laugh at some parts of it, but still it did not convince her of the propriety of a beard on a minister's face. I then said, "Surely, Sister Richards, it cannot be a moral impropriety for a minister to wear a beard, since the Master himself had a beard."

"But you have no proof," she replied, "that he did wear a beard."

"Well, Sister Richards," said I, "if I prove to you from the Bible that the great Teacher did have a beard will you allow that to end the discussion in favor of the beard?"

"Yes; I'll rest the case on the Scripture proof, if you can produce it."

"Lest there should be some ground of mistake in identifying the person of Christ, when he should come into the world, God, through his holy prophets, advertised to the world hundreds of years in advance all his leading characteristics, by the exact fulfillment and counterpart of which, in the person of Christ, he should certainly be recognized as the Messiah. Sister Richards, believest thou the prophets?"

"Certainly I do."

"Very well; in describing the prophetic scene of the humiliating and excruciating abuses to be endured by Christ, Isaiah, employing the language of the divine messenger of the covenant, says, 'I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair.' To pluck the hair off the head, or back part of the jaw, is nothing in comparison with the pain of plucking it off the cheeks."

The good sister then subsided.

Uitenhage is an old Dutch town located on the slope of a beautiful valley near the banks of Zwartkops River, with fine vales and table-lands in the background, bounded by a range of mountains east and north. Across the river, at the rise of the hills, we see a heathen village; along the river we see some large buildings and the smoke and steam of the engines. These are large wool-washing establishments. Now we learn why we saw hundreds of teams loaded with wool passing out of Port Elizabeth, where it had been taken and sold the day before. It is brought out here twenty miles to be washed, because of the abundant supply and superior quality of the water of this river for the purpose. The town is supplied with water from a large spring rising out of the base of the mountain, which flows in, and is so distributed as to furnish several streets, with each a bold stream, almost sufficient to propel the works of an overshot mill.

The streets are lined on each side with rows, and in some cases double rows, of large oaks and Tasmanian blue gums. The buildings are nearly all large one-story cottages, painted white, with long verandas in front. Altogether the town and surrounding scenery are very beautiful. The population of Uitenhage district was at that time seven thousand two hundred and two, of whom two thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine only were whites, mostly Dutch; the rest were natives.

We had some very respectable and influential Wesleyan families in the town, but the Wesleyan chapel was a very poor concern indeed. For many years it was the residence of

some old denizen, but in course of time it fell into the hands of a little pioneer club of Wesleyans, who had learned not to despise the day of small things, and they did it up and dubbed it a Wesleyan chapel; but the ceiling was very low, and it was every way unsuitable. One would think on seeing it that it should have been delivered over to the moles and bats long ago; at any rate, the bats had so far asserted their claim as to take possession of all the upper part of it, from the ceiling to the roof.

On Sabbath morning, the 6th of May, we assembled in the said chapel to commence our series of special services. The place was filled with a very genteel-looking audience, and I felt encouraged to believe that we had some good stuff to work upon. Rev. Brother Smailes read the service and commented sensibly on the lessons. The audience did not seem to take much interest in the prayers, as only one man responded with audible distinctness, and he did not seem to be well up in the business, for he put in a response at the wrong place, producing a ludicrous surprise that somewhat excited the risibilities of some of the youngsters. The Holy Spirit graciously helped in the preaching of the Gospel that morning, and we had a solemn and profitable occasion.

By the kindness of Mr. Steytler, the Dutch Reformed Church minister, whom I had met in Port Elizabeth, and his trustees, we had the use of their church at 3 P. M. and in the evening. Our congregations there were large, and though most of them were Dutch they knew English well enough to understand my preaching, and listened with serious attention. We did not attempt to follow the preaching in the evening with a prayer meeting there, lest some of our kind friends would think we were making too free with the privileges they had granted us. I was glad to have the opportunity of preaching to them, and hoped they would carry the good seed into their closets at home and have it watered with the dews of grace which descend there. On Monday at 11 A. M. I preached again in the Wesleyan Chapel to a better audience than I supposed we could get on a week-day.

After preaching on Monday night, I explained the order of our prayer meetings somewhat as follows: "A prayer meeting should have more of the social element in it than a preaching service. We have two varieties of worship in a prayer meeting: Public singing by the congregation, alternately with prayer, in which one person leads audibly, for general worship. Then, in an undertone which need not interfere with the solemnity and order of the general worship, we give the largest liberty for individual efforts to bring souls to Christ. Any brother who knows the Saviour and has a friend here who knows him not, pray for that friend; and if you feel that by the help of the good Spirit you can, by telling him what Jesus hath done for you, or by any persuasive appeals to his conscience, induce him to turn to God, you are entirely at liberty, any or all of you as the Spirit may lead you, thus to work for God during the prayer meeting. I make this explanation at this early stage of our series of services lest some, seeing this variety of exercise, might think it a disorderly proceeding, when indeed it is in accordance with the order and design of the meeting. The low-toned conversation to seekers who may be inquiring, 'What must I do to be saved?' and the earnest ejaculatory prayer of sympathizing hearts for such do not indeed produce the least discord in the harmony of the general worship.

"We have nothing new to introduce, but rather the old simple methods of the Gospel. In the great pentecostal awakening the poor sin-stricken souls cried out, 'Men and brethren, what shall we do?' Peter did not tell them to go home and meditate in the quiet solitude of their closets, and call at his house next day and he would have a talk with them on the subject. Nay, when the Spirit awakens a poor sinner he is then waiting to lead that soul directly to Jesus.

"But the poor stricken sinner does not know the Holy Spirit who hath smitten him in love, and does not know Jesus, nor where to find him. How appropriate, then, that such should avowedly ask, 'Men and brethren, what shall we do?' Should not the 'men and brethren' then and there tell such poor sinners what to do, and go to work, every one of them, and lead the poor seekers to Jesus? That is just what they did in Jerusalem, and three thousand of them not only heard from the lips of the 'men and brethren,' who were 'working together with God' to save them, what to do, but at once, openly and honestly, yea, 'gladly received the word, and were baptized' that day. Now this is the kind of thing we want to have here in Uitenhage; no new thing, but the blessed old thing which worked so well long before our new-formed methods of nice propriety were invented.

"We are now ready to converse with any who feel the awakening of the Holy Spirit, help you to grapple with your difficulties, tell you how we went through the same ordeal of hardness, darkness, grief, guilt, despair, hope, desire, fear, and the terrible swaying between two mighty forces, the one attracting toward Christ, the other repelling by the force of a thousand bad associations and a mighty power of Satanic influence. Poor sinners, we know well from sad experience what you feel. We sympathize with you profoundly, and we are anxious to help you. We cannot save you, but God may use us as agents to lead you to Jesus, according to his Gospel method. But unless you indicate your desire to turn to God, as did the awakened souls in Jerusalem, in some way or other, we know not to whom to speak nor for whom personally to pray. We are willing to meet you in any part of the house, but we recommend, as the most prompt and orderly means to the great end proposed, that all those who have counted the cost, and who have intelligently, deliberately, determinately, resolved to seek the Lord now 'while he may be found,' to come forward to this altar of prayer."

While singing the invitation hymn,

> "Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast;
> Let every soul be Jesus' guest,"

about a dozen adult seekers came forward. Just at the close of the prayer that followed, as we rose to sing again, when everything was going on in an orderly way, according to the method I had just defined, a tall young Dutchman rushed up the crowded aisle to where I was conversing with the seekers, and addressed me in an angry, shouting tone: "How dare you introduce such blasphemous proceedings in this town? I demand your authority for such outrageous proceedings under a pretense of worshiping God," repeating similar expressions several times. I took him by the arm and kindly explained to him what, from its novelty to him, seemed so strange, and begged him to be seated near the front, and see and hear all that was done there, and satisfy his own mind that this was indeed the work of God; but he turned and hastened away.

At the day services we got the wheat without the chaff, less bulk but greater weight. Tuesday evening we had our little chapel packed, and at the prayer meeting the altar was crowded with seekers. During the progress of the prayer meeting, which was solemn, but very quiet, a Mr. B. sent me, by a boy, the following note: "The Rev. Mr. Taylor will oblige by not interfering with the devotions of this meeting by his audible conversation."

I was simply conversing with a seeker in a low tone, according to our announced plan; but Mr. B., who, I was informed, was not friendly to the cause of God in any form,

was not satisfied to allow us to proceed in our worship according to the dictates of our own conscience. I, of course, made no reply to his note, but said to some of my friends after the meeting, "Satan is getting more polite each day of our meeting. Last night he rushed in like a roaring lion to devour the prey; but to-night he addressed me in a note as the Rev. Mr. Taylor; by to-morrow night he will not dare even to mutter in the dark, unless it is round the corners out of sight or in the canteen."

Wednesday, at 11 A. M., I preached, and at the prayer meeting following we had some very interesting conversions. On Wednesday night, after preaching, we had thirty persons forward as seekers, a number of whom found peace; and, as I anticipated, Satan could not command an agent that could face the music. The silent solemnity of the occasion seemed to subdue opposing forces. I preached again on Thursday at 11 A. M., and several persons were saved. At 3 P. M. of that day I preached in Brother Appleby's wool shed to the Kaffirs in his employ. We had an audience of about seventy, most of whom had often heard the Gospel, but a portion of them were raw heathens. I got an unconverted, barefooted, ragged Kaffir to interpret for me, and got on much better than I had done before with a professional interpreter, for he talked in a simple, natural way. On Thursday night I delivered a lecture in a public school on "Reminiscences of Palestine and St. Paul and his Times."

The number of converts during our brief series in Uitenhage was not reported to me; but there was manifestly a deep and general awakening in the town, and among the converts were some influential persons, who made valuable members of the Church, I doubt not.

On Friday we returned to Port Elizabeth, where I delivered a lecture on "St. Paul and his Times;" and at 5 A. M., Saturday, my kind host, Brother Sydney Hill, saw me safely into the post cart, a rough conveyance on two wheels, drawn by four horses, and that day, while I was resting, I was jolted over a rough road ninety miles, to Graham's Town.

Graham's Town was founded as a military post in 1812, but received its life and proportions from the famous immigration of 1820. The colonial settlement of that year in Albany, a few miles distant, having, by the appointment of the home government, the Rev. William Shaw for their minister, contained much sterling stuff for the foundations of empire in a new country. Those of them better adapted to mechanical, commercial, and literary pursuits than to farming soon left their wattle and daub huts in the country, and have gradually built up this flourishing town.

It is situated in a valley bounded by high hills, near the sources of the Kowie River. Its houses are principally of brick and stone, covered with slate and zinc. They are not generally over two stories high. It contains many fine gardens, and the streets are ornamented and shaded with rows of trees, principally English oak, eucalyptus (or Tasmania blue gum), and Kaffir boom.

Graham's Town had, according to the census of 1865, a white population of 5,263, all English, and a few thousand Hottentots, Kaffirs, and Fingoes. It had good churches, three Episcopalian, three Wesleyan, two Baptist, two Independent, and one Roman Catholic. It had a public library, museum, and botanical gardens, two banks, one high school—Wesleyan, called in honor of the old Methodist pioneer of that province "Shaw College"—besides the full complement of educational and charitable institutions common in such a city.

The first Wesleyan chapel there was dedicated in 1822. It would seat four hundred

A DUTCHMAN'S NOTION OF GOOD ORDER.

"How dare you [illegible] proceedings in this town?"—Page 347.

persons. It was followed by another in 1832 twice its size, which cost three thousand pounds. The former house was given to the natives. The present principal Wesleyan church of Graham's Town—Commemoration Chapel—is thus described by Mr. Shaw:

"The building is in the pointed style (Gothic), well sustained in all its parts. The front, from the level of the floor, is seventy feet high to the top of the center pinnacle, and it is about sixty-three feet wide, including the buttresses. The interior dimensions are ninety feet long by fifty broad, and from the floor to the ceiling it is thirty-four feet in height. There are two side and one end galleries, and the building is capable of accommodating in great comfort a congregation of about fourteen hundred persons."

It cost over nine thousand pounds sterling, and is quite superior to any other church of any denomination in the city.

The subscription for it was commenced on the anniversary day celebrating the arrival of the Albany Settlers in Algoa Bay, on April 10, 1820, and in memory of the event it was called Commemoration Chapel.

After a rough ride in the post cart ninety miles from Port Elizabeth I arrived in Graham's Town at 6 P. M. My home was with Mr. W. A. Richards, one of the proprietors of the *Journal*, a large triweekly, having the largest circulation of any paper in the colony. He was a stepson of the founder and senior member of the firm, the Hon. R. Godlonton, who was a colonist of forty-six years' standing, and an old Wesleyan as well, and though for many years a member of the Legislative Council, or upper house of the colonial Parliament; yet he was really a spiritually minded, useful member and active worker in the Church.

I had a delightful home in the spacious house and more spacious hearts of my dear friends, Brother and Sister Richards. During my first evening Brother Atwell and several other leading laymen called in to bid me welcome, and also Revs. Davis, Green, and Holford. Brother Guard, acting superintendent during the absence of Brother Impey, had been away on a visitation of the churches for a short time, and had not returned. Brother Holford, an earnest young minister, was a junior colleague in the circuit. He had been but five or six years in the colony.

Brother John Scott was the single young preacher in the circuit. He was the son of my friend Rev. George Scott, the old Swedish missionary of the British Conference. John was brought out into the work in Africa, and I believed would become a useful minister.

Rev. W. J. Davis was sent out by the British Conference in 1831. He was a brave man; had been most of his time in the purely mission work among the Kaffirs; had encountered wars and a very great variety of perils among them. He then had charge of a large native station in Graham's Town. He was, I believe, a thorough Kaffir scholar, and was the author of a grammar of the Kaffir language. I afterward proved him a valuable helper in our prayer meetings in leading souls to God.

On Sabbath, May 13, we had Commemoration Chapel crowded three times with a superior-looking class of people, with a sprinkling of redcoats (English soldiers) among them. In the morning Rev. Brother Green read the service, and I preached from the last words of Jesus, "But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." In commencing a series of special services I always preach first to believers on a subject embracing the personality, immediate presence, and special mission of the Holy Ghost and the adjustment of human agents to his gracious arrangements as essential to success.

At 3 P. M. I preached to the children, with as many adults as could crowd into the church. At night I preached specially to sinners. At the opening of the prayer meeting which followed I invited seekers of pardon to present themselves at the altar of prayer, but not one came. I knew that the awakening Spirit had thrust his piercing sword into the hearts of many sinners, but did not press them to come forward. Many believers were greatly disappointed in not seeing some go forward, but thought it was the pleasure of the Holy Spirit thus to set the church more fully back to their home work of self-examination and more thorough preparation for the coming struggle for the rescue of perishing souls.

On Monday many leading brethren called to bid me welcome; but all expressed their disappointment at the results of the labors of the day previous and their great sorrow that the church was in such a low spiritual state. They spoke gratefully of a work of God in 1822 at Salem, twenty miles distant, and a second revival in 1830, in Graham's Town, which extended to some of the country circuits. Their third and great revival was in 1837, when about three hundred souls were saved. A fourth revival, less extensive, but really a very good work, especially among the young people, took place in 1857; but now they felt a painful sense of coldness and ineffectiveness. I assured them that as soon as they were ready for an advance movement the Holy Spirit would lead them on to victory. I reminded them of the carnal obstructions to the work of God in the church, which must be sought out and removed by individual repentance and reformation, through faith; and that there was at least one serious physical difficulty in the way. "Your beautiful church is not by one half sufficiently ventilated for a large audience. The immense amount of carbonic acid gas thrown out from the lungs of fourteen hundred persons, and the porous discharge of fetid matter from their bodies, must on each occasion poison the atmosphere in the church in a very short time. This poison, being inhaled, corrupts the blood, blunts the nervous sensibilities of the people, and hence precludes vigorous mental action, produces headache and drowsiness, and sadly injures their health; and when it comes to that, the best thing is to quit and go home as quickly as possible. We can't afford to spend our precious evenings there in poisoning each other, for that is the very kind of stuff that killed the British soldiers in the Black Hole of Calcutta. It is out of the question to have a great work of salvation without a good supply of oxygen."

They could not readily realize that their really splendid church could be so defective in anything, but expressed a willingness to make such changes as might be found to be necessary.

We had to go thoroughly into the subject of ventilating the chapel. I begged them to employ a competent mechanic to put ventilating apertures in the windows above and below. They had two such on each side of the chapel in the windows below, but none above. But to make any permanent change a meeting of the trustees must be called, and perhaps much time consumed in the preliminaries before the work could be effected. So, to close the debate and secure the end by a short method, Brother Atwell, one of the trustees, who was allowed to do daring things without being called to account, because all who knew him felt sure that under all circumstances he would do what he conscientiously believed to be the right thing, went into the gallery, hammer in hand, and knocked a pane of glass out of each window on both sides, which afforded a good supply of fresh air for our crowded audiences, and thus removed a physical barrier to our success and gave us a wide-awake people to preach to.

On Monday night we had the church well filled above and below. Nearly enough

remained for the prayer meeting to fill the main audience room of the church. Over thirty seekers came promptly forward to the altar of prayer, and about a dozen of them were justified by faith, and obtained "peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

On Tuesday, the 15th of May, Rev. Thomas Guard returned. As he had before given me a cordial invitation, so now he gave me an Irish *Caed mela faltha* (one hundred thousand welcomes) to Graham's Town. He was the Apollos of Southern Africa.

He had been but a few years in Africa, but his name was a tower of strength in both colonies. He was induced to leave the Irish Conference and take an appointment to Africa because of the failing health of his highly talented wife. Her health was greatly improved; it would have been a calamity to the work in Southern Africa if they had returned to their Emerald Isle.

We had many wealthy influential Wesleyans in Graham's Town, who, I believe, shared largely in the rich blessings of grace poured out from their infinite source during our series. Nine members of Parliament from Graham's Town were Wesleyans. Hon. George Wood, Sr.; Hon. Robert Godlonton, Hon. Samuel Cawood, Hon. J. C. Hoole, belonged to the upper house, or Legislative Council, four out of the nine members to which the eastern province was entitled. Hon. John Wood, George Wood, Jr., sons of George, Sr.; Jonathan and Reuben Ayliff, and J. C. Clough were members of the Legislative Assembly; William Ayliff, also, from Fort Beaufort. These were all classgoing Wesleyans except Messrs. Hoole and Clough, who were in other respects identified with us.

Volumes might be filled with the details of what was said and done in connection with our series of meetings in Graham's Town, but I will simply give an outline and a few specimen illustrative facts of a work which in extent, numerically, was limited compared with the numbers saved during my series of the same length in any of the Australian cities. But the work in Graham's Town was of vast importance, not only in its local effect, but in its far-reaching influence on the extensive mission field among the surrounding African tribes.

During my first week in Graham's Town I preached eight sermons, each followed by a prayer meeting of about two hours in time; the second week the same as the first, with the addition of four midday prayer meetings.

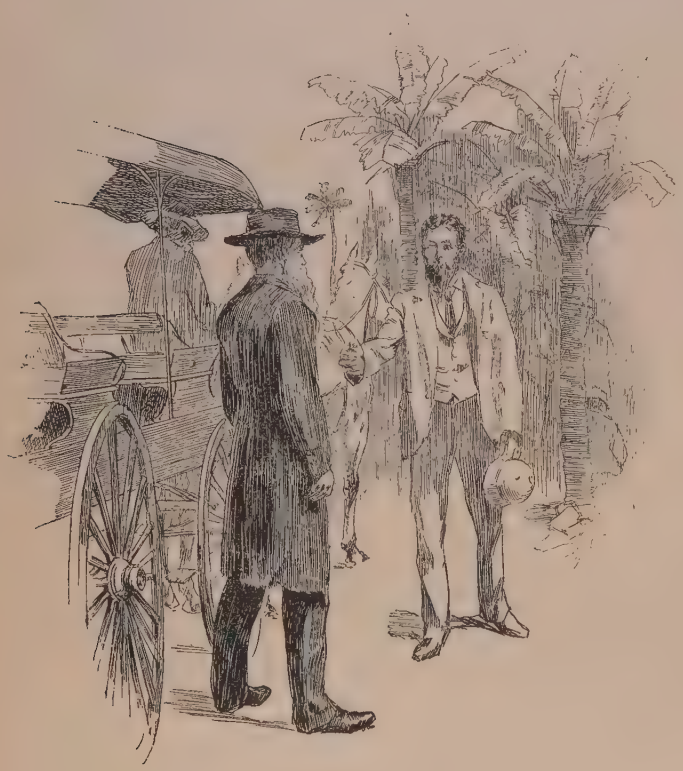
During the third week I preached four sermons, delivered three lectures on "Reminiscences of Palestine" and "St. Paul and his Times." We had five midday prayer meetings that week, and occupied one evening by a fellowship meeting, at which I gave a lecture on Christian fellowship, and over one hundred and twenty persons, nearly all adults, came forward and gave their names as candidates for membership in the Wesleyan Church, and eighty-four persons stood up in their places promptly, one after another, and clearly gave their testimony to the saving work of the Holy Spirit in their hearts.

The number of persons professing to have found pardon and peace with God, meantime, whose names and addresses had, on a personal examination, been taken down by Brother Holford, one of the ministers of the circuit, amounted to over a hundred and seventy, which number swelled to over two hundred soon after I left. The daily prayer meetings were kept up afterward, and will be, I trust, to the end of time.

I found the people of Graham's Town a very attentive, social, affectionate people. I formed among them many personal acquaintances and strong bonds of Christian friendship which will abide forever.

On Thursday, the 24th of May, out on the hills overlooking Graham's Town, in the mimosa scrub, we had a Wesleyan celebration of the Queen's birthday. It was a delight-

ful social entertainment, where I had an opportunity of speaking to many friends, and among them many of the young converts. Mr. H., a tall man with a heavy beard, came to me as soon as I alighted from Brother Richards's carriage in the grove, and said: "Mr. Taylor, I have come to ask your pardon for what I have been thinking about you. I felt so badly under your preaching that I went forward to the altar last Thursday night, but I felt worse and worse. Just beside me was a woman who was in such an agony of distress that I soon began to neglect my own case in my sympathy for her. I wondered that you did not come at once and do something for her, and while I was looking and hoping that you would come I saw you walk past her. Now, I am telling you this that I may ask your pardon for what I had been thinking about you. When I saw that woman's flowing tears and saw you pass without seeming to notice her I got angry and wanted to pull your beard. Knowing that such a proceeding would not be suitable to the occasion, I got up and went away.



APOLOGY OF AN HONEST SINNER.

"Mr. Taylor, I have come to ask your pardon for what I have been thinking about you."—Page 354.

"Last Sabbath, when you preached in Market Square, I stood so near to you that I could see into your eyes, and saw there such a flood of sympathy for sinners that I was fully convinced that I had done you great injustice in my mind, and felt ashamed that I had allowed such feelings so to influence my conduct. Then I began again in earnest to seek the Lord. Last night, during the prayer meeting, I surrendered my soul to God and accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour, and immediately I was filled with unspeakable joy. Now I see that you were right all the time, and that you understood the woman's case and that I did not; that she had to feel her own utter helplessness and surrender herself to God."

On the second Sabbath night of our series I saw an interesting-looking man at the altar of prayer in an agony of soul on account of sin. Several good brethren stood near him, and said to me, as I was about to speak to the penitent, "This is one of our best members," pointing to the man at the altar. "He is not simply a nominal member, but an active worker, reproving sin and trying to do good daily, and also the superintendent of one of our Sabbath schools. He is subject to seasons of great darkness, and is now under a cloud: but it is all the result of severe temptations."

At the close of the following week the said seeker came to see me and related his experience, in substance as follows:

He was first awakened when twelve years old, but, having no one to instruct him, gradually lost his convictions of sin. Then, twenty years ago, he was greatly awakened,

and resolved to be a servant of God, and joined the Wesleyan Church. "For several years I strove hard to live right, and attended all the means of grace within my reach. Then I became acquainted with a very bad man, who was the means of leading me astray, and for a short time I was out of the Church; but I was very wretched, and made a sincere and humble confession, and was again admitted to the Wesleyan Church. I then doubled my diligence in trying to work out my salvation with fear and trembling. I often fasted from Wednesday till Friday.

"Once during my fast I received an order to perform a hazardous duty as a sergeant in the army. Some of my fellow-soldiers begged me to break my fast, or I could not accomplish my work; but I kept to my fast, and though in a very weak state fulfilled my duty. I have spent many days in prayer in the kloofs and caves of the mountains, and often wished that by laying down my life I could get relief for my soul. I once resolved to die on my knees or get relief. I got some relief, but did not get salvation. I have for some time been teaching school, and have been trying to do good in the Sunday school, but got no rest for my soul. During the first week of your preaching I was thoroughly waked up, but I felt very bitter against you. By last Sabbath I felt so badly, so guilty before God, that I could not show my face, but spent the day alone in the hills, trying to pray. But on Sabbath night I went again to hear you preach, and when you appealed to murmurers against God, and asked them if they would be willing to have their miserable existence terminated by annihilation, I responded in my heart, 'Yes, I would hail such an opportunity with gladness.' I then went forward to the altar of prayer, but found no peace.

"But the next night, in your sermon on believing, you unraveled every knot of unbelief by which I have been held down all these years. Your account of that man in Mudgee, New South Wales, who said, 'I can't believe, O, I can't believe,' suited my case exactly, and I said, 'I'll never use that fatal expression again. I do submit myself to God, living or dying, to do with me just as he likes. I do believe his record concerning his Son. I do have confidence in Jesus as an all-sufficient Saviour of the very chief of sinners. I do accept him as my Saviour now.' I began then at once to get hold on Christ by faith, and while they were singing, 'O, the bleeding Lamb! he was found worthy,' I clearly realized, what I had always admitted in theory, that though I should give all my goods to feed the poor, and my body to be burned, it would profit me nothing; but the Lamb of God, slain for sinners, was indeed a sufficient sacrifice for my sins, and I do accept him now as my Saviour. I returned home, quietly resting on Christ as my Saviour. About one o'clock that night, while steadily clinging to Jesus, the Holy Spirit so manifested the pardoning love of God to my heart that I could not restrain my joyous emotions, but went and waked up Mr. G. and told him that I was saved, and we praised God together. If a legion of angels had told me that all my sins were forgiven I could not have had a clearer evidence than I had within my heart through God's witnessing Spirit."

In contrast with this another class of converts, after the style of the Philippian jailer, may be illustrated by the experience of Mr. J. W., of Graham's Town, who was saved through the preaching of Rev. Brother Guard a few weeks after I left. Brother W. brought his brother, burdened with sin, one hundred and seven miles to my meeting in Cradock, and he returned full of joy unspeakable.

It must not be supposed that such a work can be wrought in any place without strongly exciting the antagonistic forces of carnal nature and Satanic power in the hearts of many worldly men and women, and not unfrequently we find some misguided good people who will forbid any person "to cast out devils" who will not follow them.

Many false things and many hard things were said in Graham's Town during the progress of our work by the wicked, and much opposition was manifested in certain quarters where we had a right to expect better things; but as I seldom ever read or listen to such things I will not burden my pages with them. It is said that Sir P. D., commandant of the British forces there, inquired of Mr. Green, the barber, "Who is this man Taylor who is causing such a stir in the town?"

The barber replied, "Have you not read, Sir P., of certain men of whom it was said, 'These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also.'"

"Yes," replied Sir P., "I have read something of that in the Acts of the Apostles."

"Well, sir," replied the barber, "Mr. Taylor, I believe, is a relation of those men."

My three lectures in Commemoration Chapel were well attended, and for defining and defending the Gospel methods of evangelization I think they were better adapted to general instruction and edification than the same number of sermons.

An extract from a letter written by "mine host," Mr. A. Richards, a month after my departure, may serve to illustrate the continued progress of the work of God in Graham's Town:

"Everything is going on very satisfactorily here. The work of God is widening, extending, deepening. Many are seeking the higher spiritual blessing of holiness of heart. Our house has reason to be thankful and to praise God. We have a prayer meeting in our dining room every Monday evening. Last night seventy were present. At the midday prayer meeting there were one hundred to-day, and a gracious influence was at work." Then after speaking of a number by name who had recently been saved, he adds: "The number of seekers is daily increasing. I should think the devil must feel rather bad at seeing so many of his soldiers returning to God. He can't say they are rebels against him, for they all belong to God. The work is going on here, too, among the natives. About one hundred are converted, twenty in each of the last three nights."

That was the beginning of a work among the natives there after I left. I did not work among them except to preach one sermon through an interpreter, and found it a very slow business. However, I believe I did better than a good brother I heard of there who undertook to give an address to an audience of Kaffirs. He was accustomed to use long, hard words, which would sound well to English ears, but rather too abstract and lengthy for a Kaffir interpreter.

When he delivered his first sentence the interpreter said, in effect, "Friends, I don't understand what he says."

Then came another sentence—

"Friends, I have no doubt that it is very good, but I don't understand it."

Then came another deliverance, long and loud—

"Friends, that is extraordinary, no doubt, but it is all dark to me."

By that time the eyes of the whole audience glistened, and they began freely to show their ivory, and the speaker seemed to think he was doing it, for he could not understand a word that the interpreter said, and he waxed eloquent in the flow of his great words; and the interpreter went on to the close, replying to each sentence, closing with, "Friends, if you have understood any of that you have done more than I have. It is a grand discourse, no doubt."

The Kaffirs there were blessed with the ministry of my friend, Rev. W. J. Davis, who needed no interpreter, and reported several hundreds of them saved after I was there.

After my lecture on Friday night, the 1st of June, I gave my last words of counsel and

TYPES AND MANNERS OF THE SOUTH AFRICANS.—A ROYAL SOLDIER OF THE LIMPOPO VALLEY.—From a recent photograph.

exhortation to my dear brethren and sisters in Graham's Town. It was a solemn occasion, for though I never preach farewell sermons, or encourage any ado on the occasion of my final departure from any place, still I am always reminded that Christian love and sympathy, so beautifully illustrated at Miletus, is the same in all ages and among all people.

God's messenger of mercy to their hearts "kneeled down, and prayed with them all. And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more." Brother Davis and two of his daughters, Brother and Sister Guard, Brother Holford, and a few others, accompanied us to the house of my host, and after a good supper and good social cheer we sang together, and upon our knees again commended each other and our young converts to the special care of our covenant-keeping God, and said farewell. It was then midnight, and I had a rough journey of seventy miles before me, and my work in King William's Town the following Sabbath. After a little sleep, at 4 A. M. of Saturday, June 2, Mr. D. Penn called with his cart and two, and we commenced our long day's journey. Brother Penn had a pair of fine travelers, which took us thirty miles to breakfast. Then we got a pair of fresh horses, which he had sent on two days before, and they made the rest of the journey of fifty miles just as the sun sank from view in the western horizon. Much of our route lay through a broken, rocky country, all the way hilly, with the usual variety of deep gorges, little creeks, precipices, and cliffs, rich grassy ranges, and patches of African jungle, with their peculiar intermixture of aloes and the euphorbia tree. We saw one deer on the route; met many scores of wagons, drawn by the finest oxen I have ever seen; we saw in the distance, too, many Kaffir huts, and passed a very few houses of colonial settlers. Brother Penn was an old colonist; had been in the Kaffir wars; had had a great variety of experience, and entertained me all the way with marvelous narratives, illustrating colonial life; while I enjoyed them very much I was too weary to note them.

Arriving at King William's Town I was kindly entertained by the superintendent of the circuit, Rev. J. Fish, and his excellent young wife.

CHAPTER XXI.

King William's Town and Annshaw.

KING WILLIAM'S TOWN, located on the banks of the Buffalo River, in the midst of a fertile grassy country, was commenced by the establishment of a military post there in 1835. It was subsequently abandoned by the authority of the home government, but reestablished in 1848, and became the capital of British Kaffraria, a large tract of country extending from the old eastern boundary of Cape Colony to the Great Kei River. It was settled by an enterprising class of people, and became a flourishing province. The people prayed earnestly for a colonial government of their own; that being denied them, British Kaffraria was in April, 1866, annexed to Cape Colony.

King William's Town had a population of about six thousand, probably one half of whom were Europeans, principally English. It was a strong military post, and a large force of soldiers were quartered there. There were in the town two weekly papers published, and the Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, and Wesleyans had each one church edifice, besides which the Wesleyan London Missionary Society and the Berlin Missionary Society had each a chapel for the Kaffirs.

Rev. John Brownlie, one of the eldest pioneer missionaries of Southern Africa, established a mission there among the Kaffirs under the direction of the London Missionary Society long before the town was laid out.

The first Wesleyan chapel was built at a cost of four hundred pounds, with sittings for one hundred and fifty persons, in 1849. It was then used as a schoolhouse; next to it stood a substantial stone dwelling, which was the Mission House, and next to that, separated by a few rods of ground for garden and shrubbery, on one of the best sites in the town, was the new Wesleyan stone chapel, built at a cost of two thousand pounds, with sittings for five hundred persons.

Rev. J. Fish, the superintendent, was from the Richmond Institution, an energetic, talented young minister, and though but a few years in Africa honorably maintained the responsible position of superintendent of this very important circuit. On Sabbath morning, June 3, we had the chapel crowded with a well-dressed, very intelligent-looking congregation. I preached there from two to three sermons per day with good results.

On Wednesday, June 6, in the midst of our series of services in King William's Town, a Kaffir came running with the message that four missionaries were in the path and would arrive—pointing where the sun would be—a little after noon. In due time we saw in the distance four Englishmen on foot coming into the town, accompanied by a few Kaffirs. Their appearance suggested the sacred historic scene of the Master and his rustic-looking fishermen whom he was teaching to be fishers of men, walking into the city of Capernaum.

These brethren had walked from Annshaw mission station, twenty-five miles distant. We watched them with peculiar interest as they approached. One of them I recognized at once as Rev. John Scott, from Graham's Town, and I was introduced to Revs. Lamplough, Hillier, and Sawtell.

Rev. Robert Lamplough had for nearly six years been, and then was, the Wesleyan missionary to King Kama's tribe of Kaffirs, the residence of the king and head of the mission circuit bearing the name of Rev. William Shaw's missionary wife, "Annshaw." I had heard much of Brother Lamplough's faithful ministrations in Graham's Town, where he had labored before his appointment to the Kaffir work. I had learned also that though he was not much acquainted with the Kaffir language he was preaching successfully through an interpreter.

I was therefore very glad to meet with Brother Lamplough, but could not anticipate the glorious results of our acquaintance with each other. He expressed his deep regret that I had arranged to spend but one night on his station. Having no hope of working successfully through an interpreter, my plan of appointments, extending then more than a month in advance, was confined to the English work, except this one night for Annshaw, which I had given more in deference to Brother Lamplough, of whom I had heard so much, than from any hope of doing much good to his people.

Brother Sawtell was by appointment junior minister on Annshaw Circuit, engaged specially in establishing a new mission among a tribe of about fifteen thousand Fingoes in Amatola Basin, in the mountains about fifteen miles distant from Annshaw. He was a son-in-law of Rev. W. J. Davis, an industrious young minister, who, I thought, would become very useful.

I heard him preach a very good sermon through a Kaffir interpreter in King William's Town, the only English sermon I had heard for nine months, being all the time so occupied myself. I followed with an exhortation, and was encouraged to hope that I might do some good after all by preaching through an interpreter.

Brother Hillier was junior minister on Fort Peddie Circuit. We'll hear from him again.

Brother Lamplough introduced to me his two native candidates for the ministry, whom he had been training for several years. One was William Shaw, son of Kama; the other was Charles Pamla, who belongs to a family of Amazulu chiefs. These, with two others, were the first South African natives proposed for the ministry among the Wesleyans. The Free Church of Scotland had one educated Kaffir minister, Rev. Tio Soga. William Shaw Kama had given up the prospect of becoming the successor of his father in the chieftainship of his tribe that he might be a missionary to the heathen, and desired to be sent far hence, among those who had not the Gospel.

Charles Pamla had sold his farm and good house that he might devote his undivided time and energies to the one work of saving sinners by leading them to the only Saviour. He was about six feet high, muscular, well-proportioned but lean; quite black, with a fine display of ivory; good craniological development, regular features, very pleasant expression, logical cast of mind, and sonorous, powerful voice. He was the man whom God appointed to open for me an effectual door of utterance to the heathen.

Brothers Lamplough, Hillier, and Sawtell gave us valuable assistance in our prayer meetings in King William's Town; their Kaffir candidates for the ministry and companions in the local ranks looked on, listened, and learned what they afterward turned to good account. I spent much time with these missionaries and our kind host in conversation on the best methods of missionary enterprise.

While here I met Rev. J. W. Appleyard, a mild, sweet-spirited brother, superintendent of our Mount Coke mission station, ten miles distant, and manager of the Wesleyan Kaffir printing establishment at Mount Coke. Brother Appleyard was appointed by the

Wesleyan Conference to South Africa in 1839, and became a thorough master of the Kaffir language, and was the author of a grammar of that language of high repute among the missionaries. With the assistance of some fragmentary translations of the Bible by Brothers Davis, Dugmore, and others, Brother Appleyard translated the whole of the Old and New Testament Scriptures into the Kaffir language, which, under his immediate supervision, was published in one neat volume in London by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

In King William's Town I also met Rev. John Longdon, Wesleyan missionary at Butterworth, in Fingoland, who gave me a pressing Macedonian call to help him; not recognizing it then as a call from the Lord, I did not promise to go, but afterward went, nevertheless, by the will of God.

I visited Mr. George Impey, the father of Rev. William Impey, in his last illness. The dear old man had been confined to his room for four years, suffering from paralysis. He had been a resident of the colony for twenty-two years and of King William's Town for seven. He was for some years manager of the British Kaffrarian Bank, and was, as I learned from those who knew him long and well, a consistent, cheerful Christian, and a Wesleyan local preacher of superior ability. He was not able to converse much when I saw him, but was steadfast in faith, and his victory over sin and Satan was complete.

I sang to him the dying sentiments of Bishop McKendree:

"What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame?
Is it death? Is it death?" etc.

All through the singing of the hymn, which has given expression to the triumphant joy of multitudes of dying Christians to whom I have sung it, the face of this dying patriarch was covered with smiles and flowing tears, and for a time he seemed hardly to know whether he was "in the body or out of the body," but his acute bodily sufferings soon reminded him that the mortal struggle was still pending. He then grasped my hand and with tears exclaimed, "O, my brother, my dear brother, it will not be long! All is well." He lingered a few weeks and sank to peaceful rest.

On Thursday morning, the 14th of June, Mr. Joseph Walker sent his carriage and pair to take me to Annshaw. We were soon on our way across the Buffalo, a beautiful stream, and up a long range of hills to their summits. There we had a beautiful view of the town we had left, and in every direction a measureless extent of grassy hills and valleys, interspersed with occasional groves of the mimosa and wild aloes and patches of jungle of a great variety of shrubbery and intertwining vines. The most striking feature of the African jungle is the euphorbia tree, standing thickly and high above the rest. Its trunk resembles somewhat the New South Wales cabbage tree, which is a very tall, beautiful variety of the palm. The euphorbia, however, does not usually grow to a height exceeding thirty feet; its limbs and leaves are rather lobes, more like the cactus than anything I can think of, and it is sometimes called the cactus tree.

Having traveled about fifteen miles, we outspanned at a public house and got our dinner and food for our horses.

Looking to the hills east of the valley in which we were stopping, lo! a novel sight—four naked Kaffir young men, each mounted on a young bullock, and dashing along like Jehu. They used a kind of bridle, by which they guided them at will. Sweeping across the valley at a great rate, they rode up to the public house. Their animals were fat, and apparently almost as fleet as deer; they came up panting like racers, as they were, and seemed quite impatient to stand. Two of the men dismounted and beckoned to a couple

BULLOCK RIDERS OF THE ZULU-KAFFIRS.

"Looking to the hills east of the valley, lo! a novel sight."—Page 362.

of naked boys to hold their animals, while they, in imitation of their white brethren, went into the barroom. Whether they got anything to drink I know not, as I do not patronize the bar; but, like prompt men of business, they were soon off, and we saw them cantering across the valley again to their native hills. About 2 P. M. we saw the silvery serpentine flow of the Keiskamma, and the mission village of Annshaw on its banks. The natives were assembling from all directions and standing round in groups, waiting the arrival of the strange *umfundisi*, and as we descended the hills they came running to meet us and bid us welcome, among whom was King Kama.

King Kama was about six feet in height, well-proportioned, and corpulent. He had a large head, a broad face, very benevolent expression, with the usual, not black, but dark copper color of the royal line of Kaffir chiefs. He was altogether a noble-looking old man. The colonial government allowed him a small pension. About twelve thousand of his tribe were settled about him and were under his rule, subordinate to the English government in the colony. It is a sad fact, but may be said to illustrate the uphill work of the missionaries among such people, that Kama was the only paramount chief or king in Southern Africa who was connected with any Christian Church. Rev. William Sargent, who established the Annshaw mission station, and hence knew Kama well, told me he heard him, in a missionary address, tell his experience, in which he said: "When I became a Christian my fellow-chiefs and many of my people laughed at me; said I was a fool, and that I never would become a ruling chief; that my people would throw me away; that I would become a scabby goat and a vagabond on the earth, without home or friends; but just the reverse of all that has come to pass. I was then young, and had no people; my older brothers had a great people, but they rejected Christ, and lost their people and everything they had, and I remain the only ruling chief of my tribe." Kama ever remained true to the Wesleyan Church.

The paramount chief of the Amatembu tribe, from which nearly all the ruling chiefs get their "great wives" (the mothers of the ruling line of paramount chiefs), sent, by a deputation of his counselors, with all the ceremony due to such an occasion, a young woman to Kama, to become his "great wife." In the olden time a refusal on Kama's part would have furnished an occasion for war. When this party arrived near Kama's "great place" they sat down, according to the ceremony to be observed in approaching a chief, to wait his pleasure. Kama refused to see them, but sent them a bullock that they might slay and eat, and then go about their business. They tarried but a night, and left unceremoniously in the morning.

Kama at this time was poor, and Mr. Shaw advised him to buy a wagon, telling him that it would help him very much. When Kama told his people that he was going to buy a wagon they were afraid, and tried to hinder him in every possible way. But Kama would not listen to them, and so he gave Mr. Shaw ten fat oxen that he might buy a wagon for him in Graham's Town. That wagon made Kama rich, so that in time he had three kraals full of cattle.

Chief Kama lived in a good, substantial house of English style, about three hundred yards from the chapel. The mission house was a large one-story cottage, with veranda extending all along the front. The chapel was a wood building, plain but neat, and seated about six hundred persons. These, with a few square native houses, stood out as the prominent buildings of the place; next to these, and more interesting to a stranger, were the humble dwellings of the natives. These were, for the most part, round huts, one class of which, shaped exactly like a haycock, consisted simply of a framework of small poles and

twigs, covered all over and down to the ground with long grass, beautifully thatched. A hole about two feet wide and three feet high was left on one side as the door. The fire was built in the center, and the smoke slowly worked its way up through the thatch, making it black inside and out. Europeans would not enjoy a residence in such an establishment, I'm sure. Others were built up of wattle and daub, in a perpendicular wall from four to five feet high and covered with thatch, just like the former. A third class of huts were built just like the second, except that the round wall, rising from five to seven feet high, was made sometimes of sod, but more frequently of solid blocks of clay, somewhat like the Mexican adobes, plastered over with mortar. These were very comfortable dwellings for the higher classes.

At the time of my arrival at Annshaw there were in the circuit a Wesleyan membership of six hundred, most of whom were Kama's Kaffirs; the rest were Fingoes. Charles Pamla, an Amazulu Fingo, had been laboring, principally among Kama's tribe, as an unpaid evangelist for several years. The official reports of the Annshaw Circuit for 1865 say: "This circuit has prospered spiritually during the year. The officers of the church have been much quickened. Three evangelists have been diligently employed in preaching at the heathen kraals during the greater part of the year. There is reason to believe that, partly through their efforts, one or two conversions have taken place among the heathen, and in other respects their labors have been attended with good."

Brother Lamplough gave me Charles Pamla to interpret for me. Before the service I took him alone and preached my sermon to him, filling his head and heart full of it. After he had heard me preach in King William's Town I asked him if he could put my sermon into Kaffir.

"No, Mr. Taylor, I think I could not. I understood the most of it, but I can only interpret low English, and you speak high English."

I at once determined to study low English. And now when I was preaching to him alone I told him to stop me at every word he could not fully understand. I was fully committed to make one more effort at the second-hand mode of preaching through a spokesman. Having gone through with the discourse, I gave my man a talk on naturalness.

"But," said he, "I must speak loudly sometimes."

I then saw that by naturalness he thought I meant simply the conversational style.

"O, yes," I replied, "as loudly as you like at the right time. The scream of a mother on seeing her child fall into a well is as natural as her lullaby in the nursery. God has given us every variety of vocal power and intonation adapted to express every variety of the soul's emotions, from the softest whispers, like the mellow murmurs of the rippling rill, up to the thundering, crashing voices of the cataract."

I, however, put it into low English, so that he understood me perfectly.

At 4 P. M. of Thursday, June 14, we commenced our first service. Brother Lamplough opened with singing and prayer. I stood in the small pulpit and Charles on the top step by my side. In front we see the crowded audience of natives packed into every square foot of space, including the aisles. The mission station people—men and women—are all clothed in European dress, the headdress of the women consisting of a handkerchief, usually red, turbaned round with some display of taste. The heathens are painted red with ocher, the men wrapped in a blanket, the women wearing a skirt of dressed leather, with headdress, similar to the fashion of the station women.

To our left, in the corner, sat Sister Sawtell, Sister Lamplough, and her children; in the altar below us were the two circuit ministers; on our right, next the wall, were King

Kama and the Fingo chief Hlambisa, from Amatola Basin, fifteen miles distant, who ruled a tribe of fifteen thousand Fingoes in the Amatola Mountains. He was Brother Pamla's uncle, but a hardened old heathen with about a dozen wives. We announced as the text the last words of Jesus: "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

The sermon was entirely to believers. I believe Charles gave every idea and shade of thought as naturally and as definitely as if they had originated in his own brain. Indeed, black as he was, he seemed a transparent medium through which my Gospel thoughts, rendered luminous and mighty by the Holy Spirit's unction, shone brightly through the soul windows—the eyes and ears of my sable hearers—down into the depths of their hearts.

All through the discourse of one hour and a quarter there was a profound silence throughout the assembly, rendered awful in solemnity by the deep consciousness that everyone seemed to feel of the presence of a power which, like a slumbering earthquake, would soon break forth in manifest grandeur.

After a season of silent prayer at the close of the discourse, silent for a time but slightly interrupted by the uncontrollable emotions of the people, we dismissed the assembly to give a little time for refreshment and reflection before the evening service.

After a hasty tea I went alone with Charles and gave him in detail the sermon for the evening, and we again stood before the people at 8 P. M., and preached to sinners from the text, "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?"

We had about the same congregation, in the same order as in the afternoon. During the preaching of over an hour the beaming faces of believers, the distorted features of sinners, the tearful eyes of both, all in solemn silence before the Lord, and the voices of his prophets, presented altogether a scene which neither painter nor poet can describe, and yet to be felt and witnessed was to receive an impression never to be effaced while memory endures.

At the close of the discourse I said, "Charles, I will sing a hymn suitable to the subject, but I only know it by memory to the time of the tune and can't line it for you, but I will sing a line at a time and you will put it into Kaffir." I then sang line by line, leaving time for the translation into another language:

"Sinners, hastening down to ruin,
Why will ye die?
Jesus is your soul pursuing;
Why will ye die?" etc.

Charles not only put every line into Kaffir, but after the first verse he gave them the tune as well, though he had never heard it before. When spoken to about it the next day he said that he was not aware of the fact that he had sung it, as he only meant to give the words.

The ministers present seemed to think it the result of an extraordinary inspiration of the Holy Spirit, which was true in a very glorious sense, but I believe the Spirit's work on the whole occasion was perfectly adjusted to the human conditions employed, and did not miraculously rise above or suspend any physical law. The fact was, I had a very apt scholar for my interpreter.

He had so thoroughly digested my lectures on "naturalness" that, though he had a voice for variety, pathos, and volume so grandly superior that he could not be an ape, yet in his own natural voice he gave every intonation of mine, running through at least two octaves during the discourse; so when he commenced to render the lines which I was singing he seemed at first a little confused, for he had lost the keynote of my intonations, but soon his voice mounted up into the regions of song, and echoed perfectly as a keyed instrument my singing tones, just as he had before echoed my speaking tones.

Through all the preaching service, addressed mainly to the intellect, conscience, and will, there was the keen piercing of the Spirit's sword, and deep awakening, but profound silence.

Before the prayer meeting commenced I explained the simple plan of salvation by faith to the seekers collectively just as I would to each one personally. Then we invited all who had intelligently and determinedly decided to surrender themselves to God and accept Christ as their Saviour to come forward to the front forms. They came at once as fast as they could press their way. Beginning at the front forms, they filled form after form with seekers, till at least two hundred penitents were down on their knees. There was no loud screaming of anyone above the rest, but their pent-up emotions now found vent in audible prayers, sighs, groans, and floods of tears.

When the prayer meeting had thus progressed for about fifteen minutes, Brother L. said, "Had we not better dismiss them and let them go off alone and seek by the river? The old missionaries have told me that it will not do to let them give way to their feelings, lest they run into wild extravagance. They will go off to the river and pray all night."

"Why, my dear brother," I replied, "this is not a rush of blind emotional excitement. The most of these people have been under your teaching for years, and we have just explained the way of salvation to them, so that under the enlightening power of the Spirit every child here of ten years can understand it. They are now intelligently coming to Jesus. The Holy Spirit is leading them. Why interrupt them at this most important juncture and send them off to the river to battle with Satan alone, and take a bad cold as well? They are emotional beings, to be sure, and have not the same control of their feelings as the mass of Europeans; but all the noise of this occasion is in beautiful harmony with all the facts in their case. This is unquestionably the work of God. We will just keep our hands off the ark of God, and let the Holy Ghost attend to his own business in his own way."

Upon reflection Brother Lamplough heartily concurred and entered most earnestly into the work. It was not long till they began to enter into the liberty of the children of God. As fast as they found peace the new converts were separated from the seekers and seated apart on the other side of the chapel. They were then quiet as the Gadarene "sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind." All were personally examined as to their experience, and the names of those who gave a satisfactory testimony to their having obtained peace with God, through an acceptance of Jesus Christ, were written down, that the pastor might the more readily find them and get them at once into the visible fold of the church. At the close of the prayer meeting it was found that seventy souls had professed to find remission of their sins that night. To me it was the harmony of heaven. I felt an indescribable joy, not simply on account of the great work of God in the salvation of the Kaffirs, which was an occasion of joy to the angels of God, but especially because the spell that bound me within the lines of my native language was broken. I could now

SERMON TO THE KAFFIRS—CHARLES PAMLA AND THE SEEKERS AT THE ALTAR.

"They came at once as fast as they could press their way."—Page 368.

preach effectively through an interpreter, and the heathen world seemed suddenly opened to my personal enterprise as an ambassador for Christ.

Friday, the 15th of June, at 10 A. M., we preached again to about the same crowd we had the preceding day, and continued the prayer meeting service till 2 P. M. During the three services one hundred and fifteen persons professed to obtain pardon of their sins.

After a hasty dinner Mr. Harper took me and Sister Sawtell into his cart and drove us over the hills thirteen miles to his house in Alice, also called Lovedale. One of the industrial schools, established under the patronage of Governor Grey, was located in that lovely dale. It was under the direction of the Scotch Presbyterian missions, and was being carried on, I was informed, with a good degree of success. Getting in late, and leaving next morning, I could not do myself the pleasure of visiting the institution. The Wesleyans had a comfortable chapel there, small, but large enough for the demands of the village. It belonged to the Fort Beaufort Circuit, but the little society had dwindled down, I was informed, to such a dwarfish, sickly state that they could not keep up a class or prayer meeting. I preached there that night to a full chapel. Most of them were very serious and attentive, but one man, well-dressed and apparently influential, kept up a sort of incredulous scoffing, grinning all the time. In extraordinary contrast with the results of the preceding night not one seeker responded to the call so far as to say, "What must I do to be saved?" Many, I believe, however, were awakened, who followed us to Fort Beaufort, thirteen miles distant, and afterward, there and at Heald Town, embraced Christ. A good work in Alice followed, and a healthy young society was organized there.

At Fort Beaufort, twenty-five miles from Annshaw, I received a letter from Brother Lamplough, dated June 19, which indicates the progress of the work in Kama's tribe.

"My Dear Brother: Never was such a work seen among the natives of Kama's tribe before, and I question whether there has ever been such a work for power and rapidity in this country before. To have about three hundred souls brought to God in less than five days is indeed a glorious thing, especially when we consider that no more than a thousand people have been brought within the sphere of the influence."

Charles Pamla gave me the following incident:

An old heathen who lived eight miles from the station was waked up by songs in the night, sung by some of his converted grandchildren returning from the meeting where they had found Jesus. The old man, hearing the wonderful story these young witnesses had to tell, took up his sticks and hobbled off straightway to Annshaw, arriving about the break of day. Hearing the voice of praise in the chapel at the morning prayer meeting, he went in and heard the prayers and prophesyings of God's people. "The secrets of his heart were made manifest, and, falling down on his face, he worshiped God," and was enabled that morning "to report that God was in them of a truth," from a blessed experience of salvation in his own heart. When he reported himself among the young converts of that meeting he asked the minister what he should do about his two wives.

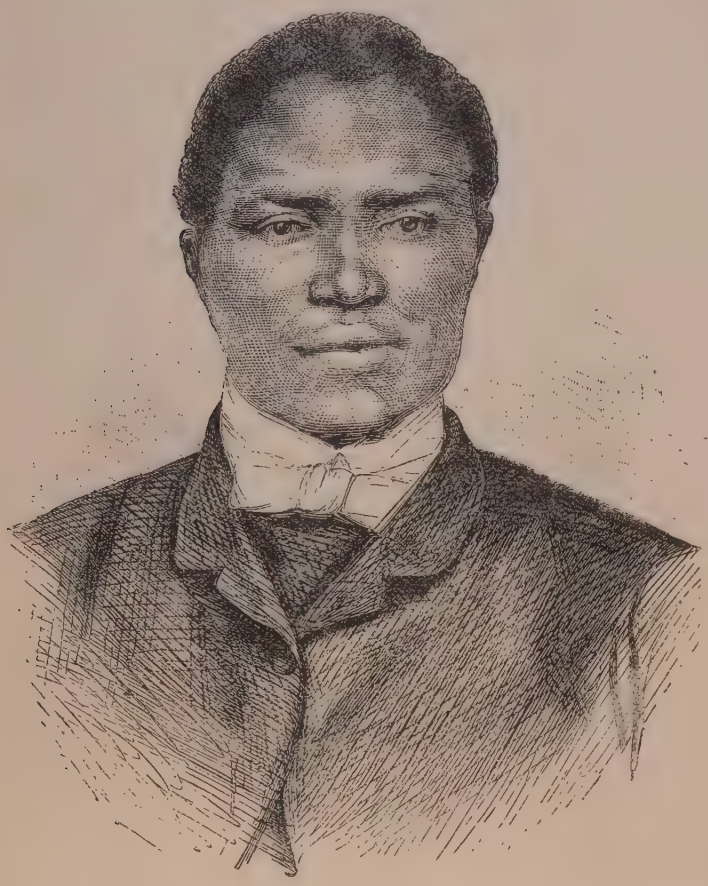
"You will have to give one of them up."

"Well," replied the old man, "one is a young woman, and I love her; the other is an old woman, the wife of my youth. She is old, and can't work much, but she is my true wife, and she has always been kind to me, and I will keep her and give up my young wife. But I am not angry with her, and I don't know how to tell her to go away. I will bring them both here to-morrow and let you explain it to them."

"Very well," replied the missionary, "that will do."

So the next day the old man was seen in the distance, hobbling along on his two sticks, close after him his old woman, and next, in single file, his young woman and her three children. It was a painfully interesting and yet pleasing sight.

The old man brought his two wives into the chapel and marched straight to the missionary. Brother Lamplough went into an explanation of the whole matter to the astonished women, who, it appears, did not know what was to be done. When the minister's decision was announced the old woman cried out, "I am glad of that. I always loved my dear old man, and did not want him to give half of his heart away to another woman. O, I am so glad to get him back to me, and now he is all my own!"



CHARLES PAMLA.

The younger woman stood weeping, and all naturally thought that to be "thrown away," as the Kaffirs would term it, in that style, was an occasion of great grief, which would lead to an unpleasant scene; but when her turn came to speak she said, "I thank God for this. I am not angry with the old man, but I have been living in sin, and now I want to find Jesus Christ too;" and, as she wept and commenced tearing off and throwing away her heathen charms and trinkets, she said, "What is to be done with my children? May I take them with me? I will go home to my people and serve Jesus Christ, but I want to take my children with me; I want to take my children with me, I want my children."

The old man, under Kaffir law, could have held the children, but he promptly said, "Yes, take the children, and teach them to love Jesus Christ."

"Our last stroke is being leveled against Kaffir beer," said Brother Lamplough. I do not know a single leader or local preacher who touches beer now in this circuit. This is a grand thing, and the result of five years' hard fighting."

CHAPTER XXII.

Fort Beaufort, Heald Town, and Somerset East.

FORT BEAUFORT, situated on the lower part of the Kat River, was first established as a military post soon after the Kaffir war of 1835, and has gradually developed into a good average African town. It is in the midst of a good sheep farming country, and some of the valleys produce good crops of maize and tolerably fair crops of wheat. The district, including the town, contained a population of 13,048, of whom 2,648 were whites. The Wesleyan Church was organized there in 1837, and a chapel was built the same year, which was a few years later superseded by the present chapel, which has sittings for about four hundred persons.

My home was at the house of the superintendent of the circuit, Rev. John Wilson, a man of an excellent spirit and an earnest minister, who, with his truly missionary wife, had been in the South African work for many years. Two of their daughters, who had long been seeking, were saved during our series of services. I was agreeably surprised to meet a large force of my Graham's Town workers and friends who had come forty-seven miles to Fort Beaufort to attend our services.

On Sabbath morning, the 17th of June, we commenced our services at Fort Beaufort. The place was too much crowded to be comfortable, but there was a gracious manifestation of the Spirit to the hearts of believers. As we were returning from chapel Dr. Exton said, "I went into chapel this morning a moderate drinker, but came out a teetotaler." His decision on that subject was occasioned by some illustrative narrative bearing on another subject, and but incidentally reflecting on drinking customs. At 3 P. M. we had a good time in preaching to the children. In the evening, after preaching, we invited persons awakened by the Holy Spirit, who wanted to know what they must do to be saved, to come forward, that we might tell them. The altar rails were soon crowded, and a good number were saved that night. I found there were a few good workers belonging to the Fort Beaufort society, and the Graham's Town friends were fully equipped for the war.

On Monday, at 11 A. M., I preached to believers and we had a gracious season. On Monday night the work went on gloriously. A number of leading citizens, under the smitings of the Spirit, were down among the seekers. On Tuesday, at 11 A. M., I preached at Heald Town, seven miles distant. On Tuesday night I preached again at Fort Beaufort. Nearly all our early seekers were now rejoicing in the pardoning love of God, but the altar was as greatly crowded as ever with new seekers. On Wednesday, at 11 A. M., I preached to the church on Christian perfection, with blessed spiritual results in the experience of believers, and on Wednesday night closed our special series of preaching services at Fort Beaufort. After preaching we had a great breaking down among the sinners and some very striking cases of conversion to God. During our brief service sixty-five whites professed to find peace with God. Some of them gave promise of great usefulness to the Church. Many interesting examples might be given, but one or two illustrative cases may suffice.

Mr. E., a very large man, who had been forward several times as a seeker, exclaimed with tearful eyes as he entered into liberty, "Talk about sacrificing all for Christ! What had I to sacrifice but my sins and all my wicked abominations? A sacrifice indeed! Why, it's a glorious riddance! And in return I have received in Christ the priceless gift of eternal life. Glory to God!"

Mrs. D. had heard a great deal said against that foreign preacher, and she never would disgrace herself by going to hear such a man.

A friend said in reply: "Well now, Mrs. D., you see that the most respectable people do go to hear him, and would not miss a subsequent opportunity on any account; and for you to form such an unfavorable and unjust judgment of a servant of God without even hearing him for yourself is alike discreditable to your intelligence and your honesty. Now, Mrs. D., go and hear him to-night, and then we will talk about the preacher to-morrow."

She consented, and that night the Spirit's two-edged sword pierced her heart, and she wept aloud and begged us to pray for her. She soon afterward found her Saviour and became a happy, intelligent witness for Christ.

While I was working at Graham's Town, Mr. Alfred White, one of the oldest pioneers in the country, who lives on the Umzimvubu River, in Kaffraria, nearly four hundred miles east of Graham's Town, persuaded me to go overland through Kaffraria to Natal, instead of by sea, as I had contemplated. I did not then hope to be able to do much good, but I wanted to see the practical working of the mission stations among the heathen in their own country and learn what I could.

I knew not how I should go, but Mr. White said he would meet me thirty miles west of the Umzimvubu and convey me hence across the river and give me any assistance I might need in getting on thence to Natal. He also made me a plan of travel, embracing the whole of the Wesleyan missions in Kaffraria. A few days later we learned that Dumasi, chief of the western tribe of the Amapondo, and Umhlonhlo, chief of the Amapondumsi, were at war, and the Shawbury station was just in the midst of it, and that the missionary and his family were in great jeopardy; we learned further that the eastern half of the Amapondo nation, under Chief Faku, were at war with the Amabacas, and that Osborn mission station, under the superintendence of Rev. C. White, was the scene of great slaughter. So Mr. White said I could not travel through that district, and planned for me a more southerly route, leaving out the two troubled stations. I wrote to Cape Town to have my son Stuart, who was recovering from his Australian illness, join me and bear me company. I then expected to have to buy horses and go on the independent line.

When I was at Annshaw I made arrangements with Brother Lamplough, to have Charles Pamla go with me through Kaffirland as my interpreter. My friend, Mr. James Roberts, hearing of my contemplated trip, asked me to allow him the pleasure of furnishing conveyance and horses and of driving me to Natal. Under the circumstances I could not deny him the pleasure, and thankfully accepted his kind offer.

An extract from a letter written me by Rev. Brother Wilson, dated November 14, 1866, may serve to illustrate the further progress of the work of God in Fort Beaufort:

"The work in this circuit has been great and glorious. At our last quarterly meeting we had a net increase of thirty-eight members and sixty on trial. Besides there has been a very delightful work among the natives here, and many of them have been enabled to rejoice in Christ their Saviour. The testimony of some is exceedingly pleasing. A case or two were rather striking. Two native girls, who were servants in the same family, were

TYPES AND MANNERS OF THE SOUTH AFRICANS.—ANGONI WARRIORS FROM NYASSALAND.
From a recent photograph.

convinced of sin. One of them came to my house to receive instruction; I talked to her and prayed with her, but she got no rest for her soul. I left her, and Mrs. Wilson went to her, and while she was praying with her the poor girl found Jesus. Her joy was unspeakably great. She fell on her knees and kissed Mrs. Wilson's feet, and then crawled to the young woman who came with her and kissed her feet, and when I came she fell down and kissed mine. She was so overwhelmed with rapturous joy, and so humble, that she knew not how to express it. Her fellow-native servant was in great distress, but did not get relief so quickly. I found her in an agony at the penitent rail, and in her bitter confession of sin she said, 'That shawl I bought at Mullett's—that shawl! that shawl!'

HUMILITY OF A NATIVE CONVERT.

"She fell on her knees and kissed Mrs. Wilson's feet."—Page 377.

"'What about it?' I inquired.

"'O, sir, part of the money for that shawl was stolen; I stole one and threepence of it from my mistress. I'll pay my mistress, I'll pay her all, I'll pay her double!'

"Her mistress, an unconverted woman, would receive no money, but forgave her freely. Then the poor girl took the shawl, tore it to shreds and burned it. She had a hard struggle, but at last the dark cloud of guilt and sin rolled away, and she was made happy in Jesus her Saviour.

"We have formed two extra classes here among the English and two for the natives."

Heald Town, called in honor of James Heald, Esq., treasurer of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, is a large Fingo settlement and mission station, six miles distant from Fort Beaufort. This is the site of the largest industrial school established under the patronage of Sir George Grey. The accompanying cut, from a photograph taken on the spot, will represent, on a small scale, the school buildings and mission chapel. "The principal building is two hundred and twenty feet in length, and fifty in width; there are also two wings extending to the rear, each ninety feet in length. It is built of brick, on a stone foundation; the roof is of slate from Wales. The floor of the veranda, which extends along the whole front of the building, is several feet above the ground. The internal arrangements afford spacious apartments for the governor, chaplain, and their families, with large and airy dormitories, school and work rooms, refectory, kitchens, etc., for the accommodation of a large number of boys and girls who were boarded, clothed, educated, and trained to various industrial pursuits." The exact statistics of the cost of these buildings, the annual appropriations, and the number of pupils trained in this establishment, I have not been able to get; but the following figures, furnished me by Rev. William Sargent, Wesleyan missionary, in charge of it when I was there, will furnish the facts with approximate correctness. The cost of the buildings, paid by the government, through Sir George Grey, was about seven thousand pounds. The government appropriation was about one thousand pounds per annum for nine years.

A day school has been kept up with success. It contained, at the time of my visit, two hundred day scholars, conducted by Mr. T. Templer, head teacher, a fine-spirited brother, and I believe a successful educator, assisted by Siko Radas, a young native teacher. They have also three schools taught by native teachers at three different out-stations connected with this mission establishment. The whole cost of these schools at the present time is three hundred and twenty-two pounds per annum, of which the government pays two hundred and fifty-two pounds, and the society seventy pounds. Some thousands of natives have here, from first to last, been taught to read their own language, as well as the elements of an English education.

Rev. William Impey, during his recent visit to England, appealed strongly to the Missionary Committee, and not in vain, to authorize the establishment of a high school and theological institution at Heald Town. James Heald, Esq., gave five hundred pounds toward the enterprise, and Mr. Impey's success was such that the district meeting in Graham's Town last January resolved to carry it into effect. The following is a statement of their action furnished to me by Rev. William Sargent in a recent letter, as follows:

"Our district meeting decided to form a training institution at Heald Town to include two or three classes of agents:

"1. Men for the full work of the ministry and pastorate.

"2. Native evangelists who shall have no fixed pastorate, but be employed in going from place to place preaching the Gospel.

"3. Young men as schoolmasters for the native schools.

INSTITUTION AND CHAPEL AT HEALD TOWN.

"It was also agreed to move the press from Mount Coke to Heald Town. Mr. Appleyard goes to Heald Town in charge of the press. Mr. Lamplough was appointed to superintend the institution and take charge of the native agents; a better supply could not have been got in the district. Brother Lamplough possesses peculiar abilities for such a work; his whole soul is in it."

I firmly believed myself that Brother Lamplough was the man for that responsible post: that he would teach them how to win souls to Christ and administer good discipline in the Church of God.

I prayed that the Lord would help him, and make of him an Elijah, and make his school of the prophets a hundredfold more effective than that of Bethel or Mount Carmel!

Rev. William Sargent, the missionary at the time of my visit, was brought up in the colony, and having been in the mission work for many years was quite at home in the native language, manners, and customs; he was a true friend to the natives and an earnest missionary. He removed his whole family to Fort Beaufort so that they all might enjoy the benefit of our week of special services there. He had written me requesting a visit to his natives in Heald Town, but, not having the natives in my plan of appointments, and having engaged to labor with the whites for weeks ahead, I could not promise, but at our first interview I arranged to give them a week-day service.

So on Tuesday, June 19, Brother Sargent took me up with his cart and pair, and set off for Heald Town. As we pass the lines of Fort Beaufort we at once see the white mission buildings before described, six miles distant. It is a beautiful sight, through a narrow valley, bounded by high hills on each side, rising to the altitude of respectable mountains; but the town itself, which, besides the school buildings and chapel, is composed almost entirely of native huts, is perched above the head of this beautiful vale on the plateau of a transverse range of little mountains. The scattering huts seen in the cut represent but a small part of the native town, the body of which is hid from view by an intervening hill.

In our little journey we pass over a broad, undulating valley, rich and grassy. To our left are several native kraals, surrounded by fields of maize, pumpkins, and Kaffir corn. Ascending the narrow vale, we cross many times a bold mill stream, the banks of which are lined with wild olives, willows, and a great variety of shrubbery and vines, forming in some places a dense jungle, which furnish a grand retreat for the monkeys. Half a dozen of them made a stand in the road before us long enough to inquire, "Who are you, and where are you going?" and then scampered off into their native wilds.

The mountains to our left are partly cultivated by the Fingoes, and we see some fine herds of their cattle. The mountains to our right are rugged, but beautified by a thick undergrowth of the wild African aloes just coming into bloom, with stately sentinels of the euphorbia tree. We have a long, rocky steep ascent from this valley to the high land of the town; the surrounding scenery, with the high cliffs at the head of the valley just below the town, is not only beautiful but grand.

When we arrived, a little before the hour appointed, the chapel, with sittings for about eight hundred, was packed with about one thousand natives and twenty whites.

The head teacher, Mr. T. Templer, met us, and said: "We have Barnabas here, from Graham's Town; he is a splendid interpreter, and we'll get him to interpret. He says he would rather not, as he's here on business, in his working clothes, but I'm sure he'll consent if we press it."

"Give me anybody else," I replied. "I tried him in Graham's Town, and he got his voice up an octave too high at the start and sang out the whole sermon in two or three monotonous tones that did not suit me at all. He is a good fellow, and we must not hurt his feelings, but if you are not committed to him, and can give me any other Kaffir who can talk English, don't engage Barnabas."

"We are not committed to him, but consider him the best we can get. We have a Kaffir boy, my assistant teacher, who understands English, but he is not a professional interpreter."

"He's my boy; send him to me quickly, as our time is nearly up and the people are waiting."

Brother Sargent immediately sent for him and brought him into a private room in the institution, a real black boy, about twenty years old, five feet six inches in height, prominent forehead, good eye, pleasant countenance, a quiet, unobtrusive youth, a good singer, can write music and play on the harmonium, but rather a feeble voice for addressing a large assembly—Siko Radas.

Brother Sargent said he had to celebrate a marriage either before or after preaching. We at once arranged that Brother Sargent should open the service in the usual way and attend to the marriage and allow me that time for drilling my young interpreter.

I preached my sermon to Siko and gave him a lecture on naturalness. We entered the church before the marriage ceremony was over. The bridal party were all black, but well-dressed, and presented a very genteel appearance, and signed their names to the marriage records with self-possession and neatness of execution. The bride was covered from head to foot with a fine white veil.

The bridal party sat in the front form, just before us. I did not occupy the little pulpit, but stood beside my interpreter in the altar. Siko put my sentences into Kaffir very rapidly, but distinctly, and, as I learned, correctly. There was evidently an extraordinary power of the Holy Spirit resting on the audience during the preaching, but silence reigned, except the slight murmur of suppressed sobbing and tears. At the close of the preaching we dismissed the assembly, giving all who wished an opportunity to retire. The bridal party and a few others left.

Before we proceeded further with the prayer meeting I explained in Gospel simplicity the way of salvation by faith, so that the seekers might intelligently come to Christ without further personal instruction. We then invited the seekers to come forward and occupy the forms from the front, as far back as might be necessary. They rushed forward with that violence which the kingdom of heaven suffereth, and many of the violent took it by force that day. At least three hundred seekers were down on their knees within a few minutes. They were all praying audibly, the floor was wet with tears, yet none seemed to be screaming louder than his neighbor. Brother Sargent seemed for a few moments fearful, thinking it might lead to confusion; but I reminded him of the undeniable evidences that God the Holy Spirit was moving in the matter, and however much of human dross and infirmity might be mixed into such a mass of superstition and sin the people had been well instructed, and the Holy Spirit was fully competent directly, and through the agencies available, to manage the business, and we would work with him, not interfere with his work.

Brother Sargent at once and heartily acquiesced in my views, which were supported so thoroughly by Scripture teaching and precedent, and by the logic of facts before our eyes, that we could do but little else than stand still and see the salvation of God. We had Brothers Janion, Atwell, Webb, Roberts, and other Graham's Town brethren present. They seemed a little confused at the first shock; for my meetings at Graham's Town, as in every other place among the whites, were conducted in quietness; but in a few minutes they were reassured by their faith in God and the power of his Gospel, and entered into the work with their characteristic earnestness. In the recess there were fourteen whites down on their knees as seekers; so that the brethren who could not speak Kaffir found ample employment among them.

As fast as the seekers entered into liberty they were conducted to seats, first in the right wing of the chapel and then in the left, and then in front, where they gave their testimony to their minister, Rev. Brother Sargent, who wrote down their names in his pastoral book. The services closed at 4 P. M., having extended through five hours. Some

of us, however, went into Brother Templer's house about 2 P. M. and took in haste an excellent lunch which good Sister Templer had prepared for us, and immediately returned to the front. Seven whites reported themselves among the converts, having, during the service, embraced Christ and found salvation in him. Six of them were one whole family, a grandmother, her daughter, son-in-law, and three children. It was a touching scene to see the poor old woman in the center and her children and grandchildren embracing her with flowing tears, praising God, telling her how happy they were in the love of Jesus.

Of the natives, Brother Sargent recorded the names of one hundred and thirty-nine who professed to find peace with God during our service of five hours. We then hastened back to Fort Beaufort, where I preached, and had a glorious work among the whites that night.

On Thursday morning, the 21st of June, Brother Sargent, in company with Mrs. Rev. T. Guard, drove me again to Heald Town, according to the announcement made the preceding Tuesday.

We went before our crowded audience fully equipped, trusting to the immediate presence and saving power of the Holy Spirit. The prayer meeting was conducted as on the first day. Among the seekers were many aged persons. The awful presence and melting power of the Holy Spirit on this occasion surpassed anything I had ever witnessed before. I tried to find an illustration of what I saw and felt by the historic fact that on creation's morn the Spirit moved upon the face of the waters and brought order out of chaos; I thought of what Ezekiel saw, and thus described, after giving an account of his vision of the valley of dry bones:

"Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones; Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live: and I will lay sinews upon you, and will bring up flesh upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, and ye shall live; and ye shall know that I am the Lord. So I prophesied as I was commanded: and as I prophesied, there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone. And when I beheld, lo, the sinews and the flesh came up upon them, and the skin covered them above: but there was no breath in them. Then said he unto me, Prophesy unto the wind, prophesy, son of man, and say to the wind, Thus saith the Lord God; Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live. So I prophesied as he commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army."

I thought of the waiting disciples in that upper room on Mount Zion, when "suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting," and the glory that immediately followed. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth."

The atmosphere, the symbol of the Holy Ghost whom God hath sent to administer the bounteous provision of salvation to a perishing world; the air, everywhere present, enveloping the world, mysterious, invisible, yet always abiding with us, now at rest, then moving in the gentle zephyr, then in the breeze, then in the gale, then in the hurricane—such is this mighty Spirit of God abiding with us, and to abide with us forever, and yet adjusting his mighty power to the laws of the human mind and moral nature.

I realized by faith on that occasion what I never can explain, even with the help of this Scripture teaching. If the dispensation of the Spirit is to extend to "that great and

notable day of the Lord when he shall judge the quick and the dead," and if the ever-abiding Spirit is as available now, and as willing to fulfill his mighty mission now, as he was on the day of Pentecost, why is the world not saved? I wept over the defective faith and ineffective methods of the Church, and thought how the Holy Spirit is grieved in not having suitable agents for the successful prosecution and consummation of his work, according to God's purpose and adequate provisions in Christ. As I saw dead souls by the score stand up by the power of the Spirit, till they became like an army around us, and heard them witnessing to the saving mercy of Jesus in their hearts, I felt the keen retort of the South Australian black fellow at Lake Alexandrina, on the Murray. A man whom this native had known for twenty years was warning him for the first time against the danger of losing his soul, and the sable son of nature said with vehement indignation, "If you know all this time that black fellow going to hell, why you no tell black fellow till now?"

A majority of those before me, to be sure, had been born and brought up under Gospel teaching; their old friend Ayliff, who led them out of Kaffir bondage, had lived and died among them at that very spot; in the chapel before us was a slab to his memory, on which it was stated that the last prayer he ever offered, just as he was stepping into death's dark river, was that God would bless and save his "dear Fingoes." His prayer was now being answered among the ones to whom he last preached; but I thought of the millions beyond, who have not to this day heard of Jesus. O, I felt that, dearly as I loved my country, my Conference, my home, and, above all, my dear family, if it were the Lord's will to adjust my relations satisfactorily in regard to those sacred interests, and call me to this work, I would hail it as a privilege to lead a band of black native evangelists through the African continent till Ethiopia would not only stretch out her hands, but embrace Christ, through the power of the Holy Ghost, from the Cape of Good Hope to the Mediterranean!

At the close of this second service at Heald Town, Rev. Brother Sargent reported the names of one hundred and sixty-seven native and three European converts during the service of five hours, making an aggregate for the two services of three hundred and six natives and ten whites saved "by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, shed forth abundantly upon us, through Jesus Christ our Lord." These, added to the sixty-five Europeans at Fort Beaufort, made a total of three hundred and eighty-one souls brought to God and justified freely by his grace during our brief ministry of only five days.

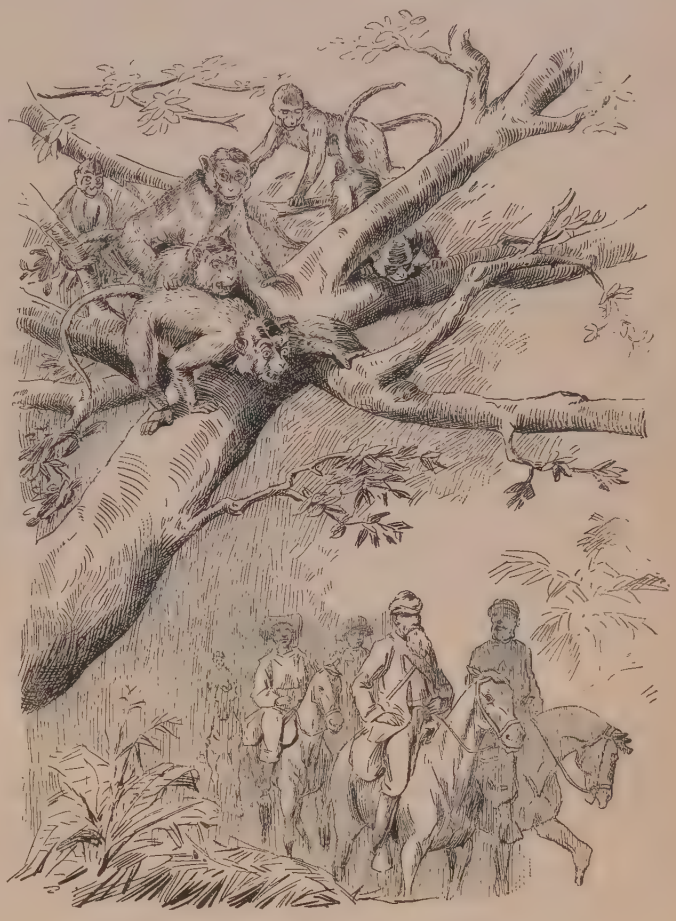
An extract from a letter I received from Brother Sargent, dated July 17, nearly a month after I left, may serve to illustrate the continued progress of this work in Heald Town:

"I am thankful to say that the good work of the Lord is still progressing favorably at Heald Town. About sixty more have found peace since you left, and I have no doubt but that there would have been a much larger number but for the fact that I have had to be away so often that the penitent meetings have not been held so frequently as I could wish. There is much earnestness manifested among the people, both old and young. You would be amazed and delighted to hear their cries of a night till after nine or ten o'clock, and in some cases till daylight in the morning, pleading for the pardon of their sins. The valleys and rocks below the mission house are literally vocal with the cries of penitents, morning, noon, and night. You will be glad to be informed that last Saturday, in our local preachers' meeting, the local brethren, in receiving several new candidates on

the local preachers' plan, passed a resolution that no one using Kaffir beer or any other strong drink shall be allowed to exercise the office of local preacher among them. Next Saturday the class leaders intend passing the resolution respecting themselves, not allowing any to exercise the office of class leader in Heald Town who will not give up the drinking of Kaffir beer and all other intoxicating drinks."

As we returned from Heald Town to Fort Beaufort, accompanied by a large number of Europeans on horseback and many natives on foot, though we drove rapidly, to be in time for the evening appointment, some of the black fellows, happy in the Lord and light on foot as Elijah before the chariot of Ahab, ran so fast as to keep up with us most of the distance of six miles.

Passing a jungle we saw a mob of monkeys perched on the thickly matted tops of the trees, clearly defined above the branches. They seemed surprised to see so many persons in their unfrequented woods, and stood erect, looking at us till we passed out of sight.



EN ROUTE TO FORT BEAUFORT.

"Passing a jungle we saw a mob of monkeys."—Page 383.

Mrs. Thomas Guard witnessed all the scenes of that day, and, possessing a very refined taste, a nice sense of propriety, and not favorable to noisy religious exercises, I was a little surprised to find her enthusiastic in her expressions of admiration of all she had seen and heard. I had observed that she looked on and wept and smiled alternately during most of the service, and as we drove along she said, "I have seen most of the crowned heads of Europe, was at the opening of the great exhibition in 1851, have witnessed and felt the thrilling effects of the most imposing pageants of royalty, but I never saw anything for sublimity and soul-stirring effect to compare with the scenes of this day. I would not have missed the meeting of to-day for anything that could be offered."

"But dear me," says one, "such sudden work as this must be very transient—over three hundred persons professing conversion at two days' services, and working week days too; why, it must have been a straw fire that will soon die out."

Indeed, after so long a preparation, why should not "the Lord whom ye seek come suddenly into his temple?" Was not that the way the Holy Spirit did it when he first entered on his great work in Jerusalem? If he hath changed his methods of working it is a wonder he hath not informed us, so that we may adjust ourselves to them. That was a quick work by which three thousand souls were saved in one day under the first Gospel

sermon they ever heard in their lives, and yet thirty-three years afterward St. Luke testified to their steadfastness, saying, "They continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers."

On Friday morning, the 22d of June, Brother Sargent, in company with his son and daughter, drove me twenty miles with his cart and pair to the village of Adelaide, on my way to Somerset, which is about eighty miles distant from Fort Beaufort. At 2:30 P. M. I preached at Adelaide in the Presbyterian church, Rev. Peter Davidson, pastor, with whom I dined. I had dined with his brother, the Rev. William Davidson, at his own house, in the town of Clare, South Australia, and had become acquainted with another brother, Rev. James Davidson, King William's Town, British Kaffraria; so, instead of strangers, we seemed to meet as friends. The Wesleyans had no society at Adelaide, but we had a few good men there, who, in the absence of their own Church, united with Mr. Davidson.

Mr. Francis King sent his cart and pair and driver to convey me that afternoon to Bedford, twenty miles further on my way, Brothers Sargent and Davidson accompanying. I was weary and allowed them to do all the talking. Brother Davidson gave us an interesting history of himself and brother ministers and their widowed mother, and how they struggled up the hill of difficulty in acquiring an education and preparing for the ministry. It was altogether a very interesting narrative. Brother Davidson was a very genial Scotchman and, I was told, an earnest evangelical minister of the Gospel. The Dutch Reformed Church in Adelaide were building a church edifice there which would cost twenty-five thousand pounds, and a minister's house to cost three thousand pounds. The village was very small, but it was the center of a large Dutch farming community. The Dutch, being the first European settlers in South Africa, owned the majority of the best farms, and built very large churches in accessible centers, and put up small houses contiguous, for temporary home comfort during their sojourn at their *nag mals*. The *nag mal*, or night meal, is the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which is administered at their churches quarterly. The farmers within a radius of twenty or thirty miles attended on those occasions with their families and spent several days in religious duties, embracing the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper, preaching the Gospel, and confirmation, and a social reunion.

Bedford was a small village with one little church, which was under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. Solomon. Mr. Solomon was for many years a missionary to the Griquas, Adam Kok's Hottentots, and Dutch Bastards, then near the Orange River, now in No Man's Land, Kaffraria. They were then, and ever since their removal to their new home, without a missionary. Yet under the effect of former missionary teaching they had their chapels and regular services. The Wesleyan missionaries occasionally visited them.

Mr. Solomon, after a separation of several years, had just returned from a visit to them of several weeks. He was greatly interested in their welfare, and said that but for his family relations he would go and live with them. Rev. Mr. Solomon was a brother of the celebrated Saul Solomon of Cape Town, celebrated for his littleness of stature, about three and a half feet high, and for his greatness as a politician and member of the colonial Parliament, for literary and commercial enterprise, conducting a large paper in Cape Town, and a variety of business pursuits; the greatest man of his size, I suppose, in the world. I preached for Rev. Mr. Solomon that night. His church, being the only one in the place, was made up of all denominations, among whom were some excellent Wesleyans, especially Francis King, his brother, and their families.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE SOUTH AFRICANS.—OLD-WOMAN WATER-CARRIERS OF THE ZULU-KAFFIRS.—From a recent photograph.

The Kings were of the Graham's Town stock of Wesleyans, where their good old father then lived. They were sheep and cattle farmers. Being native-born Africandas, as the native Europeans are called, they had had many adventures both in times of war and peace. Francis King said he and another young man were once traveling together to Namaqua Land to explore the copper mines (three hundred and fifty miles west of Cape Town). They were on horseback, but were unarmed. Away in the wilds two hundred miles west of Cape Town they were suddenly surrounded by a dozen Bushmen, who seized the bridles of their horses and stopped them.

"I knew," said King, "from their general character and their movements that they designed to rob us, and perhaps kill us too; but fearing that we had concealed weapons they offered no violence except to hold us fast.

"My companion was greatly alarmed and said, 'We're sure to be killed.' But I said, 'Jim, don't show the least fear, keep perfectly cool, and we may providentially find a way of escape.' After we had waited some time a square, burly-looking fellow came up having six toes on each foot, and joined the rest in holding on to our bridles and stirrup leathers. I soon found that this six-toed fellow could speak a little Dutch, so I said to him, 'Take us to the water, we want to drink.' They immediately set off with us, holding our bridles on each side, and took us a mile or two to a spring. We dismounted, and holding our horses with one hand managed to get a little water, for we were nearly famished. I talked to them familiarly all the time, as though I of course thought they were our friends. I told them I wanted to buy ostrich feathers, and I wanted them to go and get me some. Two of them ran away, and after an absence of nearly an hour came back with a few feathers. I paid for them and said, 'This is not half enough; I want you all to go and bring me all the feathers you can get, and I'll pay you a good price for them.' So they all started off under the impulse of the moment to get feathers.

"As soon as they got out of sight we mounted and rode off for life. That was in the after part of the day. We traveled all that night and till late in the afternoon of the next day before we stopped long enough to make a cup of tea. That afternoon as we passed along I discovered a bees' nest in the rocks. Near sunset, over forty miles from where we left the Bushmen, we encamped for the night. We had just taken a cup of tea and were talking of our narrow escape, when lo! the six-toed fellow and his party were upon us. They came and seated themselves in a circle around us without saying a word. I talked Dutch to Sixtoes, but he made no reply. I laughed and talked as though nothing had happened, or was likely to happen, while I was trying to invent a method of escape. I knew if we showed fear, or if they should find out that we were unarmed, it would be all up with us. All at once I thought of the bees' nest, and I said to Sixtoes, 'Wouldn't you like for me to show you a bees' nest? You all must be hungry after your journey, and I'm sure a little honey will do you good.' Then he began to talk a little, but in a very surly spirit. I said, 'Come with me and I'll show you a bees' nest, and you can get a good feed of honey.' I got up and started, and they followed. Jim said, 'Frank, you are not going to trust yourself alone with those savages, I hope.'

"I replied, 'Get the horses ready and take them to the other side of the ridge beyond the bees' nest, and wait there till I come.' I took the Bushmen to the nest, and they all at once began in great haste to work their way into the rocks to get the honey; finally one of them drew out a fine piece of comb, full of honey, and I ran up and snatched it and began to eat. They looked at me and began to mutter; but said I, 'Dig away, you'll find plenty of honey in there.' So they went to work with greater eagerness than ever, while

I began to walk backward and forward eating a little honey and humming a tune, watching my opportunity.

"While their attention was taken in their scramble, each trying to get his full share of the honey, I got out of sight and ran for life. The horses were ready and we put them up to their best speed for about thirty miles. In almost utter exhaustion we then off-saddled and knee-haltered our horses, and half buried ourselves in the sand and soon fell asleep.

"We had not been long asleep, as I afterward found, when I was awakened by something cold touching my toe. It was a bright moonlight night, and I instantly recognized

DOMESTIC ASPECTS.—KAFFIR HUT AND FAMILY.

the dog of those Bushmen smelling my feet, but was glad to see him trot away without barking at us.

"I shook Jim and whispered to him to keep a sharp lookout but not to move a muscle unless attacked. In a few minutes I heard our pursuers run past but a few rods distant from us. They lost their scent, we took another direction, and saw them no more."

This is one of many tales I heard by the way, which I relate to illustrate the adventures of pioneer life in South Africa.

Rev. John Edwards, Superintendent of Somerset Circuit, met me at Bedford and drove me thence nearly forty miles in his cart and four, to his own house in Somerset. Brother Edwards was sent as a missionary to Africa in 1831, and had had a great variety

of missionary life in the English, Dutch, and Kaffir work on the frontier and the Bechuana work in the interior.

Somerset was visited by Rev. William Shaw as early as 1822, on the invitation of R. Hart, Esq., who had been an officer of the Cape regiment. He was a good man, and though aged still lived near Somerset and took a great interest in the work of God. At that early day Somerset was simply a government farm under the superintendency of Mr. Hart, to raise supplies for the frontier troops, but when the general farming interests of the colony were sufficiently developed to supply this demand the farm was converted into a township. The district of Somerset at that time had a population of 10,022, of which 3,784 were Europeans. The village had probably one third of the whole population of the district.

The Wesleyan Chapel for the whites had recently been enlarged to double its former size by the addition of a transept as large as the old chapel; altogether it would then seat over three hundred and fifty. The native chapel was about the same size.

A number of persons had come fifty and others seventy miles to attend the meetings. Among them was a Mr. Nash, from Ebenezer, fifty miles distant. He was a good farmer, a kind-hearted man with an interesting family; but I was told that he was given to drink, so that his life and all that he had were in jeopardy. He called to see me on Saturday evening soon after my arrival. Said he, "I never would have thought of coming to this meeting but for Hon. Mr. Burch, of Uitenhage. He used to be my neighbor before his removal to Uitenhage, and recently he was in our neighborhood and was telling myself and others about your preaching in Uitenhage, and what surprised us most was that he said that he had found the pardon of all his sins at your meeting."

Nash attended all the services, but did not yield till Wednesday, when he surrendered to God, accepted Christ, and was saved. Nearly all those who came so far, through the testimony of Mr. Burch, went home happy in God.

At each native service the chapel was crowded. I was greatly favored in having Siko Radas, from Heald Town, to interpret for me. He was having a holiday during his vacation, and spent it in riding nearly eighty miles on his own hired horse to help me at Somerset, and thence eighty miles to Cradock to help me there. We had not such a mass of people to preach to in these towns as at Heald Town, but, in proportion to the population, we had a blessed harvest of souls. At the two native services in Somerset over fifty natives were examined by their minister, Brother Edwards, and reported converted to God. Over twenty-five whites were saved at our series for them. In a letter from Brother Edwards, written the following week, he says: "On Sunday, July 31, both at the preaching and at the prayer meeting in the evening, the power of God's Spirit was graciously manifested in a way I never felt before. A great concern is found among the English families; many have yielded, others are deeply awakened. Many natives belonging to other Churches have found peace. They will be lost to us, but not to God. The young converts are happy and are working well; among others, none more so than my son Walter. To God be the praise. Fully one hundred have found peace."

In another letter from Brother Edwards, four months later, he says: "Most glad to hear from you and of the prosperity of God's work. God hath blessed us much here. Those brought in remain steadfast. Mr. Nash is a miracle of grace; he holds on his way and is very happy."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Cradock and Queenstown.

ON Friday, the 29th of June, Mr. Sargent, brother to Rev. W. Sargent, one of the principal Wesleyans in Somerset, drove me, in company with his wife, from Somerset, forty miles on my way toward Cradock. We spent the night and preached at the house of Mr. John Trollip. The Trollip family is a very old and numerous one, very well-to-do, respectable, and everywhere known as Wesleyans; but they were not all saved. We were hospitably entertained at Mr. John Trollip's for the night, and took breakfast with his aged parents in a separate house on the same premises. They have had their share of the sweet and the bitter of old pioneers in a new country. In their family burying ground, surrounded by a stone wall, I read on a tombstone the following: "Sacred to the memory of Henry Trollip, aged twenty-eight years, two months, and ten days; and his brother Edward, aged nineteen years and five days, sons of William Trollip, who, on returning home, were waylaid and shot by a band of rebel Hottentots, on the 31st of December, 1851. 'They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided' (2 Sam. i, 23)."

Rev. W. Chapman, Superintendent of Cradock Circuit, met me at Mr. John Trollip's and drove me in his cart and pair, through a gale of wind and blinding clouds of dust, a distance of about forty miles to Cradock. Brother Chapman spent a number of years in the mission work in that charnel field of martyr missionaries, the west coast of Africa. When his health failed there he was transferred to South Africa, where he recovered his health and had for some years wrought successfully as a missionary.

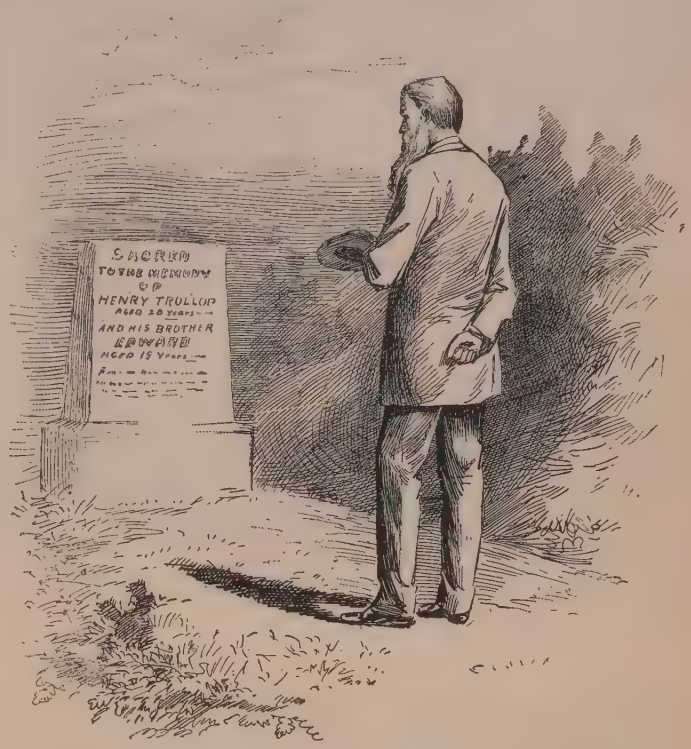
Cradock is located near the Great Fish River, five hundred and fifty miles east of Cape Town and one hundred and seven miles northwest of Graham's Town, in a fine sheep-growing country of extensive valleys and mountains. The mountains do not rise in regular ranges, but stand out in every direction, clearly defined in the peculiarly transparent atmosphere of that region, in isolated grandeur—huge granite mountains, with many perpendicular lines, especially near their summits, shaped like the roof and gable ends of a house, yet rising to an altitude of six or seven thousand feet. Cradock was originally established as the seat of a magistracy, and was also the center of a large district of wealthy Dutch farmers. Rev. John Taylor, the Dutch Reformed minister there, had the reputation of being a very liberal and useful man. The town grew up to a place of considerable commercial importance. In 1866 the population of the district amounted to an aggregate of 12,136, of whom 5,845 were whites; a good sprinkling of these were English. "Rev. Thornly Smith was the first resident Wesleyan minister appointed to Cradock, which was in 1842. He was soon succeeded by Rev. John Edwards, who could preach in both Dutch and English. The first Wesleyan chapel there was built in 1842. That was subsequently given to the Kaffirs, and the present commodious chapel, with sittings for about five hundred, was built under the superintendency of Rev. G. H. Green."

I commenced my work in Cradock on Sabbath morning, the 31st of June. My first

service was to preach to the Kaffirs, through Siko Radas, at 7 A. M. There was a gracious moving of the Holy Spirit, but we had no time for a prayer meeting.

I preached to the whites at 11 A. M., 3 P. M., and 6:30 in the evening. We had the altar crowded with seekers, and twelve persons professed to find peace with God at our first prayer meeting. I had two successful services for the whites Monday, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. On Tuesday, at 11 A. M., I preached to the Dutch-speaking natives. About one half the natives of Cradock speak Kaffir and the other half Dutch, making it necessary to have two native chapels and separate services in each language.

Mr. H. Park, a discharged old soldier and Dutch interpreter in the magistrate's court there, was my interpreter. The language is not nearly so euphonious as the Kaffir, but I was interested in marking its near relationship to the English. Our principal difficulty on that occasion was the want of room to accommodate the multitude who wished to hear. During our prayer meeting, after the preaching, over thirty persons gave their names as new converts to Jesus. On Tuesday night and Wednesday, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M., I preached to the whites, followed in each case by a prayer meeting and the salvation of souls. On Wednesday night, during the prayer meeting, Mr. William Webb, who had come from Graham's Town to attend our meeting, and who had been forward a number of times as a seeker, was suddenly delivered from the power of darkness and translated into the kingdom of Jesus. He arose and addressed the audience, testifying intelligently and clearly that, after forty-six years of rebellion against God, he had now obtained reconciliation and unspeakable joy.



TOMB OF HENRY AND EDWARD TROLLIP.
"In their family burying ground I read."—Page 390.

When we had sufficient time at command we often gave the young converts an opportunity to testify publicly, and, rising one after another, they witnessed distinctly to the facts in their experience, demonstrating the truth of the Gospel and the saving power of Jesus in their own hearts. Many doubting ones have thus been convinced and led to decision for God.

It was arranged that I should preach again to the natives on Thursday, but their new chapel, which will seat between four and five hundred, was not ready, and it was finally announced that I should preach to the natives and whites together in the court, back of the mission house.

At 11 A. M. the heterogeneous mass nearly filled the court. We take our stand on the back veranda of the mission house. The court is bounded on our left by a wall, in front by a carriage house and the garden fence, on the right by the stables and a wall,

altogether affording almost as good protection from outside intrusion, if the danger of such had existed, as the sacred precincts of a church. The central group of our audience is composed of Kaffirs and Hottentots of every color and of every variety of native costume, They have brought their sleeping mats, each about three feet wide and six in length, and have spread them out to sit and kneel on. Many of them are seated on benches provided for them, but many more are down on their mats. Next, in a massed circle and in scattered groups, we see all classes of the whites. Brother Park stands ready to put my sermon into the Dutch language, but we see so many Kaffirs in the audience, who know neither English nor Dutch, that we say, "Poor souls, can't we have another interpreter? I wish we had Siko Radas here, but he has gone back to his school."

"There's a Kaffir here just up from Port Elizabeth, called Jack, who can speak English," said Brother Chapman, "but I don't know whether he can interpret."

"Jack, come here, my man," said I; and up came a black Kaffir, about five feet eight, very plainly dressed, wearing an old straw hat. "Brother Jack," said I, "can you put my words into Kaffir?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jack.

"Brother Park will put them into Dutch, and you will follow him, and put each sentence into Kaffir, just as you would talk to them about shearing sheep."

I had no time, under this extemporized arrangement, to give Jack my sermon privately, as I was in the habit of doing for my interpreters, but proceeded at once to business. The three of us stood side by side, Park close to my right, and Jack next. I gave every sentence in a clear but condensed form, and for over an hour the piercing light and melting power of the Gospel flowed out through the medium of three languages at once, without the break of a single blunder or a moment's hesitation. Men, women, and children wept, and I doubt not angels gazed and rejoiced. At the close of the preaching we invited all who wished to surrender to God and accept Christ to kneel before the Lord at once. Scores of the Kaffirs knelt down on their mats, with cries and streaming tears. The whites, with no such provision, went down on their knees in the dust, bench after bench was crowded with them, and, ah, what a scene ensued!

While I was without, pointing these struggling souls to Jesus, Brother Chapman came to me, saying, "Brother Taylor, will you please come into the house and speak to a woman in despair? She is a very clever, influential woman, and will make a noble Christian if she is saved; but she says her day of grace is gone, and that nothing remains for her but the blackness of darkness forever." I went and found her in a sad state of mind, to be sure; but after some time we got her composed so as to converse and reason on the subject and convince her that this dreadful discovery of extreme heart wickedness is the result of the Holy Spirit's awakening mercy. "Though you can see no way of escape, my dear sister, God sees the way of salvation open for you, and the proof of that is the fact that he has sent his Spirit to show you your bondage and lead you to Jesus. Now, if you consent to surrender yourself to God, consent that he take your case in hand and do with you as he wishes, take from you all your sins, impose on you whatever is right, you may at once accept Christ as your Saviour. God hath sent him into the world to save sinners, even the chief of sinners. That was his business when manifest in the flesh; that is his business through his invisible Spirit now as really as then. God offers him to you in his Gospel as your Saviour, the Holy Spirit presents him at the door of your heart as your Saviour. He is knocking at the door. Now, you will accept him and be saved by him, or reject him and perish. Accept him now by faith. It is not presumption, but confidence in

God's most reliable record concerning his Son. If what God says about him is true, then Christ is worthy of your confidence, and if so why not receive him now? You cannot improve your case by anything you ever can do, and you cannot add anything to God's ransom and remedy. Then, on the faith of God's testimony, receive Jesus now as your Saviour from sin. You must say, 'I accept him; I accept him on his own terms, I accept him on God's recommendation, I accept him now, I accept him;' say it till your heart says it, and in that moment God will justify you freely by his grace, and his Holy Spirit will bear witness with your spirit to the fact and fill your heart with his pardoning love."

Finally she began to say, "I accept Christ, I accept him;" and in a few moments she received the witness of forgiveness and was filled with joy unspeakable, and O, how she wept and talked of the amazing love of God!

My Dutch interpreter's wife and daughter were saved that day, and a large number of whites, Dutch, and Kaffirs. I have given but an inadequate glance at the scenes of that day. The pastor reported one hundred and fifty whites and one hundred and sixty colored justified by faith, besides a number wholly sanctified to the Lord.

At early dawn on Friday morning, the 5th of July, I was seated beside Brother Tucker, my host, in his splendid carriage, behind his two fine gray Arab steeds, en route for Queenstown, over eighty miles distant. Brother Tucker accompanied me thirty miles on my way, where we dined at the house of his brother, and I bade my dear friend adieu. Mr. Hines was in waiting, and drove me that afternoon twenty miles in his cart and four to his own house in the village of Tarkisstaat. The Wesleyans had a small chapel there, but no society. The Dutch Reformed church being a little more central, and having been kindly offered for our use, I preached in it that night. We did not hold a prayer meeting, but a respectable citizen of the town, Mr. J. F., called next morning to inform me that, after preaching the night before, he went home and wrestled in importunate prayer, till he was enabled to submit to God and accept Christ, and was made happy in the assurance of pardon.

On Saturday, Mr. Hines, accompanied by his daughter and son, drove me thirty-five miles to Queenstown, where I put up at the house of the resident Wesleyan minister, Rev. H. H. Dugmore.

Queenstown is situated in the midst of a beautiful and fertile district of country composed of beautiful vales, extensive plains, and sublime mountains. It was formerly occupied by Bushmen and Tembookie Kaffirs, but after the war of 1850–52 it fell into the hands of the government and was added to the colony. The Wesleyans for many years before this had two mission stations among the Tembookies in that district, and the natives of those stations proving true to the government, as usual, the governor, Sir George Cathcart, allowed them to remain in undisturbed possession of their lands, on which were the flourishing mission station of Lesseyton, eight miles distant from Queenstown, and that of Kamastone, twenty miles distant. The government also presented a good lot in Queenstown to the Wesleyans for church purposes. A church and mission house were soon after built and a Wesleyan society organized by the present incumbent, Rev. H. H. Dugmore. The first chapel, near the mission house, was given to the natives, and a spacious and beautiful chapel more centrally located in the town was erected for the whites. The population of the district amounted to an aggregate of 44,542, but 3,632 of whom were Europeans. The white residents of Queenstown, as in Graham's Town, were nearly all English.

We had a number of visitors at our services from different parts of the colony. Messrs.

Shaw, Barnes, Elliott, and others recently converted to God at Fort Beaufort, were there and rendered us good service. Mr. Shaw is a Fort Beaufort merchant, who has since become an exhorter and class leader. Mr. Elliott was a hotel keeper who gave up his canteen. We had a few from Graham's Town, and Mr. Jakins, from Salem Circuit, one hundred and twenty miles distant.

Brother Jakins was an old pioneer Wesleyan who had been very useful, I was told, as a local preacher for many years. He called on me soon after my arrival in Graham's Town and said: "About a year ago I received a letter from my sister in Launceston, Tasmania, stating that she and her two sons and two daughters had found peace with God and had united with the Wesleyan society at a series of meetings recently held in their town by the Rev. William Taylor, from America, and gave me a glowing account of a wonderful work of God which had spread throughout the colony of Tasmania. When I saw your name announced in the Cape Town papers it struck me that you must be the same minister mentioned by my sister, and I have taken the liberty to call on you to ascertain whether indeed that is so."

When he learned that he had thus strangely met with the man whom God had used in saving his kindred in a remote colony in the Indian Ocean he wept in gratitude.

At our Graham's Town series two of Brother Jakins's daughters and a son-in-law were saved, and now he had come one hundred and twenty miles to attend my Queenstown meeting with the hope of seeing his two sons, who were farmers in that district, brought to God. He did us good service at our meetings, and had the happiness of seeing his sons happy in Jesus before he returned. "Now," said he, with tearful eyes, "I will have joyful tidings to write to my sister in Tasmania, that all my own family, too, have been converted to God at your meetings."

Some whole families were saved at our Queenstown series, and many sweet surprises and affecting scenes were witnessed. A dear mother in Israel, named Turvey, had two grown-up sons, both unconverted; but one was so wild in his career of sin that she almost despaired of ever having him brought back to God. The mother had brought up a large family of children in affliction and darkness, for she was blind and had not seen the light of the sun for many years. She was a real daughter of sorrow, but a patient Christian. The great grief of her heart was her prodigal son.

One night during our series a brother went to her and said, "Mrs. Turvey, your son is at the altar of prayer among the seekers, and wants you to come and talk to him."

Her gushing tears were the index to the unutterable emotions of joy and grief which thrilled her heart as she exclaimed, "O, I thank God that my dear George is coming to Jesus; but my poor prodigal! I'm afraid he'll never be saved!"

She was then conducted to the place, and feeling her way down to her penitent son she cried, "O, George, my dear son, I'm glad to find you here; but poor Edward! Would to God he were here too!"

"Mother," exclaimed the young man, "you are quite mistaken; it is not George; I am indeed your prodigal son, and I want you to forgive me and to pray that God will forgive me."

The prodigal returned that night and was admitted into the royal household of faith. George, who had always been a comfort to his mother, was not saved till the following week, at Kamastone. When the mother got the joyful news she rode twenty miles to Kamastone to greet her dear son and rejoice with him in thanksgiving to the God of the orphan and the widow.

INDUSTRIAL ARTS OF THE SOUTH AFRICANS.—STRETCHING AND DRESSING AN ANTELOPE SKIN BY MATABELA'S TANNERS.—
From a recent photograph.

Our services at Queenstown extended through five days, from the 8th to the 12th of July—three sermons on the Sabbath and two each week day, except Tuesday, when I preached at Lesseyton. During this series of services about one hundred Europeans were reported by the minister as new witnesses for Christ.

My next field of labor was Kamastone. On the Sabbath I spent at Kamastone, Rev. H. H. Dugmore preached a sermon in his own pulpit from the text, "Stand still, that I may reason with you before the Lord." The subject of his discourse, singularly enough, was, I. The American Preacher. II. His Preaching. III. Its Effects.

He was, no doubt, prompted to deliver such a discourse by the active efforts of a clergyman of the town in trying to prejudice the public mind against our meetings, and more especially to vindicate and extend the work of God. The sermon was published in Queenstown, and as I was leaving the colony a few months afterward a few copies were sent to me. In glancing over it, I think a few extracts from the third division will serve to illustrate some important phases of the work of God in connection with our series of services there, and generally in other places:

"1. *The Awakening Effects.* Some thirty or forty persons came forward on the first evening to request the prayers of the ministers in their behalf. The numbers increased on succeeding evenings. Now, among these were persons of every age, from ten years to sixty. There were the married as well as the unmarried, fathers and mothers of families; persons constitutionally calm and impassive, as well as those of excitable temperament. There were persons who had a strong instinctive horror of making fools of themselves; persons who had resisted most strenuously their own penitential impulses; persons who, in the first instance, had swelled the ranks of the revilers; persons who knew that the penalty of their procedure would be the ridicule and scorn of their former associates; persons of nearly every social grade that Queenstown affords. They came not under the impulse of terror, for nothing had been said to excite it. They avowed themselves suddenly made sensible—vividly and sorrowfully sensible—of the sinfulness of their hearts and the evil of their ways. I ask, Could the grief of such persons be unreal? But so much of the feeling was unnecessary, it has been said. The feeling was awakened by a consciousness of having violated the most sacred of obligations—those of duty to God. Will anyone dare to say that such sorrow ought to be less poignant than that awakened by any human ills? Is deep, impassioned grief allowable when earthly sources of sorrow are opened, and yet not to be warranted when the exceeding sinfulness of sin is felt? But its manifestation was violently unnatural. Let us look at the facts. I stood in the midst of forty or fifty persons who were sorrowing unto repentance. I did so from evening to evening, and this is my testimony concerning them: The grief of two thirds of the number was silent grief, or expressed in whispered earnestness; of the rest one half wept audibly, and a few, chiefly youths from the country, were in a state of mental distress still more loudly manifested. Now, was there anything unnatural in this? Various temperaments were variously affected. Had all been demonstrative alike it would have supplied a plausible objection.

"2. *The Comforting Effects.* Most of the persons who had been brought into mental distress obtained, after a shorter or longer period of penitential earnestness, not merely a sense of relief, but a gladdening consciousness of pardon, accompanied by a peace which, to their own minds, passed understanding. They felt their souls brought out of a state of deep, distressing darkness into one of marvelous light and joy. They experienced an inward assurance of personal adoption into the divine favor which they believed to be the

inward voice of the Spirit itself bearing witness with their spirit that they were now the children of God. This assurance produced at once a feeling of grateful love to God for his mercy. The manner in which this change of feeling was manifested varied with the various temperaments of the persons who experienced it. Some sank into silent adoration, some looked around in wonder, as though they were then for the first time conscious of real existence; some smiled with an expression of indescribable rapture; some practically adopted the language of the psalmist, 'Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing.' Many began at once to speak to those who were kneeling in the distress from which they had themselves just escaped, to urge them to exercise the appropriating faith which they had found so efficacious in their own case. But amidst these diversities of outward expression the language of all was virtually this: 'Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.'

"3. *The Practical Effects.* This religious excitement does not evaporate in mere feeling, but manifests its divine life in the fruits of the Spirit in their scriptural order. The joy that springs from the love is succeeded by the peace, which becomes the settled habit of the soul, and though less ecstatic than the first gush of rapture rules in the heart and mind. And from the love, joy, and peace which thus lie at the root of the Christian life spring the other graces of the Christian character in due order—long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, fidelity, meekness, temperance. Now, in strict accordance with this newness of life, which thus affords a test of the reality of conversion, the change in feeling, in manners, and in action displayed by those whom God hath brought to himself by this man's instrumentality has astonished and confounded their former associates. Leaders in vice have become champions in defense of the religion they had reviled. Men of profligate lives have, with bitter shame, made confession, and are endeavoring to repair the evil of their former courses by zealous and courageous activity in a new one. Drunkards, who were the terror of their families and the pest of their neighborhood, have renounced the use of intoxicating liquors, and the very alteration in their outward appearance proclaims the change within. Profane swearers are shuddering at the recollection of their favorite oaths and blasphemies. Frauds and wrongs have been acknowledged and restitution made. Men who had taken advantage of the detected villainy of others to escape from their own responsibilities have come forward and paid the demands which they had asserted were forgeries. Long-standing family discords have been healed, and quarrels that had lasted for years ended in the overture for reconciliation by the parties most aggrieved. These are specimens of the practical effects of this man's preaching. They tell their own tale."

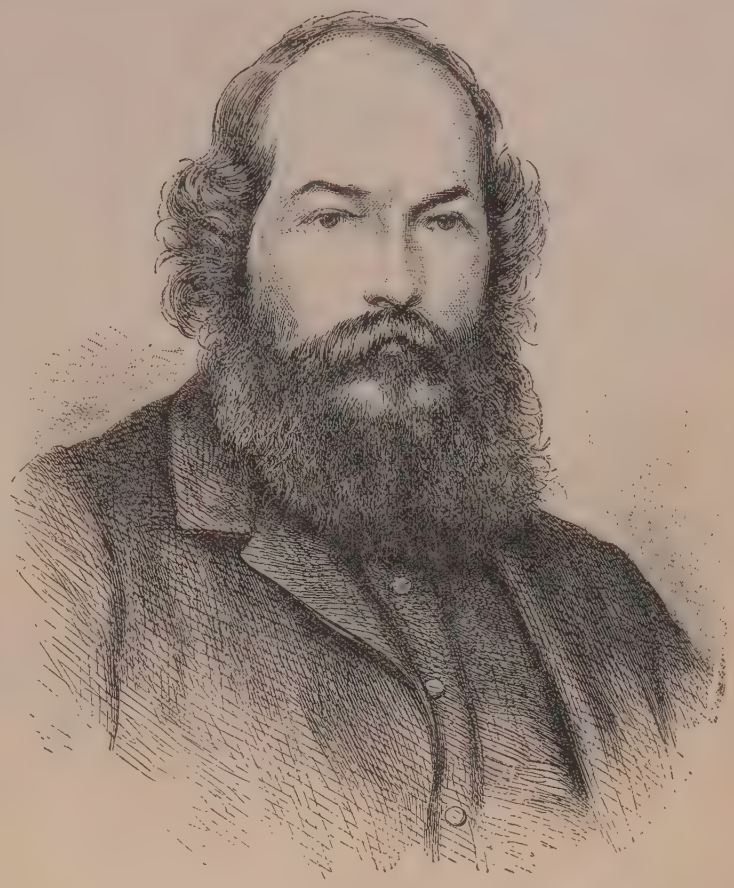
While at Queenstown, Charles Pamla joined me, bearing a letter from his pastor dated July 9, which read as follows:

"MY DEAR BROTHER: I just drop you a line by our Brother Charles Pamla, who leaves here to-day for Queenstown. I have not time to enter into many particulars about the work since I last wrote to you at Beaufort; but I may just say that altogether since your coming to Annshaw about six hundred profess to have found peace with God, and after careful examination into every case I cannot doubt the reality of the work in any of those who profess to be justified.

"We have now about twelve hundred in this circuit, formed into about eighty classes. This is by far the largest number of any circuit in South Africa, and I rejoice to say the

work is still going on. Last week was a glorious one; more than one hundred and ninety entered into liberty. God is greatly honoring our Brother Charles Pamla. He has been the means of the conversion of about three hundred souls during the last six weeks.

"Others of our native brethren are also very useful in this good work, and it seems to me that God is plainly showing the Church that this is the instrumentality that he intends to employ in converting this continent."



JAMES ROBERTS.

During our week of special services in Queenstown I had no opportunity of preaching to the Kaffirs there, but arranged to hold a service for them on Wednesday afternoon of the following week on our return from Kamastone, a report of which Mr. Dugmore appended to his published sermon before noted, as follows:

"Mr. Taylor preached to the natives in their own chapel here. He took for his text the Ten Commandments, explaining and applying them, and dwelling specially on the evils to which the natives are specially addicted—theft, falsehood, and licentiousness. Persons who listened to the discourse remarked that had the preacher been twenty years among these people he could not have preached a more suitable sermon. The usual effects followed. Over one hundred came forward as seekers, and a fair proportion of them received Christ and were saved."

James Roberts, with a light gig which he had made to order, and four draught horses, to convey me through Kaffraria, seven hundred miles to Natal, joined me at Queenstown. He was accompanied by my son Stuart, from Cape Town, where his mother and two little brothers, Edward and Ross, were sojourning.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Kamastone, Lesseyton, and Warner's.

HAVING closed our week of services in Queenstown on Saturday, the 14th of July, Mr. William Trollip, who, with his wife, found peace with God a couple of days before, took me and my son Stuart up into his carriage and pair, with his good wife, and drove us twenty miles to Kamastone mission station. We were cordially received and kindly entertained by the missionary, Rev. William Shepstone, who had been actively engaged in the missionary work through a period of more than forty years. He was then not only the missionary of this large station, but also the Chairman of the Queenstown District, which embraced all our Kaffrarian missions west of the Umzimvubu River. The stations of Palmerton and Emfundisweni, lying east of that river, belonged to the Natal District. Brother Shepstone was a very kind, cheerful, earnest brother, thoroughly imbued with the missionary spirit of his Master.

After a good tea and a social hour with Brother and Sister Shepstone I strolled through the mission grounds by the light of the moon with my son Stuart, a youth of nineteen years. Owing to his absence from me at school a couple of years before I left America and my absence abroad for several years, and his recent illness so prostrating him as to preclude a searching conversation, though the son of my youth, my first-born whom I had carried on my heart to the mercy seat every day of his life, he was almost a stranger to me. I knew he had joined our Church when a child, and at the age of eleven years professed to receive the regenerating grace of God, and that his teachers and his mother had always given a good report of him; yet the details of his inner life had been a sealed book to me, but in our walk that night he unbosomed his heart and gave me the history of his life.

It was an event in my life never to be forgotten. He had suffered great religious depression, had encountered great trials, but had held his ground all through from the time of his conversion. In the exhilaration of his returning health he had said and done many boyish things which led some to misjudge and misrepresent him and cause anxious solicitude on the part of his parents; but his afflictions had been sanctified to his good, and he was now cleaving to the Lord and happy in the love of Jesus. As I listened to the narration of his experience I shed grateful tears and praised God on his behalf. During my long providential separation from my family, laboring for the salvation of strangers and their children, I had maintained an unwavering faith that God certainly would not allow my children to perish, but would, through the agency of their dear, godly mother, fully supply the lack of service occasioned by my absence. Now I received a practical support to my faith, which greatly cheered me in my work.

Kamastone Mission was commenced by Mr. Shepstone in 1847. The mission house is plain, but spacious and commodious. Coming out on the front veranda, we see below us a large orchard of well-grown apple, pear, and other varieties of fruit trees. To the right, distant perhaps a hundred yards, is the shop which furnishes supplies for the neighborhood, kept by a good brother who sold me a Kaffir pony, a superior tripler, for thirteen pounds, which carried my son Stuart seven hundred miles through Kaffraria and

Natal. On each side and in the rear of the mission house we see the huts and cabins of the natives, their gardens and cultivated fields, with their herds of horses, cattle, sheep, goats, dogs, and naked children. On the opposite corner of the mission house from the shop and about the same distance from it was the chapel, a cruciform, plain, and substantial building, with sittings for about six hundred persons.

On Sabbath, the 14th of July, at 10 A.M., we commenced our work there. Every square foot of space in the chapel is crowded. The space right and left, from the pulpit and altar back to the side walls, is filled with the white colonial farmers from a radius of twenty miles. Next to them, on the right and front from the pulpit, are nearly one hundred bastard Hottentots. Opposite to them on the left and through the whole body of the chapel, back to the door and round the doors and windows outside, are all the varieties of Fingoes and Kaffirs. Christians in European dress and heathens in their native costumes and trinkets are packed together almost as snugly as herrings in a barrel.

M. STUART TAYLOR.

The preliminary service is conducted by the venerable superintendent; then he is seated in the altar, while I and Brother Pamla take the pulpit. While we explain to them God's provision of salvation, the personality and abiding presence of the Holy Spirit, and his methods of saving sinners through human agency, you feel and see the indications of a rising, swelling tide of the Spirit's power, and you wonder that, under the pressure of such pent-up mental and emotional action, there is not a single audible response—all faces upturned, smiles, tears, distorted features, trembling limbs, but not a murmur. Lo! there's a man back near the door who cannot longer restrain his feelings, but with one burst of half-smothered emotions see him try to rush for the door, to take himself away and not disturb the *umfundisi* or his hearers. In his attempt he falls down, but keeps moving on hands and knees through the packed masses in the aisle; out at the door he rushes, and away where he can roar till his overcharged soul is relieved. All this we see from the pulpit; but nobody is disturbed; all remain quiet and catch every sentence and drink in the Spirit as the thirsty land drinks the rain. We close the service with singing and prayer by Brother Pamla.

At 2 P. M. we again stand before a packed audience in the same order as in the morning. In the morning the preaching was to the believers; now we open a Gospel battery upon the ungodly, and the shafts of truth directed by the Spirit's unerring aim pierce the hearts of hundreds. At the close of the sermon we proceed with a prayer meeting. We invite the white seekers to kneel at the altar rail and the Kaffirs to commence with the front forms and kneel at every alternate form back to the door, thus leaving space for their instructors to pass through them and get access to every seeker. Soon the altar is crowded with whites, and about two hundred natives are down as seekers of pardon. Now their pent-up feelings get vent, and amid floods of tears, sighs, and groans they are all audibly pleading with God in the name of Jesus Christ for the pardon of their sins. No one voice is raised much above the rest, so that it seems to create no confusion.

Charles is a general in conducting a prayer meeting, judiciously arranging everything, rightly employing every worker under his command, and setting all an example by working most effectively himself. A large number embrace Christ and find salvation at this service. Giving a little time for refreshment, we commenced another preaching service at 7 and continued the prayer meeting till 11 P. M. It was a day never to be forgotten by any who witnessed its scenes and felt the power of the Spirit as manifested at the three services.

STUART TELLS ME HIS LIFE STORY.

"But in our walk that night he unbosomed his heart."—Page 400.

On Monday, at 11 A. M., the chapel was again greatly crowded. Brother Shepstone, as usual, conducted the opening service. As I always preached my sermon to my interpreter alone, and as most of our time was occupied in public, we often took the time of the opening service for our preparation for the pulpit. At the Monday prayer meeting the crowd of seekers seemed almost as great as it was the day before, though several scores had been saved. Many whom we saw yesterday in their penitential struggle, apparently suffering the agony of death, weeping and piteously pleading for release from Satan and the death penalty of the law, are now with shining faces singing and witnessing for Jesus.

My son Stuart was greatly blessed, and for hours we see him laboring with a party of young men, several of whom he won to Christ.

See the altar crowded with whites; one after another they receive Christ and are filled with unspeakable joy! Fathers and mothers embrace their saved prodigal sons and daughters in their arms, kiss them and weep tears of gratitude and praise God.

There's a heathen doctor among the seekers decorated with strings of beads, shells, and all sorts of trinkets and charms. He feels that these things are hindering his approach to Christ, and now he scatters them. Nothing has been said about these things in

the preaching or personally to the seekers. These are not simply the ornaments of their half-naked bodies, which might justly claim a little covering, even of beads in the absence of something better; they were the badges of their heathenism, their gods and charms, in which they trusted for health, good crops, good luck in hunting, deliverance from their enemies, and all those demands of human nature which God only can supply. Hence in accepting Christ they violently tear these idols off and cast them away.

We see women tearing open the brass bands on their arms and throwing them down. They were great treasures before, but now they hate them. Many of those who an hour ago were roaring in the disquietude of their souls are now sitting quietly at the feet of Jesus with tearful eyes and smiling faces. Many, however, exercise their first new life in witnessing for Christ.

See that Kaffir Boanerges; how he talks! I wish we could understand his language. "Charles, what is that man saying?"

"O, he says, 'I never knew that I was such a sinner till the Holy Ghost shined into me; then I saw that I was one of the worst sinners in the world. O, I cried to God, gave my wicked heart to him, and received Christ. Glory to Jesus! He has pardoned all my sins!'"

We'll look after the white seekers. There's an old man who has had a hard struggle. He was at it all yesterday; but now he has accepted Christ and rejoices in the love of God. There is a little boy who was forward yesterday, but his countenance is bright; we'll see what he has found.

"My little brother, have you given your heart to God?"

"Yes, I have."

"Have you received Jesus as your Saviour?"

"O, yes, and he has forgiven me all my sins."

"How did you feel when you came forward?"

"O, I felt nasty."

"How do you feel now?"

"O, I feel nice."

A few feet from this boy we see a large, fine-looking Kaffir woman, well dressed in English costume, wearing a large scarlet shawl. We saw her bow down calmly as a seeker; with flowing tears and subdued utterances she gave herself to God and received Christ, and obtained salvation in less than fifteen minutes. Now her countenance is beaming with joy unspeakable.

"Charles, ask that woman where she belongs?" With what marvelous grace and eloquence she talks! "What does she say, Charles?"

"She says she walked from Heald Town, forty-six miles, to get to this meeting. She could not get to your meetings in Heald Town, but heard of the great work of God there, and has come here to get you to tell her how to come to Jesus. She says she believed what her friends at Heald Town told her about the great salvation, but now she has found it herself and says the half had not been told her."

There's a grand pantomime. We don't know what that Kaffir man is saying, but really his action is most earnest and graceful. "Charles, what is he saying?"

"He says, 'I was going on in my sins, and did not know that I was in any danger till to-day. But to-day the Holy Ghost shined upon my path. I saw hell open just close before me, and I was rushing into it; but I turned to God and laid hold on Christ, and he has saved my soul from hell."

See that old Kaffir woman supporting her withered frame on sticks as she moves up and down the aisle in a regular Kaffir dance, and talking so earnestly. A more comical-looking old creature I never saw. "Brother Shepstone, what's the matter with that old woman?"

"I don't know; she looks like a crazy person. I'll go and hear what she's saying."

Down the aisle amid the struggling masses of the seekers and the saved the old missionary goes to hear the talk of the old woman. Returning with a smile, he says: "She's not crazy at all, but has just come to her right mind. She has obtained salvation, and is exhorting the people to go on and tell everybody about Jesus. She is in a transport of joy. I know her now. I have seen her at a heathen kraal in the neighborhood, but I never saw her in the chapel before."

"Her age must date back a long way toward the flood."

"I don't know how old she is," replied the old missionary; "but her son, whom I know, is seventy-five years old."

I look again at the old creature and laugh and weep. She seems to be related to the antediluvians; whether this seventy-five year old lad was her oldest or youngest son I did not learn, and yet she is as but to-day born again and has become a babe in Christ!

These are mere bird's-eye glances into a scene that cannot be described. We had a grand service on Monday night. On Tuesday, at 11 A. M., we preached on Christian perfection, went into the philosophy of the subject and of the Spirit's gracious adjustment to the instincts, appetites, and passions, and explained clearly, even to Kaffir minds, God's purpose as to their existence, proper discipline, and appropriate exercise. The whole thing was simplified, so that every believing Kaffir could see it. Brother Shepstone said he never supposed before that the Kaffir language could be used to convey so perfectly the whole Gospel, and had never conceived it possible for an interpreter to put such a variety of English words and ideas into Kaffir. He expressed his surprise repeatedly that Charles not only put my ideas into Kaffir in their nicest shades of meaning, but did it with such masterly facility. The fact is, though I gave him every statement of truth and illustrative fact in a sermon, just as I would give them in preaching directly to an English audience, yet I had always gone through each subject of discourse beforehand with him alone.

If he did not understand a word I at once ignored it and substituted one that was familiar to him; but he was so thirsty for knowledge himself that, if possible, he always preferred to learn the meaning of my words and to select new Kaffir words to fit them, and the exact meaning of a foreign illustration he would give through a corresponding figure familiar to the Kaffir mind. For example: "An ivy crawled out from between the roots of a beautiful sapling and entwined itself around the trunk of the young tree. It gradually absorbed the strength of the soil and moisture that the tree needed for its life, and tightened its many-folded girth till it obstructed the sap vessels of the tree. The tree had grown tall and mighty, but the deceitful ivy did its deadly work. The noble tree declined, lingered long, but finally died. When I stood by the grand old tree it was dead, and all the dews of heaven, and the fruitful supplies of the earth, and all the skill of all the gardeners could not cause that tree to bud. It was dead. Application: the deceitful ivy of sin in the souls of all sinners."

There is no ivy in South Africa; therefore the literal base of that figure would be utterly lost on a Kaffir, but the milkwood of South Africa furnishes a figure quite as forcible. It entwines itself around a tree as gently as the ivy, its hundreds of delicate tendril feeders encircle the tree, mat together, and then unite in solid wood, until it completely envelops

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ZULU-KAFFIRS.—SEPOPO, KING OF THE MA-RUTSE, SERVED AT SUPPER.—From a recent photograph.

the grand old tree. The foreign thing at first simply seemed to hang on as a loose, ornamental foliage, but in process of time the tree within its folds is choked to death, and its gradual decay supplies nourishing food for its destroyer for generations to come.

I have often seen noble trees of different kinds in all stages of this deadly process, and could not restrain a thrill of sympathetic horror of being thus hugged to death and devoured piecemeal.

When I first introduced my ivy illustration to Charles he said, "The Kaffirs don't know what you mean by ivy."

"Very well," said I, "we'll not use it."

"No," said he, "it is too good an illustration to lose; since you have explained it to me I understand it well, and if you will give it as the ivy I will give it exactly by the milkwood, which every Kaffir knows."

We closed our special series of services at Kamastone at 3 P. M. on Tuesday, the 17th of July. Just before we closed Charles gave them an account of the great work of God at Annshaw, and told them how they had battled for years to put away all heathen customs from among them, especially the drinking of Kaffir beer, with all its attendant abominations, and that the work of God never prospered among them till they had put away all these things and come out fully on the Lord's side, and then the Holy Spirit came among them and saved hundreds of their friends and of wild heathens. That was the beginning of the total abstinence movement in South Africa. At present (according to reports of 1893), "there are over thirty thousand members in the Wesleyan missions in South Africa, and they are all professed abstainers from intoxicating liquors." While Charles was speaking Brother Shepstone became so interested in his narrative that he got up from his seat and stood before the pulpit, looking up at my man, and finally, seeming to forget himself, he shouted out, "Hear! hear! hear!"

During our series of two days and a half, in which we preached six sermons and held five prayer meetings, Brother Shepstone took the names of two hundred natives and twenty whites, who professed, at those services, to find the pardon of their sins through an acceptance of Christ. In a letter I received from Rev. Mr. Shepstone, dated November 13, four months after our departure, he says: "Since your arrival on this station up to the present we have added about two hundred and fifty to our society at Kamastone. On the 28th ult. I baptized from among the heathen one hundred and sixty individuals. About twenty of these were infants, the others have embraced Christianity, and almost all of these profess to have found peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. When I met the society last quarter for the renewal of tickets there was such a union of love and Christian feeling among the members as gave me great pleasure. I was rejoiced to find that they had risen up into a higher region of Christian experience."

An eyewitness to the baptismal service, admitting one hundred and forty adult heathens to the Church, as above stated, writing to a local journal in Queenstown and quoted by the *Wesleyan Missionary Notices*, says: "Many of the candidates for baptism were gray-headed men and women. In one instance we saw an aged man and his wife, tottering on the verge of the grave, who, a few months ago, were walking in the paths of sin, but now clothed and in their right mind. Women who, a short time ago, were found at the dance, besmeared with red clay, and indulging all the licentiousness of those abominable scenes, now were clothed in decent European apparel, not only being baptized themselves, but bringing their infants also. The large church was crowded with attentive observers, and no one could view the scene unmoved or without feelings of deep gratitude

to the great Head of the Church. In several instances these converts have suffered considerable persecution from their heathen relations; some have been driven from their homes, some have been severely beaten, others have been tied fast to the pole of the house and watched, that they might not go out and pray to the Great Spirit. Yet in almost every case persecution has only produced the same effects it did in days of old, to make the objects of it more determined than ever to serve God rather than man."

The following extract from a letter from Brother Shepstone, published in the *Wesleyan Missionary Notices* for December, will illustrate the further progress of this work of God, and how the old missionary hero was renewing his youth:

"In this district we have had a share, but the full results have not reached me yet. The Queenstown Circuit will have had about one hundred Europeans added, besides colored men. Here at Kamastone we have added three hundred and forty, and, thank God, the work is still going on at both places. Besides this it has spread to Hankey, a station of the London Missionary Society, about twenty miles from this, where I am informed that one hundred and fifty have become earnest seekers for salvation; and to Kat River, where three hundred are said to have been added. Some of these people from Hankey were at Kamastone and found peace. I desired them to go back to their own minister and tell him what God had done for them, and I hear that they have been in no way ashamed to do this. It does seem that the seed of former days is being harrowed in by our American brother, and that God's Spirit is working in such a way as none have previously seen. We are all bowed down by a sense of God's condescending mercy, while we are lifted up with a thankfulness we cannot express. Some of us would grow younger at once (but nature will not alter her laws), that we might enjoy the progress of the Gospel in this long-benighted continent for another generation."

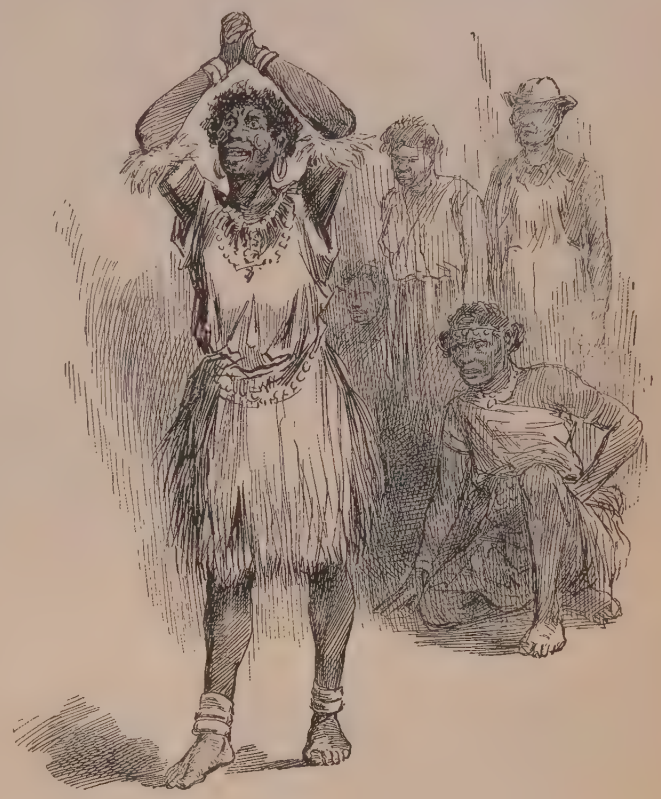
Charles and Stuart were not quite ready when Brother Trollip and I left Kamastone for Lesseyton, and our hope that they would soon overtake us was not realized.

When the darkness of a moonless night settled down upon us we had about six miles yet to drive to reach Lesseyton. In working our way through the mimosa scrub we could not from the carriage see the road, and had to get out and walk. When we arrived the chapel was crowded, but Charles had not come, and there was not a man who could interpret for me. I knew Charles would certainly come if he could find his way, but as he was a stranger in those parts that seemed very improbable. We waited anxiously for him for about an hour, when I heard the rattle of horses' hoofs in a neighboring scrub, and hailed and got a response from his familiar voice. Some one had recommended him to come by a more direct path, in taking which he lost his way. We commenced preaching about half past eight and continued the prayer meeting till 11 P. M.

The Spirit of the Lord was present and wrought wondrously. About one hundred and fifty seekers of pardon came forward, and about twenty of them professed to obtain it that night, but the mass of them were slow to accept Christ. Brother Bambana, the Tembookie headman of the station, at the close of the service conducted us to his house. Brother Trollip, being a merchant, and having always been greatly prejudiced against the blacks, would not have consented a week before, on any account, to lodge at the house of a colored man; but now he and his wife had the humility and simplicity of little children. They had entered into the kingdom of heaven and were fellow-citizens with the saints and the household of God, to which fraternity our sable host had belonged for many years, and it was their privilege to enjoy his simple genuine hospitality. He gave us good food, good beds, and good cheer. Mrs. Bambana would command respect among any class of sensi-

ble, discriminating people as a person of good common sense and great kindness of heart. She was a class leader, I was told, of rare excellence. They had two adult sons, who had received a fair education and could speak English sufficiently to enable us to converse with them a little. They were both seekers of pardon that night. Brother Bambana was greatly interested in the account I gave him through my interpreter of the four millions of Africans whom God had delivered from slavery in America, and of the efforts being made by their friends for their education and salvation.

The next day, Wednesday, the 18th of July, at 10 A. M., we were again in the chapel with a crowded audience. Besides Brother and Sister Trollip, and one white man, who followed us from Kamastone, there were no other whites present except a Dutch family, and they could not understand anything that was said; but the truth went home to the consciences of the Kaffirs, and nearly two hundred came forward as seekers.



KAFFIR WOMAN TELLING OF HER REDEMPTION.
"But O, how she talks!"—Page 409.

There we see them down in every alternate seat back to the front door. The struggle is long and hard; now they begin to get into the liberty of the sons of God. How the new converts do talk and exhort! They are unusually demonstrative. See them with uplifted hands and streaming eyes telling the wonders of the Holy Spirit's work in their hearts. There is a Kaffir woman, with painted face, covered with heathen ornaments, but O, how she talks! "Charles, what is that woman saying?"

"She says she has been a very great sinner, but she has got all her sins forgiven; she says Jesus has saved her soul, and she don't know what to tell him to let him know how thankful she is for his kindness. She wants all her friends to come to God. They are heathens; not one of them knows Jesus, and she never knew him till now. She says she knows her friends will persecute her and try to make her give up Jesus, but she is going to cleave to him till she dies. She is begging all her Christian brothers and sisters to pray for her, that she may not only stand firmly, but lead all her kindred to Christ."

Many of the converts, as soon as they get pardon, come up the aisle, telling me and Charles what God has done for them. A young Kaffir man who came up and told us that God had saved him then fell down and, swinging by the altar rail, wept for an hour. "Charles, what's the matter with that poor fellow? He don't look as if he was saved."

Charles questions him, and replies, "He used to belong to the school here for two years, and was taught to read God's word; but he says he was a scabby goat and was turned out of the flock and became a heathen. He says he has received pardon for all his sins, but has been so wicked and ungrateful he cannot forgive himself."

There are Bambana's two sons down, pleading for pardon. They were there last night. Now one of them enters into liberty, runs and kisses his mother, and the father and mother embrace him and weep and thank God. Now the other accepts Christ and joins in the family bundle of grateful embraces.

A fine-looking Kaffir woman walks up to the front, and, in a most emphatic yet most grateful manner, is telling Brother Pamla some marvelous story. "What is all that about, Charles?"

"She says she once knew the Lord and was a class leader, but had wickedly fallen away. Says she, 'I was so foolish and false to God that I went away and left the oxen, wagon, and precious cargo standing in the road; but O, how wonderful is the love of God! He has forgiven all my sins and restored me to my place in his family.'"

See an old man away at the lower end of the chapel. He has just found Jesus. He mounts a form and talks to the people. Now he comes up the aisle, weeping and talking. Brother Bambana has seated himself at the end of a form near the altar. The weeping old man suddenly seizes Bambana's foot and, nearly jerking the old man off his seat, kisses the bottom of his boot. We have heard of washing the disciples' feet and of kissing the pope's toe, but to kiss the sole of a Kaffir's boot is a new idea. On inquiry we learn that this old man, just converted, is Bambana's shepherd, and because his master was so faithful and kind as often to talk to him about his soul he was very angry with his master; but now that he has found salvation he sees that his master was the best earthly friend he had, and he has taken that method of expressing his humiliation and gratitude.

These are but glimpses of the indescribable scenes of that day. The trouble was that, having to preach at 3 P. M. to the natives in Queenstown, eight miles distant, and conduct a fellowship meeting for the whites at night, our time in Lesseyton was too short. During our two services there, however, the names of fifty-eight new converts had been recorded, and about one hundred seekers left. Many of the young converts were aged persons.

At the close of our last service an old man stood up and made what seemed a most earnest yet very dispassionate speech, which was, in effect, as Charles interpreted, "I cannot let you go away, sir, without acknowledging the great obligation we are under to God and to you, his servant, for these services. In these remarks I know I but express the heartfelt gratitude of all the people on the station."

We bade adieu to our dear friends at Lesseyton and hastened on to our appointment in Queenstown. That was my last night in Queenstown. The next night I expected to preach at Warner's, fifty miles distant on our route through Kaffraria.

We had completed our arrangements and were ready for an early start next morning. Our party consisted of my friend, Mr. James Roberts, and myself in the cart, Charles Pamla on a bay pony which had carried him over one hundred miles from Annshaw, and my son Stuart on a sorrel tripling Kaffir pony I bought for him at Kamastone.

It was hard to part with such dear friends as Brother and Sister Dugmore. Two of their danghters and a son had been saved at our series, and three other sons were among the seekers. Up to that time twenty-three sons and daughters of our missionaries, in different parts of the colony, had found peace at our meetings. At our final farewell Brother Dugmore, a man who gives to God all the glory for his work, but a dear lover of the brethren, hung round my neck and wept, and said, "God bless you, my dear brother; you have brought salvation to my house."

By letter of October 27 Brother Dugmore writes: "The results of the awakening which God vouchsafed to the three circuits of Queenstown division [Queenstown, Kamastone, and Lesseyton] while you were among us we cannot even yet fully estimate, but I think that not less than six hundred have been received into the societies. God has enabled me to lay hold again of the blessing in which I rejoiced in years past. I walk in the light, I feel that my soul has returned to her rest, and that it is glorious to have an abiding sense of that presence which makes the Christian's paradise. Glory be to God for full salvation!"

On Wednesday, July 18, we left Queenstown to travel fifty miles that day to Warner's. The residence of J. C. Warner, Esq., known by the name of Woodhouse Forests, is the head of a new mission, embracing a portion of Tembookie territory and a part of Fingoland, under the superintendence of a very active, promising young missionary, Rev. E. J. Barrett.

Brother Warner is British Resident for Kaffraria and the representative of the English government to all the tribes living between Cape Colony and Natal, and being a Wesleyan preacher he is in a position of great responsibility and usefulness.

From Queenstown we traveled that day over a hilly, rough road forty-six miles, and had yet four miles of our day's journey to make in the darkness of a moonless night.

Rev. E. J. Barrett came to meet us and to be our guide. We had a pair of horses that had been sent on thirty miles the day before, and they were fresh and fiery, and not so manageable as they became a couple of hundred miles further along. Descending what appeared to be a smooth bit of road at the rate of about eight knots, a sudden jolt sent us both over the larboard, head foremost down the hill. We thought the thing had upset, but, relieved of our weight, it righted up, and when we got our bearings we heard the rattle of the horses' hoofs and the cart wheels away in the distance.

Brother Barrett, who was a few rods ahead of us, came rushing back, crying out, "Are ye killed?"

"Not dead yet; pursue the horses as fast as you can."

Away he galloped in pursuit.

We gathered ourselves up and found that, though our clothing was torn and we were scratched and bruised considerably, there were no bones broken; so we picked up a load of rugs and coats cast out of the cart and worked our way in the dark to Mr. Warner's. About an hour later Mr. Barrett arrived, telling how many miles he had traveled in different directions, but could get no tidings of the runaway horses and cart. A company of Kaffirs were then sent out in all directions. Different parties up to midnight reported no success. We had comfortable lodgings in Mr. Barrett's Kaffir hut, built by himself. It was eighteen feet in diameter, seven-foot walls, with an elevation at the apex of about fifteen feet. The British resident and his family lived in a larger but more rustic Kaffir hut near by. He was building a good dwelling, which was nearly ready for the roof when we were there. At the dawn of next morning Brothers Warner, Roberts, and Barrett went to the place of disaster and saw where the upper cart wheel had struck a large ant-hill, causing our ejectment; hence tracing the spoor, they found that the horses had run down the hill a distance of a quarter of a mile and turned at a right angle away from the road. Further along the cart spoor was within three inches of a precipice, overhanging a little lake deep enough to have drowned the horses had the cart gone over and drawn them in. About a mile from the road, in the veldt, they found the horses standing still, attached to the cart as when we were driving them, everything right; even the whip stood erect in

its place. I was thankful, though not surprised, for I had said the night before that as we were doing work for God, and could not replace our conveyance nearer than Queenstown, and as our engagements demanded haste I did not doubt that He who takes care even of the sparrows cared much more for the souls we might be instrumental in saving in Kaffraria, and would see to it that our animals and conveyance would be preserved from harm and that we should pursue our journey in safety.

Rev. E. J. Barrett is a young man of great industry and useful missionary talents. He has been but three years in the work of the ministry, but has so far learned the Kaffir language as to preach through it fluently without an interpreter. He has no family, and while his headquarters are at Brother Warner's he is almost continually traveling and preaching among the Kaffirs and lodging with them in their huts. His circuit, though on the borders of Fingoland, lies mainly among the Tembookie tribe of Kaffirs. He is preparing to build a chapel at Woodhouse Forests and another near a beautiful grove of timber five miles distant.

GETTING A PULPIT IN FINGOLAND.
"I took some healthy muscular exercise."—Page 412.

On Friday morning, the 20th of July, I selected a suitable place for our preaching and prayer meeting in a beautiful grassy vale about four hundred yards from our hut. I took some healthy muscular exercise in rolling a large bowlder to a suitable spot for a pulpit or platform from which to preach.

The population of this region was rather sparse, and the notice of our coming was very short, so that we did not see the crowds we had been accustomed to see in older communities. At 11 A. M. our service commences. Circling in front of us, seated on the grass, are first the women and children, and next the men; on the outer edge of the circle, to our left, are a lot of painted heathens, with their red blankets thrown loosely round their naked bodies. The congregation numbers about two hundred persons. Our first sermon is to the believers, unfolding to them God's provisions and plans for the salvation of the world, administered by the personal Holy Ghost, who employs believers as his visible agents. We close by singing and prayer, and advise them to think much and pray much alone, take some refreshment, and come again at 3 P. M. At the close of the afternoon sermon we invite the seekers of pardon to kneel down on the grass. About one hundred and forty bow before the Lord and enter into a penitential struggle, with a general wailing of lamentation and tears, which cease not for three hours, only as they enter into liberty. We see among them several of the red heathens.

"Do you see that tall, well-dressed Kaffir down on his knees as a seeker?"

"Yes."

"That is Matanzima, a Tembookie chief, a brother of Ngangelizwe, the paramount chief of the Tembookie nation."

We see Charles bending over the chief for half an hour, trying to lead him to Jesus. Poor fellow! he seems to be an earnest seeker. Near the close of the meeting Charles brings the chief to me, and I explain to him the way of salvation by faith, and beg him to surrender himself to God and accept Christ as his Saviour now. He seems very teachable and anxious to know God. Among a number of questions I put to him, that I might ascertain the obstructions in his way and help him to consent to their removal, I said, "Matanzima, how many wives have you got?"

"Two," said he.

"How many children have you by them?"

"Two children by one wife, and one by the other."

"The laws of Jesus Christ will allow you to have but one wife. Are you willing to retain your first as your lawful wife and give the other one up?"

"Yes," he replied, promptly; "but what shall I do with her?"

"You must explain to her that you do not put her away in anger, but because you have consented to obey the laws of Christ, which allow a man but one wife; you must not send her away in poverty, but give her whatever she needs for herself and the support of her child, and let her go home to her own people."

"Well," said he, "I'll bring her to Mr. Warner and let him settle it."

"Yes," said I, "that will be the best way. Now, having settled that matter in your mind, and consenting to give up all your sins, you need not delay your coming to Jesus Christ, but embrace him as your Saviour now."

But, instead of a present surrender and a present acceptance of Christ, I saw from his face that he was considering the wife question and wavering in his purpose to give up the sin of polygamy, and soon began to put on his gloves, for he was a fine-looking, well-dressed man, and said, "Now, I must go home."

He did not tell me that he could not consent to Gospel terms, yet I felt but little doubt that, like the rich young man who came to Jesus, and hearing what he should "do to inherit eternal life," he declined and went away sorrowful in his sins. I was very sorry to believe, and to say to the brethren, that the chief wavered, and would not long remain a seeker.

I mention this case to illustrate one of the most serious difficulties to be encountered in bringing the Kaffirs to God—their ancient system of polygamy.

Meantime, about sixty persons of all ages professed to obtain the pardon of their sins. As fast as they got the witness of forgiveness they were conducted to a place to our left hand to be examined by the missionary.

"Now, Brother Barrett," said I, "you will please to hear the experience of these new converts and get their names and addresses, so that you may know where to find them, and get them into class and under good pastoral training for God. If any are not clear in their testimony to the fact of conscious pardon through the Holy Spirit's witness with theirs, kindly advise them to go back among the seekers and seek till they get it."

It was too cold to preach out that night, so we had a fellowship meeting in Brother Warner's stable specially for the young converts. Over thirty of them arose voluntarily and promptly, one after another, and in great simplicity told what God had done for their souls. The experience of every one was clear except one man, who told about some great light that he had seen some months before and heard a voice telling him that he would be saved. Brother Barrett challenged his experience and asked him several close questions. Charles also questioned him to draw out of him a testimony to a genuine experience of

salvation, if he was in possession of it; but his tale was ignored and the people warned against seeking to see sights and to hear audible voices, for the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits—not to our eyes or ears, but to our spirits—that we are the children of God. It was a very profitable service for mutual edification.

In a subsequent letter Brother Barrett confirmed my fears in regard to the chief :

"I am sorry to say that Matanzima, the Tembookie chief of the right-hand house, has not retained the religious impressions produced on his mind by your preaching, and has not even permitted me to hold service at his place." (Herod heard John gladly, and did many things, but did not give up his stolen wife, and soon after cut the preacher's head off.) "How can he be a Christian when his powerful counselors are heathens. I think the chiefs will have to be moved by the nation, and not the nation by the chiefs. A Kaffir chief possesses power only for evil, to fight, to eat up and destroy, but not to improve the condition of his people."

I felt very sorry to leave Woodhouse Forests so soon. We had seen a good work indeed during our one day's services, but if we could have spent a week among them a great work might have been wrought; but my limited time and preannounced appointments forbade. On Saturday morning, the 21st of July, we bade adieu to this new and interesting mission station and commenced a journey of fifty miles that day to Butterworth.

Brother Warner furnished us a pair of horses to take our conveyance twenty miles, to the Tsoma River, and accompanied us on horseback several miles. At the Tsoma we overtook our horsemen, who had gone on early with the horses, so as to give them a little rest while Brother Warner's pair were doing the work for us. There is an old military station at the Tsoma, and at that time a small detachment of British soldiers, under Colonel Barker, who received us into his hut with a cordial greeting, and entertained us with a good lunch with genuine English hospitality. Rev. John Longden, the missionary at Butterworth, had been there a few days before and prepared the way for us and provided a relay of fresh horses at the Tsoma, which, however, we did not need and respectfully declined to use.

The Tsoma, which is a fine African river, is deep, rocky, and dangerous for travelers, but the water being low we crossed without difficulty. On we go, over high hills and across deep valleys, through a country abounding with grass from one to two feet high, ripened and dried into a rich orange color. This wavy ocean of grass, which stretches out in every direction into the immeasurable distance, is interspersed with occasional groves of timber and island-looking rocky hill peaks and cliffs. About fifteen miles from the Tsoma we met a Kaffir boy, who said, "Mr. Longden has sent a pair of horses to Captain Cobb's for you," pointing across the hills toward the captain's house, nearly a mile off the main road. So we out-spanned our horses and walked over. The captain, a dashing but generous pioneer Englishman, gave us a cordial welcome. He was a magistrate, under Mr. Warner, over a portion of her majesty's Fingo subjects.

Captain Cobb gave us all a good dinner, and showed us his new house, orchard, and garden. It was really surprising to see such improvements, such beautiful beds of flowers and flourishing fruit trees, where, but eighteen months ago, the wild deer roamed without disturbance. The last eight miles of our long day's journey were made after the day had departed. The road was rough and dangerous, but our trusty guide rode before and shouted, "To the right," and "To the left," alternately, turning us away from rocks and gullies which might have cost us an upset, at the peril of our necks.

By the mercy of our Master we reached Butterworth about 8 P. M., and were welcomed and kindly entertained by Rev. John Longden and his excellent missionary wife.

CHAPTER XXV.

Butterworth, Clarkebury, and Umgwali.

THE Butterworth mission station was established in 1827 under the superintendence of Rev. W. Shaw, by Rev. Mr. Shrewsbury, assisted by Rev. W. Shepstone. The great chief Hintza, of the Amagealeka tribe, had not given his consent for the establishment of the mission in his country, but had not refused, so Mr. Shrewsbury proceeded in the work by faith. "But a few months after," says Mr. Shaw, "with great Kaffir ceremony he sent to the station one of his brothers and a company of his counselors, mostly old men (counselors of Kauta, his father), with the following remarkable message: 'Hintza sends to you these men, that you may know them; they are now your friends, for to-day Hintza adopts you into the same family and makes the mission the head of that house. If anyone does you wrong, apply to them for redress. If in anything you need help, ask them for assistance;' and as a confirmation of the whole, pointing to a fat ox they had brought, 'There is a cake of bread from the house of Kauta.'"

The mission, thus placed under the protection of law by the blessing of God and the fostering care of several successive missionaries, grew and prospered for six years, when its harmonious relations were disturbed by the Kaffir war of 1833–34. Hintza joined in the war against the colonists, "behaved treacherously toward certain European traders, who were at the time in his country; and it was believed, also, that he contemplated the murder of his missionary," Rev. John Ayliff, and the destruction of the station.

Rev. W. J. Davis gave me an account of how Brother Ayliff escaped, and, as it will illustrate a phase of missionary life in this place, now sacred in my own memory, I will give the substance of his narrative: "Hintza's purpose to kill Mr. Ayliff was revealed to him by Hintza's 'great wife,' Nomsa. All the trails and roads were guarded by spies, so that there was no possibility of his escape, but he managed to get a letter conveyed about fifty miles to Brother Davis, at Clarkebury. Mr. Davis sent to Morley mission station, thirty-five miles distant, and got the missionary there, Rev. Mr. Palmer, to join him in a trip to Butterworth to try and rescue their brother missionary from the murderous designs of Hintza. On their arrival at Butterworth, after consultation with Brother Ayliff, they resolved that they would go and see the chief himself, and thus take the bull by the horns at once. They immediately sent out runners, and collected a party of men as guides and guards, and set off to Hintza's 'great place,' about sixty miles distant. They rode boldly into the chief's kraal, and found him seated in council, surrounded by his *amapakati*.

"Having gone through all the ceremony common in approaching such a dignitary, Brother Davis, addressing the chief, said: 'Hintza, we have come to talk to you about your missionary. We have heard that you have given orders to kill Ayliff, and now he has come, and we have come with him to see what you have against him. We know that you are at war with the English, but we are missionaries; we have nothing to do with the war. If Ayliff has done anything worthy of death he don't refuse to die. You can try him and put him to death in an honorable way, but it don't become a great chief like you to way-

lay him like an assassin and kill him behind a bush. He is your missionary. He came into your country with your consent, and put himself under your protection, and you should deal honorably with him. If he has done wrong, then tell him so to his face; if guilty of anything worthy of death, convict him and kill him. Or, if you want to get rid of him, give him a pass out of your country, and he will at once go away and leave you; but it would be a great injustice, and a disgrace to you as a great chief, to kill your missionary behind a bush.'

"Hintza seemed greatly agitated while Davis was talking, and was silent for some time. Then he ordered food for the missionaries, and told them to sit down for the night and he would meet them in council the next day.

"That night, after the missionary party had sung and prayed in their hut, Nomsa, the chief's 'great wife,' came in and said, 'Sing again.'

"'Why should we sing again? We have just had singing and prayer.'

"'I have a word to say to you, and I don't want anybody but you to hear it. If you sing they will think that after the singing you will be praying, and they won't come near.' So they sang again.

"Then said she, 'You have done well to come to the chief. It will be all right to-morrow. Ayliff will be allowed to remain and get promise of protection. But if he remains he might tramp on a snake in the grass, and he had better not remain.'

"The next day they met the chief in council, and Hintza said, 'You have done well to come to me. Some miscreant might have done Ayliff harm, but it will be all right now. Ayliff may go back to Butterworth and sit down in peace, and it will be all right.'

"They returned and soon ascertained that there were no more conspirators in the way seeking Ayliff's life, and as the way was now open the missionaries unanimously agreed that it was better, in view of the war troubles and all the circumstances in the case, that Brother Ayliff should take Nomsa's advice; so he made arrangements as early as convenient, and, with his mission people, left Hintza's country."

The chief complained afterward of Ayliff's want of confidence in him, but his own subsequent record proved the wisdom of Ayliff's departure. Soon after the mission premises and village were plundered and destroyed, and before the war was over Hintza himself was killed.

The mission was reestablished after the war, but was destroyed again in the war of 1846–47.

Krielie, the son and successor of Hintza, was anxious for the rebuilding of the mission house and chapel, and gave for the purpose as many cattle as, when sold, were necessary to cover most of the expense of erecting the mission buildings and compensate for the personal losses of the missionary.

At one time, when Rev. W. J. Davis was stationed there, the country was dried up, the cattle were dying, and there was a general apprehension of famine. The chief Krielie assembled a large body of rain-makers near to the mission premises, and with a great gathering of the people they went on with their incantations and vain repetitions daily for a week.

Brother Davis kept himself advised, through his agents, of all their proceedings. Finally, the rain-makers said they could not get any rain, and had found out the reason why and the cause of the drought. When the attention of the people was fully arrested by such an announcement they told their anxious auditors that the missionaries were the cause of the drought, and that there would be no rain while we were allowed to remain in the country.

COMING OF THE MISSIONARIES TO HINTZA'S "GREAT PLACE."

"They rode boldly into the chief's kraal, and found him seated in council."—Page 415.

That brought matters to a very serious crisis, for the rain-makers are generally very influential, usually being doctors and priests as well. When the chief wants rain he sends some cattle to the rain-makers to offer in sacrifice to Imishologu, the spirits of their dead, who are presumed to have great power with Tixo (or God), who will send rain. If they do not succeed the rain-maker returns answer that the cattle were not of the right color, that cattle of certain peculiar spots were necessary. The details of these spots and shades of color are so numerous that the rain-maker cannot only drive a good trade in the beef line, but stave off the issue till, in the natural order, a copious rain descends, for which he claims the credit, and it is known all over the country as such a rain-maker's rain. Thus they maintain their influence, and when a number of such men combine against a missionary it becomes a very serious matter.

So when Brother Davis heard of the grave charge brought against the missionaries, and specially against himself and family, as they were the only missionaries there, he saw that he must act in self-defense at once. So the next morning, which was Thursday, he rode into their camp while they were in the midst of their ceremonies, and demanded a hearing. They stopped their noise and confusion to hear what he had to say, and he proceeded as follows:

"I shall give you a very short talk. Your rain-makers say that the missionaries are the cause of the drought. I say that the rain-makers and the sins of the people are the cause of the drought. The missionaries are as anxious for rain as you are, and our God would give us rain but for your wickedness and rebellion against him. Now I propose that we test the matter between your rain-makers and the missionaries. They have been trying here for one whole week to bring rain, and have not brought one drop. Look at the heavens, there is not even the sign of a cloud. Now stop all this nonsense and come to chapel next Sabbath, and we will pray to God, who made the heavens and the earth, to give us rain, and we will see who is the true God and who are his true servants and your best friends."

Then Nomsa, the "great wife" of Hintza, who had interposed to save the life of Brother Ayliff a few years before, and the great chief Krielie, her son, and their *amapakati*, held a consultation, and decided to dismiss the rain-makers at once, and accept the issue proposed by Brother Davis.

The next day was observed by this missionary Elijah and his Christian natives as a day of fasting and prayer. On Sabbath morning the sun, as for many months past, poured his burning rays upon the crisp Kaffrarian hills and valleys, with their famishing flocks, without the shadow of an intervening cloud. At the hour for service the usual congregation assembled, and besides them the great chief and his mother, and many of the heathen people from their "great place." There was a motley crowd of half-clad mission natives, a lot of naked heathens, the great chief in his royal robe, consisting of a huge tiger skin, his queen mother, with beaded skirt of dressed cowskin and ornamental brass wristlets, armlets, and head trinkets, and there, at their feet, the missionary and his family—a grand representation of Church and State, all sweltering with heat, all uneasy, all anxious to see a little cloud arise; but not one, even of the size of a man's hand, appeared when the service commenced.

After some preliminaries Brother Davis asked the people to kneel down and unite with him in prayer to the Lord God of Elijah to send them rain from heaven. The man of God pleaded his own cause and that of the people at the mercy seat, and importuned. No man was sent to look toward the sea; but while they remained on their knees in solemn

awe, in the presence of God, they heard the big rain drops begin to patter on the zinc roof of the chapel, and lo! a copious rain, which continued all that afternoon and all night. The whole region was so saturated with water that the river near by became so swollen that the chief and his mother could not cross it that night, and hence had to remain at the mission station till the next day.

That seemed to produce a great impression on the minds of the chief, his mother, and the heathen party in favor of God and his missionaries, and Brother Davis got the name of a great rain-maker; but signs, wonders, and even miracles will not change the hearts of sinners, for Nomsa lived and died a heathen, and her royal son remained an increasingly dark and wicked heathen.

The Butterworth mission station was destroyed the third time during the Kaffir war of 1851–52, and lay waste about ten years. The mission was established the fourth time, and promised to be more flourishing than ever before, under Rev. John Longden, who commenced operations there about 1862.

We were comfortably quartered in the mission house, and Brother and Sister Longden, with good fare and good cheer, rendered our sojourn with them very pleasant. On Sabbath morning, the 22d of July, I walked round about their little Zion to find the most suitable place for open air preaching, as we anticipated that the chapel accommodation for about four hundred would be inadequate. We selected a beautiful spot, a quarter of a mile distant, on the bank of the river, richly carpeted with grass.

At 10 A. M. Charles and I stand before a motley crowd of about five hundred natives and a dozen whites. To our left is the river, in the rear a little cliff or point of rocks, jutting down to the water's edge; to our right a high rocky hill, at our feet the tongue or wedge point of a valley, which rapidly widens and opens the prospect to the mission buildings on a high hill beyond; just in the rear of us are our European friends, who had come over forty miles for this occasion, and the mission family; just in front are the native women and children, next to them, in a circling mass, the native men; to our right and front, perched on the side of the hill, are about one hundred wild heathens, painted with red ochre and greased till they glisten in the sunlight. Their clothing consists simply of a blanket painted red with the same native dye which covers their bodies. I greatly feel the embarrassment of the situation. I must preach to these believers to adjust them to the Holy Spirit's methods, so as to work together with God effectively in the salvation of sinners, and yet I must arrest the attention of the heathen and interest them in our work, or they will go away and we shall not get another shot at them, and there is scarcely time in one service to secure well these two ends, but we go on and combine the two objects as well as we can. All are quiet and attentive, and a great interest is manifestly awakened among the mission people.

"Now we invite all who fully understand the subject, who feel the burden of their sins, and have made up their minds to give themselves to God and receive Jesus as their Saviour, to stand up. Let each one think well and act for him or herself. Let no one stand simply because another does. Let no one be afraid to stand up because of the presence of another. As we shall answer to God for ourselves, so let us say, 'Let others do as they will, but as for me, I will serve God.'"

In about a minute we see about one hundred on their feet, including half a dozen whites. We now invite them to kneel, surrender to God, and receive Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent into the world to save sinners. An earnest struggle ensues, and a few enter into liberty and witness to the fact in the story of their salvation to the missionary, who

examines each one personally. After a service of three hours we dismiss them and invite them to meet us there again at 3 P. M.

"Charles," said I, "the campaign of last week at Kamastone, Lesseyton, Queenstown, and Warner's has nearly used us up. We are not up to our mark to-day. I don't feel the Spirit's unction as I usually do in going into the battle."

"No," replied Charles; "your Father sees that your body can't bear it. He means to give you an opportunity to get back your usual strength of body. He does not want to work you to death."

I said in my heart, "Good for my Zulu! Many a European or American enthusiast might learn lessons of wisdom from you."

At 3 P. M. we had about the same audience as in the morning. The preaching goes home to their hearts with increasing power. Many of the people are immigrant Fingoes, from Cape Colony, where they have been accustomed to hear the Gospel for years, and the station people have long been under the instruction of Brother Longden. These heathen know nothing about it, or, what is worse, they have heard more against the Gospel by the carnal opposition its glimmer of light upon their minds has provoked than they have learned of its power. After the sermon we call for seekers, and over a hundred go down on their knees, and an earnest struggle against the powers of darkness ensues. The heathen look very serious, but the most of them refuse to yield; a few of them are down among the seekers. A much larger number are saved at this service than at the first. Among the converts who report themselves we see two old heathen men.

"Charles, what has that old red blanket to say for himself?"

"He says he has been a very great sinner, but that he has found Jesus, and Jesus has saved him."

"What has that other heathen to say about it?"

"'I have been the greatest scoundrel in the world, but the *umfundisi* says that Jesus came to save the very worst sinners, and I have taken him, and he has pardoned my sins, and I feel him now in my heart.'"

Many of our hearers had come twenty miles to attend our services. They are not a people to carry food with them on so short a journey. They had now been with us all day, and were hungry, so we began to inquire if there were any loaves and fishes that we could set before them. After consultation we announced to the congregation that all who had come from a distance, and were hungry, then, or at any time during our series of services, should go to the missionary, who would give each one a quart of mealies (Indian corn) daily. Brother Roberts and I proposed to bear two thirds of the expense, amounting to a few pounds each, for the mealies thus consumed; but at the close, when we came to settle, Brother Longden would not allow us the privilege of helping him.

My labors with the heathen that day caused me to feel keenly my inability to penetrate their heathenish darkness and grapple successfully with their prejudices and superstitions, from my want of an acquaintance with Kaffir life and customs; so I determined, by the help of the Lord, with the best sources available, though I should not have time during my brief sojourn to master the Kaffir language, I would master the Kaffir mind. I at once enlisted Charles in the work of studying native Kaffirism. At suitable times he got the oldest men together and questioned them about the customs and faith of their heathen fathers, and wrote down their statements; by this means, and by what we could learn from the missionaries and from *Kaffir Laws and Customs*, a book compiled from the experience and testimony of several of the oldest missionaries, specially for the benefit of the government,

we made progress in the acquisition of useful knowledge, which could not be obtained in any college in Europe, and knowledge that we both turned to good account by the help of the Holy Spirit.

We had preaching that night in the chapel and a glorious harvest of souls. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday we preached in the forenoon by the river, and at night in the chapel. On Thursday and Thursday night there was a great marriage feast in the neighborhood, which had been postponed several days on account of our meetings; so we took that day and night as a season of greatly needed rest. We resumed again on Friday, and closed our special series Friday night.

We shook hands with a distinguished old heathen at Butterworth. His fame was based on two adventures of his life. One was, according to the account in Kaffraria, that on one occasion when Rev. William Shaw was trying to cross a swollen river the current was too strong, and carried him down the stream, greatly imperiling his life; this heathen man plunged in and assisted the *umfundisi* in getting safely to land. The other was, that in his early life he killed a boa constrictor. That will give undying fame to any heathen Kaffir, as one of the greatest men in the nation; indeed, so great that his skull is, above all others, selected as the medicine-pot of the great chief. If such a distinguished individual, however, is allowed to die a natural death the charm is lost, and his skull is unfitted for such distinguished royal purposes. But the great snake killer, on the other hand, must not be surprised and murdered. He must yield himself a willing sacrifice, and abide in quietness for ten preparatory days, and then be murdered decently, according to royal decree. Many, I was told, had thus given themselves up to die and be canonized among the most honorable Imishologu. This old fellow, however, was not as yet sufficiently patriotic or ambitious of glory for that, but chose rather to retain his skull for his own personal use, and let old Krielie, his master, get on in his medical arrangements as best he could, and hence took good care to keep himself beyond Krielie's dominions.

We were introduced to a much more remarkable character at Butterworth than the killer of the boa constrictor.

Brother Longden gave us in substance the following history of Umaduna. He said that some months before, in visiting some heathen kraals, he inquired at each one if there were any Christians among them. Coming to a kraal containing about three hundred souls, he put his question to many in different parts of the kraal, and received from all the reply, "Yes, there is one Christian in this kraal. He's a little one, but he is a wonderful man. He has been persecuted, many times beaten, and threatened with death if he did not quit praying to Christ; but he prays and sings all the more."

Mr. Longden was greatly surprised and pleased to learn that such a martyr spirit was shining so brightly in a region so dark, and sought diligently till he found the wonderful man of whom he had heard such things, and to his astonishment the great man turned out to be a naked boy, about twelve years old. Upon an acquaintance with him, and the further testimony of his heathen neighbors, he found that all he had heard about him, and much more, was true. Hearing these things, we sought an interview with Umaduna, for that is his name. He had attended our meetings from the first, and I had often seen him among the naked Kaffir children in my audiences, but did not know that I was preaching to such an heroic soldier of Jesus till the last day of our series. That day we sent for the lad to come into the mission house, that we might see and learn of him how to suffer for Christ. He hesitated, but after some persuasion consented and came. He was small for a boy of twelve years, and had no clothing except an old sheepskin over

his shoulders; quite black, a serious but pleasant face; very unassuming, not disposed to talk, but he gave, in modest and firm tones of voice, prompt, intelligent answers to all our questions. The following is the substance of what we elicited from him, simply corroborating the facts narrated before by the missionary:

I said to him, through my interpreter, "Umaduna, how long have you been acquainted with Jesus?"

"About three years."

"How did you learn about him and know how to come to him?"

"I went to preaching at Heald Town, and learned about Jesus, and that he wanted the little children to come to him. Then I took Jesus for my Saviour, and got all my sins forgiven and my heart filled with the love of God."

He was not long at Heald Town, but returned to his people, and had since emigrated with them to Fingoland.

"Was your father willing that you should be a servant of Jesus Christ?"

"Nay; he told me that I should not pray to God any more, and that I must give Jesus up, or he would beat me."

"What did you say to your father about it?"

"I didn't say much; I wouldn't give up Jesus. I prayed to God more and more."

"What did your father do then?"

"He beat me a great many times."

"Well, when he found he could not beat Jesus out of you what did he do next?"

"He got a great many boys to come and dance round me and laugh at me and try to get me to dance."

"And wouldn't you dance?"

"No, I just sat down and would not say anything."

"What did your father do then?"

"He fastened me up in the hut, and said I must give up Jesus or he would kill me. He left me in the hut all day."

"And what did you do in there?"

"I kept praying and sticking to Jesus."

"Did you think your father would kill you?"

"Yes, if God would let him. He fastened me in the hut many times and said he would kill me."

"Umaduna, are you sure you would be willing to die for Jesus?"

"O, yes, if he wants me to."

"Are you not afraid to die?"

"No, I would be glad to die for Jesus, if he wants me to."

Brother Roberts gave him a copy of the New Testament in Kaffir for his use after he should have learned to read, and said he had intended to speak some words of encouragement to the boy, but on hearing him talk he found the rustic little Christian so far in advance of himself, who had been but a few months in the way, that he could not say anything to him.

On Saturday, the 28th of July, we traveled nearly fifty miles from Butterworth to Clarkebury, our next field of labor.

"The fifth mission station established by our society in Kaffraria," said the old pioneer, Rev. W. Shaw, "was in the country of the Amatembu, under the great chief Vossanie.

"My first visit to this chief was during the journey of observation, which I performed in April, 1825.

"We reached the chief's kraal on the 9th of that month, and on the next day we had an interview with him, when Vossanie, in the presence of his counselors and chieftains, promised that if a missionary came to them they would receive him kindly and give him land on which he might form a station. It was not till April, 1830, that we were enabled to commence this mission.

"The chief faithfully kept his word, and received Rev. Mr. Haddy, our first missionary there, with evident satisfaction, giving him leave to search the country to find a suitable site for the proposed station."

This mission station was called Clarkebury, in honor of Dr. Adam Clarke.

The only Europeans killed by natives in connection with our Kaffrarian missions lost their lives in connection with this station. The first was Mr. Rawlins, an assistant, who was killed by a horde of marauders, not far from the station. The other was the Rev. J. S. Thomas, a thorough Kaffir scholar and an energetic, brave missionary. It should be said to the credit of the Amatembu nation, that they as a people, had nothing to do with the assassination of these good men, but deeply regretted their fall, which was by the murderous hands of a band of robbers. The missionaries, however, have suffered endless petty annoyances from the heathen chiefs and people. The following story, told me by Rev. W. J. Davis, may serve as an illustration of this:

"When I was stationed at Clarkebury, in 1832, the Tembookie or Amatembu chief Vadana coveted a pot we daily used in our cooking. He came and begged me every day for that pot for a long time. I gave him many presents, but could not spare the pot, and positively refused to give it up.

"Finally the chief said, 'Davis, I'll have that pot!'

"The next day Vadana came with thirty of his warriors, all armed with assagais, a kind of javelin, their principal war weapon.

"They stood in defiant array before me, and the chief said, 'Davis, we have come for that pot.'

"'We need the pot,' I replied, 'for cooking our food, and, as I told you before, I won't give it to you.'

"'You must give it to us, or we'll take it.'

"'With thirty armed warriors against one unarmed missionary you have the power to take it, but if that is the way you are going to treat your missionary just give me a safe passage out of your country and I'll leave you.'

"'Davis, are you not afraid of us?' demanded the chief, sharply.

"'No, I'm not afraid of you. I know you can kill me, but if I had been afraid to die I never would have come among such a set of savages as you are.'

"'Davis,' repeated the chief, sternly, 'are you not afraid to die?'

"'No! If you kill me I have a home in heaven, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.'

"Then, turning to his men, the chief said, 'Well, this is a strange thing. Here's a man who is not afraid to die, and we will have to let him keep his pot.'

"When the chief was turning to go away he said, 'Davis, I love you less now than I did before, but I fear you more.'"

The chief never gave his missionary any further trouble about his pot, but showed greater respect to him than ever before.

On our journey from Butterworth to Clarkebury one of our cart horses got sick, and was scarcely able to travel, causing us much delay, so that we did not arrive at Clarkebury till nine o'clock at night, and having no moon we had to travel a couple of hours more by faith than by sight.

They have capacious and comfortable mission buildings and a beautiful garden containing fine oranges and other varieties of fruit trees at Clarkebury, and a chapel to seat about five hundred persons.

My purpose was to remain there only till Wednesday morning, but Brother Hargraves said that he had sent a messenger to Ngangelizwe, the great chief of the Tembookie nation, inviting him and his counselors to attend our services, and that the chief had returned answer that they could not be with us at the commencement, but would come on Wednesday. So we consented to stay at any rate till after Wednesday. On Sabbath morning, the 29th of July, we had the chapel crowded, and had about one hundred and fifty penitents forward that first night, and many souls were saved during our series of services.

On Thursday morning, the day appointed for the chief to come with his counselors to our services, a messenger arrived, according to Kaffir custom, to announce that "Ngangelizwe is in the path."

He had but fifteen miles to travel from the "great place" to Clarkebury, and we thought he might arrive by midday.

About 3 P. M. his vanguard appeared on the high hill half a mile east of the station and took their stand. Half an hour later another party came in sight and halted in like manner. It was then nearly an hour before the great chief, with the main body of the royal *cortége*, appeared. The cavalry of the train, consisting of about forty counselors, fell into line single file, the chief being about the middle, and all came down the hill at a full gallop. Arriving, they at once dismounted, but all remained outside the mission yard with the horses except the chief and his brother Usiqukati, who came directly in. Brother Hargraves met and shook hands with them at the gate and introduced them to me and my party. All the ceremony required on our part, I learned, was simply to pronounce the name of the chief and shake hands, and so with his brother.

The name Ngangelizwe means "Big-as-the-World."

He had a very extensive, rich, grassy, well-watered, undulating, beautiful country. His tribe numbered about one hundred thousand souls, of whom fifteen or twenty thousand were warriors. The chief was nearly six feet in height, straight, well-proportioned, of the copper Kaffir complexion instead of black, a smooth, pleasant countenance, a sweet, charming voice. The two chiefs took tea with us in the mission house, while the *amapakati* (his counselors) and their attendants went to the huts provided for them.

The chiefs were well-dressed, in English costume, but their men had each simply a kaross of dressed skin or a red blanket.

Soon we are all in the chapel for the evening service. Charles and I stand side by side in the altar; to our right and left sit the missionaries; in the front seats before the altar railings sit the king and his brother, and on the same seats in front about a dozen Europeans, including several British soldiers from Fingoland. Then we see next the body of the chapel halfway down filled with these heathen counselors and attendants and a lot of red heathen from Fingoland, making, perhaps, one hundred and fifty of this class; then in the rear, and at all the doors and windows outside, are the regular worshipers to whom we have been preaching twice a day for four days.

We close the preaching service and dismiss the congregation, to give an opportunity for all to leave who do not prefer to remain for the after service. No one stirs to get out. We call for the seekers to kneel before God, surrender to him, and accept Christ. Many of our former hearers fall down on their faces and worship God, and soon report from a blessed experience of pardon that God is in them of a truth.

The chief and his people sit and gaze and wonder. During the prayer meeting Brother Henry B. Warner stands up near the window to my right, and by his commanding appearance, good voice, and eloquent, euphonious ring of the Kaffir language at once arrests the attention of the whole assembly, and, addressing the chief and his counselors, tells them the story of his own conversion to God; they all knew him well from of old and knew what a sinner he had been, and now learned the details of God's saving mercy to him, demonstrating the truth of the Gospel news they heard that night, followed by an earnest exhortation to them to seek God without a moment's delay. Then we all kneel down in solemn silent prayer. Nothing is heard now but the suppressed sighs and sobs of wounded souls in the different parts of the house, pierced by the Spirit's two-edged sword.

The presence of God the Holy Spirit moving perceptibly among the prostrate mass of men before us becomes awfully sublime beyond description. The salvation of these heathens now hangs in the scales of a poised beam; many of us feel that the Spirit hath clearly offered to them the gift of eternal life in Christ. They are almost persuaded. They have reached a crisis. Let any one of these old counselors avowedly take a decided stand for God, and the whole of them will follow his example. Unable to get beyond that point, we close the service at 11 P. M., and all silently retire from the field to come up to the work again in the morning.

Early the next day Brother Warner had a long talk with Ngangelizwe's counselors. They admitted to him that what they had heard at the service the night before was true, and that they were conscious of an extraordinary influence on their minds, and that they believed their chief wanted to accept Christ; but, said they, "Ngangelizwe cannot act alone, for he is bound by solemn promise not to be a Christian; and none of us can act alone, because we exacted that promise from him, and we are bound in honor to stand to our own position. We cannot go and do ourselves what we have bound the chief not to do."

One of them proposed, and nearly all the rest concurred, that they should call a great council of all the chiefs and leading men of the nation and debate the cause, and see if they would consent to abandon their old customs and adopt the religion of Christ as the religion of their nation. Brother Warner came at once to me with their proposition to inquire whether I thought we had better entertain it.

I replied, "It may be a trick of Satan to keep some of them from a personal acceptance of Christ to-day. If not a device of the evil one, but, as I hope, a sincere expression of new desire kindled in their hearts by the awakening Spirit, it is a proposition that we cannot turn to account, as we will be leaving to-morrow; and unless a much larger number of the counselors and chiefs of the nation were brought under the awakening power of the Spirit than we have here, it would be hazardous to submit such a question to a national council, as they would be sure, by majority, to decide against Christianity and thus lengthen and strengthen the wicked alliance already formed against it. Such a proposition, however, originating with the *amapakati*, should be kindly entertained, and the spirit prompting it encouraged; but action in that direction now would be premature. We must urge them to accept Christ to-day, each one for himself, and take the consequences."

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ZULU-KAFFIRS.—VILLAGE OF THE MA-SHUKULUMBE.—From a recent photograph.

That day we had the chiefs and counselors in chapel in the same order as the night before. We preached from St. Luke's abstract of St. Paul's preaching to a heathen audience on Mars Hill, on the Unknown God. We traced the parallel between the moral condition and superstitious worship of the literary heathen of Athens and the illiterate heathen Tembookies. We have clear indications in Kaffir traditions, sacrifices, and devotions of the struggle of their moral nature to feel after the unknown God, and to find a supply for the conscious woes and wants of their souls. Having dug down effectually into the regions of their beliefs and conscious experiences, and having brought out their admitted facts demonstrating the truth of Bible delineations of human corruption, guilt, and bondage, and their vain efforts, by their sacrifices and sufferings, to atone for their sins, or give rest for their souls, we declared to them the unknown God and his glorious provision of mercy for them in Christ. We then pressed home the fact that God "now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." Illustrating the work of repentance wrought by the Holy Spirit in the hearts of sinners, resulting in their acceptance of Christ, I gave, among other examples, the cases of Thakombau, King of Fiji, and of George the Third, King of the Friendly Islands. I showed that their complications in the sin of polygamy, and all forms of heathenism, were quite as bad as anything in Kaffirland, but that yielding to the Spirit they had triumphed and had become Christians. I gave them the story about King George, as given me by the old apostle to the Friendly and Navigator's Islands, Rev. Peter Turner. When their first chapel was opened, and the king came in and saw the preacher in the pulpit—a man higher up than himself—he was displeased. But instead of making any trouble about it he had a pulpit built for himself the next week in the opposite end of the chapel, a few inches higher than the minister's pulpit. When the king saw the missionary ascend to his pulpit he went up and seated himself in *his* pulpit!

After a while the missionary and his leading men united together daily to read God's book of instructions to see how they were to proceed in their work, and prayed daily for the Holy Ghost to come and abide with them and through their agency do his mighty work of saving the king and his people. After continuing thus to wait with one accord for many days, the Holy Ghost came in mighty power.

The news ran all over the island that the Holy Ghost had come and was waiting to lead them to Jesus and save their souls. The people flocked together from every direction, and while they listened to the words of God from his book they were pricked in their hearts, and many cried out in the agony of their souls, and were so affected by the awakening power of the Spirit that to the number of from two to three hundred at one time they lay apparently dead for hours, but all came up rejoicing and praising God for his great salvation.

The king himself was awakened, and came down from his high pulpit and sat in the dust. His proud heart yielded to the Spirit's power. He told the missionary he wanted to give up his sins and seek God, but did not want to bow down with his common people, and asked the missionary to allow him to pray behind the altar screen, which was a network of young bamboo rods, and would conceal him from the eyes of his people.

Brother Turner said, "Yes, King George, you may kneel down wherever you like and give your heart to God." The king went behind the screen and fell down on his face and cried to God to have mercy on his poor soul. He is a man six feet four inches high, and rolling in an agony of soul he kicked down the screen and lay full length before his people, and cared for nothing but how he might be saved.

His pride was broken, and he fully felt the burden of his sins, but got no relief till after he went home that night. About midnight he gave his wicked heart to God and received Jesus, and got all his sins forgiven and received a new heart. He wrote a letter to Brother Turner that night, telling him that he had found Jesus and that his soul was happy. Some days after he had a great many of his people together, and told them that he had embraced Christ and was happy, and said to them, "Do you see that post?" pointing to a post of the chapel building; "now, just as certain as you know that you see that post, just so certainly I know that God, for Christ's sake, has pardoned my sins and made me his child."

"Many wicked people said," I continued, "as such will say about Ngangelizwe, that if King George embraced Christ he would lose his kingdom, just as though the great God of heaven and earth, to whom all power belongs, could not, or would not, maintain the rightful authority of a ruler because such ruler became loyal to God, his divine Sovereign. Did King George lose his kingdom by becoming a Christian? Nay; many who were not his people have come under his authority because he was a Christian, and he became a greater king than ever before; he also became a preacher, and is employed every Sabbath in preaching Jesus to his people. A man forfeits no rights by accepting Christ as his Saviour, but he cannot accept Christ until he consents to give up all his sins, and consents that Christ shall take from him, or return to him, anything and everything he holds dear. A man who would not, if necessary, give up a kingdom to receive Christ will, for the sake of a little bit of authority, which he can hold but a few years at most, reject Christ and perish!"

We explain, in simplicity, the duty of repentance and an intelligent acceptance of Christ by faith in God's own record concerning him, and the Spirit's witness and renewing work, demonstrating the truth of the Gospel and the saving power of Jesus. At the close of the sermon we proceed as usual with the prayer meeting. A large number of seekers come forward, and a similar struggle to that of last night, between the powers of light and darkness, ensues. Ngangelizwe shows great concern; his brother is evidently in an agony of awakening; some counselors seem in great distress; others of them, by their looks and a scoffing display of their great teeth, are using their influence against the work. One fellow, with a large cowskin kaross over his shoulders, is a child of the devil, an enemy of all righteousness, as full of all subtlety and mischief as Elymas the sorcerer.

In the midst of the prayer meeting Charles rises from his knees and stands within an arm's length of the chief and his brother, and exhorts them personally for half an hour. You see at once that my Zulu is master of the difficult situation. The natural gracefulness and perfection of his action, and the power of his logic, told manifestly on the trembling Felix before him. The missionaries and others who understood the Kaffir said afterward that they never heard such a display of Kaffir oratory in all their lives. He explained to Ngangelizwe that the powers that be are of God, and hence it was for God, and not a lot of wicked counselors, to put down one ruler and set up another, and that a man who will reject the counsel of God and follow the counsel of wicked men shall as certainly come to grief as that the righteous God rules in the heavens.

"Kobi and Pato," continued Charles, "were great chiefs. Kama, their brother, was a boy, and had no people. These three chiefs had the offer of Christ; Kama was the only one that accepted him; Kobi and Pato rejected Christ and called Kama a fool, and said he would be a scabby goat and never have any people. Their wicked counselors told them if they received Christ they would lose all their people, all their cattle, and have

nothing, like poor Kama; but what was the result? God gave them up to follow their wicked counselors, who advised them to go to war with the English. Kobi died a miserable refugee and got the burial of a dog. Pato has spent many miserable years a prisoner on Robin Island. Kama remained true to God and kept out of the war against the English, and now all the people of the Amaxosa nation, once ruled by Kobi and Pato, belong to Kama, who is going down to his grave in honorable old age, in the midst of peace and plenty, full of a glorious hope of a blessed home in heaven. More than one thousand of his people have accepted Christ, and all of them abide in the peaceable possession of their homes, under the protection of the British government."

This but indicates the range of Charles's inimitable discourse to Ngangelizwe, and he appealed most solemnly to Usiqukati to submit to God and receive Christ, whatever the chief and his counselors might do.

Our time for such a work was too short. I felt sure that they could not stand many such shocks of awakening truth, applied by the Spirit's power, as it was on the two occasions when we had them before us. Ngangelizwe afterward shook hands with Charles, and they had a friendly private interview. The political league seemed to be the principal barrier.

Ngangelizwe said he would stay and hear us again that evening; but about sunset a man came dashing down the hill at full speed, his horse in a foam of perspiration and panting for breath, and announced that one of Ngangelizwe's children was dying, and that the chief must return to the great place at once. The chief said he was very sorry to leave, but that he was obliged to go.

I learned some weeks afterward that Ngangelizwe invited one of the local preachers to preach at his "great place," and after he had preached told him to come every Sunday and preach to him, for he wanted to have preaching at his place, whatever the *amapakati* might say. The missionaries believed that all that ado about the dying child was a ruse got up by some of those wicked counselors to hurry Ngangelizwe away for fear he would that night become a Christian.

Having thus lost the heathen portion of our audience, instead of preaching that night, as we intended, we had a fellowship meeting. Up to that period of our series of services one hundred and eighty-five persons, on a personal examination, had professed to have obtained the pardon of their sins. About seventy, principally the young converts, spoke at our fellowship meeting that night. I sat beside Brother William Davis, who interpreted their talk to me. It was marvelously interesting. I can give but a few specimens, and they are as weak as water compared with their native Kaffir originals, accompanied by graceful action and tears and the peculiar idiomatic force of their language. A woman said: "I have for a long time been a member of the Church according to the flesh, but now I am a member of the Church according to the spirit. Last Sunday in this chapel the light of God shone into my heart and showed me my sins. I was stricken down by the power of his Spirit, but I cried to God and received Jesus Christ, and he lifted me up and made me his child."

A man stood up and said, "I always hated the mission stations, and I hated all the people who went to them. Often when I have seen them going to chapel I got so angry I wanted to kill them. But I heard that Isikunisivutayo was coming, and I came to see what was to be done. I stood outside the chapel last Sunday and laughed and mocked. On Monday night I came in and Isikunisivutayo set me on fire, and I felt that I was sinking into hell. I left as quick as I could and started home, but my sins were such a load on

me I could not run, but fell down and thought I was going to die. The next morning I felt very glad that I was not in hell. I came to the meeting that day and received Jesus, and now my soul is full of glory."

Isikunisivutayo means a burning fire-stick or torch. In the fall the whole country is covered with a thick growth of brown grass from one to two feet in height. As spring approaches, to get the full benefit of the new crop for their cattle, they take their burning fire-sticks and soon set a thousand hills in a blaze, spreading and sweeping in every direction to prepare the way for the new harvest of grass. It is common with the Kaffirs to give every distinguished stranger some characteristic name, by which, instead of his real name, he is known among them.

I was told beforehand that I would get a new name, and there were not a few European conjectures as to what it should be. Some thought it would be Longbeard, which bears no comparison to the appreciative, poetic, descriptive name which the Kaffirs gave me, The Burning Fire-stick, which the Lord was using to set the whole country in a blaze, burn up all their dead works, and prepare the way for spiritual life, verdure, and plenty. Among the converted heathen at that fellowship meeting, one old man arose, threw his kaross gracefully across his breast and over his left shoulder, and told a marvelous story about his heathenish prejudices against the mission stations and the missionaries. "My heart," said he, "was as tough as the hide of a rhinoceros, but last night the Spirit's sword cut right through it and let in the light of God. I received Jesus Christ and he gave me a tender heart filled with his love."

These are mere specimen illustrations of the experience of over sixty persons who spoke, and nearly all they said was repeated to me in English, sentence by sentence, by Brother William Davis. Brother Davis is a native of Kaffraria and a fine Kaffir scholar. He is the translator of the *Pilgrim's Progress* into Kaffir; also Dr. Hunter's hymn, "The Eden Above."

I introduced this hymn into Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. Rev. W. Moor took it from Sydney to Fiji, and Rev. Brother Calvert inserted it into the new Fijian hymn book, so that it is being sung all through those portions of the Southern World, and now the mountains and vales of Kaffraria echo its measures, as sung by the pilgrim bands of the sable hosts as they march along to the Eden above. I will first insert the hymn as we have it from the author, and then in the Kaffir, accompanied by a literal rendering of the Kaffir into English, which will illustrate the idiomatic difficulty of translating an English hymn into Kaffir. As I before stated, while we have many good Kaffir hymns, mostly composed by Rev. Brother Dugmore, we have but one of Wesley's incomparable hymns in the Kaffir language. Yet it will be seen that Brother Davis not only put the poetic thought of "The Eden Above" into Kaffir, but in some cases strengthened it, especially to a Kaffir mind. The possibility of doing so depended not a little on the sympathetic genius of the translator. As an illustrative specimen I insert one verse in the two languages:

THE EDEN ABOVE.

We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love.
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go? will you go? will you go? will you go?
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

ICULA ELITETA NGELIZWE ELI PEZULU.—A HYMN WHICH TELLS ABOUT THE LAND WHICH IS ABOVE.

Sikuyo indhlela yelizwe lobomi,
We are in the path to the land of life,
Ikaya labantu bahleli ngenyweba.
The home of the people who dwell in happiness.
Bahlukani no Tixo, endhleleni yokona,
Rebels from God, in the way of wrongdoing,
Nitinina? Noyana, noyana, pezulu?
What do you say? Will you go, will you go above?
Noyana, noyana, noyana, noyana,
Nitinina? Noyana, noyana, pezulu?

. . . . . .

Hambani bakonzi, elozwe, leletu.
Go on, pilgrims, that country, it is ours.
Sonqina, sinqina inyameko zalo;
We will prove, and prove again, the delights all;
Eweke, sohamba ngapezu kwentaba
Yes, we will travel upon the hills
Sisele amanzi ovuyo pezulu.
And drink the water of joy above.
Noyana, noyana, noyana, noyana,
Nitinina? Noyana, noyana, pezulu?

Kanti ke, moni, asikulahlile,
Yet therefore, sinner, we do not throw thee away,
Simil' umzuzwana, simele kwa wena;
We stand a little time, standing for even you;
Yizake ku Tixo, akusingate,
Come then to God, he will take you in his arms,
Akuse kwangoku, ekusa pezulu.
And take you even now, taking you above.
Noyana, noyana, noyana, noyana,
Nitinina? Noyana, noyana, pezulu?

. . . . . .

Our next station was Morley, thirty-six miles distant from Clarkebury; the missionary in charge was William Rayner. This station was named in honor of Rev. George Morley, Missionary Secretary in London. It was founded by Rev. William Shepstone in 1829.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Morley.

BROTHER RAYNER, with his own hands, assisted by his natives, had built a large, comfortable mission house and a pretty chapel which would seat about four hundred persons, and had built also a small chapel in a village five miles west of Morley. That part of Kaffraria was a famous place for smelling out and the convicting of men by their witch doctors, for the crime of having cattle enough to excite the covetousness of a chief, or political influence enough to render one an object of fear, or from any cause laying him under suspicion.

Their mode of trial and conviction is thus described by J. C. Warner, Esq., in *Kaffir Laws and Customs:*

"Kaffirs are firm believers in sorcery, or witchcraft, and they consider that all the sickness and other afflictions of life are occasioned thereby, and that were it not for the evil influence of the *amaggwira* none would die but in good old age. This universal belief in witchcraft has led to the almost entire neglect of the art of healing by medicines, and to cause them to trust wholly to the power of charms, incantations, *amadini*, or sacrifices, etc. Hence their priests have little or no knowledge of the virtues of medicinal plants, and they trust entirely to such remedies as may be revealed by the Imishologu (the spirits of their ancestors), and if, as is sometimes the case, they do make use of herbs, etc., they are always used in conjunction with charms and sacrifices, to the efficacy of which their virtues are attributed.

"They have, however, a few very valuable medicinal plants among them; but the knowledge of these is as frequently found among other classes as among the priests. When all ordinary charms and other means have failed to remedy sickness, etc., an application is made to the chief for permission to try the *umhlahlo* (smelling out for witchcraft); for no person can have the *umhlahlo* performed without the express sanction of the chief. When this has been obtained the people of the kraal in question, together with their neighbors of the surrounding kraals, proceed in a body to the kraal of the priest whom they intend to employ.

"The people belonging to the priest's kraal, with those of surrounding kraals, then assemble. Two semicircles are formed, one of the party of the kraal seeking assistance, and the other, of the adherents of the priest. These semicircles are so arranged as nearly to meet at their points, thus forming an almost perfect circle, leaving only just sufficient space between them to admit the priest and his assistants.

"The ceremony of *ukwombela* (the first process for detecting the witch) is now commenced; the hide drums are violently beaten, the bundles of assagais are struck together, accompanied by the well-known humming and clapping of hands by the women. By and by the priest rushes out of his hut, springs into the midst of the circle of human beings assembled, and commences jumping about in the most frantic manner and performing all sorts of extraordinary gesticulations. This is called *ukuxentsa*.

"The men now beat their drums and strike their bundles of assagais together more

violently than ever, and the women hum their exciting tunes and clap their hands in an increasingly agitated manner, vociferating all the while for help and demanding who has bewitched them. This is continued until the priest is wrought up to the proper pitch of inspiration, when he suddenly ceases and retires to that part of the circle formed by his own adherents. He then names the persons who have bewitched the afflicted party or parties. On their names being pronounced that part of the circle where they are sitting rises simultaneously, falls back, and leaves the devoted victims sitting alone.

"This is the exciting moment, and all eyes are fixed upon them, while the priest describes their sorceries and the enchantments used by them for their diabolical purposes. A rush is then made upon them, and every article—their kaross, ornaments, etc.—is torn off their bodies. They are then given in charge to certain parties appointed for that purpose, and led away to their respective kraals, there to be tortured in the most barbarous manner, in order to make them *mbulula*, or reveal the materials by which they performed their enchantments.

"In the bush country, where the tree ants are plentiful, their nests are sought for; the poor wretch is laid down, water thrown over his body, and the nests beaten to pieces on him. This irritates the ants and causes them to bite furiously; they also creep into the nostrils, ears, eyes, mouth, etc., producing the most excruciating pain by their bites. Sometimes a large fire is made, and the poor wretch is tied up to a pole, so close to it as literally to roast him alive. Large flat stones are also heated red hot and placed on the groins and applied to the soles of the feet and other parts of the body. Another mode of torture resorted to is the binding of a string so tight around the thumbs as to cause the most acute agony, and unless the poor creature does confess something, and produce some kind of *ubuti*, or bewitching matter, he must eventually sink under the torture."

As many as eight cases of smelling out and murder had occurred there during the space of a year just preceding the time of our visit, the details of which were given me by the missionary. A horrible case occurred near the station in 1864. The "lung sickness" happened among the cattle of a native near Morley, who immediately employed a doctor to smell out the man who had bewitched them. The usual ceremony of smelling out resulted in the conviction of the man's own nephew. He was at once seized and tied to a post near his own hut, when a large fire was made in front of him, by which he was slowly roasted. After enduring those excruciating tortures for twenty-four hours he was induced to confess his guilt. He told them if they would take him to the brook he would show them the poison by which he had bewitched the cattle. The poor fellow was made to go to the water. When dragged to the place he pointed out the *ubuti*, a little root in the edge of the water, which caused the death of the cattle. Then the doctor jumped round and shouted glory to himself. The power to smell out the witches and the righteousness of his decision was demonstrated before all the people. Then his poor victim was dragged back and tied to the same post, the fires were rekindled, and while he for twelve hours more yelled in agony his friends and relations were smoking their pipes and taking their pleasure. The tortures of that poor fellow commenced at noon and terminated in death at the middle of the second night. No doubt the relations of such victims manifest their indifference and often their zeal in the execution to avoid suspicion of complicity with the witch. The father of the poor man fled to the mission station for refuge, and Brother Rayner asked him if he really believed that his son had bewitched his brother's cattle. "O, yes," he replied, "I believe he was guilty because the doctor said so."

A heathen man's wife near the station was suspected of witchcraft. After being duly smelled out the penalty doomed her to be eaten alive by the ants. Her own brothers took her out according to the judgment of the doctor, and, driving down four stakes, stretched her out by an ant-hill and lashed her wrists and ankles to the stakes, to be devoured by the voracious insects.

The ants preyed upon the poor woman all that day, but her sucking child cried so for its mother that, I suppose as a matter of economy, they went out and untied the mother, who came home and took care of her child for the night. In the morning she was staked down among the ants as before, and at night was released again.

Such torture will ordinarily terminate life in a couple of days, but the respite of each night prolonged this woman's agony, and after enduring this for six days her tormentors said, "We can't kill such a witch; she won't die;" so they loosed her and threw her away, which, with the Kaffirs, means such an *anathema maranatha* that their faces must never be seen by any of their people again. In that dreadful condition she came to the station. Brother Rayner told us that such a sight he never saw before. The surface of her whole body was lacerated and swollen, but her wrists and ankles were eaten down between the tendons, in some places to the bone. Her struggles caused the straps by which she was bound to chafe her wrists and ankles and render them specially attractive to the little tormentors that were feasting on her. By very special care Brother Rayner and his kind-hearted wife succeeded, by the mercy of God, in restoring her.

That very woman was converted to God during our series of services at Morley, and lived afterward at the station a free woman in Christ.

On Sabbath morning, the 5th of August, I selected a small level plot of ground by a little stream at the foot of the high hill east of the chapel. In turning up a large flat stone for my pulpit I tore my coat. I got a few heathen Kaffirs then to help me, and prepared a good stone pulpit each for Charles and myself. I then slipped down the deep ravine and prepared for the public service by doing a small job of tailoring, which closed the rent in my coat which I thought might be damaging to my usefulness, and hence made a necessity of it. When I got my coat mended I buckled on the armor of God and returned to the field of action. Our audience contained four whites and about four hundred natives. We stood on the precipitous bank of the stream and cried, "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." The preaching occupied about an hour and a half. About one hundred and fifty fell down on their faces and worshiped God, and many of them that day drank freely and were saved. That night we preached in the chapel and had a glorious work of the Spirit. On Monday Charles preached in the chapel. He preached once at Butterworth and once at Clarkebury, to the great astonishment of the missionaries.

On Monday night we preached again, and a great work was done. On Tuesday we had the chief of that part of Ngangelizwe's dominions, Ndunyela, twenty-five wives and women of his court, and about one hundred and twenty of his warriors. Ndunyela was a broad, thickset man of about forty years, fine open face, not black, but a reddish bronze. Some of his copper-colored ladies had a fine Jewish physiognomy, and all were well attired in native costume. His warriors were naked, except a blanket or kaross thrown loosely round their shoulders. Brother Rayner made them a present of a "cake of bread," namely, a bullock, which they slaughtered and devoured in the afternoon. They are very expert in butchering a beef with their assagais, and in cutting out all the fleshy parts

into strips; these they broil on the fire till about half done, and the smoking strips of rare roast are passed among the long circle. One fellow seizes it and clinches one end of it with his teeth, and with his assagai cuts it off an inch or two from his mouth, just as much as he can get between his teeth, and passes it to the next, who follows his example. So on it goes round, strip after strip, a mouthful at a time, till nothing is left but the skin and bones of the beast. Every man has a right to a seat at such a feast. Whenever any Kaffir kills a beef all the men within several miles round will assemble as promptly as birds of prey, and any one of them will eat as much as the owner. If a man should refuse to make it a free thing he would be branded as a man too stingy and mean to live among them, and would be in danger of being smelled out as a witch. It is not easy for such people to appreciate English economy. To see a missionary kill a beef, and carefully cut it up and carry it into his house, and keep it to be eaten by himself and his own family, along at different times, as may suit his convenience, why, to a lot of hungry Kaffirs it is the most shocking piece of business imaginable! Hence, if they want to berate a mean fellow, after exhausting their old stock of opprobrious epithets, they cap the whole by adding, "Why, you are as stingy as a missionary."

Brother Rayner gave the chief Ndunyela his choice, to take his people home in the afternoon, after they had eaten their "cake of bread," or to stay for the evening service. We were anxious for them to stay, but wished them to act with entire freedom of will. He sent his women home, but he and all his men remained. They occupied the front seats in the chapel; we gave them the Gospel message in all plainness, and they seemed deeply impressed but did not yield.

During the prayer meeting Charles had a close talk with the chief. He admitted that what he had heard during that day and evening had convinced him that he was a poor sinner, that Jesus Christ was the only Saviour of sinners, and that he and his people ought to receive him, and when Charles urged him to surrender to God and accept Christ he replied, "I made Ngangelizwe promise that he would not be a Christian, and I am in honor bound to stand by our old customs, having compelled him to do so."

After the prayer meeting we had a fellowship meeting, and those heathen heard the distinct testimony of more than thirty witnesses to the saving power of Jesus in their own hearts. The pastor reported that one hundred and fifty were converted to God during our three days' meeting. On Wednesday morning we set out for Buntingville.

Our next mission field was Buntingville, thirty-six miles from Morley Station. This mission, named in honor of that renowned patron of missions, Rev. Dr. Bunting, was established in the year 1830, by Rev. William B. Boyce, so well known as a missionary in Africa, general superintendent in Australia, and as Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in London.

It was here that Rev. Mr. Boyce devoted himself so assiduously and so successfully to the philosophy of the Kaffir language, and discovered an essential key to it, which he called the euphonic concord of the language. He had the assistance of Theophilus, son of the old missionary, Rev. William Shepstone, in this important work, which furnished the basis of the subsequent grammars of the Kaffir and other languages which have been produced.

This mission belongs to Damasi, son of the great chief Faku, who, though legally the king of the whole Amapondo nation, has for many years allowed Damasi the sovereign rule of all the Pondos west of the Umzimvubu River, and the two governments are so distinct that each can make war or peace with other tribes without involving the other. For

example, when we were there Damasi was at war with Umhlonhlo, chief of the Amapondumsi, but Faku's people were not; at the same time Faku was at war with the Amabaca tribe, but Damasi was not; so that Damasi, though not strictly in law, was in fact a great paramount chief. It was difficult to get anything like a reliable census in Kaffraria. We were told, on what seemed good authority, that Damasi had fifty thousand warriors under his command; but we learned from Rev. Mr. Jenkins, who had been among the Amapondo for over thirty years, that the entire population under Damasi was about fifty thousand, and that under Faku about one hundred thousand. Damasi had furnished most of the funds by the sale of cattle for the erection of the new mission house at Buntingville, and paid a large proportion of the funds necessary for the erection of the new chapel they were preparing to build.

We reached the "great place" of King Damasi about 4 P. M. Our horsemen had been there some time before us, and had a hut arranged for our accommodation. Brother Hunter introduced me to Damasi as Isikunisivutayo, a new *umfundisi* from the other side of the great waters. The chief was over six feet in height, large and corpulent, of a copper complexion, a generous, open countenance, and altogether a fine specimen of a heathen chief. He took us into his palace, which was a round hut about thirty feet in diameter, the wall about six feet high, made of clay, with a round roof of thatch, about twelve feet high at the apex. He introduced us to his "great wife" and some of his daughters, and showed us his fine store of firewood neatly piled up to the left as we enter, and his great earthen jars, cooking utensils, milksack, his royal robes or tiger skins, and his tiger tails. If any Kaffir kills a tiger he must at once inform the chief, to whom all the tigers are supposed to belong, who has the skin taken off with great ceremony, and dressed for himself.

KING OF THE AMAPONDO.

None but a royal Kaffir is allowed to own or wear a tiger's skin. A tiger's tail stretched over the top of a stick about five feet in length is a formidable sight before the hut of any Kaffir. When the chief wishes to call a man to answer for any offense, especially when a fine is to be imposed or his property confiscated, he sends one of his *imisila*, or sheriffs, to set up a tiger's tail in front of the offender's hut. When the poor fellow comes out in the morning and sees the dreadful summons—for it is usually served when the man is asleep—he is filled with consternation and must go at once and reckon with his master, who has the power to take his property or his life.

All the documentary details and process necessary to arrest and arraign a civilized man are here accomplished at once by the magic spell of a tiger's tail.

The chief pointed to a high perpendicular cliff, half a mile from his hut, and informed us that he threw his bad fellows over that precipice and dashed them to pieces. Many a poor wretch, no doubt, has found a quick passage out of the world from that cliff, and yet Damasi's appearance was not that of a tyrant, but of a kind-hearted, generous man, and he was free from that mean spirit which most chiefs evince, of begging a blanket of every stranger who may visit them. When we subsequently sent word to the great chief Faku

that we expected to visit him he replied to the messenger, "Is Isikunisivutayo traveling with blankets?"

His more noble son, Damasi, supplied us with new, clean blankets for our use, and everything we needed for our comfort during our sojourn with him, and scorned even a hint at pay in return. I was told of a clergyman who visited a neighboring chief, who at once asked the *umfundisi* if he had brought him any blankets? "No," said he, "but I have brought you something better. I have come to tell you the good news about the great God, who made the heavens above us, and who made the earth, who made us, who gave you all your lands, your mealies, Kaffir corn, and pumpkins, and who gave you your cattle, goats, and sheep. He is our Father, and—"

The chief, interrupting him, said, "Is he your father?"

"Yes," replied the missionary; he is my Father, and has sent me to tell you good news."

"Well," said the chief with a grin, "if your Father is so kind as to give us all these good things for nothing, and if you are a true son of his, can't you give me one blanket?"

After Damasi had shown us the things in his house, his bloody cliff, and his great cattle kraal, said to be a thousand yards in circumference, and the largest one in Kaffraria, he said, "I am glad to see you, but the most of my people are gone. I will call all who are near to come to-morrow, but we are only a few now;" and then went on to tell us that, owing to the drought the preceding year, their stores of food were nearly used up, and that a large number of his people had gone to the Umzimvubu to get supplies of food, and that last night Umhlonhlo's people had attacked his son's kraal and driven away a large number of cattle and horses, and that the war cry had called a large number of his warriors away in pursuit.

It was during this lull in the storm, for Umhlonhlo's marriage to his seventh wife, that we came into Damasi's country; but now hostilities had been renewed, and the whole region was in a war panic. Rev. Mr. Hunter had told us that at Damasi's "great place" I should have a congregation of at least one thousand heathens, and we had made up our minds to tarry there some days if the Lord should open for us a door of access to them. This sudden turn of events was saddening to our hopes, but we arranged to spend the Sabbath and do the best we could under the circumstances.

While we stood talking to Damasi we saw a lot of young Kaffirs in pursuit of a bullock. Down the hill they came at full speed, and fetched up in front of us.

"There," said the chief, pointing to the panting bullock, "is a cake of bread for you." It was driven to the back of our hut, assagaied, skinned, and quartered with great dispatch. The whole of the beef was hung up by quarters in our hut and the skin laid in a roll near the door. According to custom, the whole belonged to the strange *umfundisi*, who is expected to make a present of the hide to the chief, and also to send a forequarter to the chief's "great wife," and take the chief as his guest during his sojourn, all of which we performed with due ceremony. We had brought with us a supply of bread, coffee, and sugar; so with the beef broiled on the end of a stick we entertained his royal highness in good style.

On Sabbath morning, the 12th of August, our congregation assembled behind a hut near the chief's mansion, consisting of Damasi, his eight wives, and thirty or forty children (Damasi said he did not know how many children he had), and about one hundred warriors, armed with their assagais and shields, ready for war emergencies. Damasi came out in state. Instead of the red blanket he had worn the day before he had a large tiger skin

over his shoulders, which constituted his entire dress, except a pair of rustic slippers on his feet. They all listened with great attention, but no decisive result was reached. Preaching to heathen, beginning with first principles, and leading them on to a living Saviour required at least an hour and a half, but we seldom failed to reach the salvation of souls on every such occasion. However, some of our friends thought we preached too long; so on this occasion we agreed to try a new plan, which was to preach half an hour, and then have a little talk with them personally and draw them out, and after a brief recess resume the thread of discourse and go on for another half hour, and so on.

We got into the subject very satisfactorily. They appeared to understand it, and nearly all seemed to agree that our words were true, but we had not reached the vital point of convincing them of their lost condition and of offering a present Saviour when the time came for recess. We then asked them to talk and ask any questions they wished on the subject of discourse. Some questions were asked and answered, when one of the counselors said he "did not believe in a future state, or in Imishologu; that we all die like a pig, and there is no more of us." The chief replied to him, saying, "The man could not be such a fool as that, for all our fathers believed in Imishologu, and so do we, and our people."

The Kaffir infidel then got up and went away, and, seeing that they all were getting restless, we thought it best to dismiss them and have them assemble for another service in the afternoon. We felt that service to be very unsatisfactory. Charles seemed really discouraged, the first and only time I found him so. I assured him that the result was what we might have expected; having opened our Gospel battery against such a stronghold of wild heathenism we should have fired away till they should at least feel the weight of our heaviest metal; but instead of that we had called a parley. Charles cheered up, and we agreed that in preaching to the heathen, no matter what others said, we would never stop short of giving them the whole plan of salvation.

In the interval Damasi's counselors gathered round him in a circle and discussed the exciting topics of the day, especially the war with Umhlonhlo, and when we assembled for a second service a number of the warriors who were with us in the morning found it convenient to be absent. The chief said their duties called them home. We did the best we could to make up for our failure in the forenoon, and at night we had a prayer meeting in our hut. We had as seekers that night the three white traders, Mr. Straghan, son, and son-in-law, two Kaffir men, one of Damasi's eight wives, and two of his daughters. Mr. Straghan, his son-in-law, and a Kaffir man professed to obtain peace with God. Next morning, before breakfast, we had a fellowship meeting, during which Damasi came into the hut. Chief Vava, and two or three of his party, and the white men gave their testimony to the saving grace of God. Then old Damasi said, "I and my people are all Christians. We have all been Christians ever since Mr. Wakeford came among us."

A hard old Christian, we thought, with eight wives; but he had received the missionaries, had helped liberally to build a mission house, and was engaged in building a chapel, and when Brother Hunter's congregations fall off he has only to inform his great chief to get a large audience of heathen; and why should he not have as much claim to be a Christian as the formalists in Christian countries, who do less for the cause of Christ?

We felt very grateful for the old chief's kindness, and very sorry that he did not so feel his need of Christ as to accept of him as a Saviour from his sins. On Monday, about 10 A. M., we bade adieu to Brother Hunter and his party, and to Damasi, and received his "kuhle hamba," and under the conduct of our former guide, Brother Morrison, pushed on in our journey toward Shawbury, distant about thirty-six miles.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Shawbury and Osborn.

SHAWBURY was named in honor of the old pioneer who planned and superintended the founding of the whole line of old Kaffrarian missions, the Rev. William Shaw. For picturesque scenery—hills, dales, mimosa groves, cataracts, deep gorges, and precipitous cliffs, overhanging the Tsitsa River, a bold and beautiful stream—the site of Shawbury surpasses all the rest. It was established amid great hazards and difficulties by Rev. William H. Garner, who was sent out by the Wesleyan Missionary Society in 1837; his widow then lived at Alice, near Fort Beaufort.

This became the most populous, and was hence thought to be the most promising, of any of the Kaffrarian stations; but while it reached a population of three thousand souls its actual membership of professing Christians never much exceeded one hundred. At the time of our visit the number was about ninety-five, and the whole station involved in war complications jeopardizing its existence. It is located within the lines of the Amapondumsi tribe, but the Tsitsa River near by is the boundary between that tribe and Damasi's Pondos, with whom they are at war; yet the most of the mission station people are Fingoes, and don't really belong to either of those tribes, and should not have been involved in the war at all, and would not if they had improved their opportunities and become Christians. As they did not belong really to either party they were under no legal obligation to fight, for both belligerent parties were bound by promise to the missionaries not to interfere with them; but those three thousand natives had their beautiful lines of huts on the mission station, their fields of corn, and cattle, enjoying the ministerial and magisterial care of the missionary, released from the iron rule of Kaffir law and the terror of the witch doctor, and yet, the mass of them refusing to submit to Christ, they "waxed fat and kicked," and God gave them a little leeway to themselves, and they soon got themselves into an awful complication of war troubles.

While I was laboring in Graham's Town I first heard of their sad state by a letter from their missionary, Rev. Mr. Gedye, to Rev. W. J. Davis, in which Brother Gedye stated that he had received notice from Damasi to leave the station, as he would not be responsible for his life or that of his family; for he meant to destroy Umhlonhlo and take his country, and the mission station was right in his warpath. But Umhlonhlo, on the other hand, had forbidden him to leave the place, so he and his family were in jeopardy of life. Our sympathy was greatly enlisted for him and his family, and also for his native teacher, whom he was protecting in a locked room in the mission house against the threatened vengeance of Umhlonhlo, and earnest mention was made of them in our private and public prayers.

Some time after that Rev. Mr. Solomon, on his way to No Man's Land, spent a night near Shawbury, and, hearing of the position of Mr. Gedye, sent for Umhlonhlo to visit his camp next day, and thus obtaining an interview with the chief persuaded him to release his missionary and let him go away. Soon after Mr. Gedye took his family and went to Clarkebury, where I met him; his native teacher escaped also and went to Natal. Brother Hargraves, from Clarkebury, and Brother Rayner, from Morley, had gone to Shawbury,

and had a council with Umhlonhlo and his leading men, to try to settle the difficulties between the chief and his missionary and prevent the total wreck of the station, which was hard aground in a place where two seas met; but I believe they considered their mission a failure, and brought away the impression that the mission people were so demoralized that there was but little hope for them politically or spiritually, for after their missionary left they had a Kaffir beer feast, got into a great fight among themselves, battering and cutting each other, and had actually killed one man. This briefly, leaving out many details, was the state of the case so far as we had learned it before our visit to Shawbury; but we learned much more before we got through. On the last Friday preceding our visit Umhlonhlo's marauders had invaded Damasi's country and driven off a lot of horses and cattle, and on the Saturday night preceding the Shawbury mission people had rescued a lot of cattle which a band of Damasi's warriors were driving away from Umhlonhlo's dominions; so they were now in the midst of wars almost daily. There was but little danger to white travelers in the daytime, but at night it was not expected that warriors should readily distinguish the color of a man's skin, and Umhlonhlo had issued an order that no one should travel within his lines after dark.

We left Damasi's "great place" on Monday, the 13th of August, and it being but thirty-six miles to Shawbury we hoped to reach there before night, not only on account of the chief's orders and the danger of traveling after dark, but also because of the very rough traveling near Shawbury and the dangerous ford of the Tsitsa; but unhappily we got a late start, so that five miles of fearfully steep, rough roads, and the rocky diagonal ford of the river of about a hundred and fifty yards, had to be made in the darkness of a moonless night, through the lines of Umhlonhlo's armed sentinels.

We worked our way slowly along, and told all the warriors we met about the great preaching services to commence next day at the station, and to be sure to come and bring their friends. When we got to the drift it was so dark we could not see the line of the ford or where we should land on the other side; but we got a native guide, who piloted us through and on to the station. Our guide was not troubled to take off his clothes to wade across the river, for he had none on him, and had probably never been burdened with an article of clothing in his life. Neither he nor any of his compatriots have any laundry bills to pay.

To our agreeable surprise we found that Rev. Charles White, missionary from Osborn station, thirty-five miles beyond, had come to meet us, and was waiting to receive us at the mission house. There was a white trader still remaining on the station, a good man with a pious wife, who did what they could to supply all that we needed for ourselves and our horses. A kind native Christian woman did the honors of the kitchen for us, and with Brother White for our priest we were all right, unless we should be surprised by a night attack from the Pondos, which we felt assured would not be ordered by our friend Damasi while we were there.

On Tuesday, at 11 A. M., we had the chapel crowded with five or six hundred hearers. From our standpoint we preached to them plainly but kindly, illustrating from Jewish history the parallels of their own, and showed them that when the Jews were true to God they enjoyed the peace of God in their hearts and his protection against their enemies; but when they despised and abused their mercies they brought guilt and remorse upon their own souls, and God in such cases, after bearing long with them, and doing everything possible to bring them to repentance, delivered them over to their enemies and all the horrors of the most desolating wars, and their only remedy was a return to God. They

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ZULU-KAFFIRS.—FISHING STATION OF THE MA-M'BOE, ON THE ZAMBEZI.—From a recent photograph.

sat in darkness and in the shadow of death, bound in affliction and iron, chained in dungeons, approaching death casting its dark shadow upon them, and why? "Because they rebelled against the words of God, and contemned the counsel of the Most High: therefore he brought down their heart with labor; they fell down, and there was none to help." Poor sinners! What did they do? "They cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses. He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder. Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" There was deliverance and a shout of victory and praise to God for his wonderful works.

"Now see how this fits the facts at Shawbury. Here you have had the Gospel preached for thirty years. You have come to this beautiful spot from all parts, and have been living under the shade of God's missionaries. Besides a preached Gospel every week you have had schools for the education of your children, and many of you have been taught to read God's book; the blessing of God has been upon your fields, your cattle, your children, your homes, even your dogs have been exempt from the curse of the witch doctors of the heathen! What have you done in return for all these mercies of God? Of three thousand souls on this station not quite one hundred of you are connected with the society at all—one hundred and six a year ago and now about ninety-five members on this whole station, and but a small proportion of them true disciples of Jesus; and because ye have rebelled against the words of God and contemned the counsel of the Most High, therefore he is bringing down your hearts with labor, you are falling down, and there is no man to help you. We are not here to upbraid you, or mock you in your misery, but to pity you and beg you to consider your ways and turn away from your sins, and cry unto the Lord in your trouble, who may save you out of your distresses."

This is a mere illustration of the general drift of a discourse of an hour and half, which Charles sent home with the unmistakable ring of Kaffir periods which seldom missed their aim. We then called for penitents, and about fifty at once came out avowedly as seekers, and a small number were saved. We did not consider it safe to hold meetings at night, as they had to stand by their assagais to guard their homes; but we announced for preaching again in the afternoon.

To our surprise, at the next service our congregation did not exceed one hundred and fifty persons, and they seemed more dead than alive. We had about thirty seekers, and they were in a gloomy, unbelieving state, and but few accepted Christ. On Wednesday we preached twice, but only had out about one hundred and fifty, and it was a hard drag. An invitation had been sent to Umhlonhlo to attend the services, and on Wednesday he came to the trader's shop, but did not put in an appearance at the chapel, giving as a reason that Adam Kok, with eight wagons, and many of his men were passing through his country, and he had to go and meet them; so he went to meet Captain Kok, and took with him the headman of the station, whom we hoped to lead in a different direction.

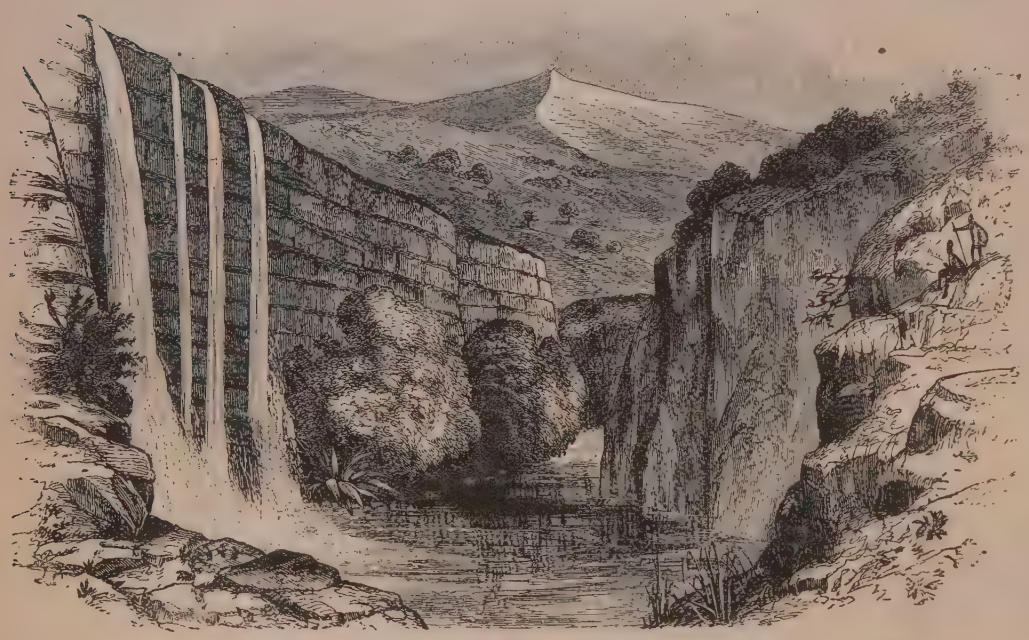
On Thursday we left Charles to do the forenoon preaching, and Brother Roberts, Stuart, and I set out for a visit to Tsitsa Falls, five miles distant. As we were passing the line of huts eastward from the mission house we had an opportunity of seeing the Kaffir mode of storing away their corn. Gideon of old threshed wheat by the wine press to hide it from the Midianites; so for a similar reason the Kaffirs hide their corn. They dig holes in their cattle kraals from eight to ten feet deep and from six to eight feet wide, lined with waterproof cement. The shape is that of the old Hebrew cisterns in Palestine, drawn in at the mouth to the diameter of about a foot, leaving space for a small Kaffir to

descend to get out their hidden stores as they are needed. Their women carry the corn in large baskets on their heads. Kaffir corn grows like broom corn, with a seed of double the size; and *mealies*, a staple with them, is simply maize or Indian corn.

We saw them, on this occasion, pouring in turn after turn, till the hole was nearly full of clean corn in good order. Those holes are thus filled and covered with a broad flat stone and then with the *débris* of the cattle kraal, and no stranger can tell from any outward indications whether there are any such deposits, or where hidden. During the wars the colonial soldiers used to thump over the cattle kraals with their ramrods, sounding for corn. If such a hole was partly empty it returned a hollow sound, but if full they were hard to find.

Stuart, in his journal, thus describes our trip to the falls:

"We left our horses near the falls in care of a Kaffir while we took another Kaffir as a guide and descended to the river below the cataract. The walk around was very long and the descent very steep, but we were well repaid for our toil by the beautiful view we had below. Having gazed with admiration for some time from a good standpoint on the westerly side, we took off our boots and waded across the stream, in some of the deepest parts jumping from rock to rock, and then we clambered over a series of rugged ledges near the base of the mountain and great bowlders near the edge of the river till we got up as close as the spray would allow us to the falling water, and there we witnessed a phenomenon to us new and intensely beautiful. It was a rainbow formed by the reflection and refraction of the sun's rays upon the spray so as to make a complete though somewhat oval-shaped circle.



TSITSA FALLS.

"We stood a short time at the lower rim of the great rainbow circle and felt that for once we had indeed caught up with a rainbow and stood in the midst of its glory more glittering than gold, yet the bag of gold we found not. The Tsitsa Falls are three hundred and seventy-five feet high, two hundred feet higher than Niagara, and must be grand in summer, when the river is in flood; but now the river is low and is divided here into three principal streams, which are about seventy feet apart, where they bound over the precipice to the depths below. Having made our observations, we proposed to ascend the cliffs from

where we were. Our guide, who lives near the head of the falls, said that no white man had ever gone up there. We determined, however, to go up as far as we could, and after hard climbing and no small risk of falling and breaking our necks we succeeded in reaching the heights; and having collected some pretty specimens of agates, rolled a few stones over the falls to measure the depth by the sound, and had a good swimming bath in the river, we saddled our horses and turned their heads for the station. Passing the kraal where we got our horseman and guide, we stopped and sang in Kaffir for the poor heathen men, women, and children the hymn called "The Eden Above," to which they listened attentively and seemed very much pleased."

On our return we said, "Charles, how did you get on in the chapel to-day?"

"We had out about the same number as yesterday, and I preached as well as I could."

"Did you have a prayer meeting?"

"No, I thought we had better wait till you should get back."

Charles did not ordinarily wait for anybody where the Spirit led the way, but he felt the terrible repulsion which we all felt, but which as yet we could not understand. That afternoon we preached again and had a few conversions. We had a fellowship meeting. About a dozen others spoke, professing to have obtained peace, but it was with trembling, and several who had professed did not speak at all; so that in everything there seemed to be the presence of some diabolical spell. Next morning, when we were preparing to leave with Brother White for his station, we learned that the official members of the society wanted to meet us in council, to which we readily consented without having the least hint of what was to be the subject of debate. They soon gathered round us in the dining room, squatting down on all sides and in every corner, as somber a looking set of natives as I had seen at any time. I saw by their long pause that something solemn was pending, and soon perceived, by the direction of their eyes, who had been appointed to open the case and who was to plead their cause. After a little time an old man whom they called Elijah arose, and with the gravity of a Roman senator said: "We want to know why the district meeting has thrown us away. What great crime have we been guilty of that we should be driven off like scabby goats, to be devoured by the wild beasts? It is not common to punish men till they have been tried and found guilty; even among the heathen a man is smelled out before he is eaten up, but here, in the midst of our dreadful punishment, we have come to ask you what is our crime?"

I at once woke up to the subject, for I found that we were put upon our trial under a very grave charge, involving the issues of life and death. A lawyer by the name of Job was sitting beside Elijah, biding his time, and from his flashing eyes and swelling jugulars I knew it was no child's play that we had to do. So by a few questions in an undertone to Brother White I got an outline of the facts, and by this time Elijah was seated and Job was on his feet, and, passing his blanket round his otherwise naked body and throwing it gracefully over his left shoulder, proceeded in a subdued but masterly style of eloquence to say in effect: "What my brother has just said is true. The district meeting has thrown us away and we are being destroyed. We have always had confidence in our missionaries and in the district meeting, but our confidence has been betrayed and forfeited, and now we are ruined. The most of these people on the station are Fingoes. They have been brought up under the rule of the missionaries, and they came here into Umhlonhlo's country, not to serve Umhlonhlo, but to live under the missionary, who was our father, and we looked to him for a father's care. These people have no right to fight for Umhlonhlo any more than for Damasi, nor to be eaten up by him. I

am not a Fingo, I belong to Umhlonhlo, but the most of these people do not; yet the district meeting has thrown them away, delivered them to Umhlonhlo, who says they must all fight for him against Damasi. Umhlonhlo himself has eaten many of them up, and they are all in jeopardy of their lives every day, and he is forcing old heathen customs upon them that they never were subject to in their lives. At the Tina, an outstation about twelve miles distant, he has revived the horrible old custom of *upundhlo*, requiring even Christian men to send their daughters to lodge for the night in the huts of the chief and his *amapakati*, and we know not what day the same brutal custom may be imposed on the people of this station. All this has come upon the people here because the district meeting abandoned us to the rule of a heathen chief. We would gladly leave everything and go away, but the chief won't allow us to leave; so here we are, and we want to know our crime and why the district meeting has dealt with us so cruelly."

Then it came my turn to answer, and I arose and said: "Your case is very deplorable, and we are sorry for you indeed, but now we must find out the real facts in the case.

"Let us then look first at the action of the district meeting, which you say is the cause of all your calamities. Whatever they did was done in the fear of God, as your friends and pastors, and they did not anticipate any of the evils which have befallen you; and but few of the things you are suffering have come from their action, as I will show you presently. It is not according to the word of God that ministers of his Gospel should be ruling magistrates over a great community of all sorts of sinners such as are in this station.

"In establishing the Gospel first among the heathen in Kaffraria the good men of God, in mercy to the people on their stations, whom they gathered in from among the heathen to live with the missionary, because they were Christian people, or earnestly seeking after God, and wanted for themselves and their children a Christian education, exercised all the authority which they considered consistent with their own spiritual mission and the supreme authority of their paramount chiefs for the protection and proper training of their people in everything necessary to qualify them to be good Christians, industrious workers, and good subjects of their chiefs, and also to furnish to the chiefs themselves a model of Christian government. Their one great work was to preach the Gospel and bring souls to Christ, and the magisterial office they consented to bear for a time was an incidental thing, to be given up in due time entirely to civil rulers, whom God hath ordained separately for that work, just as ministers are called separately for their work. If the rulers are unwise or wicked because of the general wickedness of their subjects, then if God's people cannot correct the bad government, nor readily escape from the injustice they suffer, they must commit themselves to God and endure patiently what God may permit for the trial of their faith, who will, if they endure hardness as good soldiers, make all things work together for their good.

"St. Paul did not gather a lot of his converts and form a station like this, and rule over two thousand nine hundred rebels against God for every one hundred believers in his fold. No such thing. He preached the glad tidings to poor sinners, and when he got them to accept Christ they would have been glad enough to have gone and lived with their *umfundisi*; but what did Paul say to them? 'Let very man abide in the same calling wherein he was called. Art thou called being a servant? care not for it: but if thou mayest be free, use it rather. . . . Brethren, let every man, wherein he is called, therein abide with God.' God will be with his people wherever they are, and if God be with them, and they remain true to him, he will either deliver them from their tribulations or sustain them under them.

"That is God's way of spreading the Gospel in heathen countries, and in that way we will not grow sickly, dwarfish Christians, that can't stand a blast of wind, but healthy, strong men, ready always to do or to die for God. In that way we will not carry all the leaven and put it into a pot by itself, but will have it distributed through the lump till the great mass of heathenism is leavened. This, you see, is God's way. The most of the missionaries who have established the mission stations and nourished the people at them so long are now anxious fully to adopt God's way. Here at Shawbury the missionary, being responsible to his chief for the conduct of three thousand people, and having to settle all your disputes, what time has he left to give to his one great work of leading the people to Christ?

"He felt it, and the district meeting felt it, and they in love to your souls thought it best to release him from that work, that he might devote his whole time to the work of teaching you and your children the way to heaven. There was no war then, and they could not anticipate any of the horrible things which have since come upon you.

"Now let us, in the second place, look at the real cause of your troubles. In the first place, the most of your people, under the name of being Christians, and enjoying all the privileges of a mission station, are notorious rebels against God, and have no right to expect special favors from God or his people. In the second place, you have not kept your treaty engagements with Damasi. At the beginning of this war Damasi, by a special messenger, asked you three questions: 1. Are you Umhlonhlo's people, or are you not? 2. Do you intend to join Umhlonhlo in fighting against me or not? 3. If you do not intend to fight me, give me a description of your boundaries, so that I may not pass over them with my armies. Was not that so?"

"Yes," replied the learned counsel on the other side, "that is true."

"Well, now, in reply you said, 1. 'We are not Umhlonhlo's people. We are mission people, but we live in Umhlonhlo's country, and are bound not to break his laws.' 2. 'We will not fight against you unless you cross our mission station lines.' 3. 'Our lines are so and so,' and you gave him your boundaries. Is not that true?"

"That is all true," said Job.

"So far the thing was all honorable and fair on both sides. Now, if you had dealt honorably with Damasi he never would have interfered with one of you, and your missionary would not have been disturbed, and you would have had his influence all this time to shield you from the wicked excesses of your chief. But what did you do? You got up a great sham fight for a lark, and though your missionary begged you not to go over the hill toward the river, in sight of Damasi's soldiers, you went in spite of him, and Damasi's soldiers, of course, thought you were going out to fight them and put themselves in battle array. Then Umhlonhlo, to help the devil to ensnare you, came along and ordered you to charge on Damasi's men, and when you refused you got his ill-will, and then he advanced and shot some of Damasi's men himself, and you got the credit of all that on Damasi's books. Though you did not design it, you thus did so break faith with Damasi as to put it beyond explanation to him, and then, having got yourselves into that mess, you gave up to Umhlonhlo and have since been regularly joined to him in array against Damasi, and have not only thus brought all this evil upon yourselves, but jeopardized the lives of your missionary and his wife and little children, and imposed upon him the greatest grief of his life, the necessity of leaving his work and fleeing away to a place of safety."

Then Elijah arose and said: "The words of the *umfundisi* are true words; but if the district meeting felt it their duty to make a change of such importance why did they not

consult us first? We are official members of the Church, and we are a party directly interested in such a change. Moreover, as the most of us have been all our lives on the mission stations and never felt the rule of a heathen chief, we should have been notified in time to prepare our minds for such a great change, so as to be able to bear it as good Christians."

Then Brother White replied, saying, "On my way home from the district meeting, some time before the matter was brought before Umhlonhlo, I told a number of your leading men what the district meeting had done, so that you might prepare your minds for it."

Meantime I saw, from the flash of Job's eyes, that he considered us his game after all. Up he sprang, excited, almost beyond self-control; but he poised himself very quickly, and with true Kaffir self-possession and dignity, yet with great spirit, retorted, "Yes, you told us what you had done at the district meeting as you went home. It was too late then for us to have any say in the matter. Why did you not tell us on your way *to* the meeting, so that we might decide what was best for us to do? If we had known that you were going to give us away to a heathen chief we might have decided that it was better for us to pick up our assagais and blankets and go away to some other part; but after we have been sold for nothing we are coolly told that the deed is done and that we belong to a heathen master."

It then came to my turn to deliver the closing speech, and I said: "I see now how the case stands. We, the district meeting, confess that we have made a great mistake in not giving you due notice of our intention and in not consulting you and fully preparing your minds for such a change, and I think I speak the sincere feelings of every member of that meeting when I say we are very sorry, and all we have to plead is what I have pleaded, our best intentions in doing a necessary thing to be done, but we should have given you notice of our good intentions. The reason, I believe, you were not notified and consulted is that it was not till after the meeting had assembled, and the state of the work here made known, that it was felt necessary at that time to take such action.

"It was believed that the missionary was so burdened with magisterial duties in managing such a hard lot that the thing could not, in justice to your souls, be delayed, and there was then no opportunity of consulting any of you; but now we see that we made a great mistake in not waiting to give ample time for consultation. But, while we confess to one great mistake, you will have to confess to two great sins, and then we must all humble ourselves before God, confess and forsake our sins, accept Christ as our Saviour, and ask God's gracious direction out of these dreadful tribulations. Your first great sin was to go, in spite of the wise counsel of your missionary, and break your solemn treaty with Damasi. Your second great sin is that, after bringing so many evils on yourselves, as we have shown, you have not only justified yourselves and blamed it all on the district meeting, but have gone on in greater excesses of sin, profaning this holy place with Kaffir beer feasts, quarreling, fighting among yourselves, and have even murdered a man, and have not confessed your sins or repented. Even while we have been here, who had nothing to do with any of your matters, but came purely to help you in your distress by leading you to Jesus, you have kept up a quarrel in your hearts against us, and have thus prevented a great work of God, which with your agency he would have done for you, by us his servants, just as he has done at other stations we have visited. Now you must have done with Kaffir beer feasts and with beer drinking at home, surrender to God, accept Christ, and get right in your hearts and lives, and then we may hope that God, in some way, will

give you relief and spare your lives that you may honor him in the sight of the heathen. Meantime I have written to Mr. Shepstone, the chairman, and hope that he may be able to do something for you; but his success depends on the mercy of God, and that depends on the course you take in regard to your sins."

Elijah said, "These words are true," and pledged himself to do the best he could to promote a real reformation. Job said the same, and the rest assented. Then we knelt down and submitted the whole matter to God, and the Comforter was graciously present to quicken and to heal. Our horses were then waiting at the door, and we rose from our knees and bade our penitent friends adieu.

I said to Brother White, as we passed out, "Ah, if we had had that council on the first day of our series here, instead of the last, we would have had a glorious work of God."

This was the terrible incubus which had strangled all our efforts, and added to it was a great disappointment growing out of a mistaken apprehension that I was coming as their missionary to live among them; and finding that I was only to be with them three days many left in disgust; but if we had had the leading men with us we should have overcome that and had a grand victory. We had with us at our services at Shawbury a native local preacher from Natal, who had come more than two hundred miles to visit his brother there, and when we left off he took up the work, and we learned that the following Sabbath he had the chapel crowded, and the Spirit of God was with him in power. Soon after two of our missionaries went and gave them a helping hand, which Rev. William Shepstone, the chairman of the district, in a letter to me, describes as follows:

"My nephew found Shawbury so impressed on his mind that he could not rest; so, like the honest Quakers of old, he yielded, and, taking Hunter's station in his route, Hunter readily accompanied him. They spent four days at Shawbury, holding services two or three times a day, and, to use Rayner's words, 'The Spirit of God came down upon the people,' and they left about one hundred souls who had, during their services, found peace with God and joined the classes. These, I believe, were all converts from among the heathen. Last week I received a letter from Brother Gedye, who had returned thither, and is laboring with all his might, and he tells me that since his return about forty more have been brought in, and that David Cobus, the man who was the devil's own agent, and the principal cause of all the Shawbury troubles, is now, like Saul of earlier days, preaching the faith which once he destroyed, or tried to. Gedye says he is helping mightily in the work of the Lord. That station is now in peace and quiet. The belligerents fight around it, but the people are not disturbed, and not a soul moves from the station toward the battle ground. I had written a letter to Damasi, on the subject of the neutrality of mission stations in war before your letter reached me, and obtained from him a promise that the missionary and all mission property should be respected. Though Shawbury has been left without a missionary at a time it most needed one, God hath shown that nevertheless he can carry on his work in his own way. Umhlonhlo has not been to Shawbury since Gedye's return, but has sent a message that they must pray, but does not say for what. Gedye thinks he means for rain, which is the most likely thing he would wish to see."

Our next field was Osborn. This mission station, an offshoot from Shawbury, was established by Mr. Hulley, a local preacher devoted to the work of God, and for many years employed by the Missionary Society under the title of a "catechist." This station was called Osborn, in honor of Dr. Osborn, so long and so favorably known as one of the secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

The Osborn station belonged to the Amabaca tribe, but, like Shawbury, was situated near the borders of the great Amapondo nation, who were at war with the Amabaca, and it was therefore greatly exposed to the ravages of war. But a few weeks before our arrival a large army of Faku's warriors came, variously estimated at from five thousand to eight thousand, under the command of Faku's son, Umgikela. As this army penetrated the heart of the country the Bacas fled before them, and the warriors were busily employed in gathering up all the live stock within their reach, till they got near to the "great place" of the ruling chief, Makaula, who succeeded in rallying his surprised and scattered people, and in person led them to the charge against the invaders, and after a severe hand-to-hand fight with their assagais the Pondos began to give way, and soon in utter confusion and panic they retreated. They had to run ten miles to get to the Umzimvubu River, the boundary of their own country. The Bacas, flushed with victory, pursued, and strewed the route for ten miles with the dead bodies of their foes. The mission station was in their path, and on the approach of the retreating army the mission people, in the excitement, fearing an attack on the station, turned out in a body, in spite of the remonstrance of their missionary, and poured a deadly volley in the front of the fleeing foe, which brought them for a little time to a stand, and the slaughter was fearful.

A Brother Lee had a trading station near, and the entrance to his house was blocked up with the bodies of the slain. One poor Pondo dashed himself through a window of the room occupied by Mrs. Lee with such violence as to cut an artery of his arm on the glass, and down he dropped beside the frightened lady, and without saying a word bled to death. A room of the mission house, with an outer entrance, which happened to be open, was packed with Pondos, and Brother White stood at the door to shield them from the assagais of the Bacas. The pursuers came on in the rage of their human slaughter and demanded access to the refugees in the room, but Mr. White said to them, "These men have placed their lives in my hands, and if you want them you will have to pass over my dead body." The Bacas seemed to think it hard that their own missionary should thus protect their enemies; but he taught them an example of forbearance and of justice to a fallen foe. That act, too, helped to mitigate the violation of the neutrality laws of the mission stations, of which his people were guilty. He gave sanctuary to his prisoners that night, and sent them home in peace the next morning. The army of the Pondos was pursued to the Umzimvubu, and many were slain in the river, but the Bacas did not pass over into Pondoland.

The Pondo army, to assist their flight, threw away nearly everything they had. Among the spoils were numerous shields and assagais and seven hundred guns, of which it appears they had made but little use. Between four and five hundred Pondos were killed. Though they fled for life, when caught they died like Stoics. For example, an old Pondo lay apparently dead, and a Baca exclaimed, "I killed him!"

"No," said another Baca, "I killed him."

With that the old Pondo opened his eyes and said, "You are both liars; neither of you killed me!"

Then the two merciless wretches took up stones and battered out his brains. Brother Lee, to clear his premises of dead Pondos, looped a reim—a rawhide rope—round their necks and dragged them away, and as he was about to put the reim round the neck of one of the dead men, the corpse, as he supposed, opened his eyes and said, "Do please let me lie still and die."

The Kaffirs never bury their dead who are slain in battle; the dogs, pigs, wild beasts,

THE MISSIONARY WHITE DEFENDING THE PONDO REFUGEES.

"These men have placed their lives in my hands, and if you want them you will have to pass over my dead body."—Page 452

and birds of prey did what they could to prevent effluvia and pestilence by devouring their flesh, and the bones of their carcasses lay bleaching in the sun when we were there, a heart-sickening sight indeed. We had come as warriors, too—had come to conquer, not to spoil and destroy, but to proclaim a life-giving Deliverer to the dead souls of the savage warriors still alive.

At Osborn we determined to try a new plan for getting the heathen out to the preaching the first day. So on Saturday morning, the 18th of August, Charles, Roberts, Stuart, and myself, with Petros, Brother White's school-teacher, as a guide, set out on horseback and visited all the heathen kraals within a few miles of the station.

We rode up to a kraal and called to them, saying, "Bring out all your men, women, and children, and we will sing you a song about the country above."

We then dismounted, and standing in a line, holding the reins of our horses behind us, we sang in Kaffir "The Eden Above."

Then without adding a word we mounted and rode off, leaving Charles to tell them that a new *umfundisi* from over the sea had just arrived, and had just come to pay them a visit and sing to them, and would preach at the station that day at noon, and "he wants all of you to come and hear the good news he has to tell you." Then riding on to another kraal the same was repeated, and so on till all within our reach were visited. In some places some of the men followed us to their neighboring kraal, so that I could see at once that we were getting a hold on them. Sure enough, at noon we had the heathen to our meeting in force. The chapel would not hold the half of them, so we assembled them in the stable yard, which, with various buildings on four sides, was a large open court. The first sermon, therefore, instead of being to the church as usual, was to the heathen, from St. Paul's text about the Unknown God. Having given a very brief history of St. Paul's work among the people in the great city of Athens, we came directly to our work.

We did not simply proclaim the truths of the Gospel to them, for the work of an ambassador for Christ embraces much more than that, but followed St. Paul's method. He never begged the question. In preaching to the Jews he based his arguments on the clearly defined prophetic Scriptures, which his hearers admitted. In preaching to heathens he went directly down into the regions of their own experience, and brought to light, from their admitted facts, a conscious demand in their souls which they were vainly trying to meet, but which the Gospel only could supply.

At that first service, having introduced the subject of the Unknown God, the following sermon to Kaffir barbarians is an example of our method of preaching, which God used in bringing raw heathens to a saving acceptance of Christ under a single discourse:

"There is one great God who made the world, the sun, moon, and stars, and every living thing, and who made man. That is a fact you all admit. Your old fathers who are dead believed that, and you believe it too. Your fathers called him Dala, the Creator, or the Great Hole, out of which all living things came; and they called Tixo, God, the preserver of all things; and Inkosi, the Lord, the great chief who rules all things. They did not know God, but they called him by these names and offered sacrifices of worship to him, and on many a hill in Africa your Isivivana bear witness that they called upon his name." (We saw by the path in a number of places on the hills a great pile of hand stones, about eight by sixteen feet, and six feet high. For generations every heathen passing will add a stone as an expression of thanks to Inkosi for helping him up the hill.)

"You then believe with us that there is one God and that we are his offspring. Come, then, and let us reason together about this great God. If he made the sea, the earth, and

the heavens above us, he must be a God of wonderful power. When his lightnings flash and he speaks to you from his great place above the heavens in tones of thunder, how you do tremble! Now, if we are the offspring of this great God, which you all admit, let us examine his work and see if he is not a God of love as well as a God of power. Examine your heads, your eyes, your noses, your ears, your tongues, your teeth, your arms, hands, body, legs, and feet; what a wonderful piece of work! Everything about us witnesses, not only to the power and wisdom of God, but to his great love for us. If he had hated us and had wanted to make us miserable, how easily he could have done it! Suppose he had made your ears of bone; they would have been knocked off long ago. Suppose he had put your eyes on the top of your heads; then you could not see the path; if he had put them on your forehead, long ago they would have been rubbed off and you would be blind; but God in love has put them in the best place for seeing, arched them over with eyebrows to keep the sweat out of them, giving us eyelids to keep them moist and guard them against dust, and walled them round with bones, so that a stroke on your face will not easily reach the eye; so with every other part of your bodies, everything is made just right, and all bear witness that the God who made us is a God of love. Well, now, my dear friends, this wonderful body God has given us is simply the hut for the living spirit which he has put into it. If the tent is such a wonderful thing, what must the tenant be? When you look upon a dead man you see the whole body as complete as when he was alive; but it has no power to see, to eat, to smell, to think, or to move. The fact is, the real man has gone away; it is his old hut that you are looking at, and soon it will crumble into dust.

"You all know that you have a spirit, a mind, a living soul within your body, just as certainly as you know that you have a body. It is the spirit that thinks, reasons, plans, and executes our plans. You can at this moment in your minds see your kraals, all your huts, your cornfields, your cattle, your children, and dogs. What is it that sees all these things? You don't see them with your eyes, for you are looking at me, and your kraals are away over the hills quite out of your sight; but you have the picture of all these things in your minds. If you want to build a hut, the plan of the hut, its size and everything about it, is first the work of your spirit. If an Englishman wants to build a great ship he first works out the whole plan of it in his mind, then marks it all down on paper. The shipbuilders look at it and go to work and make the ship just as the man saw it all in his mind.

"Now, my dear friends, the God who made us is the great Spirit without a body, or hut, like ours to live in, for all the heavens will not contain him; but he has made us little spirits in his own image, after his own likeness, and has given us these huts of clay to live in till he calls our spirits to return to him, and then they leave their huts, which are the dead men which you have seen, and go away into another world. Our spirits are suited to this world through the body; they employ themselves in planning and working for the body, and take pleasure in whatever is pleasing to the body; but our spirits don't belong to this world, and hence have wants that this world can't supply. You see a fish; it has fins, but no legs, and no wings, and you know at once that it don't belong to the earth, or to the air, but its home is in the waters. There is a horse. You see that he has no fins and no wings, but he has legs and feet, and you know at once that he don't belong to the air, or to the sea, but to the earth. There flies a bird. You see it has no fins, but it has wings and legs, and you know without anybody telling you that it belongs to the earth and to the air above us. You see a man's body; it has legs and feet, and therefore belongs to the earth; but his spirit has no fins, no legs, no wings, and therefore don't belong to the

waters, or to the earth, or to the air above us, but belongs to another world altogether. You know at once that this is all true, and hence when you bury a man after you set him down in his grave you say to his *umshologu*—his spirit, 'Don't say anything against us, but remember us kindly in that world you are going to.'" (The eyes of our heathen auditors sparkle under the light of a new association of admitted facts, and they look at each other and nod assent, for, like the Athenians, they are always ready to hear or tell some new thing.) "Well, now, my friends, you see that our spirits belong to another world, and have wants that this world cannot supply. When we have taken all the pleasure we can get in this life our spirits are still hungry, very hungry. They are always wanting to go somewhere, or to do something else to satisfy their great hunger and thirst, and to make themselves happy.

"All animals have some kind of a spirit, but it is a low, earthy spirit, which seeks nothing more than to supply the wants of their bodies, and then their happiness is complete; but our spirits, as we have shown, belong to another world, and have powers suited to the world to which they belong, which we know just as we know that the wings of a bird suit it for flying in the air. That pig has some sort of a low spirit, but you can't teach him your laws and customs. He has not the power to learn to read or write or to talk. Our spirits have the power to receive and to give instruction, to learn good laws and to obey them or to break them; and hence, also, we have the power in our own spirits which tells us that some things are right and that we ought to do them, and that some things are wrong and that we ought not to do them. If we do what we believe is right that power in our spirits says to us, 'You have done right,' and we feel happy; but when we do wrong it says to us, 'You are wicked, you have broken the law;' then we feel guilty and miserable, and we fear that something dreadful will come upon us for our sins.

So you see plainly enough, my good friends, that our spirits belong to another world, that they were made to be happy, and though they have some happiness in the pleasures of the body, they cannot find their real rest and full enjoyment in anything in this world. God alone has the real rest for our souls, and he alone can satisfy the hunger and thirst of our spirits. God is holy, and he made our spirits holy, so that they might live with God and find their rest and complete happiness in him. Hence our spirits are adapted to receive and obey God's laws, which show us the right way to walk in, so that we may be ready to live with God when he calls our spirits away from our bodies. But you see we may abuse this power of our spirits, and neglect and break good laws, bring guilt and misery into our spirits, and thus get them so polluted with sin that they are not fit to live with God at all. What, then, can God do with such wicked, polluted spirits? He has to throw them away" (the Kaffirs' strongest term for hopeless abandonment), "and they are dragged down into the dark hole where Icanti lives" (an infernal *umshologu*, which assumes the shape of a huge snake; they often try to appease it by offering the sacrifice of beasts, throwing their offerings into deep holes in the rivers—a traditional idea of the devil, no doubt). "The wicked spirit, the old serpent, called the devil and Satan, was once a happy spirit, and might have dwelt in happiness with God forever, but he broke good laws, polluted himself by sin, and was driven away from God's fold like a scabby goat, never to return. So all spirits, made to be holy and to live in happiness with God, who follow Satan break good laws and pollute themselves with sin, are driven away also from God's fold to 'the place prepared for the devil and his angels.'

"Well, now, my friends, we have been looking at God's great work in our bodies and spirits. Let us next look into his great stores, and see what his wisdom and love have

provided to make us happy. We will begin with the wants of the body. Our bodies can't live without water. See God's rills, and rivulets, and creeks, and rivers. See his clouds and dews and showers of rain. How kind he is!

"Our bodies need food. Hath God not given you a thousand grassy hills and valleys, and strong arms to cultivate them, and horses and oxen to help you? Hath he not given you Kaffir corn, mealies, yams, pumpkins, and all manner of fruits? Hath he not given you cattle, sheep, goats, pigs, ducks, chickens, and geese? Where did you get all these things if God did not give them to you? All the men in the world could not even make one goose.

"We need light for our eyes, and hath not God made the sun to give us light by day and the moon and stars to give us light by night? We need air for our lungs and blood, and hath not God supplied it abundantly? He hath poured it all around the world about fifty miles deep. Now, if God thus provides for our bodies, which must return to dust, would he not provide as well for our spirits, which never die, but return to him? Would he not give us his good laws to mark out the path of holiness, that we may walk in obedience to him, and thus be prepared to dwell with him in happiness? Would he not?" (Their eyes glance at each other and they nod assent.) "Well, now, God hath made us all of one blood. We have bodies just alike in all their parts, and our spirits are all of the same nature. God made one man and called his name Adam, and then made one woman and called her name Eve. He made their bodies of the dust of the ground, but their spirits he breathed into them from himself. Eve was the first mother of all the people in the world. God made Adam and Eve holy, and gave them a great place in the most beautiful garden that ever was made, called the garden of Eden. It had in it every good thing that grows in the world, and God gave everything in it to the happy people he had made, except one fruit tree he kept for himself, and told them not to touch the fruit of his tree; and he gave them good laws for them and for all their children to keep, so as to get in this beautiful world the right kind of schooling to prepare them to dwell in happiness with God forever.

"His laws were all for their good, and allowed them everything they needed for their bodies and for their spirits to make them happy in this life, and then, when they should be trained and prepared for a better home, to take them up to that glorious world where God abides. Was it not a fine arrangement for Adam and Eve, and for all their descendants? O, if they had walked in the path of God's laws there never would have been any sickness in this world, nor pain, nor sorrow, nor crying, nor death. Then whenever they should have become holy enough to dwell with God their bodies, instead of dying and returning to dust, would have been changed into such a glorious body that instead of walking and running on the ground they would have mounted up faster than the flight of an eagle to the bright world above.

"God was well known to our first parents in Eden, and came down and talked with them in their beautiful garden every day. Satan never was a human spirit, but a glorious angel spirit, but he became a rebel against God and was thrown away a long time before Adam and Eve were made, and he was jealous of the happiness of our first parents; so he crawled into their beautiful garden and had a talk with our mother and persuaded her to disobey God, and she plucked off some of the fruit from God's tree, which he told her she must not eat, and she ate some and gave some to Adam and he did eat. By listening to the dirty old Icanti they broke God's good laws, stole fruit from his tree, and thus sin entered into the world, and death by sin. Sin is such a dreadful thing that through their disobedience all their children were made sinners like Adam and Eve.

"Then God drove them out of the garden, and they had to go and make a kraal among the briers and thorns. Still, God was very sorry for them, and showed them great kindness in giving to them and their children all the good things in this world we have to enjoy, and he promised some day to raise up a great man from one of the daughters of Eve, who would crush the head of the old serpent and deliver us from our sins. The children of Adam and Eve multiplied in the earth greatly, but broke God's laws more and more, and got so wicked that they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, and at last the old fathers who knew God died, and the foolish hearts of their children were so darkened by sin that they did not know God at all; but still they had the gnawing hunger and thirst in their spirits which God only can satisfy. They retained their powers of mind to receive instruction, to learn God's laws, and also a dreadful sense of guilt for sin; so when any great sickness came upon them, and their doctors could do them no good, they wanted to go to God for help; but they did not know him. Then they built great houses and altars of stone, where they offered bullocks in sacrifice to Imishologu. In Athens they had one old *umshologu* called Jupiter, and another called Minerva, and many others.

"When nothing ailed them they seemed to get on well enough with their Imishologu, but a dreadful sickness came upon all the people in their great city; then they offered bullocks to all their Imishologu, but none was found to hear or save them. The cries of the orphan children, the shrieks of the desolate widows, the groans of dying men were heard in every street, and they found Imishologu had no power to help them, and then they built an altar for the Unknown God, and offered bullocks upon it, and as soon as the smoke of that altar began to rise the great God looked down upon them in pity, his heart of love yearned over them, and his hand, unseen, cured all their sickness, and health and prosperity returned to that city like the breaking of the morning. Then for six hundred years, though they kept up the worship of Imishologu, they also worshiped the Unknown God.

"Sin is the cause of this dreadful pollution of our spirits, and guilt, and fear, and sorrow, which the people of Athens felt, and which all of us have felt. That man who has sinned, even against his chief, how badly he feels! Before he did it he thought nobody would find it out, but now he thinks that everybody will know it, and every time he goes into a dark hollow or passes a bush he fears the chief's *imisila*" (sheriffs) "will come upon him. Day and night he is in dread, and if he should wake up to-morrow morning and find the tiger's tail of his chief before his door, dear me, would he not be terrified? Perhaps his chief would not find him out, but you may be sure God will find out every sinner, for he is always looking at us. The pollution of our spirits, sin, guilt, and punishment naturally follow each other. When the lightning strikes a kraal and kills a beast or a man you feel awful guilt and fear in your spirits, and know that Inkosi is angry with you for your sins; then you offer sacrifice to him; but still you don't know Inkosi.

"When you have sickness among you you feel dreadful guilt and fear, and offer sacrifices to Imishologu. You know that Imishologu can't save you, but you want them to plead with Tixo for you. You don't know Tixo; but as he took away the sickness in Athens, so he often takes away your sickness because he pities you; but still you know him not, and you give all the praise due to him for his great mercies to you to Imishologu and to your priests. That is just the way they did in Athens, till Paul, God's great *umfundisi*, went there and made known to them the true God, whom they had ignorantly worshiped, and taught them how to worship him aright. So your people have been trying for more than six hundred years to worship the Unknown God here in Africa, and now God hath sent us to make him known to you and how you may come to him.

"We have told you how the early generations from Adam and Eve lost the knowledge of God and his good laws; but in all ages there were a few men who would not follow Satan, but who earnestly sought after God, not in sickness only, like you and those miserable old sinners in Athens, but in youth and health, and God made himself known to them and told them his good laws for them to walk by and to teach to the polluted families of men. One of those good men was called Abraham. He knew God very well, and God made his people a great nation. They lived in a country called Egypt, in the upper part of Africa, your own Africa; but the King of Egypt, who was called Pharaoh, subdued them and made slaves of them for a great many years. There were many good men among them for a long time, and a certain boy was born whom they called Moses. He grew up to be a very wise and good man, and got well acquainted with God; and God often talked to him and told him many things to tell his people, and made Moses a great chief over all the nation that descended from Abraham. Moses was a holy chief; he had but one wife; he kept God's laws and did justly to all men. When God had fully taught Moses to trust in him he told him to be up with all his people, and all their cattle, and everything they had, and he would lead them to a good country which he would give them for their own.

"So Moses and all the people marched away, and the wicked king who had oppressed them raised a very great army and pursued and overtook them at a great river or an arm of the sea. Moses and his people were dreadfully scared, and thought they would all be killed; but God commanded them to go right into that great river, and just as they began to wade in God divided the waters and made a dry road for them, and they went clear across the great arm of the sea, four miles wide, without even getting their feet wet. When the wicked king saw that he rushed right in with his great army and chariots and horses, and God brought the divided waters together and drowned the whole of them because they were so wicked. You see all that was easy enough for God to do, for he made the sea and the dry land also.

"Then his people traveled a long way through a desert, where there was no food for them or their cattle; but God sent them food daily direct from heaven, and that was just as easy for him as to cause the food to grow out of the ground for us; but he thus taught his people his power and his loving care for them. One day God came down in a thick cloud to the top of a high mountain, amid thunders and lightnings, and the voice of a trumpet, exceeding loud, so that all the people that were in the camp trembled, and God called the man Moses to come up to him, and there he told the great chief many things; but he wrote down his principal laws on two smooth flat stones, which a man could carry. On one of the stones he wrote four commandments, to teach us our duty to God. On the other he wrote six commandments, to teach us our duty to man.

"God gave these laws to Moses for his people, the English, the Kaffirs, and everybody. They were written from the stones into books, and have been sent out among all nations, and we have them here in this book to read to you to-day. Now let us examine them, and see what good laws they are. 'God spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.' God said to Moses, and he says to me, to you, to every man, woman, and child, 'I am the Lord thy God.' We see at once that the powers of our spirits, which came from God, made in the likeness of God, are so great that God alone is worthy of our supreme confidence, loyalty, and love, and we see his great love to us in that he is not ashamed to say to every soul of man, so that all the world may hear it, 'I am the Lord thy God.' No living thing has dared to proclaim to any man, 'I am the Lord thy God.' Is it not a great

shame that men should insult and reject this great and loving God and put their trust in the ghosts of dead men, in their priests, and the poor trash they hang about their necks? Now hear what he says in the next command: 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me.' There is but one true God, but the thing to which we give the confidence, loyalty, and love of our spirits, which belong to God alone, whatever it may be, that takes the place of God, and such things are called gods, though they be such a bunch of bones and beads and birds' claws as you have round your necks. God explains this, saying, 'Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.' God is very kind, yet he is just. He could not consent to let us set him aside and put an idol in his place, no matter what it is, in heaven, or in earth, or in the sea. We see what a dreadful thing it is to reject God and follow Satan and trust in men and the things of this world. Such lose the knowledge of God, and their children for generations grope in darkness and trust to charms and to their priests or doctors and to Imisholugu. God does not want to visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, but the dreadful rebellion of the parents against God puts their children so far away from him that they lose the knowledge of God and go on in the wicked ways of their parents. But if the parents are true to God, and train their children to be true to God, then for thousands of generations they may walk in the ways of God and enjoy his love forever.

"Now listen to God's third command: 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.' Surely God could not allow us to mock and insult him and scandalize his name.

"Now for the fourth command: 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates.' Now, see the kindness of God in all this arrangement. God knew that we needed food and clothing and many things for ourselves and for our families, and he has given us the right to get and to hold property, lands, houses, cattle, money, and everything we need for our comfort, and he has given us the right to use six days out of every seven, and commands us during those six days to work and attend to all our business, and thus get property honestly, and have lack of nothing. But then the bodies of men and women, and of beasts that labor for us, would break down if they did not get some rest days; and God, who made us, knew just exactly how many were needed for man and beast, and set apart every seventh day for that purpose, and that while we were resting we might spend the seventh day specially with him as a holy day, when all his people might meet together as children come to their father, and ask and receive his blessing.

"This is a law of God to man, and hence, if any man or beast is suffering in any way, and we can relieve them by work on the Sabbath, then the loving design of the law allows us to do such work, and it is pleasing to God. These four commands God wrote on one stone. They show us God's great kindness and justice. He is very anxious to have us keep his laws and be happy with him forever; but if we will not, then we bring pollution and death upon ourselves. The next stone had six commands written on it; the first is to

our children. God loves our children, and says to each one, 'Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.' Our land is needed for our children's bodies when we are dead, and God is needed for their spirits. If they are not true to their parents they get into all sorts of trouble at home, and thus into wars, and finally lose their land and all their property; if they are not true to God they lose their portion in him and go down to hell.

"In the next command God speaks to every human being, 'Thou shalt not kill.' God has given us life, and kindly guards it by a command from that thundering mountain, 'Thou shalt not kill.' When a man breaks this command and murders another, by God's law his life is forfeited, and the judges may try him and put him to death, for God says, 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' No man has a right to put even the murderer to death unless, after a fair trial, the court has found him truly guilty and commands him to be put to death. There are cases also in war when men come into your country with the intention of murdering you and your families, and taking all your cattle, when the lives of many such persons are forfeited like that of the murderer. God gives you the right to defend yourselves and your families and homes, and he delivers over to your assagais such as he knows have forfeited their lives. We see, then, while God so kindly guards our rights to life, his justice sentences the wretch who dares to commit murder and break this law to death. It is not because God has any pleasure in seeing the blood of the murderer shed, but he wants to make the law strong to guard our lives. Even in his justice he is very merciful to mankind.

"Now do you want to hear God's seventh command? Listen: 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.' In the beginning God made one man, and he was alone, and God said, 'It is not good for man to be alone;' and then he made one woman and gave her to the man to be his wife. If God had designed man to have more than one wife, then he would have given the first man as many wives as he knew he ought to have; for Adam was not a poor man, for God had given him all the world and everything in it; and yet he gave him but one wife, for he knew that one wife was enough for any man. God thus gave to Adam the right to form families, and the command, 'Be fruitful and multiply in the earth,' and he thus showed clearly his law for forming families by the marriage union of one man to one woman. He gave a law in these words, 'In the beginning God created them male and female,' and said, 'For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh. Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.'

"Thus you see God's pattern and God's words together show his law for forming families as plain as daylight. Thus you see, if God had allowed a man to have more than one wife he would have given Adam just as many as he would allow any great chief to have; for Adam was the greatest chief and the richest man that ever was made, and then God's law from that pattern would have been, 'For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and take as many wives as he can buy or support;' but you see that is not God's arrangement at all. You see, too, that God's law forbids multiplying in the earth except under his family arrangement, and also any waste or abuse of our powers for multiplying which would in any way interfere with God's family law. The seventh command God wrote on the stone is to guard his arrangement for forming families, and he says to every man and woman in the world, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.' Are not all God's family arrangements wise and kind and good? The man or woman who breaks any part of God's good family plans and laws wickedly insults God and sets him at defiance.

"Now let us examine the eighth command, and see what a good one it is. God has not only given every man the right to have one wife, and every woman one husband, to live together in union and have children, and train them up in the way they should go, but he has given us the right to get and to own property for the comfortable support of ourselves and our families, and has given us the right to use six days in each week to work and do business and thus get property honestly, and he guards our rights to our property by a command to each man, woman, and child in the world, 'Thou shalt not steal.' How kind and thoughtful God has been for us, has he not?

"Now, have you got any other thing dear to you that God could guard by his authority as our great King in a command from the thundering mountain? What is the dearest thing a man or woman has that can be injured by another? It is your reputation, your good name. If a man tells lies on you and gets your neighbors, the doctors, and the chiefs to believe that you are a witch or a thief, and gets them down on you, don't you see that you are ruined? God has given us a right to get and to have a good name, and guards that right by the command to every human soul who has a tongue, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.'

"Now, there is nothing left that is dear to us that God could guard by another command, and yet there is another. What can it be for? Take it into your minds and examine it well, and see what it is for. 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.' A desire in the heart for any of these things so strong as to lead us to be willing to break any of God's laws to get them is to covet them. A desire to get property is right, and, as you have seen, God provides for that fully; but if we allow that desire to get so strong that we are willing to get it by any dishonest means, that is coveting it, which is a dreadful heart sin against God and man. A desire to leave father and mother and get married to one wife and have a family is right, and we have seen God's good pattern and law for all that; but to allow your desire to get too strong and be your master, and lead you to be willing to use in any wrong way the powers God has given you to be used only in his wise family arrangement, that is covetousness, which is a great sin against God, because to gratify your wicked desire you will insult God and defy his authority. It is this dreadful heart desire which wicked people indulge and allow to grow in their spirits till it masters them and leads them to tell lies against their neighbors, steal their property, commit murders, and break all God's good laws.

"So you see, the first five commands of the second stone name each the greatest outward sin against the best things God has given us to enjoy; but this last command strikes at the dreadful inward heart sin of unlawful desire, which is the fountain from which all the rest flows. So you see all these commands of God reach from the highest outward sin to the lowest wrong desire of the heart. So the man who is guilty of murder in the sight of God is not only the man who assagais another to death from behind a bush, but the man also who allows the feeling of hate and murder to have any place in his heart. God says, 'He that hateth his brother is a murderer.' So also a man is not to commit adultery, nor is he allowed to look upon a woman for the purpose of indulging even a wrong heart desire for her. What holy, just, and good laws these are! You see at once who made them, for no man could make laws so wise, so good, so broad, and so deep. If everyone was obedient to these laws, then all the people in the world would love each other like brothers and sisters; then we would have no more wars, no killing, no stealing, no cheating, no telling lies and injuring the good name of another; no more adulteries, nor any of the

polluting wickedness of *ubukweta* or *intonjane*. Then love to God, peace on earth, good will to man, would fill the world with happiness and God would be well pleased.

"Well, now, my dear friends, don't you all say that God's laws are right and good, and that everybody ought to obey them? We all agree to that. Well, then, have you obeyed them? 'Why,' says one, 'how could we obey them, when we never knew them before?' Very well, you know them now. Are you willing to obey them? Are you willing to accept the Lord God as your God, the supreme object of your trust and heart obedience and love? Are you willing to give up all these wretched things you have been trusting in instead of God? Are you willing never to speak his name but in reverence and love? Are you willing to work and attend to all your own business six days in the week, and remember the Sabbath, to use it only as God has appointed, as a day of rest and the worship of God, our great King?

"Now, to come to the laws of the second stone: Do these children consent to love and obey their parents, and so live at home, and away from home, as to bring honor to them? And do you, parents, consent so to teach your children and to give them such a holy example of right-doing that they may, by obedience, bring honor upon you? When, in words or acts, you teach them wrong things, they will disgrace themselves and dishonor you, even by obedience to you. Do you consent never to kill anybody or indulge angry desires in your hearts? Do you consent never to commit adultery or any uncleanness by the abuse of any of your powers which belong only to the family institution of God, and to submit to God's plan and law of having but one wife? Do you consent never to steal or so desire the property of another as to get it by any unfair means? Do you consent never to tell any more lies or in any way injure the good name of your neighbor? I see some of you stick at one thing and some at another, and at heart you are rebels against God. Though you have not known God, your ancient fathers knew him and his good laws; but they did not obey them, and their foolish hearts were darkened.

"Thus you have by sinning lost entirely the four laws of the first stone; but you have retained portions of five of the laws of the second stone. You have laws against disobedience to parents, against murder, against adultery, against stealing, and against lying; and you have fines and punishments for all these sins; but you have so corrupted and altered these laws of God that you confine them to a few outward things and leave yourselves plenty of room for breaking the laws of God; and your laws don't go down into the heart like God's laws. So you see, my friends, you have closed your eyes against the light God has given you, and have refused to walk in the path of obedience to him. Even now, when you see the plain, good path marked out for us all by his laws, you refuse to walk in it.

"Now, friends, let me tell you a great secret. You have seen that all the outward sins flow from a corrupt, covetous source of sins in the heart, so all right obedience to God's laws must flow from holiness and love in the heart. You can't get salt water and fresh water out of the same spring. Now, if we have not that holiness in our hearts, showing all the corrupt covetousness outside, then we cannot love God or keep his commandments. Alas! that is just the thing Adam and Eve lost when they first rebelled against God, and every child born since has come into the world in the sinful likeness and image of fallen Adam and Eve, with their corrupted nature in our spirits, and the love of God and holiness to obey his laws are not there at all; and because our spirits are corrupt we begin to grow wrong when little children, and go on worse and worse. Now, that is the state of every one of you. Your spirits are corrupt, as you feel and know. You refuse to keep God's laws, and can't keep them while your hearts are wicked. You are guilty because

you are sinners. You are under the sentence of death because you have broken God's laws, for he says, 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' You are slaves of Satan, for, having yielded yourselves servants to sin, and become rebels against God, he has delivered you over to Satan. What a dreadful state you are all in, to be sure! Now, you know this is all true, and all your sacrifices to Icanti, to Inkosi, and to Imishologu prove that you feel this guilt, and want to atone for it. Now, what is to be done? Every common crime against a chief must be atoned for by paying cattle; but some sins, such as murder and witchcraft, cannot be atoned for by the payment of cattle at all; the guilty man must die.

"Now, sins of any kind against the great God cannot be atoned for by cattle or anything in this world. All the gold and silver and all the cattle in this world would not atone for the sins of one sinner. Now, as the whole world was guilty before God, and as there was no ransom for any of them, they were all going down into the infernal hole of Satan together; for they were so polluted and so guilty they were not fit to live with God, and there was no other place for them. But though we were all such rebels against God, he loved us so much, and he was so sorry for us, he could not bear to see us all dragged by Satan down to hell, so he made a plan to give an atonement from heaven for the sins of all the sinners in the world, and sent down a great Saviour to save all who would consent to obey God's laws and receive the Saviour. There was no man in heaven or on earth who could find out how man could be redeemed from the death sentence of these laws or how our spirits could be washed from the pollution of sin and made holy and fit to live with God, but God found out this great mystery, and made the whole plan himself.

"Now, my dear friends, we want to explain to you something about this great God. There is but one God; he hath told us that himself, and he cannot lie, and we see the proofs of it in the plan of all his works; but in this one God there are three distinct personal spirits, exactly of the same nature and the same power and love, which together constitute one God. They are called God the Father, the Son of God, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one. This is a great mystery; you cannot understand it, and yet we know it is true. There is a mystery about everything you see that you can't understand, but when we have the proof that anything is true we believe it, and don't trouble ourselves about the mystery at all. How do we know that in God there are three persons? Because he hath told us so in his book, and in proof of it many holy men have got acquainted with God the Father, and with God the Son, and with God the Holy Ghost.

"Well, the great plan that these three in one agreed upon was that God the Father should give his Son to come down into this wicked world and be offered as a sacrifice for the sins of all the people, and the Son of God loved us so that he was glad to do that. But as he was all spirit, and had no body to offer as a sacrifice, it was agreed that he should lay aside all his glory, and all his great things in the glorious great place of his Father, and come down and take a human body and a human spirit, be born a little child, and grow up to be a man, that he might be our teacher and die for the sins of the world.

"This was the great Saviour God told Adam and Eve that he would send, who would be born of a woman and bruise Satan's head; and God after that told many good men about him; but he showed his great purpose more fully to Moses, for he was such a good man that he could understand it better. In the nation of Israel, of which Moses was a great chief, as we told you before, there arose many holy men who knew God, and God told them all about his purpose to save the world. He told them when his Son would come, and that he should be born of a virgin who had never known any man, and he should be born in a place called Bethlehem, and that though the second Spirit of God, called the

Son of God, would be in him, he would look just like any other man; that he would teach holy men all God's laws for mankind which they had forgotten, and reveal to them the unknown God; that he would heal the sick, give sight to the blind, teach the poor people, and raise many dead men to life; that he would go about continually doing good. But God told them distinctly that because his Son was so good, and the world so bad, they would tell lies of him, and beat him, and scold him, and that when he was ready to offer himself up as a sacrifice for sins he would just deliver himself up to the wicked people and their rulers, who would nail him to a tree and put him to death, and that God would accept his sacrifice for the sins of the whole world, and raise him up from the dead the third day after, to be forever our great Priest and Saviour, that by him all might have the power to come to God, and get forgiveness of all sins, and get their dirty spirits washed and made fit to dwell with God in eternal happiness.

"Well, all these words of God about his Son were written down in a book hundreds of years before the time set for him to come, so that there should be no mistake in knowing him when he should come. God's plan, too, was that through the promise of the Son of God to do all these things all who would believe God's words about him, and accept God's coming Son as their Saviour, should be saved, as certainly before as after his coming; and for fear that his words might not go deep enough into the minds of men, and that they might not trust in his only sacrifice for sins, to help their faith in his words he told them to offer sacrifices of beasts to show their faith, not in the beast, but in the one great sacrifice of his Son.

"Many hundreds of years passed away, and many thousands of sinners believed God's words about his Son, and while they offered bullocks on God's altars, as pictures or patterns of the sacrifice God had promised, they accepted the Son of God as their Saviour, and they were saved, made holy, and went up to the holy place of God to be happy forever. All who carefully read God's holy books about his Son knew when the time would come for his appearing among men, and they waited patiently, and at the time sure enough he came, and all the things that God had said, which had been written down by the holy men of God, were done. Everything about his birth, his life, his teachings, his mighty works, the persecutions he endured, his death and resurrection, everything came to pass exactly as God said it would. The Son of God was called Jesus, which means Saviour, for he came to save the people from their sins. He was also called Christ, which means 'Anointed,' for God the Father set him apart and anointed him to be the Saviour of the world.

"Well, all these things that Jesus Christ did, and all that the people did to him, which God had said would be done, were also written down in a book, so that all the world might read them and learn about him, believe God's words and receive Jesus Christ as their Saviour. He was crucified, dead, and buried, but the third day after he arose from the dead; and then, in the same human body which had been put to death, he taught his learners and good men for forty days; and then from a mountain, called the Mount of Olives, they saw him ascend up to heaven out of their sight. I have seen all those places—where he was born, and lived, and taught, and died and rose again, and ascended to heaven.

"Now, we have not time to-day to read to you all these words of God about him. We have them all here in this book, but you know we would not tell you a lie about them. Here is the missionary, and plenty of these Kaffir people in the station, who have read them, and they will tell you the same things, and in proof of their truth, according to these words of God, we have received Jesus Christ as our Saviour, and he has saved us from our

sins; and we know God, and Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent, for he went back to his Father, not to leave us in our sins to perish, but to be our great High Priest at the throne of the great King of heaven, and he is as really the Saviour of sinners now as when he dwelt among men. It is from God's great place, quite out of our sight, that he sends us rain and supplies all the wants of our bodies; so from the same great place Jesus Christ sends us salvation from sin and Satan and makes us holy, so that we may keep God's commands. 'But,' says one, 'O, he is a great way off; how shall I find him?'

"Now, we'll tell you another great secret. Before Jesus Christ left the world he said to all his holy men, and they wrote it down, 'If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.' And again, 'I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter.' Jesus was then their Comforter, but was going away, but promised to send another to take his place and abide with us: how long?—'that he may abide with you forever.' Who is this Comforter? 'Even the Spirit of truth: whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.' 'These things have I spoken unto you,' said Jesus, 'being yet present with you. But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.'

"The Comforter he promised to send to live with us in this world forever is the Holy Ghost, who is the third great Spirit of the one great God. He is an unknown God to the poor slaves of Satan, because they don't see him; but all the saved ones know him, for he dwells with them, and teaches them, and comforts them every day; yet still they don't see him, but they feel his power in their hearts. You can't see my spirit, yet it is my spirit that has been teaching you for an hour. You can't see Imishologu; yet you believe they live, and you have offered hundreds of sacrifices to them. You can't see the air you breathe; yet you could not live ten minutes without it. The air is the symbol God uses in his book to illustrate the presence and power of the Holy Ghost. The air is everywhere, so the Holy Ghost is in every part of this world. His first business is to shine into our dark spirits and show us our pollution of spirit by sin, our deep guilt for breaking God's good laws, our exposure to the death penalty of the law, our bondage to Satan, and to show us that we have no power to save ourselves.

"This light of the Holy Spirit shining into us stirs up all the bad in our hearts, wakes up the wicked spirits of Satan's fallen hosts, and then there is a great war in our hearts. The wickedness of our polluted spirits, called the carnal mind, and Satan raise a great war against the Holy Ghost, to keep us from following the Holy Ghost and accepting Jesus Christ as our Saviour. But if we set our whole hearts to resist sin and Satan, and let God's Spirit lead us, he will make God's words about Jesus plain to our minds; and then if we consent to allow him to take away all our sins, and cleanse our spirits through the blood of Christ's atonement, and receive Jesus Christ as our Saviour, God will at once give us the power to be his children.

"Do you hear these words? Are they not glad tidings to your ears? Yet you will not know God by hearing and believing that it is the truth that we are telling you unless you submit to God's laws and according to God's words receive Jesus Christ as your Saviour. Now, remember, many of us have proved the truth of all this. We have both proved it" (the two speakers), "the missionary here has proved it, and many of his people here have proved it. We were poor sinners as dark as any of you. We remember well when the Holy Ghost shined into us and showed us our sins; we felt the burden of guilt heavy on

our souls; we felt the mighty opposing power of Satan; we felt that there was no help in us. Then we cried to God for help; we confessed our sins to him and submitted our wretched souls and bodies to his will, to do with us just as he pleased; but we believed his words about Jesus Christ, and received him as our Saviour from sin, and the very moment we accepted God's Son as our Saviour, God pardoned all our sins. The Holy Ghost bore witness with our spirits that we were the children of God, and washed our spirits through the blood of Jesus, and filled them with his love. He did not bear witness to our eyes, or ears, but to our spirits; and we know that God's words are true, for we have proved them, and we know that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and the Saviour of sinners, for he hath saved us; and we know that we are the children of God by his Spirit, which he hath given us, and by his purifying power in our hearts and the love we feel for God and man. Now we accept the great King as the Lord our God, and gladly keep his commandments, for the fountain of our hearts has been purified, the bitter waters of covetousness have been cleared out, and the sweet waters of God's renewing love now flow out in willing obedience to all God's law.

"Now, my dear friends, a great many of the things we have told you to-day you know to be true from what you have felt and from what you now feel, and the rest we know to be true, for we have proved them, and we come to you as witnesses to the truth of God's words about Jesus. You know we could not tell you lies; even if the truth was not in us, we have nothing to gain by telling you lies. We are witnesses for Jesus that he came to save sinners, that he hath saved us, and that he is very desirous to save you to-day. Will you consent to let him save you now? The Holy Spirit is now shining into the minds of many of you; you now begin to feel his mighty power and the opposing power of sin and of Satan in your hearts.

"You know the rising desire you feel in your hearts to give up sin and yield yourselves to God is not from Satan, nor from your own bad hearts, and it is not from me; it is the awakening work of the Holy Ghost in your hearts. O, he wants to lead you to Jesus. He won't force you; but if you consent to be saved from all your sins, and walk after him, he will lead you to Jesus. The Son of God don't wait for you to go up to heaven, to his great place, but whenever you are so sick of your sins as to give yourselves wholly to him to save you, and receive him by faith in God's words about him, he comes down quick as thought, and delivers your soul from Satan, and washes it from its sins. Jesus loves you every one, and wants to save you now, and that is the reason he has sent his Spirit into your hearts to give you the desire you feel to come to him.

"He is the only Friend you have who loves you enough to die for you. He 'hath tasted death for every man;' he hath poured out his heart's blood for you, each one, as the only sacrifice for sins. His love for poor sinners is the same to-day as the day he died for us, for he is not, like a man, to change; he is the Son of God, and hence the same in all the past time, the present, and forever. He has a word for each one of you, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' You are heavy laden with sins and sorrows and guilt; you are weary with traveling in the dark way that leads to hell; you are the very persons whom Jesus invites, and he says, 'Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest for your souls.' Will you take his yoke, consent to be in-spanned and bear his yoke and walk in obedience to all his laws? He won't lay too heavy a yoke upon you, for he says, to encourage you, 'I am meek and lowly of heart,' the most sympathizing, loving Friend in the world. If you take his yoke, submit to his will, and receive him as your only Saviour, then 'ye shall find rest to your souls.' He will not deliver your bodies from the death

penalty of the law. They will still suffer and finally go down into the grave; but Jesus has promised to raise your bodies from the grave in the end, just as his human body was raised, and then our bodies will be so glorious and holy as to be suitable for our pure spirits to live in at the great place of our King. Will you accept Jesus as your King, your Priest, and your Saviour, or not? Let everyone think well and decide for himself and herself to be the Lord's, and receive Jesus Christ, or not. Let no one try to come to Jesus simply because another does. Let no one be ashamed to come to Jesus through fear of anybody. 'God commands' each one of you to repent and believe the Gospel, to surrender to God, and on God's own offer and invitation and promises to receive Jesus Christ. When he came to his people in olden time many of them received him not, and they perished in their sins. 'But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believed on his name.' It is so now. Within the last two months we have seen about two thousand Kaffirs surrender to God and receive Jesus Christ, and by the Holy Spirit every one of them received the power, renewing their hearts and making them 'the sons of God.' If you fail to accept Christ you will fail to receive this great salvation and will die in your sins. Now, God's great plan of salvation is before you, and you not only know that these things are true by what we have told you, but by the Spirit's light in your minds. Life and death are now before you; walk after the Spirit, receive Christ, and ye shall live; or, walk after your bad nature and Satan, and you will die in your sins.

"Now, all who have looked straight at God's words to-day, and who feel the Holy Spirit's light and power in their hearts, and who have decided to give up all their sins and obey God; all who now consent to receive Jesus Christ, to be his, living or dying, to be true to him, and have confidence in him, and cleave to him as their Saviour as long as they live, let them stand up. Let none stand up but poor sinners who now consent to be the Lord's and receive Jesus Christ; but all such may stand up now."

About one hundred awakened persons stood up, a large number of them raw heathen. Then we all kneeled down and prayed, and the power of the Holy Ghost seemed to shake the whole mass of believers and sinners in a remarkable manner, and many were saved at that service.

On Monday, August 20, 1866, I enlarged on the following points:

"1. Every red Kaffir among you has been circumcised. Where did you get this ceremony of circumcision? About four thousand years ago God made a covenant with Abraham, that great old chief we told you about the other day. The covenant bound him and all his seed to be true to God and keep all his laws, and thus they would secure God's special blessings through all generations. And God said to Abraham, 'This is my covenant, which ye shall keep, between me and you and thy seed after thee; every man child among you shall be circumcised. . . . And it shall be a token of the covenant betwixt me and you.' The seed of Abraham from that time continued to circumcise their sons for about two thousand years, till Jesus Christ came. Then God set the outward token of circumcision aside and received all poor sinners of every nation alike into his Church who would repent of their sins and accept Jesus Christ as their Saviour. Instead of circumcision he gave them all one outward sign for males and females alike—baptism by water, and the inward 'washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost.' You see that some of your ancient fathers knew God and his covenant with men; but, though you have kept to circumcision to this day, you have gone so far from home that you have lost the knowledge of God and his covenant, and have therefore failed to learn his new Gospel covenant for all nations.

Circumcision, till Christ came, was the ceremony of initiation into the Church of God, and the token of his covenant; but you have made it the ceremony of initiation to the standing and privileges of manhood and citizenship, and the token for a system of corruption most dishonoring to God and degrading to yourselves.

"2. Where did you learn to offer sacrifices of bullocks as an atonement for sin? God appointed the offering of sacrifices thousands of years ago, as teaching types of the one great sacrifice of Jesus Christ.

"When you kill a bullock as a sacrifice for a sick man you split the beast in two, from the nose to the tail, right through the middle of the backbone. That is just the way Abraham did thousands of years ago. He 'divided them in the midst, and laid each piece one against another.'

"When you prepare a bullock for sacrifice you separate all the fat, and offer that by itself. God said to Moses, thousands of years ago, the priest 'shall take off from it all the fat of the bullock for the sin offering, the fat that covereth the inwards, and all the fat that is upon the inwards, and the two kidneys, and the fat that is upon them; and the priest shall burn them upon the altar of the burnt offering.'

"When you kill a bullock for a sick man you catch the blood in basins, and your priest sprinkles some of the blood upon the sick man and on his bed and the things in his hut. Then he digs a hole in the cattle kraal" (the most sacred place known to a heathen Kaffir, so much so that women are precluded, as from the inner court of the Jewish temple) "and pours the remainder of the blood into the hole. God said to Moses, 'The priest that is anointed shall take the bullock's blood and bring it to the tabernacle, . . . and shall dip his finger in the blood and sprinkle of the blood seven times before the Lord. . . . He shall put some of the blood upon the horns of the altar, . . . and pour all the rest of the blood of the bullock at the bottom of the altar of the burnt offering.'

"When you offer a sacrifice you carry the bones of the bullock outside of the kraal and burn them. God said to Moses, 'The skin of the bullock, and all his flesh, with his head, and with his legs, and his inwards, and his dung, even the whole bullock shall be carried forth without the camp unto a clean place where the ashes are poured out, and burn him on the wood with fire.'

"You see, my dear friends, from the many things you have which are so much like the things that God commanded Abraham and Moses to do, that some of your old fathers knew God and his teachings to Moses, but one generation after another wandered away like lost sheep, till you don't know the way to get back. You have kept one truth, that 'without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins,' but you have lost the knowledge of the only sacrifice which can take away sins, the body of Jesus Christ. You have held on to the type or picture but lost sight of the real substance.

"That, my friends, is not the worst of it. You offer your sacrifices, not to God, but to Icanti, a great snake, the devil, and to Imishologu, who could not help you while they lived, and how can they help you now that they are gone?

"When Abraham offered a sacrifice to God he confessed his sins, and that for sins he deserved to be put to death, but his bullock was accepted and slain instead of himself; but while he looked at his bleeding victim he saw in it but a picture of the bleeding Jesus, whom God had promised to send into the world as the only sacrifice which could take away sins. When we come to God in prayer, confessing our sins and our exposure to the death penalty of the law of God, we don't bring a bullock, for when the real Sacrifice for the sins of the world came, then it was no longer necessary to use the picture or type of it,

but to look directly to Christ. We have the plain words of God's book to tell us the way, and we have the Holy Spirit of God to lead us to the living Jesus, and by his own precious blood he saves us from our sins."

The foregoing are some of the points brought out and illustrated on that occasion. Many prodigals came home to God that day and obtained a free pardon by accepting Christ. We preached again in the chapel that night, and God was with us.

On Tuesday we had a larger number of heathen than at any previous service, among whom was Makaula, the Amabaca chief. That day we preached from "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," and tried to influence them to a right decision by contrasting their system of heathenish superstition with the Gospel of Christ. The principal points were, first, their dark traditions and God's plain Gospel teaching; second, their sacrifices to Icanti and to the ghosts of their old dead fathers, and the body God prepared and accepted as the only sacrifice which can atone for sins; third, their vain hope that Imishologu will be their mediator with Tixo (or God), and the certain fact that we have a divine Advocate with the Father, and the only Mediator between God and man; fourth, the broken reeds on which they lean, their priests, poor ignorant men like themselves, the charms which their priests bind about their necks, with the everlasting doubt which haunts them, and the utter failure of all these things to bring rest to their souls; and on our side the personal knowledge of God and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, attained by all true believers, the security of dwelling under the shadow of the Almighty, the sweet rest of soul which Jesus gives to all who come to him, and the abiding presence of the Holy Comforter God hath sent to conduct us in peace to our home in heaven.

In showing them the folly of putting their trust in the charms or amulets they wear round their necks, instead of submitting themselves to Christ and putting their trust in the living God, I said, "Your country was invaded a few weeks ago by a large army of the Amapondo. They came to kill and destroy you and to take your cattle. Did not every one of those Pondo warriors go to a priest and get a protection which he thought would be proof against your assagais? Did not the priest hang a lot of roots, birds' claws, tufts of hair, hoofs of beasts, and little horns, containing charmed stuff, round the neck of each one of them to make them courageous and strong, and to preserve them from death? Now, tell me, what good did all these things do them?"

I then drew out of my coat pocket a double handful of charms, and, holding them up to the astonished gaze of the sable audience (for if one of them should touch anything from the body of a man slain in battle they would be sure of being poisoned or bewitched by the touch), I said, "Look here! what a god in time of trouble! A poor Pondo got this lot of trash from a priest, and thought these would save him from death in the day of battle. What good did they do him? You slew him with all his charms on him, and this morning my boy here cut them off the neck of his carcass; and will you still reject the only true God and put your trust in such filthy trash as this? The Pondos were invaders of your country to rob and kill you, and God delivered the Pondos over to your assagais, because you were defending your homes, your cattle, your families, your own lives; and then, instead of giving God credit for his mercy to your nation, you had a great ceremony of thanks to Imishologu, and said that your priests and your charms made you strong and gave you the victory."

During our short series of meetings at Osborn, Brother White, the pastor, examined one hundred and sixty persons, belonging mostly to heathen families, who gave good evidence of pardon and peace with God.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Emfundisweni.

EMFUNDISWENI was our next field, including a few days at Palmerton, thirty miles distant. This was a new mission station; the minister's house was a one-story cottage, substantially built of brick, nearly one hundred feet in length, with verandas front and rear, and contained nine rooms. The second preacher's house was on a pretty site across a hollow on a parallel ridge, occupied by Rev. Daniel Eva, a zealous young missionary sent out recently from England. Rev. Thomas Jenkins and wife were appointed to this station in 1838. He was a grand old pioneer missionary, and gave me so many stirring incidents that I cannot record them here, but refer my reader to my book entitled *Christian Adventures in South Africa*.

The whole number of the converts at our Emfundisweni meetings, including those who were saved before I left for Palmerton, amounted to above one hundred and sixty-three persons, among whom were a doctor and five young chiefs.

On our return from Palmerton we arranged that while Roberts, Stuart, and myself would go on and spend the Sabbath with Captain Kok's Griquas, at their request, and on Monday proceed on our way toward Natal, Charles should spend the Sabbath with Brother Jenkins and help on the glorious work among the Pondos, and on Monday night meet us at Ulbrichts.

That arrangement gave us over forty miles of travel on Saturday out of our course for Natal, and about thirty-five miles for Monday to get back to the path direct, and gave Charles a journey on Monday of about fifty miles to meet us at Ulbrichts, where we might together enjoy the hospitality of a generous Christian Griqua family. So on Saturday, September 1, we bade adieu to Emfundisweni and set out for Kok's camp. That was a day to be remembered, for by the time we got off the main beaten Natal track into the dreary hills and mountains of No Man's Land a cold drizzling rain set in, with a dense fog, which limited our field of vision to a radius of about fifty yards. Several times through the day we lost the trail, and much time was consumed in finding the spoor.

About 4 P. M. we heard the barking of dogs, the squealing of pigs, the bleating of sheep, and the lowing of cattle, and hoped we were nearing the camp. Coming to a pioneer's hut and stockyard, Mr. Roberts fought his way up through a pack of fierce dogs to the door to inquire where we were. He found nothing there but dogs and a few children whose parents were out. Stuart and his father and our weary horses stood shivering in the storm till Roberts came and told us that the Dutch-speaking children said that it was fifteen miles to Kok's camp, and that we had a high mountain to cross.

On and on we struggled over the mountain and down to a little river. It was now getting dark, and we knew not which way to go. We hoped we were near the Griqua camp, but we could see no lights and hear nothing but the hollow moaning of the wind in the mountains and the pattering rain upon us. When we got into places of great danger Brother Roberts, finding that I was a good driver, and not wishing to be responsible for my life, found it convenient to get out and walk. So when we crossed the river he gave

me the reins and went circling round to try to find the path. I drove up a hollow, and away on to high ground, hoping to see Kok's city set on a hill, called the Bergliftig, but not a beacon glimmer shone out to cheer us. It was a moonless night, and with the clouds above us, fog all round us, that was a darkness which we all felt. I waked the echoes of the mountains by shouts which I hoped might arouse the natives, but got no response.

I said, "Roberts, we have got into No Man's Land, sure. I have not seen a tree for many miles back, but I saw a few bushes on the cliffs near the river. If we can get back there over these dangerous gullies perhaps we can get wood enough to make a fire; otherwise the severity of the cold and our wet clothes will finish the business for us."

Back we went to the river and outspanned. I felt my way among the cliffs to a bush about four inches through, which I cut down. It was green and wet, but by cutting wood off the seat of our carriage we at last succeeded in getting a fire. Thankful for a good cup of coffee and a supper savory enough for princes, we endeavored to devise some plan for the preservation of life through the night. We spent hours trying to dry our clothes, but while we were drying one side the other was getting wet with the fast-falling rain. Stuart and I at last took a seat in the cart, which had a bonnet, which gave us some protection from the rain, and wrapping up as well as we could in our wet rugs we dozed and dreamed and shivered till morning. Roberts, meantime, dug a hole in the ground to get a dry place, and there, half buried, wrapped in his tiger-skin rug, he waited for the morning light.

The Lord graciously preserved us even from taking a cold, and in the morning, while Stuart was hunting the horses, and while Roberts was exploring the country to find somebody to tell us which way to go, I kindled a fire and prepared a good breakfast. Roberts found an English citizen of Captain Kok's kingdom, living not a mile distant from our camp, from whom we learned that we were quite out of our way, and that it was twelve miles distant to Kok's camp. He sent a young Hottentot to guide us. Amid rain, sleet, and snow, about noon we reached the town, where I had hoped to spend a quiet and profitable Sabbath. Captain Kok, who passed us in Umhlonhlo's country on his way to Cape Town, had not returned. His town had a population of about one thousand, built up of huts, with some pretty fair log and brick houses, and a fort with mud walls, about eight feet high, with piles of cannon balls and a few big guns with which to frighten the Kaffirs.

In the midst of the fort stood a good pioneer chapel, seating about four hundred persons. A plain house was given us in which to sojourn. We met a young English trader, the son of Rev. Mr. Scott, of Natal, who, as a Christian, was trying to do good to the rising community. He and another young English trader furnished us grain for our horses and paid us other attentions; a kind Griqua family cooked for us, and we got on well considering the state of the camp and the weather. At 3 P. M. we had the chapel crowded, and I preached the Gospel to them through a Dutch interpreter, a pious, intelligent man, the schoolmaster for the town, and yet totally blind.

At night I preached in English to about thirty persons in a private house. We had reason to hope that good was done, and yet no decisive results were manifest. On Monday the sun shone out, and though the roads were thought to be so slippery that we should not be able to cross the Zuurberg—the "sour mountain"—we could not afford to lose time, and so pushed on our journey. We passed a number of new, fertile, well-watered farms of the Griquas, and after crossing the Zuurberg came through a Griqua village, where they also have a chapel and regular worship among themselves. This village is near the lines of

Alfredia, the newly annexed territory of Natal. Just across the line a mean white man has opened a shop for enticing the poor Griquas to destruction by the sale of brandy. Our route of travel left Alfredia to our right, and continued in Captain Kok's country some forty miles further to the Umzimvubu River, which is the old west boundary of Natal.

We reached Ulbrichts before night, took tea, and drove on three miles further to Mr. Blom's, where we spent the night. We waited on Tuesday for Charles till 11 A. M., and went on without him. In the afternoon of that day we reached Mr. Hulley's place, and preached in his large Kaffir-hut chapel, which will seat one hundred and fifty. Brother Hulley supports himself and his large family on a new farm in Kok's territory, on the west bank of the Umzimvubu, but is nevertheless a successful preacher among the Kaffirs, and has formed a society, and preaches to the heathen regularly in his own round native chapel. I was very sorry we could not command time to stay with him long enough for a grand advance among his people. We were very kindly entertained for the night, and next morning forded the river, which can be crossed only in a ferryboat, except in winter, and spent an hour with Mr. Hancock and family, who are Graham's Town Wesleyans, and very enterprising, useful people.

That day we traveled over forty miles through a beautiful and picturesque country of hill, dale, and mountain, but with few settlers, and much wild game. We saw more deer in greater variety that day than any other day of the whole journey, though we saw many beautiful herds of roebucks in Pondoland. We hoped to cross the Umkumas River before dark; but, though we sighted it from the mountain an hour before sunset, it was quite dark when we reached the ford, which we were told was deep, rough, and dangerous; yet our only stopping place was a public house on the other side. Near the river we met a native man, whom we found was from Indaleni, a mission station about twenty miles beyond. He had been out among the Kaffirs with two wagons, selling Indian corn and buying cattle in exchange. He was just the man of all Kaffraria we most needed, to tell us about the ford, to supply us with corn, and to help us over a high mountain, next day, tying our cart to one of his wagons, and driving our horses along with his stock cattle. As it was so dark and dangerous Brother Roberts allowed me to drive across the river alone. He thought he could wade it, but, failing in that, we sent a Kaffir with a horse to fetch him.

We all got safely to the public house. The proprietor was absent, but had left his Kaffir servant to attend to the wants of the traveling public. His beds were passable, but he had nothing to eat except a few small potatoes and some bacon; but as we still had a supply of coffee, sugar, dried peaches, and bread, we fared well, and our "man of providence" brought us a bag of corn for our horses.

As we were getting ready to go to bed our Kaffir landlord came running in to tell us, "Your horses have fallen into the ditch."

Stuart describes the situation as follows:

"I knee-haltered my pony, so that when he was done with his corn he might go and graze, but three of the cart horses were tied together. Near by was a trench, five feet deep, inclosing a paddock. The three horses, closely tied to each other, going too near the trench, one tumbled in and rolled over and drew the second onto him. The back of the first horse was wedged into the bottom of the trench, with his feet sticking up; the second lay on his side directly on the first; the third was standing with his forelegs set forward, to avoid being dragged in, and, pulling back with all his might, was nearly strangled by the tightening of the reim round his neck. We soon released two of them, but the bottom

one was wedged in so tightly, and was so exhausted with his struggles, that he seemed to have resigned himself to die.

"We, however, went to work with pick and shovel and dug down the sides of the trench till we got room enough to allow him to get his feet to the ground, then my father and the Kaffir seized him by the tail, while Mr. Roberts and I took hold of the reim which was round his neck, and we pulled away. For a time the case looked very doubtful, and I felt some concern for the safety of his fly-brush, but a final pull all together brought him to his feet, and we were glad to find that none of them had received any permanent injury."

The next day we traveled to Indaleni, and were kindly entertained by the missionary, Rev. W. H. Milwood, and his good lady. I arranged with him to have Charles spend the Sabbath with him if he should come on all right. We had not heard from him since we left him at Emfundisweni. On the next day, Friday, the 7th of September, we journeyed on twenty-five miles to Pietermaritzburg, the capital of Natal. From the time we left Queenstown I had traveled six hundred and thirteen miles, while Roberts and Stuart had traveled fully seven hundred miles. Stuart's Kaffir tripler carried him through without giving in.

When Charles reported in Maritzburg the following Monday we found that he was only about half a day behind us all the way from Ulbrichts to Indaleni. He left Emfundisweni on Monday, according to agreement, but the roads were bad and the journey was too long. Finding that he could not reach Ulbrichts that day, he put up at a heathen kraal, near a chief's place. He got all the people together and preached to them that night, and again the next morning, and seventeen of them professed to renounce heathenism and accept Jesus Christ. He wrote back to Brother Jenkins, giving him their names and whereabouts. He also preached to the natives at Mr. Hancock's place, but had not time to follow up the effort.

He preached Friday night, Saturday, and Sabbath at Indaleni. An extract from a letter to me from Rev. W. H. Milwood will tell the story of that adventure:

"Under Charles Pamla's preaching here Friday, Saturday, and yesterday, many have been aroused to a sense of their danger through sin and have been led to seek forgiveness and holiness through the blood of Jesus. About seventy, young and old, profess to have gained the pearl of great price, and a few others are yet earnestly seeking. This is a matter of great joy to me, and will be to you, I am sure."

CHAPTER XXIX.

In the Colony of Natal.

IT was my purpose, out of a copious supply of materials, to fill four chapters with facts and incidents illustrative of this very interesting young colony and the progress of the Gospel among its aboriginal and colonial populations, but my printer informs me that I am about to exceed the limits of my book, so I must confine myself to a brief exhibit of leading facts and life scenes.

The colony lies principally between the parallels of latitude 27° and 30° south, and longitude 28° and 31° east. The climate is genial and healthful; the mean temperature for eight years prior to my visit was 64° Fahrenheit, the highest 97°, the lowest 33°. The jungle and forest scenery, especially seaward, have quite a tropical appearance. The soil and climate are adapted to cereal grains and grass, but specially to the production of arrowroot, sugar cane, and coffee; cotton and tobacco are also cultivated. There are many fine coffee plantations, and of the one hundred and eight mills then in the colony, worked principally by steam power, nearly one hundred were sugar mills. There were 4,667 farmers of different kinds in the colony, 194 manufactories, and 57 commercial establishments.

The population, according to the census of 1865, was as follows: White males, 79,990; white females, 78,590—total, 158,580. Native males, 67,667; native females, 70,069—total, 137,736. Indian coolies, 7,000; more than four fifths of whom were males, who were employed principally in the sugar plantations. The aggregate of those several classes swelled the total population to over 300,000 souls. There were about 7,000 native Zulu Kaffirs employed in service by the colonists.

The total revenue of the government for 1865 was £176,295 1*s.* 9*d.* Total expenditure, £179,883 7*s.*, besides a public debt for unfinished harbor improvements at D'Urban amounting to £110,000.

The government appropriation for ecclesiastical purposes during the year, principally for the support of Anglican and Dutch Reformed ministers, was £1,150; for police and jails, £3,212; for the judicial department, £12,305.

Besides the various religious establishments common in English colonies, there were in Natal thirteen mission stations among the Zulus, under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The government had made to each a liberal grant of land, and, fully appreciating the faithful labors of the American missionaries and the influence of their practical ideas on education, and all manner of handicraft for the natives, granted a subsidy for their schools, and £24 a year toward the support of a periodical they published for the Zulus, called the *Ikwezi;* so the Kaffirs had one newspaper, while the whites had four.

The government appropriation in 1865 for all the industrial schools, three of the largest of which were under the Wesleyans, was £1,000; for common schools, £909. In these several schools 1,744 Kaffirs received instruction during the year. In the industrial schools 120 boys were at work, learning a variety of useful trades, and 372 Kaffir women were taught to sew. I am indebted to the *Colonial Blue Book* for my statistics.

The colony has had a marvelous development during the intervening twenty-seven years, but I have not access to their *Blue Book* at this date.

Pietermaritzburg, the capital, with a population of about eight thousand, is well located for drainage, health, and beauty, on a high ridge rising up from the banks of a small river, a branch of the great Umgani. In every direction grassy hills stand out to view, with high mountains to the north and west.

The whole breadth of country, about two hundred miles in width, from the Drakenberg range to the ocean, embracing the eastern province of Cape Colony, Kaffraria, and Natal, a distance of more than one thousand miles, is all of the same general appearance, just like the waves of the ocean, a vast sea of irregular grassy hills and mountains, with island groves of timber, the Kaffrarian waves being much more abrupt and high than those within British lines.

Up the river, seven miles from the capital, is the native village and Wesleyan mission station called Edendale. It was founded by Rev. Mr. Allison, then a Wesleyan missionary, later a devoted and useful minister to the natives in Pietermaritzburg, not directly with us, but in good repute with all classes, and in good fellowship with his Wesleyan brethren. In founding Edendale he bought a large tract of land, of superior quality, for the natives, and secured to them freehold titles. Their beautiful dale—near the river, with a grand waterfall in sight above, a good mill for grinding the millions of bushels of maize they grow on their little farms, their neat village of one thousand population, with nearly all the space along the sides of the streets and front and rear of their little houses covered with fruit trees, principally the peach; and two new chapels of brick and stone, in fine style, to seat about five hundred each, all built by native mechanics—is not without reason called Edendale. They had a fine young missionary, Rev. C. Roberts.

Distant from the capital fifty-three miles are Port Natal and the commercial town of D'Urban, with a population of nearly ten thousand. It is located near the bay, on a vast plain of sand, which once belonged to the domain of the ocean, but the high Berean hills, to which the town extends, covered with forests and tropical jungle, furnish fine background to the scene and splendid sites for suburban residences.

Easterly from D'Urban, across the Umgani, twenty miles distant, in a country abounding with coffee plantations, is the rural village of Verulam. The daily labors of our brief sojourn of five weeks were devoted principally to Indaleni, Pietermaritzburg, Edendale, D'Urban, and Verulam.

The services were held in the Wesleyan chapels, which are neat, substantial, and spacious, but we had the hearty cooperation of nearly all classes of Christian ministers and people. The effects of the searing blight of semi-infidelity, so famous in Natal, were so felt by the infant churches of the colony that all lovers of the Bible and its Author were ready to join hands with any agency that God might send to help them in their need. In Maritzburg, besides Brothers Mason, Hays, and Cameron, Wesleyan ministers, we had Rev. Mr. Allison, before mentioned; Revs. W. Campbell and Smith, Scotch Presbyterians; Rev. P. Huet, Dutch Reformed, and two zealous French missionaries, unjustly exiled by the Dutch Boers from the Free State, where they, with their fellow-missionaries, thirteen in number, had labored successfully for many years among the Basutos. In D'Urban, besides Rev. J. Cameron, Wesleyan, veteran chairman of the district; his colleague; C. Harman and J. Langley, missionaries to the natives; Rev. Ralph Stott, a wise and indefatigable old Indian missionary, laboring among the Natal coolies, we had Rev. Mr. Buchanan and Rev. Mr. Patton, his colleague, Presbyterians; Rev. Mr. Mann, Independent, and a

number of the American missionaries, among whom we had special helpers in the persons of Revs. D. Rood, M.A., H. B. Wilder, M.A., W. Mellon, and that grand old pioneer missionary, D. Lindley, D.D. Rev. Mr. Mann brought his people in force, and nearly half the new converts belonged to his congregation, whom he organized into classes, after the model of Methodism, and with such a body of new recruits was going on with increasing success.

As I was straitened for time, and as the Natalians seemed to have but little appreciation of native stuff for the ministry—nay, strong prejudice against even the hope of raising up native ministers—and as my Zulu had become a workman that needed not to be ashamed, I thought it best to appoint him the general of the black legion, while I should bring up the smaller wing of the whites, and thus storm the citadel of infidelity and sin from two sides at the same time. So I commended my sable brother to the missionaries and bespoke for him an open field and a fair fight.

Bishop Colenso had just been booming away at an impregnable fortress of truth, the supreme divinity of Jesus Christ, and forbidding any to ask directly any favors from Christ, and ignored the very songs of Zion which contained prayers to the Son of God. The colonial papers had given the bishop all the aid and comfort they could, for his sensationalism was very edifying to the press financially; but at the time of our arrival that novelty had lost its power of charming, and some new strategic dash was needed to revive the flagging spirits of the bishop's troops; so on the first Sabbath night we spent in Maritzburg the bishop preached on "The Idolatry of the Bible," by which it appeared from his discourse, as reported to us by some who heard it, he meant an idolatrous reverence for the Bible. One of his illustrations was in substance as follows: A young man, a printer employed in setting the type of one of his (Colenso's) first books on the Pentateuch, became so affected by the doubts thus excited in his mind about the truth of the Bible that he went mad and committed suicide. The bereaved father of the poor printer wrote to Colenso, giving the facts about the dreadful end of his son, and charged the bishop with his death; to which the bishop replied that the father himself was the cause of the tragedy by teaching his son such an idolatrous love for the Bible that he could not bear to see the truth of its stories called in question, and hence his madness and self-destruction.

The two Sabbaths we spent in the capital Bishop Colenso and his thorn in the flesh, Dean Green, were booming away just across the street in a diagonal line from our chapel.

While in Maritzburg I delivered a lecture on "Reminiscences of Palestine," and as I had occasion to join issue with one of Colenso's arguments, in which he tries to prove the physical impossibility of executing the command of Moses, as recorded in the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth chapters of Deuteronomy, to proclaim the curses and blessings of the law from the two opposite mountains, Gerizim and Ebal, to the assembled hosts of Israel between, having myself personally, by measurement and vocal power, demonstrated the entire feasibility of the whole thing in the very place where Joshua, in the eighth chapter of his book, informs us that all that Moses commanded was done, I requested my committee to present the bishop with my compliments and send him a ticket to the lecture; but he did not put in an appearance. I afterward learned that the bishop had left for D'Urban about the time the lecture was to come off, on a tour of episcopal visitation in that part of his diocese.

So when I went to D'Urban the bishop was at his post there. As I entered the town I saw the bills up announcing that the learned bishop was to preach next day, morning and evening, in the Anglican church.

EULOGY OF COLENSO BY THE DRUNKEN MERCHANT OF MARITZBURG

"He spent an hour in berating Christians and Christian ministers. —Page 181

At Verulam he preceded us a week. Rev. Mr. Elder there tried to blockade his pulpit against the bishop, and hence one of those scenes so common in his diocese, a violent removal of barriers and running the blockade.

The Sabbath I was in Verulam, Colenso was back in D'Urban. The papers puffed him and eulogized his preaching, and a merchant of Maritzburg came to tea at the house of my host, Mr. J. H. Grant, in D'Urban, so drunk he could not walk erect, and spent an hour in berating Christians and Christian ministers, and was sure that the eloquent bishop, the most learned and reliable preacher in the world, would yet convert the whole of us. I happened to say, "Dr. Colenso," and he took offense that I should be so irreverent. "Bishop Colenso! Bishop Colenso!" he shouted, "the most learned and pious man in the world!"

There were some very respectable families, in a worldly sense, and of good outward moral deportment, who were identified with the bishop, but the majority of his followers were affirmed to be, by those who know them well, such persons as have good reason to dread the threatened judgments of the Bible, and therefore hope the book is not from God. Colenso, too, gained influence with many by his genial, gentlemanly manners and Low Church liberality, in contrast with the stiff, Puseyitical, ritualistic character of the Bishop of Cape Town. Old Rev. Mr. Lloyd, Episcopal minister in D'Urban, in a friendly visit to my room, after talking to me for some time about the Bishop of Jerusalem and the Bishop of Sydney, whom I had the pleasure of meeting, spoke of Colenso, who had been in his pulpit the preceding Sabbath, and said, "Poor Colenso, I believe he is a well-meaning man, but has got wrong in his mind. I believe he will be in a lunatic asylum before many years go by."

Mr. Lloyd was a most kind-hearted old man, and would have been glad to draw that veil of charity over the learned prelate's theological idiosyncrasies. One of the D'Urban papers stated, as a proof that all the people had not lost confidence in the bishop, that in his recent episcopal tour he had baptized two children!

During those eventful five weeks in which the bishop made his episcopal tour and caused such a lively stir among the newspaper reporters, correspondents, and sensationalists of the church-breaking order, and doing wonders in his way, and baptized two babies, my Zulu and his black legion, and I with my palefaces, had marched steadily on against the armies of the aliens. The souls awakened by the Spirit, who surrendered to God, accepted Christ, and personally tested the truth of the Bible, and who got the demonstration of the supreme divinity of Jesus by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, publicly confessed that they had received redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of their sins. They were also personally examined by their ministers, who, being satisfied with their testimony, wrote down their names and addresses, so as to get them under pastoral training. These new witnesses whom God thus raised up in refutation of the skepticism and infidelity of the times numbered over three hundred and twenty whites and over seven hundred natives, of all ages and stations in life, making an aggregate of more than one thousand persons. I only preached five sermons to Kaffirs during those five weeks, so that most of the success of that division of the army was under the leadership of my Zulu. I was glad of that, for it did more than volumes of argument could have done to break down a foolish caste and color prejudice, and thus open the way for the employment of native agency, which God will mainly employ for the evangelization of Africa.

When Brother Pamla first went to D'Urban, Mr. Henry Cowey, a merchant, an excel-

lent worker and local preacher, said to me, "There is a great deal of prejudice here against allowing a colored man to come into the house of a colonist, but I have consented to take Charles to stop with me."

"You may think yourself very highly honored, Brother Cowey, to have the privilege of entertaining such a messenger of God."

Brother Cowey afterward reminded me of my remark, and said it was true, for he and his family had been entertained and benefited by Charles's sojourn with them.

Bishop Colenso's attempt to popularize the Gospel with the Kaffirs by his apology for polygamy did not take with the Kaffir polygamists at all, for they were sharp enough to see that if Christianity differed so little from Kaffir heathenism as that it was quite unnecessary to be at the trouble of a conversion from one to the other.

When the first Anglican Church dean went to Natal he visited the Wesleyan mission at Pietermaritsburg, and Rev. W. J. Davis, the missionary, invited him to preach to his Kaffirs. The dean accepted the invitation and came before the audience in his white surplice, a style of dress the natives had never seen before. After the service Mr. Davis asked some of the men what they thought of the new *umfundisi's* preaching? "Well, replied one, "it was very good, just the same things we had heard before; but we were wondering all the time why the man did not *put his shirt inside of his trousers!*"

When Rev. W. J. Davis was living in Pietermaritzburg his little son John, a lad of four years, went too near to a chained lion in a neighbor's yard. It was called a pet lion, but was indeed so wild and vicious that no living thing was safe within the radius of his beat. The unsuspecting child stumbled within his reach, and the lion instantly felled him to the ground and set his great paw on poor little Johnny's head. There was great consternation among the bystanders, but none were able to deliver the child. Miss Moreland, a young lady with characteristic colonial presence of mind, seeing the peril of the child, ran up stairs and with her accordion in hand went to a window looking out upon the tragic scene, and with a shout, to arrest attention, played a tune for the entertainment of the so-called king of the woods, and he was so delighted with her kind intentions and musical talents that he released his prey and went the length of his chain toward his fair charmer, and stood in rapt attention. Johnny meantime got up and carried his precious little self off to his mother. He never thought of crying till he entered the house and saw how they were all excited about him, and then, quite out of danger, he had a good cry on his own account. John grew up to the stature of a tall man, and was delivered from him "who goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour."

On our way to Pietermaritzburg, having crossed into the lines of Natal, Mr. H., a very intelligent and influential man, gave Charles Pamla a solemn warning against coming into contact with Bishop Colenso, which led in substance to the following conversation:

"He is a learned, shrewd, dangerous man," said Mr. H., "and might shake your faith."

"Shake my faith in what?" inquired Charles.

"He might shake your faith in the truth of the Bible and in the divinity of Jesus Christ."

"I can't see how he could do that," replied Charles. "I proved the truth of the Bible and the divinity of Jesus Christ in my heart thirteen years ago. I was convinced of sin by the Holy Ghost according to the teachings of the Bible; I then walked after the Spirit according to the instructions of the word of God, and he led me to Jesus Christ. I gave my guilty soul to him and received him as my Saviour, and got the forgiveness of all

my sins through him. None but God can forgive sins. It was on the truth of God's word that I accepted him as my Saviour, and then, according to the true promises of God, he saved me from my sins, a thing I know he never could do if he were not God. He not only saved me thirteen years ago, but he has saved me every day since, and saves me now. These are the facts that I know, and I can't see how any man's infidel speculations can shake God's facts revealed in my heart, which prove to me the truth of his book."

"Ah! but the faith of many strong men has been shaken by Colenso," rejoined Mr. H., "and you should be careful not to put yourself in his way; he might do you serious injury."

"Well, now, Mr. H.," said Charles, "will you please give me the strongest argument Colenso ever raised against the truth of the Bible?"

"No, I should be afraid it might do you damage."

But Charles insisted on knowing the strongest thing Mr. H. could recall from Colenso's writings against God's book, and finally Mr. H. said, "Dr. Colenso shows, by an arithmetical calculation, that the Bible story about the ark breaks down; that it was impossible, according to the measurements given, for the ark to contain a pair of all the animals and seven of the clean animals, as stated in the story."

"Indeed," said Charles, "and that's it! Is that the strongest point the great man can make against the word of God?"

"He makes a strong case out of that, and I can't remember a stronger in his writings," replied Mr. H.; and Charles showed his splendid rows of ivory in a broad spontaneous laugh, peculiar to himself, and then said, "Well, now, seriously, Mr. H., whatever may be our ignorance of ancient measurements, the fact is, if God should command me to build an ark, give me the pattern and dimensions, furnish plenty of timber of the right sort for such a ship, and plenty of shipbuilders, and one hundred and twenty years to fulfill my contract, I'll warrant you I would make it big enough; and I have no doubt that old Noah was as sharp as any Kaffir in Africa."

JOHNNY DAVIS AND THE LION.

"The lion instantly felled him to the ground."—Page 482.

The fact is, taking the cubit at twenty-one inches, the measurements given in the narrative are adequate; but my Zulu took the bishop on his own ground. The Jews had a

measure called a cubit, the Chaldeans had a very different measure called a cubit, just as we have different measurements bearing the same name now; for example, a mile in Ireland is about one third longer than a mile in England, and an acre in England, Ireland, and Scotland represents in each country quite a different measurement of land. So Charles at a glance grasped the fundamental points in the story, those furnishing the clearest presumption of its truthfulness.

Some of the rivers of Natal abound with alligators, and many a poor fellow has been dragged down and devoured by them. Rev. Mr. Butler, an American missionary, was crossing the Umkumas River on horseback, when a huge alligator seized his leg. He held on for life to his horse, and dragged the savage beast ashore, and happily for him a number of Kaffir women were near, who ran to his rescue and beat the horrible creature off him. The wound, after a long time, was healed, but the minister never fully recovered.

Mr. Pincent, of D'Urban, in Mr. George Cato's judgment, though not an eloquent pleader, was the best law counselor in South Africa. After he had been forward with our seekers several times feeling after God his case, to his own mind, became desperate, and after giving me a statement of his rebellion against God he inquired, "Now, do you think there is any chance for such a vile creature as I am to be saved?"

He was regarded as a moral, right-minded man, but now the Holy Spirit had revealed to him, what every sinner must see before he will consent to God's terms of salvation, the exceeding sinfulness of sin.

I assured him that it is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners—even the very chief of sinners—and that if he would but surrender to God and accept Christ he would prove the truth of that glorious announcement straightway. We then went into the details of the struggle, and he was so sick of sin that I had but little difficulty in getting him to consent to a divorce from all sin and to accept God's will as the rule of his heart and life; but he stuck some time at the believing point. He wanted to pray on till God, for Christ's sake, would give him peace, and then he could believe. When I got him to see clearly that he must have confidence in a physician, and accept him before he could hope to be cured by him, he next stuck at the mystery involved in such a work. Realizing his antagonism to God's immutable laws, and that a judgment had been given and recorded against him in heaven's court under the clearly revealed law, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," "He that believeth not is condemned already," he could not see how it was possible for his legal relation to God's government to be adjusted so that he should be fully reconciled to God.

After fully explaining the Gospel plan of salvation by faith I finally got him down to the saving act of faith by the following illustration:

"Jesus Christ is our Advocate with the Father. Now, it is fair to presume that he understands his professional intricacies and difficulties. If he had not been perfectly qualified for that responsible position he would not have been admitted to the bar of heaven's court at all. Now suppose, Mr. Pincent, that one of your clients should elbow you round the corners of the street and keep insinuating, 'I can't see how you are to conduct my suit to a successful issue. I can't understand the complications of the case; it seems all dark to me, and I'm afraid you'll not succeed.' Then when the case comes on for trial in court, and your client insists on standing by you to tell you how to conduct the suit, and every few minutes gives you the benefit of his counsel, and dictates to you how you should attend to your own business, what would you do, sir? You would return him his brief straightway! Now, that illustrates your treatment of our Advocate with the

Father, Jesus Christ the righteous. If a client understood the business he would not employ an advocate, and when he employs one he thus admits that he does not understand it, but that his advocate does, and he allows his advocate to conduct the suit in his own way, and is not concerned to know the intricacies involved, but only the successful issue."

This being the last point in the penitential struggle of my lawyer, he thus saw it clearly, and at once gave his case fully and unreservedly into the hands of his heavenly Advocate; and that very day he got his discharge from the death sentence of the law in the court divine, certified in his heart by the Holy Spirit. The moment God saw that, under the leading of the awakening Spirit, he fully surrendered himself and accepted Christ, at the instance of his Advocate the Father justified him freely. Brother Pincent became a witness and worker for God, and very useful in leading poor sinners to Christ.

PERIL OF THE MISSIONARY BUTLER.
"A huge alligator seized his leg."—Page 484.

But, says a hypercritical soul, "Why make such a free use of a gentleman's name?" Suppose I ask why St. Luke gave the name of Sergius Paulus, the Governor of Cyprus, who believed under Paul's preaching, and why tell us that under his sermon on Mars' Hill one of the judges of that august court, Dionysius, was one among others who believed? Such facts judiciously stated block the game of a class of depreciative croakers, common in all countries, who are always ready to insinuate that the believers in Christ are a sorry set of weak-minded souls, composed largely of superannuated old women and little children; and then, when such are forestalled by such examples as Governor Paulus and Judge Dionysius, they are greatly shocked that the names of such should come to light.

I made an allusion to Mr. Pincent's conversion in Cape Town, and one of those hypercritics made a blow in the papers about it, no doubt expecting to turn even my lawyer against me for using his name; but I had the pleasure of stating at my next service that it was by Mr. Pincent's own authority that I made use of his name, he having said to me,

"So much of my life has been wasted that for the rest of it I wish my time, talents, and testimony all used in any way that will promote the glory of God and the salvation of sinners, and you are at liberty to make any use of my name you like for such purposes."

In the colony of New South Wales eight lawyers received Christ at our meetings, and one of them, a barrister and crown prosecutor, was used by the Holy Spirit in the salvation of a number of prominent men in the colony.

My friend, Mr. George Cato, drove me twenty miles to Amanzimtote, one of the American mission stations, for a couple of preaching services, through a pioneer interpreter, Mr. Joseph Kirkman, who was the speaking medium for Rev. Dr. Adams and Rev. A. Grant, American missionaries there from the year 1838.

George C. Cato, Esq., was Consul of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, Consular Agent for the United States of America for Natal, merchant, sugar planter, free counselor on all colonial matters, agent for the American missionaries, and liberal patron of good things. He was a citizen of the country worthy of a much larger space than my limits will allow; but the following extract of a letter from him will furnish illustrative glimpses into the character of the man, colonial pioneer life, and the then recent work of God:

"NATAL, *January* 13, 1867.

"MY DEAR AND BELOVED FRIEND: It was with unspeakable pleasure that I read your two notes you very kindly wrote me, the last one written near St. Helena. We prized the likeness of yourself and your good wife that you sent, and shall respect the giver while life shall last. It is not very likely we shall forget you. Some of us in this country reckon things and times by epochs, such as when the Zulus came down on the natives here, but finding them cooking human flesh so disgusted them that they would not soil their assagais by killing the cannibals, and hence left the country; then the arrival of the Dutch Boers; then the Zulu war, which a good and wise Providence allowed to sweep off all the old English residents, who were living with and like the natives, and who, if they had remained alive, would have been the cause of much cold-blooded murder. Then the first occupation by British troops; then their leaving and giving up the country to the Dutch; then their coming back again, and our fight, and my being made prisoner and put in irons by day and stocks by night; then the first and second flood of the Umgani River, and our starting at midnight with a boat, to see if any of the residents of the lowlands were in danger, and saving the Smith family, who had got to a small hill, and were then standing in water breast high; then the arrival of Bishop Colenso, one of the most extraordinary men I ever knew, and beyond my poor comprehension; then the arrival and final departure of our good governor, one of my best friends, Mr. Scott, with a few smaller advents, until the coming and going of not the least of my remarkable days—when you came and went.

"I don't wish you any harm, but I wish the chapter of accidents would just land you here again. I have come to the conclusion in my own mind that human nature is human nature under all circumstances, and a predominant feature thereof is an insatiable greed, never satisfied; some crave one thing and some another. Consequently if you think there are not souls enough to be saved here to satisfy your craving, then we will annex the Zulu country and the Dutch inland. I think you would find enough here to make stars for your crown, and we should welcome you in all love and respect. I cannot conceive that you will find a country where your good would be more enduring than it appears to be here. As a matter of course, I know the fountain from which this good comes, and that strengthens my argument: you had the approval of your Master. Since you left I saw a letter from

one of my friends to another, saying that he was at church the other night, and if I had been there I should have been delighted, as the bishop said during his sermon that some men were specially gifted by God with powers to awaken their fellow-men; that these powers did not depend upon great learning, but were a special gift to convey his messages to mankind; that we may not scrutinize the messenger too narrowly, but must obey his message. Among such men he named a Wesley, a Whitefield, a Spurgeon, and a Taylor. Now, after that I think you had better come back."

It may be worthy of remark that near the close of our campaign Bishop Colenso called at the house of my host, Mr. J. H. Grant, in D'Urban, to see me, saying, "I wanted to see you and shake hands with you before you leave. God has given you your work to do, and you are doing it, and he has called me to another work, and I am doing my work. You don't suppose all who have been brought in at your meetings will stand, do you?"

I replied, "I certainly do suppose that the most of them will stand to the death; but a few of them, owing to their very bad habits, bad associations, and the influence of bad examples, may relapse into sin."

Our interview being short, but little passed between us beyond the facts given. I could readily see how by his kind, gentlemanly manner he won the friendship of many persons, who said they received him as a gentleman without any reference to his ecclesiastical character and relations.

Francis Harvey, Sr., of Verulam, was one of the natural curiosities of the colony. The following scrap from his journal may suffice to introduce him:

"This happy morning, at five o'clock, the exact anniversary of my birth seventy-four years since, I find myself, by the special favor and goodness of Almighty God, in superior health and energy of body, and rich in the full enjoyment of every faculty and power of mind, intellectual, emotional, and spiritual, as much so as at any former anniversary of my entrance on life's pathway; and in all and everything of blissful possession and sublime hope I cannot believe there exists in Africa, or in the wide world, one more blest, or more conscious of entire unworthiness of the least of all God's mercies."

At the first service held in D'Urban by Bishop Colenso on his arrival in the colony Father Harvey was present, and tells the following:

"The bishop entered the plain church as it was then, walked to the pulpit, sat down, and made a scrutinizing survey of the rustic audience. I being the oldest man in the house, with a white beard, he no doubt thought I was a vestryman, and came down the aisle to me and said, 'Are you an officer in the church, sir?'

"'Yes, sir, I am the superintendent of the Sabbath school and a local preacher in the Wesleyan Establishment.'

"'Ah, ah, indeed!' replied the bishop with an air of disappointment, and walked back to the pulpit.

"After a little he came to me again and said, 'Have you been long in this country?'

"'Yes, sir, about ten years.'

"'What induced you at your time of life to come so far?'

"'I had some promising sons for whom I thought I could do better in a new country.'

"'From what part of England did you come?'

"'Cornwall, sir; where your father used to live before he removed to Devonshire. I used to go to school to your uncle William, in Cornwall.'

"By this time all who were sitting near became quite interested.

"'My uncle William?' inquired the bishop.

"'Yes, sir, your uncle, William Colenso; I went to school to him many a long day. He was a Wesleyan local preacher like myself.' Sensation among the listeners!"

The bishop took it very kindly, and soon returned to the pulpit. He left the old officer in the Wesleyan Establishment.

One of Colenso's friends in Verulam was telling Father Harvey about the bishop's eloquent sermon there the Sabbath preceding my visit, and said that nothing could come up to it. Harvey did not join issue with him on the merits of the sermon, but said:

"See a silversmith with a beautiful tiny hammer, hammering the link of a delicate gold chain, and then look at one of Nasmyth's mighty hammers, twenty-five tons in weight, stroke after stroke, crashing down on red-hot iron. Imagine a moonbeam reposing on the crest of an iceberg, in contrast with Nebuchadnezzar's furnace!"

Stirring incidents there were, too, and enough to fill a volume, but my space will admit only a few. I will insert one from Pamla's work, as given by Charles:

"A heathen man at the Inanda, near Verulam, came to one of my meetings when I was there. After preaching, when I called for penitents, the heathen man came forward. I asked him, 'Do you give up your sins?'

"'What sins?' he asked.

"I replied, 'Man, don't you know what sins are?'

"'I never did commit any sins.'

"'What, did you never quarrel or fight with the people?'

"And then he got up immediately and looked in my face and was very angry. He said, 'What sort of a preacher are you? Do you think you are a better preacher than our preachers here? You are not. It is not a sin to hit another man. Why did David kill Goliath? Now, if David was a good man and could do that, it is not a sin. I may fight too. Do you think that I would let another man come and kill me? No.'

"I told him that David was allowed by God to kill Goliath because Goliath was a great enemy. 'You are allowed to defend your country and kill people in battle, but not at home.'

"The next time he came to my meeting he told me that he was a great sinner, and kneeled down, gave up his sins, received Christ, and found peace."

At my last service in Verulam forty-two souls entered into liberty. A man said, "Mr. Garland, go and talk to that poor fellow; he is a Roman Catholic and needs help."

Garland went to him and said, "Are you willing to give up all your sins and surrender your soul to God?"

"I have done that, sir," replied the Catholic.

"Are you willing on the faith of God's record to accept Christ as your Saviour?"

"I have accepted him, sir."

"When did you accept him?"

"To-night, sir, since I knelt down here."

"Does he save you from your sins?"

"Yes, sir; he has saved me. I feel it! I know it; he's my blessed Jesus!

A young colonist among the seekers, who received Christ and obtained the renewing of his Holy Spirit, at once went to work in his blunt simplicity to help his struggling friends to come to Jesus, and was made a blessing to some; he said to a young friend who was weeping and praying, "Believe, Jim! accept Christ now! Do it sharp, as I did!"

His friend came to the point, believed "sharp," and was saved.

CHAPTER XXX.

Conclusion at Cape Colony.

ONE day soon after my return from Africa to England, as I was entering the Wesleyan Mission House in London, Rev. William Boyce, who had been a pioneer missionary in Africa, and was at the time of my call one of the missionary secretaries, said to me: "Mr. Taylor, I thank you for the article you wrote for the *Graham's Town Journal* on aggressive mission work in Africa. I had it inserted in *The Watchman* and *The Methodist Recorder*, of London. Whenever I get too old to receive and indorse a new idea I shall want to die. Good men here are continually eulogizing the old men, saying, 'The fathers! the fathers! the fathers!' I tell them it is a mercy to the living that the old fathers are dead. They are worthy of all honor as God's servants. They had their day, and did grand service in their day, but they became in a measure fossilized and could not expand with the progressive spirit of this age, and became obstructives. I want to die before I reach that stage." The following is the article as it was written in October of 1866:

The establishment of a mission station in a purely heathen country appears to require something like the foundations of a new State, civil and religious. A large grant of land is secured from the chief, with treaty stipulations that while the mission station is his, the missionary being answerable to him for the good conduct of the people in this new community, the chief is not to interfere with the internal government of the mission people. It is, indeed, designed to be a model of Christian government, embodying Gospel teaching, schools for education, mechanical industries, in short, a miniature Christian nation, for the government of which a heathen chief has no qualifications. The mission station, too, is by consent of parties a sanctuary to which all persecuted people under suspicion of witchcraft, or other undefinable offenses, may flee and be safe while they remain there. The missionary practically becomes the chief of this mission tribe. He is the minister, the magistrate, the superintendent of the schools, and often the teacher as well, the master mechanic, the patron in general of all the arts of civilization which the heathen should learn, and he soon gets work enough on his hands fully to employ and often utterly consume his energies and his life.

The uninitiated, especially now that heathenism in these parts is awed by the presence of English colonial governments, can form no adequate idea of the complicated difficulties our missionary fathers had to encounter in planting the Gospel standard in this empire of darkness; and far be it from me to indulge a thought or drop an insinuation reflecting on their wisdom or fidelity in establishing the missions just as they did. They have done their work nobly, and many of them have already received of the Master the "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." While they enjoy the glory of God in heaven let them be honored by men on earth.

But now that they have established a base of operations the time will come, and, I believe, has come, when we should from this base develop a more simple, direct, eco-

nomical, and a more thoroughly effective system of evangelization for the conquest of the entire continent. The necessity for such a movement may be seen from the following facts: According to published statistics there are in the Cape Colony and Natal nearly half a million of African natives. It is believed by old missionaries and others who have the best means of forming an approximately correct idea in the absence of a census that the different tribes of Kaffraria amount in the aggregate to at least two hundred and fifty thousand souls. [Rev. E. Solomon says three hundred thousand.] Add to these the tens of thousands embraced in the lines of the Bechuana district and in the Free State, and we shall have nearly a million natives within the bounds of our South African missions. Among all this mass of heathen population, accessible to the Gospel, according to last year's report (1865), we have 8,247 church members.

We have up to this day but one Christian ruling Kaffir chief, and his is the only Kaffir tribe that has to any great extent received Christ, the great majority of our stations being composed of Fingoes. This vast field white for the harvest, to say nothing of the millions of souls in the interior, calls loudly for additional laborers, while the Missionary Society is calling out for retrenchment. Now what is to be done? I would not give up to the authority of heathen chiefs the mission stations which have grown up under the civil administration of the missionary, as in the case of Shawbury. Let them remain as seats of education and cities of refuge as long as such a protective arrangement may be necessary.

But unless a very clear providential necessity should arise let no more mission stations be established on that plan. Education and all other appliances of civilization will follow in the wake of Gospel triumphs, and should be amply provided for, but if all these must precede the Gospel, or go abreast with it, as part of the missionary's work, they will so circumscribe and trammel his movements that he will have but little time and strength left for carrying the war into Africa beyond the lines of the station.

I do not propose any fundamental changes in our itinerant system, but having our mission stations with all their resources, with the Bible in Kaffir, Zulu, and other African languages, I would respectfully submit what I believe to be the best method of greatly increasing the working effectiveness of our missions without greatly increasing the cost to the Missionary Society of carrying them on. I don't propose any new plan, but the old plan so successfully worked by St. Paul and his fellow-missionaries. I will give an outline of what I regard the purely evangelical platform.

The Gospel is adapted to humanity in all its forms, from the most learned philosopher to the most degraded heathen. All the knowledge essential to the salvation of a poor heathen may be acquired in a very short time—his pollution of soul by sin, his guilt, his condemnation and exposure to penalty, his bondage to Satan, and that God hath provided and now offers to him in Christ a ransom, a cleansing fountain, an almighty Deliverer. Through the quickening power of the Holy Spirit he may learn all this under the preaching of a single Gospel sermon or even under the prophetic witnessing of a few laymen. "If all prophesy, and there come in one that believeth not"—a poor skeptic, who had heard but did not believe these Gospel tidings—"or one unlearned"—a poor heathen who knew nothing about them—"he is convinced of all, he is judged of all: and thus are the secrets of his heart made manifest;" and so falling down on his face he will worship God, and, finding salvation in Christ, will be able as a witness for Jesus to "report that God is in you of a truth."

The Gospel plan not only embraces pastors and teachers for the watchcare and edification of the Church, but also apostles, prophets, and evangelists, for the development

and effective employment of the combined forces of the Church in bold aggressions into the kingdom of darkness. The Acts of the Apostles, extending through a period of over thirty years, though full of thrilling history, was not written merely as history, but the Holy Spirit evidently designed thus to illustrate the practical application and effects of Gospel principles, doctrines, and methods necessary to the salvation of the world.

Every fact, therefore, is an authoritative teaching fact, and every character portrayed a representative character. Nearly the whole record of facts, from the travels and labors of Barnabas and Paul and their coadjutors, authoritatively teach and illustrate God's own methods of spreading the Gospel. Whether in Jerusalem, at the great Pentecost, or subsequently in Antioch, Athens, Corinth, or Ephesus, and all other illustrative examples given us by St. Luke, the plan was to consecrate for action their most effective forces daily, and thus they added daily to the Church such as were saved.

This is not at all in conflict with the ordinary methods of exhortation, edification, and comfort of believers, and individual efforts to win souls to Christ. The aggressive methods should not be allowed, in any degree, to supersede the ordinary means. Like the various departments of military warfare, they are so many essential parts of one great plan. The recruiting, daily drill, reconnoitering, and skirmishing are not to supersede the forward march of the grand army; nor are the victorious charges of the grand army to do away with these preliminary departments of the service. Special revival efforts, to be sure, involve hazards, as all great movements do. When the Church maketh increase of herself by ordinary means only, the increase is principally of those who have been under training in her Sunday schools and stated ministry, persons whose general moral character and associations would be a guarantee for their good behavior as church members, whether they were truly converted to God or not; whereas a special revival effort is like dragging the great net, bringing up all sorts of fish, rendering it necessary to select the good and throw the bad away, as the Saviour illustrates. On the other hand, I believe that nearly one third of the converts in a great revival were nominal members of the Church at the time of their conversion.

After many years of patient drilling and preparation in Southern Africa we have recently tried this Gospel method of a daily concentration of effort for a few days together in different places. In every place there has been a hearty cooperation of ministers and people. God hath in every instance owned their labors and crowned them with success, so that in Cape Colony, Kaffraria, and Natal, during the space of five months and twenty days, the ministers, on a personal examination of each case, with record of name and address, reported over four thousand souls converted to God. [That turned out to be but the first gathering of the harvest as we went along, but the full returns a few weeks later swelled the aggregate to 6,849.] Over one thousand of these are whites, a large majority of them natives under training on the mission stations, with a good sprinkling of heathen. Probably one fourth, or more, of the whole were nominal members of the Church. On at least two of our large mission stations the missionaries say all their people are now converted, and hence such another harvest on the same field cannot soon be gathered, but with good drilling these communities can make new aggressions into the regions beyond. The unsaved millions of this continent belong to the heritage of Jesus, and should be brought home to his fold. Plenty of work for everybody.

Let every believer be always trying to save somebody. How shall we best conserve and extend this great work of God? I can only plead for a fair trial of the apostolic plan. What is the ordinary mode of aggression beyond our base—the mission stations?

I believe it is to send out local preachers as pioneers among the heathen kraals every Sunday, with an occasional tour and periodical services by the missionary, when his unceasing pressing duties on the station allow it. After the labor of years a little society is formed, composed, it may be, of a few superannuated old heathen women and an old pauper man or two. This society, under the title of an out-station, is to the surrounding heathen an exponent of Christianity, a representation to their minds of the work of the great God we tell them about, and but excites their scorn and contempt. We, however, pity their ignorance, and go on fostering this little society till in the progress of years it grows to a respectable church, and a really good work is done and many souls saved; but the mass of its contemporaneous heathen have meantime gone down to perdition.

Now, in addition to this plan, in humble reliance on the broad charter of the Gospel and the power of the Holy Ghost, I would select a few of the best native preachers in the country. We would then go into the principal centers of population and by all legitimate means arrest the attention of the people and dispute with them daily, till the God of battles would give us one thousand or three thousand souls, according to the extent of the available population. We would immediately organize a church and establish good discipline under an effective pastorate. From such a center, under the influence of such an exhibition of the saving power of Jesus, we would send forth into the neighboring kraals local preachers and all sorts of lay agency, and give them healthy exercise and good vantage ground for winning souls. So soon as we should thus get the work in a new field thoroughly organized we would strike our tents and be off to another great center of population, and so speak that a great multitude would believe. By and by Barnabas and Mark could go to Cyprus, while Paul, Silas, Timothy, and Luke should press their way into new and more extensive fields.

In praying the God of the harvest to send forth laborers into our new fields, whether as evangelists, pastors, or teachers, we would expect that most of them would be native Africans, who would gladly submit to the general superintendency of the white missionaries so long as the providential necessity for such agency might exist.

This will lead us to consider the Kaffir standard of ministerial education.

Nearly every Kaffir you meet is an orator. Their power as law pleaders is proverbial, and every Kaffir child speaks its language correctly. Rev. Mr. Appleyard, who has given to the Kaffirs the whole Bible in their own language, told me that he never heard a Kaffir make a grammatical blunder in speaking the Kaffir language. To teach a Kaffir Latin and Greek, to prepare him to preach to Kaffirs, in a language without a literature, is not only a waste of time, but is likely to remove him, in his feelings, modes of thought, and habits of life, so far above his people as greatly to weaken their mutual sympathy and in many ways increase the difficulty of his access to them. Of course we would not object to the multiplication of such men as Rev. Tyo Soga; but shall the car of salvation stand still and millions of heathen perish while we are waiting for the schools to turn out such agents as he?

When the tribes of Africa become Christianized and civilized they may require a high literary standard of ministerial education, and would also have the facilities and the men to use them. For the present our Kaffir ministers should be able to read and write well in their own language, and, so far as practicable, to read and write the English tongue. They should be holy men of God, called by the Holy Ghost to preach the Gospel, men thoroughly instructed in our doctrines and discipline; men who individually feel that "Woe is me if I

preach not the Gospel," and who have gifts, grace, and fruit; men who will cheerfully consent to go anywhere this side the gates of perdition to save sinners, ever ready to preach or to die for Jesus.

Where are we to get the money for such a work? Whenever we shall succeed by the renewing power of the Holy Spirit in getting a great multitude converted to God we should say to them, "God designs you to be men, and not a set of children to be hanging on the coat tail of some foreign *umfundisi*. We will together thank God for sending missionaries over the sea to give you the Gospel, and we will always reverence and love them; but now that you have embraced the Gospel, God requires you to support and extend it. He hath given you land, grain, and cattle in abundance; he hath given you heads, and hearts, and hands; and now, through faith in Jesus, you have received the gift of eternal life. Now you need a chapel, a preacher's house, and schoolhouse, and God expects every one of you to help in this great work." We would at once show them the plans, and systematically organize them for the work. A little sweep was seen in a snowstorm running down a street in New York city. "Hallo, Jack! which way are you going?" "I'm going to the missionary meeting; I've a share in the concern; I gave a shilling to it last Sunday."

Thus we would give every saved heathen a share in the concern. Drawing them out of the channels of their heathenish habits, we would give them plenty of new and useful employment, and allow them no time for backsliding. We would thus make our infant churches self-sustaining from the start. St. Paul's new churches among the heathen were not only self-supporting, but gave liberally for the support of their poor widows, and for the poor Jews in Judea besides. In some cases, to be sure, St. Paul refused to receive a support for himself, but it was no doubt because he was establishing for the Church God's own system of finance, and he would not leave a peg on which his slanderers might hang a suspicion that his grand financial scheme was for his own personal advantage. According to this system every one of them was expected to lay by in store—the first day of every week, according as the Lord had prospered them—at least a tenth of their net income, with free-will offerings besides, according to God's ancient law for mankind, and to which the Jews of those days yielded ready obedience.

While we have the poor with us, and while the Gospel is preached by men, this law will be necessary, and hence obligatory.

Our native ministers would not require more than one fourth of what is necessary to support a foreign missionary. It would not be best to raise them above the people too fast, but to advance as fast as they could raise their people with them. We would promise our men plenty of hard work, hard fare, and a martyr's crown if they could fairly win it; and they would have an opportunity, no doubt. This brings to view a glimpse of the moral effect of such a movement upon the Church. Mr. George Cato said to me the other day, "Why is it that the Gospel has so little effect upon the Mohammedans?"

"Mohammedanism," I replied, "is so bitter in its opposition to Christianity, and has such a tenacious hold upon its devotees, that the mild conservative type of modern Christianity is not adequate to grapple successfully with such an organization of superstition and sin; nor, indeed, to gain very fast on heathenism or successfully to resist the inroads of infidelity and worldliness, even in Christian countries."

I felt it to be a humiliating confession to have to make, but does not the logic of facts prove its truth? But let us have a healthy development of the essential aggressive spirit of the Gospel, carrying the glad tidings from city to city, and from country to country, ac-

cording to the Gospel precedents adduced—now a chief or king converted to God, now an evangelist martyred, now a city conquered—the sympathy, prayers, and cooperation of every Christian in the world would be freely invested in such an enterprise. Everybody would be inquiring daily about the progress of the great work of God in its grand march to the conquest of the world.

We would thus have a living thing worthy of God and humanity and adequate to its ends. Such a work would wake the heroic elements of man's nature. How they are brought out by the tocsin of war! Within the last five years nearly a million of men have laid down their lives on the altar of patriotism. A low type of Christianity that does not enlist and employ the whole man sinks down to a formal secondary thing with him, and the active elements of his nature are carried off into other channels of enterprise. The heroic power of man's nature, enlisted and sanctified by the Holy Spirit, is essentially the old martyr spirit which kept the Gospel chariot moving in the olden time. What had Garibaldi ever to offer to his soldiers? But did he ever call in vain for an army of heroes ready to do or die? He knew how to arouse the heroic element of men's hearts.

Every passion and power of the human mind and heart should be sanctified by the Holy Spirit to the purposes for which they were designed. There is no field of enterprise to which the heroic element of our nature is better adapted or more needed than the great battlefield for souls, enlisting all the powers of hell on the one side and all the powers of heaven on the other. What an heroic record the gospels give of the labors, sufferings, death, and resurrection of the Captain of our salvation and the noble army of martyrs trained under his personal ministry!

Give these Gospel methods of aggression a fair trial in Southern Africa. Hundreds of natives who have recently been converted to God can read and write, and we also have many native whites who are as well acquainted with the Kaffir language as with the English. With such resources, under continued and improved facilities of education, and the fostering care of our faithful missionaries now in the field, the God of the harvest would, doubtless, raise up all the laborers the increasing demands of the work might require. The native agency already employed by our missionaries at Fort Peddie, Annshaw, Morley, and elsewhere has been worked very satisfactorily, and the four native brethren just admitted as candidates for the ministry promise great usefulness to the Church.

Such a movement as we have described would, under the leading of the Holy Spirit, bring out hundreds of Africa's sons who would gladly share the greatest hazards of missionary life. They would not unnecessarily provoke persecution; would patiently endure it, or flee from one city to another if necessary; but if such should be manifestly the will of God they would die for Jesus as cheerfully as the martyrs of the apostolic age.

My convictions of the importance of this movement, and my desire to help my dear brethren in the full development of this plan in practical effect in Southern Africa, have so occupied my mind and heart that for months past I have been praying to God that if it were his will to adjust my family and Conference relations to this work and call me to it I would gladly spend and be spent in this great battle for African souls. I have, however, finally come to the conclusion that God designs the glorious work here to be carried on by others, and will employ me in the same work in some other part of the world.

If my fellow-laborer, Brother Charles Pamla, and a few others were set apart as were

Barnabas and Saul for this work, and properly sustained in it, I believe the Holy Ghost would do a work through them that he could not so readily do through me.

Let this aggressive method, so fully illustrated in the Acts of the Apostles, be adopted and wisely worked throughout the world, and we would, under the Holy Ghost, develop a healthy, heroic spirit of Christianity which would throw off the incubus of unbelief and spiritual death against which it is struggling, and would enable her successfully to grapple with the insidious forms of worldliness and sin in Christian countries, with Mohammedanism and all forms of heathenism. Then the darkness would soon be past. The dismal cry, "Watchman, what of the night?" would be heard no more. Then we should see the mellow light of millennial glory reposing on the tops of the mountains. The glory of the Lord would be revealed, and all flesh would see it together. The jubilant shout of the final victory of our all-conquering King would pass along the lines of the sacramental hosts and be echoed back from every island, mountain, and continent, "Hallelujah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

October 18, 1866.

"Paul said unto Barnabas, Let us go again and visit our brethren in every city where we have preached the word of the Lord, and see how they do." Would that I could do the same in Africa! I will, however, take my dear reader to those places where I have preached the word of the Lord, and we will learn from the brethren how they do. From the most reliable sources I will respectfully submit statistics and facts which will at least furnish an index to the manifest extent of the work of God in those fields during my sojourn in South Africa and up to the time of my departure; and although my limited space will not allow a review in consecutive order I will select from a large amount of interesting matter in hand a few facts illustrative of the subsequent progress of the work.

Rev. Thomas Guard, in a letter dated November 14, 1866, says:

"I have been to Somerset, to Queenstown, and to Fort Beaufort since your visit to those towns, so that I am able to give you the latest information respecting the progress of the work.

"Last Tuesday was a thanksgiving day of our church in this city (Graham's Town). Thanks for rain; thanks for payment of debt on our chapel—three thousand pounds; thanks for the grace of God in connection with your ever-to-be-remembered visit—showers of rain, of gold, of grace, but the greatest of these is grace; and I am glad to assure you the grace abides. Classes, prayer meetings, Sunday and week day preaching services, all continue to evince the power and mercy of the God of hosts. In Queenstown nothing could be more delightful than the state of our society, 'in fellowship, breaking of bread, and prayers.' I could see the change more clearly than you, as I had been there but a short time before your visit. Dugmore is in a most heavenly state of mind, and preaches with unwonted might and unction. In Beaufort, Brother Wilson rejoices over the most prosperous and growing state of spiritual life. In Somerset, especially in the country, whither many, who were converted in town, carried back the flame, the good work triumphs, and finds in Brother Edwards an indefatigable overseer.

"Cradock is remarkably advancing; every service adds souls to Christ; the town is all afire with zeal and love. Those brought to God in this city, with very few exceptions, stand fast in the faith. One or two young people, of whom we had some doubts, have gone aside; but we trust to see them reclaimed or really converted."

Annshaw heads the list as to the numbers saved during the season of refreshing.

Rev. Brother Lamplough, by letter, November 7, 1866, says:

"Charles arrived at home all right, and very glad I was to see him again, though I am thankful to say I have got a first-rate interpreter; indeed, I think he surpasses Charles in that line, and is also a very powerful preacher, though in the latter work we have no one here to come up to Charles. I am very pleased that Charles went with you to Natal, and that you had such a glorious journey. It is truly wonderful to hear of all the wonders wrought by the Lord among the heathen in so short a time. . . . You will be pleased to hear that the work still continues to progress in this circuit. I have lost count almost of numbers; but at least one thousand two hundred profess to have found peace with God on this circuit, and there seems every reason to believe that we shall have a fresh ingathering on a large scale soon. The clear experience of those who, until just lately, were heathen, and the wonderful way in which the little children speak about the things of God is most astonishing. The last quarterly visitation for tickets was one of the most delightful seasons I have ever experienced."

Rev. Thomas Kirkby, junior missionary in Verulam, in a letter published in the *Missionary Notices* for September, 1867, gives the following interesting account of the death scene of a Christian Zulu girl who was brought from heathendom to the mission station to die:

"When told that she must die, 'O,' she said, 'I am not afraid. I have been ready many days.' It was about ten days afterward that she departed. About midnight, when all but the sick girl were fast asleep, a sound stole across to the ears of the sleepers who were near her, a sound which came from the dying girl as she talked with the Invisible. She was praying the last prayer, and these were some of the words that the waking listeners heard: 'O, Lord, come and meet me!' One of the women asked her if she needed anything. She told her to call her father, and then told him to pray for her; and when he had given expression to his desires for his child's safety he asked her how she felt in prospect of death. 'O,' she said, 'it is all right now! God is with me! I am safe!' and then came the last struggle. Ah! poor child, already she was in the cold river of death, and the water was deep; but He was there. Feeling anxious to leave a clear testimony, as well as to do what good she could, she said, 'Give me a little water that I may speak a little more. God may help me to say that which may do good.' The father then called to a neighbor and said, 'Come and hear my child; she is going to God. He has come to meet her.'

"Fixing her eye on something the dying girl appeared to see approaching, she slowly breathed out, 'The wagon is coming to—to—fetch me;' and with a last effort she said, 'It is here!' These were her last words."

As a closing illustration of the progress of the work of God and of his workers in South Africa I will insert a letter from Brother Charles Pamla:

"NEWTONDALE, *July* 18, 1867.

"I will tell you the great objections the heathen have been making against the work of God and against me.

"First objection: This man is trying to get all our people converted so as to get lots of tickets and class money, and also to increase his salary from the white men and become the richest native in Africa. We will not go near him to be converted by him and increase his salary.

"Second objection: This man, Pamla, got some poison from that white who took him

to Port Natal. He carries it in a black bag. He calls the foolish people to come to him and kneel down, so as to get at them and poison them, and then they become more foolish, and believe that they have been converted, when they are not. 'Tis not the work of God, for we never saw such a work before. If it is the work of God why did not the other ministers, who have been laboring amongst us before, do such things? We never saw so many people converted amongst us heathen before.

"Third objection, based on a false report: A stranger from Annshaw Circuit, who is a heathen, told the heathen round here, 'This is the very man who was removed from Annshaw by our white men because he was doing the same work there. The white men will soon find out that he is here cheating the people in this way, causing the people to give up their second wives and pleasures, and keeping services even during the week days. He deceives you because you are black, but the white men will soon find him out and drive him away.'

"Fourth objection, also based on a false report which went round as an alarm: 'Tell all the heathen people not to come near that man, for a person has just brought the news that the people who were converted by this man in all places before he came here are all dead, and it will be the same thing here soon.' When the new converts here heard this they said, 'If that be true we will go to heaven at once!' Their reply was a great disappointment to the enemies.

"Fifth objection, based on a reform from the drinking of Kaffir beer: Many of our mission people have given up the custom of drinking Kaffir beer, and have openly broken their beer pots. The enemies became very angry indeed, and said, 'What! what! breaking pots? breaking pots? We never heard of such foolishness before. Shortly something will happen.' They were specially shocked that their chief, Matomela, broke his beer pots and gave up the beer drinking, and the enemies said, 'What a pity we are under the British government! We would kill Charles Pamla because he is a false prophet and because he has persuaded our chief to give up our grandfathers' best food, which is beer, and if we had the power we would put Matomela out of his state as chief for giving up the beer, and put another in his place who would drink beer.'

"But notwithstanding all this opposition the work is growing stronger and stronger. We get fresh converts from the heathen every week—men, women, and children. Some of their chiefs and two of the richest heathen men in the country—Giba and Cwati—have been converted to God. Besides the converted chiefs I have named before I will add the name of Chief Mbilase. I will be able next time to tell you the number of converts gathered in since I was appointed to this circuit."

Brother Lamplough, at a later date, says that between six hundred and seven hundred were converted to God under Pamla's ministry during his five months' labor in his new circuit. Pamla continues:

"I have been preaching almost every day, except a few Fridays and Saturdays once a fortnight. Now I will tell you how I have answered some of those objections of the heathen. I went to the great place of Chief Fundakube, and laid these things before the chief. I then asked him to gather together his counselors and best men, and 'lay the subject before them, and select a heathen whom you all can trust, who can read the Kaffir Bible, and I'll debate my cause with them.' The chief and his people were very glad, and so a day was appointed for the public discussion of all these points. The day appointed was a Monday.

Due notice was given, and at the time set there was a great gathering of our mission people and the heathen at the great place of Fundakube; but we found the chief and his party tipsy with Kaffir beer, so we appointed to come again on Thursday. When we came on Thursday we found them all right. They had selected a heathen man by the name of Mawomba, who was a great enemy to religion, well respected by the heathen, one whom they could trust and who could read the Kaffir Bible well. So we opened our service and took up the objections in their order. In regard to the first I said, 'I do not get any money from the white men for the new converts. If you like I will give you an order to go and draw in my name all the money which you say I get for the new converts from the white men. As for the ticket and class money, which amounts to a few shillings weekly, that goes to support the Gospel, and is almost nothing compared with what you pay the Kaffir doctors in oxen, goats, money, and Kaffir beer, while we furnish medicine to our members free.'

"They answered, 'Yes.'

"In regard to the second objection I said, 'I have no poison from Mr. Taylor. This converting power was an old work before Mr. Taylor was born. I have the Bible to prove that this work did not begin with me here nor with Mr. Taylor. Now we will take up that part of your objection about calling sinners to come to Christ and about them kneeling before the Lord their Maker to pray to him.' Then I called upon Mawomba to read from the Gospel by St. Matthew xi, 28, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Also Rev. xxii, 17, 'The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.'

"Mawomba read them distinctly, and I said, 'These passages refer to the calling of sinners to come to Christ; now, having been sent both by God and by his ministers, have I not a right to call sinners to repentance? In regard to penitents kneeling I will ask Mawomba to read the sixth verse of the 95th Psalm.'

"Mawomba read, 'O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker.' Then I said, 'Are you satisfied?'

"They answered, 'Yes.'

"'In regard to your objection about so many heathen converted in so short a time, and why the other ministers did not do the same work in the same manner, I answer, first, in regard to the work done by the ministers who have been laboring amongst you, they did a great work. They did the same work for our fathers who received the Gospel preached to them by those men of God. They bowed down on their knees also, and were not too proud to worship their great God and Creator, as you are now. But while many of our fathers were converted you were against the ministers who labored amongst you. I know what sort of feelings you had against the word of God and against those ministers. You were not their friends at all.

"'When you went to hear them preach you at once began to talk to each other, and said, "What has he been saying?" Another answered, "He was talking about some wind in the air which he called God." Another says, "He was talking about death and dead people." Another replies, "What have we to do with dead people? We are not dead." Another adds, "He says after we are all dead then we will all go to hell." Then they all laughed and said, "We be all dead, who will go to hell?"'

"This is but an example of the bad feeling and prejudice of nearly all the heathen people against the word of God, then and now, and that is the reason why the Gospel has not been

more successful among them. I then told them how ungrateful it was for them to say anything against the old ministers, for it was through them, and especially Mr. Ayliff, that their fathers were led out of Kaffir bondage (for they were Fingo heathen), and that thousands of them had since been converted to God.

"At this point they replied, 'Our complaint is not that the people are being converted, but that so many are converted in so short a time.'

"I then asked Mawomba to read the forty-first verse of the second chapter of the Acts, and he read, 'Then they that gladly received his word were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls.' Also the third and fourth verses of the fourth chapter, 'And they laid hands on them, and put them in hold unto the next day: for it was now eventide. Howbeit many of them which heard the word believed; and the number of the men was about five thousand.' Then I said, 'What have you to say to that? About three thousand souls converted in one day, and about five thousand converted on another day.'

"I then told them about the great work of God with Mr. Taylor among the English at Algoa Bay, Graham's Town, King William's Town, and the same work among the natives at Annshaw and all round, right up to Port Natal, where there was also a great work among the English. Then I said, 'Now I will tell you what those people get who come and kneel down as penitents, whom you say I poison;' and I called on Mawomba to read to them from Rom. v, 1–3, 'Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God. And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also.'

"I then explained to them the new birth which these new converts had experienced, and got Mawomba to read to them a part of the third chapter of John, 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.' I told them when the penitents are thus born of God the new law of God is written by the Holy Ghost in their hearts; and I got Mawomba to read Matt. xxii, 37, 39, 'Jesus said unto them, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. . . . Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' I explained it to them, and showed the proofs of it in the lives of the converts. After all this talk Mawomba stood up and read the fourth verse of the 150th Psalm, to try to support their Kaffir-beer dancing feasts, 'Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.'

"In my reply I said, 'How do you explain that passage? Did David mean that dancing which the heathens and drunkards do in worshiping the devil? I ask you, father, did David mean that the people should worship the devil instead of the true God?'

"Mawomba said, 'I can't explain it. You will please explain it to me.'

"I said, 'David feared God, and would not do anything which would displease God. He had a harp that he played in worshiping God, just as the English have an organ in their churches to assist them in singing praise to God. Again, David praised God with all his things; all he had was devoted to God, even his pleasures were done unto God.' I saw that the man's pride was gone and that his power failed him, and he stood up and said, 'I never understood these things so clearly as I do to-day, both in regard to the work of revival and my own questions.' [A Kaffir is a noble antagonist; when fairly beaten in argument he will promptly and honestly own it.]

"Then the great chief Fundakube said, 'No man after these things which have been

done to-day should ever complain against the great work of God. We are all satisfied. Our own man has read these things out of the book of God.'

"'Then I said, 'Who can prevent me from calling sinners to-day to come and kneel down before God?'

"'The chief replied, 'No one can prevent you; your way is clear; but we will go home to-day, and we will think over these things. We are all well pleased, and will hear you again.' Our meeting then adjourned."

I arrived in Cape Town from my tour, as before described, about the 20th of October, 1866. I found my youngest, Henry Reed, in his mother's arms, about two months old. We held a successful series of meetings at Simon's Bay, twenty miles west, and soon after, with my dear wife and three, took the steamer *Norseman*, Union Line, for London. En route we visited at St. Helena the house in which Napoleon Bonaparte lived and the tomb in which he lay till removed to Paris.

WILLIAM TAYLOR.
From a London photograph, 1867.

Part Sixth.

ENGLAND AND THE INDIES, WEST AND EAST.

CHAPTER XXXI.

In the Home of Methodism and the West India Islands.

WE came by the steamer *Norseman* from Cape Town to London, arriving a few days before Christmas, 1866. Myself and wife and four sons—for one whom we called Henry Reed had, as I have said, been added to our number in Africa—put up at a hotel facing St. Paul's Cathedral.

I entered without delay into evangelistic work in the leading Wesleyan chapels of that city. I labored a fortnight in connection with the pastorship of Rev. Gervase Smith, at old City Road, and quite a score of souls were brought to God, and there was a manifest quickening of the Church. It was interesting to hear the songs and shouts of praise on the old battleground where John Wesley lived, labored, and died. His grave and those of Richard Watson, Joseph Benson, Adam Clarke, and Sammy Bradburn, and other pioneer Methodist heroes, are in the cemetery adjoining the church.

The preacher's house, built by Mr. Wesley, is still in good repair, and occupied by the pastor of the church. Mr. Wesley's clock, an old-fashioned German clock, stands in a little hall at the head of the stairs, from which we enter to the left Mr. Wesley's study, or proceed directly into the upstairs parlor. That clock has been keeping the time of the

march of Methodism for more than one hundred years, and is still ticking the time of its widening way through all the zones of the globe.

I preached a fortnight in Great Queen Street Wesleyan Chapel, a week in King's Cross, another week in Highbury. Altogether I held special services from one to two weeks in sixteen different London circuits, including one series in a Presbyterian church in West End. We had usually from twenty to forty conversions in each place, but there was no swell of the tide communicating from one field of labor to another, so that we had to begin at the bottom at each place.

London is made up of perhaps a hundred cities in one, which are, except in topographical touch, as distinctly separated from each other as though they were a hundred miles away.

We had the hearty cooperation of the pastors and their people where we labored. I also preached a week in Wesley Church, in Derby, and had a blessed work there. My home in Derby was with Father Lamplough, the father of Rev. Robert Lamplough, with whom I labored at Annshaw mission in South Africa. Father and Mother Lamplough loved me for their son's sake.

About midwinter, while thus engaged in London, I received a letter from Henry Reed, requesting me to visit him at his home near Tunbridge Wells, thirty miles southeast of London. I had heard much about Henry Reed's successful work in Tasmania, but had not met with him personally. He had become acquainted with my work in Australia and Tasmania through his brother-in-law, the Hon. Mr. Grubb, and his family, who were in constant communication with him through the mails. I wrote him in reply that my engagements in London would fully occupy my time up to the 1st of May, 1867. So, in anticipation of my visit, he arranged to have me preach a week in the Wesleyan chapel at Tunbridge Wells. He owned a farm about a mile out of town, on which he had built a mansion which he named Dunorlan.

I arrived at the appointed time, and was most cordially received by Henry Reed and his noble wife. I was greatly impressed by his magnificent stature and symmetry, his striking, manly features, practical common sense, and cordial Christian spirit. His mansion cost about forty thousand pounds. He built his mansion through the charity of employing mechanics during a hard financial pressure, when they could not get work sufficient for the support of their families. Reed considered it a greater charity to give them employment and pay them fair wages for their labor than to give them money without the work.

His first wife had died and gone to heaven some years before, and he had but recently been united in marriage to an Irish lady, tall in stature, commanding in personal appearance, refined and intelligent, and an earnest Christian worker, and withal an able preacher of the Gospel.

Our week of special services was attended with blessed spiritual results. Among my helpers at the penitent altar was Mrs. General Booth, a woman of superior intelligence and education, comely in person, probably equal to William in most points, and superior in some. She was also stopping for the week at the mansion of Brother Reed; so I became pretty well acquainted with the sister. William Booth was then just commencing to organize his Salvation Army among the poverty-stricken masses.

My little boy Ross was with me during that visit to Mr. Reed's, and when I left he begged me to let Ross remain with him a few days. He took a great fancy to Ross. There was a magpie's nest in a tall pine tree that grew in the woodlawn of his mansion,

and he was overrun with magpies. He wanted that nest destroyed. He had no one that seemed able or willing to climb it. But my little eight-year-old fellow said, "Brother Reed, I can climb the tree."

"Are you sure you won't fall?"

"O, yes; I won't fall; I learned to climb trees in California."

So Ross climbed the tree and dislodged the magpie's nest. At the day appointed Mr. Reed gave him a letter of certification to good behavior and put him on the train for London, and he found his way to his mother and made his report.

When I had been but a day or two at Mr. Reed's mansion he handed me a little paper, and on opening it I found it was a check on a bank for a hundred pounds, which he wished me to accept as a present. I thanked him for his kindness, but informed him it was a principle with me not to receive presents from anybody, and passed it back to him. He stood silent for a few moments in apparent surprise; he had not been accustomed to meet men of that sort.

"But you sell books, do you not?" said he.

"Yes; I have two methods of extending the kingdom of Christ among men, the pulpit and the press. I depend on the press, by means of my books, to pay a big church indebtedness, support my family, and meet all my traveling expenses, all on the principle of business equivalents, and decline to receive gifts."

"Well," said he, "will you give me an open order on your binder for all the books I want to buy?"

"Yes, sir; that is business on my line."

So I gave him an order on Mr. T. W. Eggleton, my binder, for all the books he might require on my account. I never learned how many books he ordered. He circulated them extensively throughout Scotland, as well as in England and Ireland, and whenever he wanted to give me a lift he sent me a check on book account.

He was the only man who got a chance to help me found the self-supporting churches in India, out of which four Annual Conferences are being developed. I never asked him for anything; never hinted to him that I was in need of money, but in assisting to build houses of worship for our Indian churches I seldom ever felt the pressure of need that I did not receive a check from Brother Reed on book account.

One day he said in a letter containing fifty pounds, "The Lord Jesus told me to send this to you on book account." I replied by letter that it was "a great compliment to my books to get an order from the God-man who made the world."

I went across with my family in the spring of 1867 from London to the great exposition in Paris, and put up at the London Hotel. My boys had heard that the people of that city ate horses. At the dinner table my little Ross sat next to me on my left hand, and he saw me nibbling at the meat and tasting it, and he said to me, "That's horse, papa." I didn't certainly know whether it was horse or beef, but his remark raised a suspicion in my mind that abated my appetite for that day.

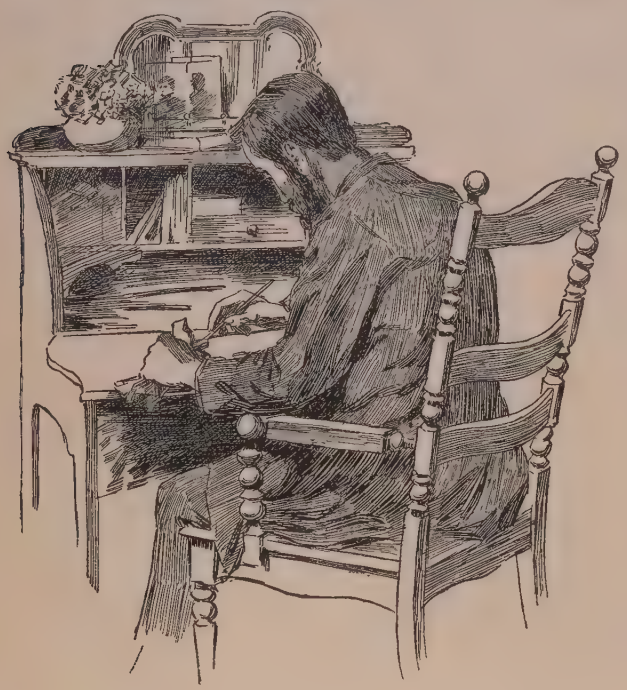
After two or three days of sight-seeing my wife and boys went to Lausanne, Switzerland, to spend the summer, and I returned to my evangelizing work in England and Ireland. In the fall my wife left Stuart behind to study French, and she and the three little boys joined me in England. Our boys were growing up, and hence required to stop traveling to get their education, and their mother felt it her duty to stop with them and take care of them and bring them up for God. And so she insisted on taking the three little boys and returning to her home in California. I was not yet ready to return to

California, and begged them not to leave me. I concurred with her judgment in relation to the education of the boys, but my great desire to be with my family rendered me quite unwilling to part with them, but much of my grief grew out of sympathy with their loneliness in my absence. I was partly relieved of that source of trouble when I said to my little Eddie, "Don't you want to stop with papa, and travel in England?"

"No," said he, "I want to go to California and see my dog."

So I consented to let them go.

Of course, I knew they greatly felt their loss of a father's presence, but in the attractions of a home they would have so many other things to occupy their attention that it would not be so hard for them probably as for me. So in the fall of 1867 they took steamer from Liverpool to New York. I said to my wife, "The Lord has intimated to me that, though I can't go with you, he will go with you and give you smooth seas and pleasant weather."



HENRY REED'S METHOD OF DOING IT.

"The Lord Jesus told me to send this to you on book account."—Page 505.

Immediately on her arrival in New York she wrote me saying that all the way across the Atlantic the sea was so smooth there was hardly sufficient motion of the ship to make them sleep well.

When she went to the office of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to get tickets from New York to San Francisco and mentioned her name the man in charge said to her, "I knew Mr. Taylor well in California in early days. I have heard him preach often in the streets of San Francisco, and it will be a pleasure to me to give you your tickets through."

As he represented a company he just gave her a check for the whole amount, to put her and the children and the servant-girl that was going with her from London through to San Francisco. So the money I had given her to pay her passage she retained in her pocket for other uses. She had perhaps in that respect more sense than her husband in that she never refused money when it was offered to her!

Soon after her departure from England to California I took steamer bound for the West Indies. I had in the meantime worked out a line which I believed to be providential—to spend a year in the West Indies, and go thence by steamship from Panama to New Zealand, and thence to Australia; and before leaving England for the West Indies I wrote to my friend Dr. Moffit that I would, the Lord willing, be in Sydney in one year from that date.

We touched at the Danish island of St. Thomas, and next the island of Barbadoes. Our ship anchored about two miles out from Bridgetown, Barbadoes, about one o'clock in the night. The officer of the deck announced that they would tarry there but two hours. On our passenger list we had a wealthy sugar planter, a Mr. B., and his two daughters.

I became well acquainted with Mr. B. on the voyage, and thought, as I was going there an entire stranger unheralded, that he might be of some advantage to me. Soon after we anchored two boats came from the shore for passengers. Mr. B. engaged one and some British officers bound for Barbadoes engaged the other. They soon got their luggage into the boats. Mr. B. and his daughters got into their boat, and I said to them, "Have you room for another passenger? I want to go ashore."

He said, "No, no; we have no room;" and they pulled off.

I went to the other side of the ship, where the officers were getting into their boat, and inquired, "Can you make room for another? I want to go ashore."

"No, sir; we are full up."

So I sat down and said, "If the Lord wants me here I guess he will put me ashore."

Both boats cleared and were gone. The time was short, but I soon heard a splash, and here came another boat, thoroughly manned, four big fellows with oars, a big black man at the stern, and he stepped aboard and said, "Do you want to go ashore, sir?"

"Yes, sir; there is my luggage;" and he had it in the boat in quick time. He gave me a good seat and pulled off. They were powerful oarsmen. We passed Brown and company and the officers before we got halfway, and left them behind. I asked our captain, the big black fellow, where was the best hotel, in which I could get good accommodations for the rest of the night.

He said, "We will take you right close to one, the best in town."

"Mr. B., whom we passed in that boat, said that he was going to a hotel of another name."

"O, yes; but it is not equal to the one I am going to; moreover, they have a ball there to-night, and no chance for sleep."

So we got ashore, and his men took my luggage and carried it up to the hotel.

I said, "What is your charge?"

"Five shillings;" and I paid it.

"Do you know Rev. Henry Hurd?"

"O, yes; he be my preacher."

"Well, tell Mr. Hurd that you brought California Taylor ashore with you to-night, and that he is putting up at this hotel."

"O, bless de Lord! I be glad to see you. I be a Methodist; dis be de Methodist boat; dis be the boat what bring all de preachers ashore."

The hotel keeper said, "You are just in time, I have only one bed left. It is a good bed, and has a mosquito netting to protect you from the mosquitoes; they are swarming here like bees." So he took me up to bed and tucked the mosquito netting around me.

I had not been long in bed when Mr. B. and his daughters and the officers arrived. They said they couldn't get lodgings at the hotel they went to; there was a ball there. They wanted lodgings. I heard the hotel keeper say, "The last vacant bed I had was taken a few minutes ago by a gentleman, and I have no place in which you can sleep."

The Lord was looking out for me. In the morning early, before I got up, Rev. Henry Hurd and another minister came inquiring for California Taylor; so I put on my clothing as quickly as I could and went down, and there were B. and his two daughters and the soldiers, looking very forlorn, regularly pock-marked with mosquito bites; they had been fighting mosquitoes all the after part of the night.

Mr. Brown said, "What did your boatman charge you for bringing you ashore last night?"

"Five shillings."

"The miserable man who brought me and my daughters ashore charged us a pound."

He was an old settler in the island and knew how to get around. I was a stranger and was on the Lord's business, trusting in him, and he looked out for me, as he always does.

I preached about three weeks in Barbadoes, indoors and out. We had a wonderful work of God. At my first appointment for preaching outdoors many of the people brought chairs in which to sit down during the preaching, but the crowds packed in so that there was no space for their chairs, and they had to stand up in the crowd and hold their chairs over their heads like umbrellas.

I preached also in all the towns of any note in that island. The island contains about one hundred thousand acres. It is a coral island, but thoroughly enriched with manure, and the whole of it cultivated like a garden, so that it is believed to support more people to the square acre than any part of the world. There is a portion of that island which is so rocky and poor as not to yield adequate subsistence for the people. The town located there is called Speights Town, and there the Lord feeds the people with flying fish from the sea. They go out with seines elevated above the surface of the water, and carry lights on the opposite side, and the fish rise by the million and fly toward the light and drop into the seines. So that has become the principal industry of the people of that town and vicinity, and they supply all the island with flying fish. They have the knack of taking all the bones out when they catch them, so that they supply the market with fish without bones.

The Barbadoes people are exceedingly kind and appreciative. They think quite as highly of themselves as they ought to think. They call the island of Barbadoes "Little England." All claim to be English people, but most of them are black, and they are people that think aloud. When you walk along the streets you can hear what they are thinking about. I have walked the streets and could hear nearly everybody's opinion about the California preacher. I often heard the exclamation, "There he goes now!" "Is that him?" "Yes, that is him!"

My next field was British Guiana, South America. The steamer was due on Tuesday, en route from England to British Guiana. My appointment at Georgetown, Demerara, was the following Sabbath. And as it only required two days to make the passage by steamer I supposed I should have plenty of time. But I waited for the steamer until Thursday night, and she had not arrived, and I then had an opportunity of going on a little schooner of five tons' capacity. They said that if the wind and sea were favorable the schooner could get in by Sabbath morning early, not otherwise. If the steamer should arrive Friday morning she would get in by Saturday night. So it was a question whether I would better wait for the steamer or proceed on the little schooner. If the schooner should fail to reach on time and the steamer arrive on time without me it would make a sad disappointment. So I asked the Lord for direction, and determined to go on the little schooner. We had a stiff breeze, but in our favor. The sea was very rough, and all hands were awfully seasick. But Sunday morning, just as the day dawned, we anchored off Georgetown, Demerara River, and I got into the boat of the health officer within a few minutes; and just as the preachers were crawling out of their beds at the Mission House I put in an appearance. It was an agreeable surprise to them. They said they had waited on the levee till midnight, looking out for the arrival of the steamer, and the steamer had not arrived, and they had given up all hope of seeing me there at that time. So they were jubilant over the fact of my arrival.

John Greathead was preacher in charge of that circuit, and made me welcome. Then

he said to me in confidence, "You have come in the nick of time; we have just opened our District Conference, and there is a terrible misunderstanding and trouble brewing between the chairman of the district and myself and others. We came up square against it yesterday, and the fight is on to be renewed again to-morrow. So I see no remedy for this trouble except a big work of God such as you are accustomed to have where you go. So you are just the man for the emergency."

I said, "All right, Brother Greathead; we will go in and trust the Lord."

So I preached, as usual, that morning to the church, in the afternoon to the children, and at night to the unsaved. The tide was manifestly rising with each service, so that when I invited seekers for pardon at night at the close of the preaching the altar and all the front seats were quickly crowded with weeping penitents. Between forty and fifty were forward the first night, and many of them testified to a personal experience of salvation—preachers, chairman of the district, and all in it up to their ears. So Monday morning the District Conference resumed its business, and there wasn't a single allusion from any quarter to the brewing trouble of Saturday. The revival tide had swept the deck.

Two or three times during the next fortnight Brother Greathead broached the troublesome subject in the presence of his own guests. So I said to him, "Brother Greathead, I want to tell you a story," and he said, "All right."

"I have heard of a man who killed an opossum. He killed it dead and dug a hole in the ground and buried it. A neighbor saw him go every few days for a fortnight and dig up the opossum and give him another mauling. He said, 'What do you mean by digging up that opossum? You killed him dead the first time. You keep digging him up and beating him; what do you mean?' Said he, 'I want to mellow him.'"

I said, "Now, Brother Greathead, we killed and buried an old opossum last Sunday, and we must let him sleep."

So he laughed, and there was an end of it.

During our work in Georgetown the preacher reported five hundred persons converted to God. I also preached a number of times for a London missionary there, and many were converted in his church.

I went by coach to the province of Berbice, and preached a few nights at a town—by the way, the greatest place for mosquitoes in creation, I think. They pursued the stage-coach like a swarm of bees. The moment the stage would stop they would pour in through the doors on both sides and cover the passengers and bite without mercy. Nearly every person we met was hard at work with a horse-tail brush or a bush fighting mosquitoes. When I was preaching in the pulpit I had to keep one hand hard at work with my handkerchief to knock off the mosquitoes. A man praying for the penitents, on a high key, said, "Refining fire go through my heart," and slapped himself on the face to keep the big mosquitoes from going through!

I stopped there with a stock grower by the name of Johnson. He said he had lost many cattle by huge leopards that prowled in that region. He told me about his servant man named Sam, who was a sure shot with a rifle, and when a leopard killed one of Johnson's bullocks he offered Sam ten dollars for the leopard's skin. The next night Sam went and lay in ambush near the carcass of the bullock he had killed and partly eaten the night before. So when he would come back to get another feed Sam would put a bullet through him, and the next day bring the skin and get his money. This continued for several years, but finally one night when Sam was lying in ambush the leopard came and Sam drew a bead on him, but the cap burst without discharging the rifle. The leopard

bounded away in the direction from which he came. Sam put on a fresh cap and lay watching for his return, and all of a sudden he felt the warm breath of some creature on his ear, and he looked up, and there was the leopard smelling his face. He had crawled up from the rear and seemed to be investigating the mystery. Sam left his gun and got home, and hardly knew whether he ran or flew. But the fright so shook his nerves that he never could be persuaded for any amount of money to lie in ambush for another leopard. Poor Johnson afterward took the leprosy, which after some years ended his life.

I preached in the lazaretto, Georgetown, to about a hundred lepers, who were cared for in that institution. They seemed greatly affected with the truth, as I was affected by my sympathy and sorrow in preaching the truth to them. I saw among them a little boy who looked very much like my little Ross, doomed for life to be separated from home and friends and from society, to be a life prisoner with those leprous outcasts.

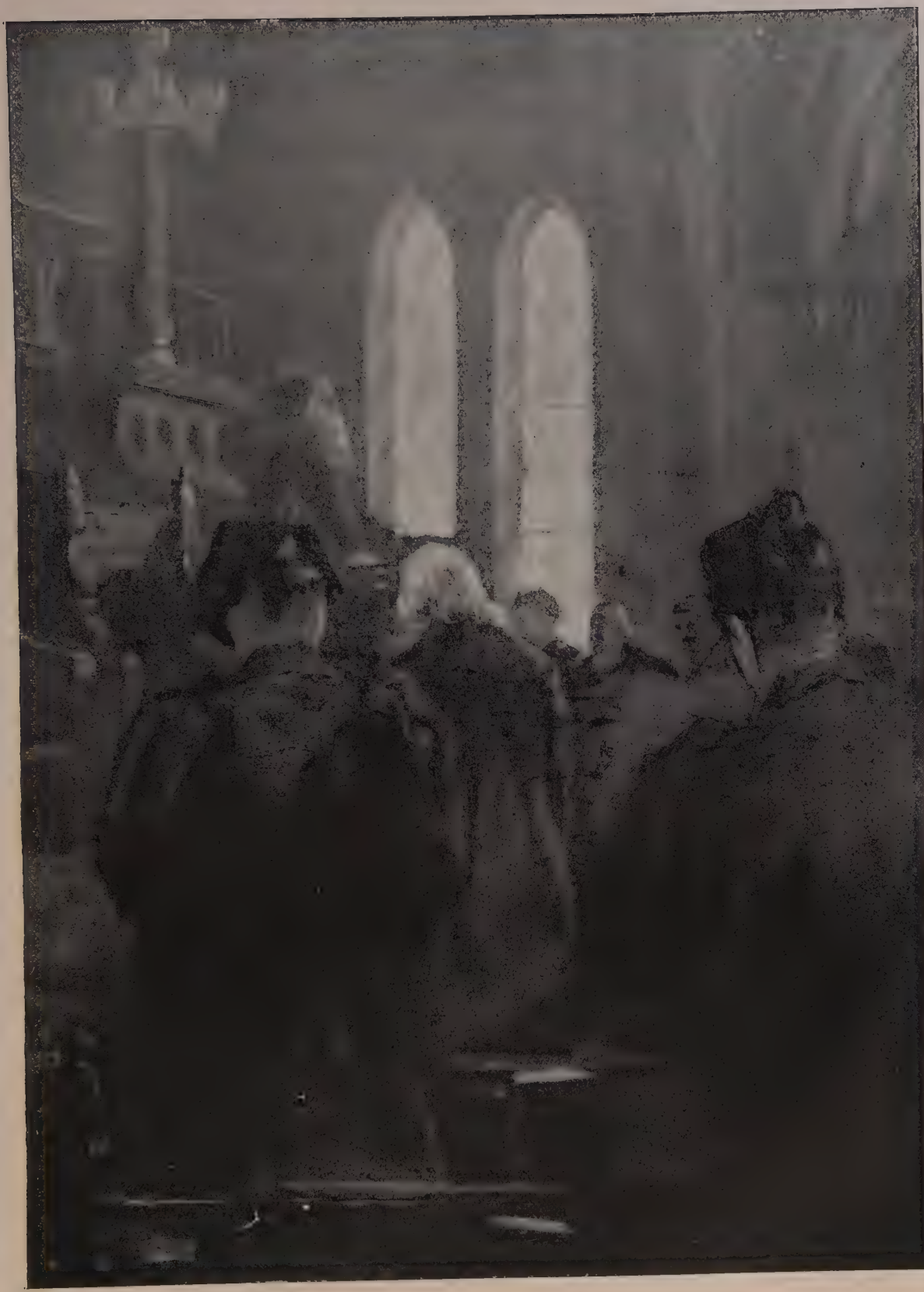
We had a series of successful meetings in Berbice, then I returned to Georgetown and went by steamer easterly to Essequibo, and preached a week in that province. Returning to Georgetown, I received a letter stating that my son Stuart, who had been left to pursue his studies in Lausanne, Switzerland, was dangerously ill with another attack of fever. So I immediately took ship for London. On my way across the Atlantic I wrote most of my book entitled *The Election of Grace*, more than twenty thousand copies of which have gone out on their mission of mercy to multitudes who had been in bondage all their lifetime to the speculative dogmas on eternal election and reprobation.

I hastened on from London to Lausanne and found my boy convalescing. I spent a Sabbath there and preached the Gospel in the Wesleyan chapel; the minister in charge was my French interpreter. I then brought my sick son on to England, and took him to Great Malvern, and put him under water treatment in care of Dr. Grindrod He improved rapidly, and in five or six weeks seemed to be quite well. Meantime I conducted a week of special services in each of a number of towns adjacent, and then, to confirm the health of my son, I took him on a tour to the Highlands of Scotland. We went to Greenock, to Glasgow and the region round about, and up the Caledonian Canal route to Inverness.

It had been my habit for many years to ascend the highest mountains within my line of travel. So on this trip we stopped at Bellevue Hotel, three miles from the base of Ben-Nevis, at three o'clock in the afternoon. We had to proceed on our journey next morning, so there was but little time left for climbing the highest mountain in the United Kingdom of Great Britain. Two powerful young Englishmen and a Canadian who had walked twice across the Alps that season said they would go up, and I said, "I will go with you." By the time we got to the base of the mountain the sun was getting low, and the three young men pushed off in their ascent as fast as they could walk. I took it more leisurely, and they said to one another, as it was reported to me afterward, "That old fellow will not get up to the top of the mountain."

Before we reached the summit I passed the boys, and was the first to ascend to the top of the pillar of stone in which the flagstaff was set. As they came up I said, "I am the highest up of any man in the United Kingdom of Great Britain;" and they laughed, and said, "Yes, that is so. This is the highest mountain, and you are the tallest man of this crowd."

By the light of the setting sun we saw the island of Rome in the Atlantic, to the west, and had a fine view of the surrounding country and the deep snow imbedded on the north side of the mountain. We had to make our way back to the hotel in the darkness of a moonless night. The three young men walked cautiously down the mountain steeps. I



SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE CHURCH IN GEORGETOWN.

"I preached, as usual, that morning to the church."—Page 509.

ran down from top to bottom, and had my evening communion with God while waiting for them. And then they said one to another, "We don't understand mountain climbing like that old man."

Returning from the Highlands of Scotland to Liverpool, my son set sail for California, by way of New York, and I went to London and took ship to resume my work in the West Indies.

I held special services in the islands of St. Kitt's, St. Vincent, Nevis, Trinidad, Tobago, St. Thomas, Jamaica, and some other small islands. The Lord was wonderfully with us at every service. A small minority of the people of those islands are English, leading merchants, mechanics, and sugar planters, but the masses of common people are blacks and mixed. Their fathers and mothers, mainly, were the slaves emancipated long ago by the edict of the British government. Many of them were well-to-do, and all of them had a fair common school education.

They were so excitable and noisy in their religious meetings that their missionaries said to me that they were afraid to preach exciting truth to their people. When they did so in past years they would go wild, scream, and fall apparently dead, and jump and smash the benches, and we had to dismiss them and get them out of the house to prevent the destruction of the property. They had read about the wonderful work we had in South Africa, and were hoping that California Taylor would give them a call, and yet they were so much afraid that in such a work in the West Indies the people would go wild and tear the houses down that not one of them invited me till after my arrival among them. But, to their surprise and joy, we had what they said was the greatest work that had ever been known in the West Indies, and yet the most orderly meetings they had ever seen there. There were flowing tears in abundance, earnest prayers, mourners in Zion, and clear, distinct testimonies given by the thousands who found peace with God, but no wild screaming and ranting at all; yet I never told them not to make a noise.

At the commencement of a series in each place I explained the nature of the work in which we were about to engage. I told them that Gospel truth addressed itself to the intellect, and to the conscience, and to the heart; that nothing was so well calculated to arouse the sensibilities of saints or sinners as the operations of the Holy Spirit. That constituted largely the steam power to drive the engine. We can do nothing without the steam, but its usefulness is not in its explosiveness, only as the force can be applied by the trained skill of those who control the application.

There is that Gadarene, for example, who had a legion of devils in him—ten regiments. He was tremendously excited by the operation of these devils in him. Standing on a hill in Gadara among the tombs, he saw a little ship approaching the harbor; a small company descended from the ship to the shore, and as he gazed he saw the multitudes as they came to meet the strangers, and amid their shoutings he heard the name of Jesus. He, no doubt, remembered hearing his mother read about Jesus that was coming, and he thought, 'O, that must be Jesus! He is the great prophet, the Messiah that was to come. He is the man that casts out devils. O, he is the man for me! If I can only get to Jesus, and put my case in his hands, he will cast out these devils.'

"And he became tremendously excited with hope and fear. But he didn't fall down on the ground and roll among the stones and kick and yell. People were frightened and ran back; no doubt they thought he was going to attack Jesus, he seemed so wild and excited, but he fell at his feet and worshiped him. He surrendered himself to Jesus. He received and trusted Jesus, and the Lord Jesus cast every devil out of him in a minute;

and soon we see him sitting quietly at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind. The next day he went through the towns of Gadara preaching Jesus and telling people what a dear Saviour he had found.

"There was a wicked woman who lived in the city of Capernaum. She heard Jesus preach, and she was convinced of the truth and convicted of sin; and she thought within herself, 'O, if I could only get to Jesus and submit to him, he would take away my sins,' and she got tremendously excited about it. She quietly watched her chance. She couldn't get to Jesus when he was teaching and surrounded by crowds. One day she heard he was taking dinner at the house of Simon, the Pharisee. She said to herself, 'This is my chance. Simon knows me, and he will keep me out if he can, but I must go to Jesus.'

"You can see how tremendously excited she was to make an attempt to go to the house of Simon when he and his guests were at dinner and take her chance of being kicked out. But instead of going directly to the house of Simon she went down town to the apothecary shop and bought a pot of precious ointment, not common olive oil, such as Simon used, but costly ointment, and paid her money for it. She no doubt said to herself, 'I will take with me a token of my sincerity, and let old Simon see that I am no beggar; I don't ask any favors of him.'

"So she went to the house of Simon, and she got in, because she had a level head and plenty of steam power, but knew how to apply it. She gently approached the feet of Jesus as he reclined on the floor, and washed his feet with her tears and wiped them with the hair of her head, and kissed his feet and anointed them with the ointment; and Jesus said, 'Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven.' That seemed too good to be true. So he repeated it: 'Woman, thy sins are forgiven thee.' She could scarcely believe it. He said, 'Woman, thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.'"

With statements and illustrations of this sort we indicated to them a more excellent way than that to which they had been accustomed. Then in the delivery of the first sermon I was careful to guide the rising tide, but never told them not to make a noise.

During the first sermon some explosive old woman would make a fuss. I would say, "Sister, what is the matter? You want to come to Jesus, do you? That is right. Faith cometh by hearing. Now you listen and I will tell you how to come. While you are listening your neighbors around you can listen also, and come too."

So, by a little management I kept them on the track. And after that they would go through a meeting in which hundreds of souls were converted.

On our first night of the series in the island of Nevis the altar was crowded with seekers. Among them was a man who came running up with hideous groanings, and knelt by the altar and got hold of the altar rails. He was in for a big fuss. I went to him the first one. Said I, "Brother, what is the matter? Have you got St. Vitus's dance?"

He said, "No, no."

"You want to come to Jesus, do you?"

"Yes, yes."

"You have to be saved by faith; faith cometh by hearing; now you listen and I will tell you; I will show you the way;" and he toned down and I showed him the way in, and he surrendered to God, received Christ, and testified to an experience of salvation in ten minutes without any fuss.

I preached a few times in the island of St. Thomas, a Danish island. We had some very devoted Moravian missionaries there and a large church; no Wesleyan organization

there at that time. There was a very great awakening. After the first service the ways to the church were so blocked I could hardly get in myself. The dear old minister in charge requested that we should not invite the people to come out publicly as seekers. So of the great awakening manifested by sobs and tears but very few were saved so far as we could learn. The pentecostal preaching of Peter in Jerusalem would have brought forth but little fruit but for the hand-to-hand work that immediately ensued. "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" In the after meeting the awakened were told what to do, and three thousand believed and were baptized before the sun went down. That stands recorded in God's book as an object lesson to show us how to "work together with God" on this line.

I closed my labors on that trip in the island of Jamaica. I took no names, made no records, but intrusted all the work of enrolling and training converts to their pastors.

Subsequently Rev. William Boyce, Wesleyan Missionary Secretary in London, wrote me that their net increase of membership in the West Indies during the year of my labors among them aggregated more than five thousand new members.

Before I completed my campaign in the West India Islands the steamship company on whose steamer I expected to go from Panama to New Zealand had suspended their service, and I had to go back to London and take passage on the Peninsular and Oriental line of steamers, which cost me ten thousand miles extra travel and five hundred dollars extra expense above the route by which I had planned to go. But I reached Sydney within a week of the time I had stated in my letter to Dr. Moffit a year before; so I had another blessed tour fourteen months of 1869 and 1870 in the Australian colonies and Tasmania, building up believers and widely extending the work. I found sixteen young ministers who had been converted to God during my former campaign in these colonies.

I left Australia in the latter part of 1870 by steamship from Melbourne to Ceylon. On the way out from London, nearly a year and a half before, one of my fellow-passengers was Miss Hardy, the daughter of a famous old Ceylon missionary. She came out to be united in marriage to Rev. John Scott, the Chairman of South Ceylon District. The marriage took place soon after her arrival, and the ministers of the entire district, comprising three or four Englishmen and more than a dozen native ministers, had assembled at Point de Galle to attend the marriage. By a providential detention of my ship, which gave me four or five days for both public and personal preaching to them, they became deeply imbued with the spirit of direct soul-saving work.

Rev. George Baugh, Wesleyan missionary stationed at Kandy, far in the mountains of the interior, in a great coffee-growing region, said he would try my methods as soon as he could return to his station. Some months later he informed me by letter that soon after he went back to his station he preached an awakening sermon at the morning service and another at night, and then, instead of dismissing them as usual, he invited all who were convinced of their sins and of their need of a Saviour to come forward to the communion rail and surrender themselves to God and accept Christ. "His message to you is, 'He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' Now all who want to become acquainted with Jesus and to be saved from your sins come and kneel down here, and we will pray for you." Nine came on the first call, and the meeting was protracted and many scores of Singhalese native people were grandly saved. Thence the work extended, and about a thousand natives were converted to God during my absence to Australia of about sixteen months.

During my first visit they pressed me to give them a few months of service on my return, which I did, according to promise; and, upon their showing, another thousand converts, during a campaign of three months, were added to their churches.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Lucknow and Cawnpore.

THE Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship *Malacca*, on which I came from Ceylon, cast anchor at 8:30 A. M. on Sabbath, the 20th of November, 1870, in the harbor of Bombay.

On deck stood Bishop Milman, of Calcutta, his chaplain, and two servants, besides a small cart load of luggage, waiting for the first boat to take them ashore. The bishop seeing me sitting quietly, book in hand, said, "Are you not going ashore?"

"Yes, bishop; but breakfast here will be ready in half an hour, and I don't think it advisable to leave a good breakfast behind and go hungry into a strange city."

He replied that he was in haste and could not wait, and soon after they descended the ship's ladder. Now two fair, tall, slender natives came aboard, wearing each a curious-looking flattened stovepipe turban.

"Steward," said I, "what sort of fellows are these?"

"They are Parsees."

I was at once carried back to Cyrus, Zoroaster, and other wise men of the East, and was just beginning to live in the past ages, when one of them addressed me in good English and asked me to become his guest in the Byculla Hotel, adding, "We have a boat alongside, and a carriage waiting on shore."

I replied, "If you will wait till I get my breakfast I will go with you."

"All right; we'll wait; show us your baggage, and we will put it into the boat."

My small leather trunk and carpetbag were soon passed down the ship's ladder. Braced up with a good breakfast and safely seated in the Parsees' boat, I said to one of them, "Are there any Methodists in the city?"

"Methodist! What is that? I never heard that word before."

They took me through a shoal of sharks—boatmen and 'longshoremen—and I did not get a bite; and as we drove off in our carriage and pair in good style we passed a clamorous crowd, and lo! in the midst of it, and its principal attraction, was a one-horse cab containing the bishop and his chaplain, brought to a standstill by an extortionary lot of 'longshore coolies demanding pay. Any stranger not having run such a gauntlet can form but a very inadequate idea of the annoyance attending it. What a time the bishop must have had! With a good breakfast aboard I drive on in comfort and leave the hungry bishop and his one-horse concern hard aground. I had no pleasure in his discomfort, for he was very genial and kind to me on the voyage; but I thanked God for his good providence in giving me a smooth sail into India.

I was conducted to room No. 26 on the second story. It was a three-story building, two hundred and thirty feet front and about one hundred and fifty feet deep, and well kept; tariff, seven rupees per day.

Suffering from the exhausting effects of excessive labors in Ceylon and an attack of bodily indisposition on the voyage, I lay in bed nearly all day. In the evening I heard singing in the neighborhood, and going along a narrow back street near the hotel I found

TYPES AND MANNERS OF THE HINDUS.

"Two tall, slender natives."—Page 516.

a congregation of about eighty well-dressed people. The minister was reading a number of parallel passages of the Scriptures, with short comments, preparatory, he said, "to the ordination of a native brother to the ministry as an evangelist—a carrier of good news." Close to the door near me sat a young lady attired as a bride, and a young man who appeared to be the bridegroom. The minister, having finished the lesson, came and conducted the said young man to the platform to preach. He was a dark, modest-looking man, apparently about thirty years old. I supposed of Portuguese descent. He preached about the law of sin (Rom. vii); sound in doctrine, brief, clear, and forcible in statement. It would have done credit to a bishop, though lacking illustration and incisiveness of application. Then the pastor, a short, thickset man, about thirty-five or forty in appearance, followed with a few remarks, striking out hard against the pope and the Bishop of Bombay; but he lacked the logical force of the man who preached.

"Now," said he, "we will sing one verse and not detain the congregation." Then he annouuced the hymn and said, "We'll sing two verses;" then read the hymn and added, "We'll sing the last three verses."

The singing was spirited, and I enjoyed it. Then the native was called and came to the platform and fell down on his knees before the preacher. The minister said, "It is usual publicly to question candidates on the doctrines they are going to preach, but as this brother has long been a preacher among us, and as the time is so short" (7:45 P. M.) "we'll dispense with all that."

He, however, read a few more passages on the subject of ordination and gave the Plymouth Brethren a rap. He then told the native to stand up, and, putting his hands on his head, offered extemporary prayer for him, and the scene closed with the benediction. This was my first night in India.

Monday, 21. Kept indoors and wrote letters, till in the evening I dragged my weary limbs up Balassas Road as far as the railway bridge and back to the hotel.

Tuesday, 22. Just before breakfast a German sailor, who was then, he said, a city missionary, came with a message from Rev. C. Harding inviting me to stop with him. The sailor seemed full of love to God, but needing instruction. Feeling anxious to do him good and increase his power of usefulness, I talked to him till 11:30 A. M. The train for Lucknow was to leave at 1 P. M. Having to go three miles to the bank to get a bill of exchange on London to send to my wife, I took a cab, and the German to show me the way, and went in haste. On our return we called for one minute at the Tract Society's building to see Rev. George Bowen. He was a long, lean brother. I have heard that he was the most devoted man of God in India, and lived very abstemiously, that he might have the more to give to those in need. If the Roman Catholics had had him they would have canonized him as a saint. He shook my hand and said, "Can I do anything for you? Will you have any money?"

I thanked him, and replied, "I am in need of nothing, my brother."

He expressed regret that I could not tarry a season in Bombay. I said, "Perhaps the Lord may bring me back," and bade him a hurried good-bye. By the help of the kind German I got back to the hotel in time to get my luggage on to the train. I took a second-class ticket for Allahabad—eight hundred and thirty miles—forty rupees eight annas. I have always been in the habit of traveling first-class as a matter of economy. My traveling time is my opportunity for rest. The recuperation of my overtaxed energies is more to be desired than money; but here in India I had to economize closely; I had no resources but the sale of my books. I brought none to India—probably no demand

for any there, as I should be working among the natives—yet having heavy traveling expenses to bear and my family to support I had to make a little go a long way.

Zigzag we ascended the mountains over three thousand feet.

In the same carriage with myself was the preacher whom I had the pleasure of hearing on Sabbath night. I said, "What young lady was that whom I saw with you at the meeting the other night?"

He blushed a little and replied, "She is a young lady who has just come out from England to be my wife; we were married Sabbath evening before we went to the meeting.

"And what has become of her?"

"O, she is in the ladies' carriage."

"I am a stranger in this country, but you see I have got your bearings pretty well."

He laughed, and after that we had much Christian communion, though I did not tell him who I was, as he did not ask me. He said he was a Frenchman, but was educated in England. I found out that though of French extraction he was Indian born. He was a good man, and has since gone to heaven, and the said bride was left a widow.

I spent most of the night in trying to get fixed, and got but little sleep.

Wednesday, 23d. Traveled all day over a country nearly level, with small rivers, and, in the distance, ranges of mountains. Trains stop for meals twenty minutes; breakfast, seventy-five cents; tiffin, fifty cents; dinner at night, one dollar. Weather biting cold.

24th. Arrived at Allahabad at 5:15 A. M. Left for Cawnpore, distant one hundred and seventeen miles, at 7 A. M., and arrived at 2:30 P. M. Lucknow is forty miles distant; no train till to-morrow; stopping at the Railway Hotel.

25th. Took a cab and drove across the Ganges on a pontoon bridge at 8 A. M., and took train for Lucknow; arrived at 11 A. M. Was met at the station by Revs. Thoburn, Waugh, and Parker, and put up with Brother Thoburn, whom I knew years before, and who had written me to come to India. At 6 P. M. we had a thanksgiving dinner at Brother Messmore's. I had not for ten years met so many American brethren and sisters; for, besides those just named, who, with Miss Bella Thoburn, lived in Lucknow, we had with us Rev. E. W. Parker and wife, just returned from America, and Sister Thomas, wife of Rev. D. W. Thomas, of Bareilly, and Brothers Craven and McMahon and their wives, and Brother Buck and Miss Fanny Sparks, new missionaries just arrived. They were all cheerful and happy, and gave us many of the songs of Zion. I was not well, and could not contribute to the entertainment of the occasion.

26th. Was introduced to Joel, one of our first native preachers, and tried to drill him into the art of interpreting, but he was not quite well enough up in English.

The capital of the recent King of Oude, the scene of so much suffering and slaughter during the mutiny, and of daring deeds by so many of Queen Victoria's brave soldiers, and the final resting place of many, including Sir Henry Lawrence and General Havelock, was the place for my first engagement in India. It was one of the principal centers selected for the missionary operations of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and where, as soon as the smoke of battle had cleared away, they opened their mission of peace in 1857. It is not, however, my design to write a history of this mission, any more than a history of the great field it occupies, but rather a simple narrative of what I saw and felt and did in conjunction with its agents.

Sabbath, 27th. Preached to a congregation of about one hundred and thirty natives, from Acts i, 8. Joel interpreted into Hindustani. He hesitated, and spoke very slowly; but I believe he gave the meaning pretty clearly.

At 4 P. M. Brother Thoburn preached in Hindustani to about thirty in our house.

At 6 P. M. we had a congregation of over a hundred English-speaking people, Europeans and Eurasians—Indo-Britons, or, as they are often called, East Indians. For convenience I will in this work use the last-mentioned name. To these I preached in English, but it did not seem to affect them at all for good. Some stared at me as though I was there on exhibition, and others seemed disposed to have a jolly time among themselves. Our ministers commenced preaching here to the English-speaking people about ten years before; then after a few years they invited the Wesleyans to send a man to take up the English work, that they might devote all their time to the native work. For some years the Wesleyans occupied our place of worship, but more recently—they having built a chapel in the cantonments, two or three miles distant—Brother Thoburn resumed the English services, but had not as yet gone in to get them converted to God and utilized in our mission work. I took strong ground from the start in favor of getting these Europeans and East Indians saved and incorporated into our mission working force. In their present state the mass of them make a false showing of Christianity, and are terribly obstructive to our great work of leading the heathen and Mohammedans to Jesus.

Every one we get truly saved from sin will be a double gain to our cause—first, to remove a stumbling-block, and, secondly, to secure a living stone resting on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, and thus becoming an integral part of the spiritual house into which we hope to gather the perishing nations of this great empire. This will not draw us from the native work, but draw them to it as a cooperative and ever-augmenting force. The brethren had a consultation and consented to this change in their mission policy wherever a sufficient English population could be found contiguous to our native work.

Monday, 28th. At 7 A. M. preached to about sixty natives. Joel interpreted, but not with a ready utterance. He prayed in his own language most fluently and vociferously. I conclude that he is naturally very slow till his feelings are aroused, and then too impetuous for a good interpreter. He was considered the best native man in the mission, and I loved him; but I feared he would not be the man for me. At 6 P. M., English service, we had about sixty hearers; text, Rom. v, 1. Had a prayer meeting after preaching, and three brethren prayed, but no visible stir.

29th. More natives out at 7 A. M. than we had yesterday; text, Luke vii, 29. Brother Thoburn interpreted. Short and to the point, it went home well. Had a prayer meeting, and a native preacher prayed as they say he never prayed before.

At 6 P. M. we had about eighty hearers; text, Rom. viii, 3, 4. Called for witnesses, and Brothers Thoburn, Parker, Waugh, Craven, McMahon, and Buck gave their testimony for Christ. We then for the first time in the series called for seekers. Seven came forward, and five of them professed to obtain peace with God. At the close of the meeting a woman came to the front and said, "I have been in the service of God from my youth, but for three months past I have walked in dense darkness. Jesus seemed to have left me; but last night, there in my seat, I found him again, and now I am unspeakably happy." Turning to a young woman who came forward as a seeker, she said, "This is my daughter; she has a good husband." Then the daughter embraced her mother and wept, and told her that her sins were all forgiven and that she too was happy. They kissed each other and wept aloud for joy and thanked God. One of the seekers was a man deep down in the debasement of inebriation, and we did not get him up that night, though he seemed to be sincere. All this produced a great flutter among the Pharisaic fashionables who came occasionally to our meetings.

30th. Over eighty persons at 7 A. M. meeting; text, Rom. iii, 20. Brother Thoburn interpreted well. Twelve seekers came forward, and ten of them professed to find the pardon of their sins, and gave a clear testimony. I explained the way of salvation by faith, through Brother Thoburn, to all of them together, and then spoke to each one singly by Brother Joel, who interpreted readily and well to the seekers. There seems to be a great awakening. This is the first invitation to the natives to come out avowedly as seekers. I wanted first to get them well instructed and awakened. The seeking seemed earnest and the testimony clear, but no great noise or excitement, as would be seen in an African audience. God has been long preparing for this, and we shall have a great work. Glory to his holy name!

At 6 P. M. preached to the English congregation; but no seekers came forward. The break last night has excited the opposition of the enemy's forces, and some good people are shocked by what seems to them a novelty. It will work right for all who abide in Jesus.

Thursday, December 1, 1870. Good native service. Thoburn interpreted; twenty seekers; thirteen professed to find peace with God. Brother and Sister Parker left to-day for Moradabad, and Sister Thomas for Bareilly. Brother Parker has been home two years, to try to shake off jungle fever, and seemed to have succeeded; but since his return he has been attacked again. He is a noble missionary, and his wife a true helper. God bless them and prolong their days to do good in this most needy field!

At 6 P. M. English audience; seven seekers forward and three professed.

December 2. As we went this morning to our native service we saw a Mohammedan sprinkling flour over some ant-holes. Brother Thoburn, in Hindustani, said to him, "What are you doing?"

"Giving food to the ants."

"Is that a work of merit?"

"Yes."

"The ants can provide well for themselves; why not give food to your starving neighbors?"

"The rich can do that; I am too poor to help them, but I can feed the ants."

At our meeting this morning we had nine seekers, and five professed forgiveness of sins.

Saturday, 3d. Took a lamp bath to break a heavy cold, and got a little greatly needed sabbatic rest.

Sabbath, 4th. Preached on holiness. Brother Thoburn interpreted, but he was not well. Had a season of silent prayer, but not time for a public prayer meeting.

At 6 P. M. English service; house filled; great attention and awakening. Twenty-eight seekers came and kneeled at the communion rail, to be instructed and led to Jesus. It was thought that eight or nine of them found peace, but they were not personally examined, and no names were noted. For years in my evangelistic work I did all I could in preaching, calling the seekers forward, and personally instructing them; but the pastors examined them on their profession of saving faith, to satisfy themselves by questions and otherwise, as to the genuineness of the work, so far as possible to human fallibility, and wrote down the name and address of each one, so as to give them suitable pastoral care. It is therefore not my place to make this examination and note the names. Brother Thoburn, being presiding elder of the district, did not like to interfere. The pastor was a dear brother whom I loved sincerely, but his faith seemed to be paralyzed at the time we required decisive advance action.

Monday, 5th. At 7 A. M. native service as usual. Brother Unis, a native school-teacher, interpreted. Half a dozen seekers of pardon, and two professed. About a dozen came forward as seekers of entire purity, the presiding elder among them, and he gave a beautiful testimony afterward.

At 6 P. M. English congregation; eighteen seekers came forward; none examined, and no satisfactory result. A general feeling of distrust seems to have paralyzed the workers. There may be some frogs in the net, I know not; but I do know that if there are any good fish among them we shall not get them into the boat in this way. I thought we had a good haul last night, and certainly the most of them looked well; but it seemed as though the lines were dropped at both ends, and the net was not hauled at all. I am not prepared to give a judgment in the case, not knowing the people; I only know that the Gospel I preach is adapted to all people, but with a doubting, hesitating church it cannot succeed much with any. I am sure all my brethren and sisters here are anxious for a great work of God; but some are not strong in aggressive faith, and some are very busy with other things, and think my meetings too long. Brother Thoburn is working like a Trojan, and many others will yet, I hope, get on the whole armor of God.

Tuesday, 6th. Unis interpreted; many seekers of pardon and some seekers of purity. George Bailey received Christ this morning, told his experience, and exhorted the people in Hindustani, weeping as he talked. As we came out of the church Brother Waugh said, "I never but once or twice before heard such Hindustani as that—so clear, terse, and forcible."

One day last week, when Brother Thoburn returned home from a visiting tour, he said, "I was in a little hell to-day—the house of a widow and her two sons, nominally Roman Catholics, but practically worse than the heathen; but George, the elder son, says he will come to the meeting."

That was George Bailey. His great-grandfather was a French Bourbon, but in some disturbance fled to the court of Persia, later to the court of Delhi, and became a general of the Emperor of Delhi. His grandfather was a general of the King of Oude, and his father a captain in the same service. Owing to English prejudice against the employment of French officers by the native rajahs their French name was dropped and the plain English name of Bailey given them instead. In the defense of Lucknow during the mutiny George was but a boy of sixteen years, but so distinguished himself as a soldier that the rank and pension of an ensign for life were given him. Now he has enlisted in the army of Jesus.

Rev. Brother Weatherbee and his wife arrived to-day to attend our services.

I was quite below par to-night with headache from loss of sleep, partly from the burden of this work on my soul. God is assuring me of his gracious designs, but our faith is being severely tested. We had fifteen seekers forward, and I think some of them found peace, among whom was J. Douglass, from Calcutta.

Wednesday, 7th. Unis interpreted well; a few seekers, and two saved. Called a council of war this morning, and I submitted two questions. First, Shall we open the doors of our church and gather up the fruits of our labor, or let them drift? Secondly, Shall we continue the present order of special services? Their reply to the first question was, "Open the doors." In regard to the second, Brother Thoburn said, "The work seems to be waning; even you do not manifest the same confidence and incisiveness of effort as at the first."

He is a sharp brother, and could read me like a book. The fact is, so much was said

about long sermons and long after-meeting, and the inability of people in this climate to stand such work, that I partially yielded to the judgment of others, and was also somewhat disconcerted by the general feeling of distrust which seemed to mildew the whole concern. They are all as kind and confiding as possible, and I love every one of them dearly; but they are familiar and outspoken, and as I am but a novice in India I have been deferring to them perhaps more than was wise. I know what sort of effort is necessary to success in other countries, and I apprehend that India will require greater zeal and a more bold, aggressive faith than any other.

Same day, 6 P. M. Good congregation; over a dozen seekers, and a few professed to find Jesus. Brother Waugh had half a dozen hymns printed on sheets, and the singing to-night was much better than usual; and there is more concert of effort in the church than before. We'll throw off this incubus yet. O, God, in mercy deliver us! I am stopping this week with Brother Waugh. He told me his religious experience and difficulties to-night, and we prayed together. He is a loving, noble brother. O, that he may receive Christ for a full baptism of the Holy Spirit!

Thursday, 8th. Preached on Christian fellowship, and explained our policy and position as a Church, and invited candidates for membership. George Bailey was the first to present himself, which he did with characteristic promptness; seven others followed.

In the evening we did the same in the English congregation, and explained our rule on total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. Only one, a woman, came forward as a candidate for membership. It was altogether a new thing to invite Europeans and East Indians to become members of our Church, but I am sure it is the right thing to do, for they are really not members of any Church. They are nearly all traditionally Roman Catholic or Church of England, and to break away and join the despised Methodists, and give up the custom of wine drinking and parties of worldly pleasure, which they have hitherto regarded as very harmless, is what they will not do until their consciences on these things shall have been more fully enlightened and quickened.

Friday, 9th. Fellowship meeting at noon, conducted by Brother Weatherbee. Brothers Waugh, Weatherbee, Thoburn, and Messmore spoke well. George Bailey testified with great force and effect.

Isa Das, a native preacher, said, "I came to these meetings an unsaved man. I determined to seek salvation, but I thought to go forward as a seeker would disgrace me. One who has been preaching the Gospel for years to go forward as a seeker! I could not do it. It was too much for my pride. I went three miles out of town and kneeled down in the darkness of the night in a mango grove and prayed earnestly to God for the pardon of my sins, but got no relief. But last Wednesday morning I kneeled down there at that rail as a seeker, and received Christ as my Saviour, and got all my sins forgiven."

At the time he accepted Christ, Brother Thoburn said to me, "He is one of the most truthful, manly fellows in the mission, and there can be no mistake about his conversion."

Several others spoke to the point, but some were misty and vague. We had a general time of weeping over the low experience of some, and I was led to say, "Sisters and brothers, you know the difficulties peculiar to India—the paralyzing influence of heathenism, formalism, and caste. It seems to saturate and mildew your very souls; and then you talk about the enervating effect of the climate. God made the climate, and God made the Gospel. If his Gospel is not adapted to this climate, then we will ask him to change the climate to suit his soul-saving purpose and plan. I tell you God's Gospel is adapted to every climate and every variety and condition of human kind."

At 6 P. M. English congregation; we had but four seekers, two of whom professed.

Received a letter from Dr. Moffatt, of Cawnpore, inviting me to go and preach there. Brother Thoburn goes there for next Sabbath service, in Union Chapel—a warehouse fitted up for services and supplied occasionally by Baptist and Presbyterian missionaries from Allahabad, and sometimes by Brother Broadbent, the Wesleyan chaplain, and by Brother Thoburn, from Lucknow. The Wesleyans had put Cawnpore on their list to be supplied, but were not prepared to man it or to commence a mission there. I had no wish to go there, having so much work cut out for me in our Mission Conference.

Sabbath, 11th. In the morning Unis interpreted, and we had a good seed sowing. At 6 P. M. the largest crowd of Europeans and East Indians we have had; thirteen seekers and six professed.

12th. Good service morning and evening; six professed to find Jesus.

13th. Good meetings for the church, and four saved.

Up to this time over one hundred persons have been forward as seekers, most of whom profess to have found remission of sins. Of these twenty-five have joined our church; about thirty were members before, nominally; as many more are connected with the English Church, and others not organized in Lucknow. God is with us and doing the best thing possible under existing conditions. George Bailey's wife, a native woman of beautifully fair complexion, received Jesus to-day.

14th. At noon to-day we had thirty-five Hindu boys from Brother Messmore's school. I preached to them from "Suffer little children to come unto me." Then I said, "I'll teach you to sing." I saw the missionaries start up and whisper to each other. It was a thing never tried there before; and, as they told me after the meeting, they expected to see the boys bolt at once; but I sang a verse and told them of the thousands of children of all lands who were singing these very words. I sang again, repeating the chorus many times, till one and then another of the boys began to repeat after me. "There now! I knew you could sing. You have got the sing in you, and if you will open your mouths it will come out;" and so they did, and we got many to sing, and had a very good time with the boys. At that time we had one small Sunday school in Lucknow; but Brother Craven, being a grand Sunday school worker, took the matter in hand from that day, and before the lapse of four years their Sunday schools in Lucknow numbered about a thousand scholars, eight hundred of whom at least were Hindu and Mohammedan children. Brother Craven says that this was done mainly through the agency of Europeans and East Indians brought into our work under this change of our mission policy in regard to these classes.

In the evening preached to the church on witnessing and working for Christ. After the meeting I had a consultation with the missionaries in regard to Cawnpore. Brother Thoburn spent last Sabbath there, and Dr. Moffatt stirred him up to persuade me to go there; and he says that the doctor knows me and is most desirous to see me. The brethren expressed themselves freely, some for my going and others against it.

It was urged against it that Cawnpore was outside of our Conference boundaries, and we had no right to go there; but that was met by the fact that Brother Thoburn had already preached there several times. One urged that if we should get converts there we had no money or employment for them. I said, "I never heard of the like before;" and it was finally agreed that if I would not commit the mission to any responsibility in regard to Cawnpore I might go and see what the Lord had for us to do there. I laid the whole matter before God, and had every lingering doubt against it removed.

They gave me George Myall, a native teacher and helper, who on Tuesday night last received Jesus and got an assurance of pardon, to accompany me as interpreter. He is a slow but trustworthy man, had for thirty years lived in Cawnpore and lost everything he had there in the mutiny, including nine hundred rupees in cash; but had been away from Cawnpore for the last five years.

Friday, 16th. Good meeting for believers at noon. At night two were saved, one of them a Roman Catholic. A Christian marriage in the city to-day. To celebrate the occasion they had a great dance in the Royal Park Hall, which lasted nearly all night. Except the dancing girls of India, who are the lowest of fallen women, the Mohammedan and Hindu women would not think of dancing with men. These great feasts to Bacchus, by people called Christians, are innovations on heathen morality, and scandalize the name of Christ.

Saturday, 17th. Rambled an hour before breakfast among the ruins of the residency. The walls of all the buildings are pecked over with the bullet marks of the mutineers of 1857; on one two-story wall twenty feet wide I counted three hundred of them. Passed the gate through which General Havelock's troops, by the mercy of God, brought deliverance to the besieged sufferers; saw the room in which Sir Henry Lawrence died. The monument here erected in honor of him, and the brave fellows who fell with him, is on a beautiful mound in the residency grounds. The pedestal at the base is thirty feet square, narrowed by steps to about ten feet square, on which stands an obelisk about thirty feet high.

Left for Cawnpore at 1 P. M., arrived at 4 P. M., and was kindly received by Dr. Moffatt.

Now I see a chain of providential pointers centering in Cawnpore. At the earnest request of my dear friend Dr. A. Moffitt, of Sydney, New South Wales, I promised to visit his nephew, Dr. Moffitt, at the Netley Hospital. I could find no time to fulfill that promise till my second return from the West Indies. Our splendid ship, the *Tasmania*, arrived in Southampton early on Tuesday morning, the 16th of March, 1869; and I was to set sail again on Friday ensuing in the steamship *Syria* for Alexandria, en route to Australia. I had much to do in London, and time was very precious. I put my luggage in the railway waiting room and took a cab to go in haste five miles to Netley Hospital to see Dr. Moffitt. On arrival I was informed that the doctor had gone to his residence. I took his address, and the cabman said he would drive me "to the very spot." "Very well," said I, "go ahead; I'm in a great hurry."

When he drove to "the very spot" he found that it was not the spot where the doctor lived. After seeking in vain for half an hour I said, "I must be at the train for its next departure for London, and can't waste any more time."

Just then a man told us where Dr. Moffatt lived; so we drove to his door. Mrs. Moffatt, with a ruddy, open countenance, received me with true Irish-lady hospitality, as I told her that I had a salutation for her husband from his uncle Dr. A. Moffitt, of Sydney. She said, "My husband is suffering from a severe cold and has lain down; but I will tell him that you are here."

She returned, saying, "My husband says he has no uncle in Sydney; but another Dr. Moffitt, our neighbor, who has just come in to see my husband, says that he has an uncle there."

So in the house I was not seeking I found the man I sought, and thus became known to the man I sought not, the Dr. Moffatt who subsequently came to India as surgeon of

her majesty's Fourteenth Regiment, and now had opened the way for our work in Cawnpore. I see more and more clearly that it is too late for me to begin to make plans for the Lord by which to work, when God has so long ago made plans for me. It is not mine to ask him to indorse my plans and go with me, but by all available means to discern his plans and go with him.

Sabbath, 18th. Preached in the Union Chapel, at 7 A. M., to a congregation of twenty-three soldiers and thirteen civilians. At 11 A. M. I went to the English Church to hear Rev. Mr. M., the chaplain; but instead the prayers and a short sermon were read by "our colonel." The whole thing was over and we were out and gone in less than an hour. It appears that the people here can't stand the worship of God for more than an hour at a time. Went to the chapel at 2 P. M. and preached to twenty-three persons; then again, at 5:30 P. M., to a congregation of thirty soldiers and thirty civilians. Deep attention, but not ready for an advance, except to explain the situation and get the people to search the Scriptures and see if these things are so. It was arranged that our English services should be held in Dr. Moffatt's prayer room. During this week visited the colonel, the chaplain, and many soldiers' families, and preached every night; but with no decisive results in the way of conversions. When Christmas holidays set in the people were so taken up with excursions and home entertainments that we closed and never again resumed our special services at the Union Chapel and Dr. Moffatt's prayer room, but instead George Myall and I ran special services in the native city, in the houses of two East Indian families, about two miles apart, and preached daily also in the bazaars, to the heathen and Mohammedans. At our outdoor services we had from two to four hundred hearers, and usually very attentive.

At our house No. 1 I preached six nights before I invited any to come out avowedly as penitent sinners. I was waiting for them, to see them interpret and obey the leading of the Holy Spirit without human suggestion. On the seventh night, at the close of my sermon, a prominent East Indian midwife doctor arose to her feet and said, "I feel that I am a great sinner, and I want to confess my sins."

"Confess your sins to God."

"Yes, but I have for many years been a public rebel against God, and common honesty and truth require a public confession and renunciation of wickedness."

With that she came and knelt down weeping near to where I stood; others followed. Within ten days after I organized a church in that house, composed of fourteen of our new converts, born unto God in that house. The owner of it, our host, was a French Roman Catholic. At No. 2 our noonday series gave us a new organization of eight members.

January 4, 1871. I got George to-day to accompany me to the Memorial Gardens. The gatekeeper would not allow my *babu* to go in because he was a native, though his unswerving loyalty was attested here in the mutiny, when he was robbed of all he had and narrowly escaped with his life. It is an undeniable fact that the native Christians were almost invariably true to the government during the mutiny, and some of them did good service for their country. The gardens are beautifully laid out with walks, lawns, flower beds, borders, and shrubbery, all kept in fine condition. Over the fatal well is the monument, on which stands the statue of a weeping angel. Around it is an octagon wall about ten feet high, square pillars with Gothic capitals at each angle of the wall. Passing through the great iron gate, I descend by five steps to the base of the monument, which bears this inscription: "Sacred to the memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly massacred by the

followers of the rebel Nana Dhaoodopunt of Bithoor; and they cast the dying with the dead into the well below, on the 15th day of July, 1857."

January 5. I said to-night to Dr. Moffatt, who is a Low Church Episcopalian, and son of an old deceased minister of the Episcopal Church in Ireland, "We now have twenty-two East Indian converts here, with two Hindus, Mrs. B. and her adopted daughter, whom she took fifteen years ago from the breast of a dead Hindu mother on the banks of the Jumna. I have organized these converts into two bands, one at each of our preaching places, and they want to know what we are going to do for them in the way of pastoral care. They are all poor but self-supporting, and want no help in that way. I am pledged to the Lucknow brethren not to commit them for any responsibility. You have a leading agency in this work, and if it shall result in the establishment of a Methodist mission here it will be a feather in your cap."

"Yes, and a star in my crown."

"But you have already got yourself into disgrace in the eyes of your chaplain and others; so you had better count the cost before we proceed farther."

"O, my shoulders are broad; I don't care for any of them, except to do them good. They shall never hinder me from doing the work God may give me to do."

Next day, Friday, the 6th, I breakfasted with Mr. McLeavy, manager of the Bank of Upper India, and a friend of our work. I assured him of the possibility of securing an American Methodist missionary for Cawnpore if we proceeded to organize.

He promptly replied, "I hope they will send one to Cawnpore. The Presbyterians don't intend to establish a permanent mission here; Mr. W. told me so. I have tried in vain to get my own church" (the Baptist) "to send a teacher here who could also hold religious services. There is no mission in this city of one hundred and fifty thousand population except that of the Propagation Society, and they are doing but little to meet the spiritual wants of this people. A Methodist mission would absorb all the interest that the Presbyterians and others now share among them as transient visitors. I will give all my influence to it, and I am sure Mr. Jahans, the Greenways, and others will do the same. If a school also could be established, with a competent teacher, it would realize three hundred rupees per month."

All this was spontaneous, and came in as another indication of Providence that we should plant a mission in Cawnpore.

Saturday, January 7. Dr. Moffatt ordered an elephant from the commissariat, and at 11 A. M. the huge monster kneeled down at our door and lay flat on his breast. Then mounting a chair and seizing a couple of ropes attached to the great cushion on his back, we climbed up his side like climbing up the side of a small schooner. Thus mounting the monster, we explored the city. We tried to see everything we could, and the people seemed as curious to see us, for, though they may daily see elephants hereabouts, they probably never saw one thus mounted and passing through so many narrow streets and gateways as they saw to-day. In one narrow alley a cow was tied to a veranda, on the floor of which lay an old Hindu fast asleep. The cow was dreadfully frightened at the sight of our great elephant, and first threw herself back to the full length of her line, then, dashing forward, by a tremendous leap cleared the veranda railing and lighted down on the old sleeping Hindu. I need hardly add that she waked him up, and he seemed as badly scared as the cow, and she, poor creature, frightened again at the sudden bound of the man, fell backward into a sewerage trench in front of the veranda, and we passed out of sight and left them to their reflections.

MY JOURNEY THROUGH THE STREETS OF CAWNPORE.

"Thus mounting the monster, we explored the city."—Page 523.

At 3:30 P. M. the doctor and I drove out to the railway bridge to meet Brother Thoburn from Lucknow. Later in the afternoon Rev. Henry Mansell, Presiding Elder of the Moradabad District, and his family, drove up. He was on his way to Conference, to meet next week in Lucknow, but was too late for the branch line train; so, of the three presiding elders in the whole Conference I shall have two to spend the Sabbath in my new Cawnpore mission. Thus they can personally inspect the work here and be prepared to represent it on the Conference floor.

Tuesday, 10th. This morning I drew up a rough draft of a petition addressed to the India Mission Conference, praying them to put Cawnpore on the list of their missions and appoint to it at their coming session a missionary. Mr. McLeavy copied it, and got the signatures of many of the leading men of the station, with a subscription of eighty rupees per month toward the support of the missionary, which he said could easily be increased to a hundred. With this petition and subscription, and the list of my candidates for membership organized into two classes—fourteen in one and eight in the other—on Thursday morning, the 12th of January, I returned to Lucknow.

The India Mission Conference assembled in Lucknow on Thursday, the 12th. On Friday the Cawnpore petition was presented and freely discussed. Considerable opposition by some good conservatives. All admitted that the manifest work of God there, and the call for a missionary and pledge of about one hundred rupees per month toward his support, were pretty clear indications that God would lead us into Cawnpore. Some said we were bound by compact with other missions not to cross the Ganges, and that the Conference boundary, as laid down in the Discipline, was in accordance with that agreement, and shut us in on that side.

I said, "All who come to Lucknow from the northwest or south must stop at Cawnpore and inquire the way, and must stay there till the next day, waiting for a train on the branch line to Lucknow, as a worthy presiding elder had to do last Saturday, and, not being a Sabbath-breaker, while he was resting we got two good sermons from him in our new circuit. Cawnpore, therefore, is the gate to Lucknow, and you may just as well deny a man the right of way to his own farm or bungalow as to refuse to admit Cawnpore. Providential lines and railway lines clearly put that city within the bounds of this Conference."

The Conference voted to put Cawnpore on the list and recommend the Missionary Board to confirm their action and appoint a missionary to it. On that night I preached, and we had the communion rail crowded with seekers of purity, and eight or nine penitents also. That night Dennis Osborne went up and got a baptism of the Spirit, and soon after joined our Church, and is now the most effective, soul-saving preacher, I believe, in the northwest.

Tuesday, 17th. I preached to-day at 1 P. M. in the house of Brother George Bailey; text, "God so loved the world." Brother Mukurji, a converted Brahman, who was admited on trial into the Conference to-day, was my interpreter. Bengali is his language, but he seems to be well up in Hindustani. Bailey prompted him whenever he seemed at a loss; from which it struck me that perhaps Bailey was my man for interpreter.

An old Hindu said to Bailey, "I like all that I have heard here to-day. It seems nice, and appears to be true; but it is very hard for us to believe it. It takes time for us to know that it is all true."

I replied, "True, my old friend; it is difficult at once to believe in a thing both strange and new. If I had come here ten years ago and told you all about steam engines,

railroads, and telegraphs, and that such things in ten years would be sights in Lucknow as common as the sight of elephants and camels, you would have found it as hard to believe all that as what I have told you to-day."

"That is true," said the old man; and a smile and general expression of approval came from the crowd. The Holy Spirit evidently impressed the minds of many here to-day.

Wednesday, 18th. The Conference closed with the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

Thursday, 19th. Preached at Bailey's at twelve o'clock to about eighty persons. I counted forty Hindus and Mohammedans. Brother Bailey interpreted, and did it well. After we had been preaching about half an hour a Mohammedan moulvy (a kind of priest) came in and sat down on a chair. Immediately seven of the best-looking, well-dressed Mohammedans got up abruptly and left the house.

I said to Bailey in an undertone, "What's the matter with those fellows?"

"The moulvy sat down on a chair above them;" and turning to him Bailey said, "Sit down there on the carpet;" and he did so.

Then, quick as a monkey, Bailey bolted down stairs and out into the street and overtook the deserters and brought them back and demanded of them in the presence of the crowd an explanation of their conduct.

The oldest one of them replied, "We are all equals, and don't allow any of our people to take a higher seat than that of his brother."

Bailey pointed to the old moulvy on the floor, and they nodded assent. Then an East Indian gentleman and his sister got up to select a seat on the carpet; but the old Mohammedan took hold of their hands and begged them to sit down on their chairs, as that was their custom. We then proceeded with the discourse, and they all listened with great attention.

Friday, 20th. Preached again at Bailey's on the Prodigal Son. At the close the people seemed unwilling to leave, and Bailey overheard them saying one to another, "If that man would stop here he would win us all over to his side."

An old Hindu said to Bailey as he passed out, "I'll think no more about my own religion, but I'll think about the Lord Jesus."

The same old moulvy and his son, a well-educated young man, were here again to-day. They claim to be related to the late King of Oude. They and several other Mohammedans followed me to Dr. Waugh's, and again at night called on me at Brother Thoburn's. I told them my experience and preached to them for an hour. They expressed great regret that I was going to leave the city so soon. I asked Brothers Waugh and Thoburn if they could interpret the old moulvy's motives. They replied that they could see nothing indicating an improper motive, no very deep conviction of sin, but an interest in the truth of God enkindled in their hearts, and a sincere personal friendship.

Saturday, 21st. Called to see Mrs. Davis, who was dying. I saw her a number of times before, but now she bade adieu to all her friends. I sang "The Home in Heaven" and "All is Well," and prayed; and soon after she died in the Lord. The Conference had no regular missionary for Cawnpore, but gave us Brother Mukurji, a converted Brahman, to labor in native work at Cawnpore. I went with him to-day to introduce him and smooth down the disappointment of my friends there in not getting a missionary. At the railway station I met the old moulvy and his friends, who came to see me off. I remained at Cawnpore till Tuesday, and put Brother Mukurji into the work as well as I could. He is an earnest, good brother; but the work at Cawnpore was not conserved as well as it could have been under more favorable conditions.

Old Sister Phillis, one of our converts there, became very useful, but after a year of service was taken to heaven. Brother Thoburn still went to Cawnpore occasionally and organized the English work; and Dr. J. Condon, one of the Lord's lay preachers, was appointed civil surgeon at Cawnpore soon after I left, and became a powerful worker.

A year later Brother Gladwin was appointed there as a missionary and developed the English work, and also regular native preaching and large schools in the city; and that station became the first self-supporting mission in the Conference, and also the seat of the Memorial High School. They appropriated missionary money there for buildings; but the preacher's salary was paid by the people from an early period of Brother Gladwin's appointment to Cawnpore.

Tuesday, 24th. On my return to Lucknow I found the old moulvy and his friends on the platform waiting for me; and they called again to see me that evening. Had a family prayer meeting at Brother Thoburn's at night, at which we had five Bengalis, three men and two women. The two latter came out as seekers and received Jesus.

It is all arranged for me to go to-morrow to Seetapore, on my tour through the mission. Brother Bailey is to go as my interpreter. Every traveler in this country has to take up his bed and walk. So Brother Mansell gave me an outfit of bedding for my journey.

25th. We took the road in the dak-ghari (mail coach) at 8 A. M. The old moulvy and his son came to see me off, and were most anxious to know when I would return. I told the dear old man that I hoped to return in September.

"O, that is such a long time; your words give me so much light and comfort. When you come again I will bring our nobles to see you."

Instead of returning in September, as I thought I should, I did not see Lucknow again for three years, and was sorry to learn then that my old moulvy was dead.

We drove fifty-two miles through a beautiful but poorly cultivated country, arriving in Seetapore at 5 P. M., and were welcomed by Rev. Brother Knowles, who had a tent pitched for us in the mission compound, or yard. (Seeta was the wife of Ram, and *pore* means city. This is the city of Ram's wife.)

Thursday, 26th. White frost covering the ground this morning. Preaching announced for the chapel at 8 A. M., but as the shivering natives had collected in the sunshine on the mission house veranda I preached to them there. Preached in the chapel at 11 A. M. Bailey interpreted and was master of the situation.

We had to-day a general break down among the East Indians, and ten women and seven men came forward as seekers, and professed to receive Christ and peace with God.

We had a dozen Afghan Mohammedan soldiers present, who seemed to be greatly interested. They said to Brother Knowles, "This preaching is all true. It has loosened a knot in our hearts, and we are untying it; but you will have to give us a little time."

Friday, 27th. Preached, through Bailey, at noon. In our congregation were Captain Risalahdar Ubdoola Khan, his brother Rashied, and other native officers, fine-looking Afghans belonging to Colonel Robart's cavalry.

At the close, the captain came up and said to Brother Knowles, "We agree with what has been said. We have received great light. The light has shined into me this day."

They followed us to the tent, and the captain (who is more properly a colonel, having command of six hundred cavalry) begged me to come and preach to his men; but as I had to preach again the same evening in the chapel and leave early next morning it was impossible for me to do so. It seemed such a pity. Then they said, "We'll meet you in the colonel's compound in the morning."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Campaign from Panahpore to Bombay.

CAPTAIN UBDOOLA KHAN and his fellow-officers met me early, according to promise, but the colonel ordered them to their lines, so that I could not say much to them.

Saturday, 28th. Our journey from Seetapore to Panahpore is about fifty miles. This is my first day's experience in a dhuli dak. The dhuli is a carriage about seven feet long, three feet wide, and three feet high. In this the bed is spread; so that the occupant can sit or lie down and sleep at will. At each side are sliding doors. This, however, is a carriage without wheels or horses. A long, light pole passes through the center, close under the ceiling of the carriage, extending through each end four or five feet. The whole is carried by four coolies, two at each end. These are relieved by a fresh relay about every six miles. They move regularly in a steady trot, keeping time and stimulating each other by a sort of grunting chorus, oft repeating "Jaldi ja;" that is, "Quickly go."

It is said that some editor in England, in giving his readers an account of a terrible battle in the mutiny, made quite a sensational climax by the statement that after the engagement the "dreadful Dhulies came down upon her majesty's wounded soldiers and carried them off." The fact was, they were thus carried off to the hospital to be treated!

A little after dark we arrived in Panahpore (*Pana* means refuge). So we were welcomed by Brother and Sister Johnson and Brother Buck into the city of refuge.

Sabbath, 29th. Preached at 11 A. M. Good attention; but we did not invite seekers. Again at 5:30 P. M. At the prayer meeting following the preaching twenty-four men and six women came forward as seekers and professed to find peace. Some of them are servile, and not very reliable; but I felt a profound sympathy for them, and showed no distrust. Some of them spoke beautifully. One said, "A great light is shining into my heart." Another said, "My soul is filled with joy. It is like a spring bubbling up in my heart."

Monday, 30th. At twelve o'clock, as the gong was telling the hour for preaching, there was a sudden cry of fire. Half a mile west the jungle was in flames. Large quantities of long thatch grass belonging to the pore had been cut and bound in sheaves, and much remained ready for the scythe. All this was being consumed. So we all ran to try to subdue the fire. I had much experience in fighting fire in the mountains of Virginia when a boy; so I went to the front in the heat of the sun at noon and wrought with all my might for two hours, till we succeeded in putting it out. Meantime it passed a little beyond the bounds of the mission farm into a tract under rent by an old Brahman. The old man, with three or four of his laborers, came to help. I assisted him in removing beyond danger the only cut grass he had; so that his loss did not exceed a couple of dollars. We had a service on our return, and sixteen women and five men professed to find the forgiveness of their sins.

Tuesday, 31st. Preached to believers at noon and night, closing with a fellowship meeting.

Enoch Berge said, "If I had gained the whole world I should not be so happy as I am to-night; Jesus has saved my soul from sin."

Soonderlal said, "Jesus removed the heavy burden of my sins. I love everybody as I love myself. I am saved, and if the Lord should call me now I should go straight to heaven."

Chotey, a large black man, said, "I read Padri Taylor's book in 1869. I saw by the papers that he was coming to Lucknow, and I intended going there to see him, but, thank God, he has come hither, and under his preaching I have been led to Jesus and have got all my sins forgiven."

Brother Wap said, "I am wonderfully blessed this time. I never was so blessed before."

Brother Paulus said, "A spring of living water is flowing into my mind."

Sister Charlotte said, "I have received the pardon of all my sins, and I am extremely happy."

Brother George said, "For three or four days the grace of God has come upon me."

Daisei's wife said, "I know that my sins are forgiven, and I am happy. Before I was baptized I was subject to fits. From that time I was free from them till I neglected Christ. Then I had a relapse and severe fits came upon me. I came back to Jesus, and when his love came into my heart I got quite well."

Chotey's wife said, "I strongly testify that I am cleared from my sins, and I am very happy."

And so on. They nearly all told their experience in great simplicity. Many women came forward as seekers, with their babes in their arms, and to-night I see the same standing up to testify for Jesus with their babes still in their arms.

On Wednesday, February 1, we struck our tents in Panahpore, five miles distant, and came to Shahjehanpore. *Shah* means king; *jehan*, the world; *pore*, city—called after Shahjehan, one of the Great Mogul kings of the country. We are quartered in Dr. Johnson's mission bungalow; Brother Buck is his colleague.

The great missionary interest of this place is the Boys' Orphanage. Dr. Butler got a few orphans together in Naini Tal, in 1859, and subsequently opened an orphanage at Bareilly; but it was afterward removed to this place, secured by Dr. Johnson. The site contains thirty acres of land. The minister's bungalow is sixty feet square, with verandas on all sides, ceiling about thirty feet high; a fine establishment for an Indian residence. It was built by Captain Sage at a cost of nine thousand rupees, but Brother Johnson got it for five thousand.

The orphanage contained one hundred and forty-seven resident boys and young men and about twenty day scholars. These were all instructed in the rudiments of the Hindi, Hindustani, and Persian languages; most of the larger boys also in the ordinary branches of English. They all learn a trade as well in the industrial department, farming, weaving, shoemaking, printing and press work, cabinet making, etc.

The schoolhouse and chapel in one is sixty-six feet square, with ceiling thirty feet high. There are three recitation rooms on each side, with chapel in the center, twenty-four feet broad by sixty-six long; the cost, seven thousand rupees.

The whole thing, with minister's bungalow, teachers' houses, boys' houses, workshop, and well, cost about twenty thousand rupees.

On this day of our arrival we preached in the orphanage chapel at twelve noon, and 6:30 P. M. All attentive and well-behaved.

Friday, February 3. Went out eight miles to Chandapore, to attend a monthly meeting of the fakirs and followers of Kabir.

We got a patient hearing to a sermon over an hour in length, and our testimony to a personal experience of salvation from sin by Jesus Christ, and a closing prayer that God would open their hearts and apply his truth.

Then the head fakir tried to checkmate our testimony by saying, "O, I drank of the river of life long ago, and got all that you say you have got. Kabir was the son of God, and through him all my sins were taken away."

I challenged him to produce Kabir's credentials.

"Where is the proof that he ever set up such a claim for himself? You say that your sins have all been pardoned and taken away; I must have the testimony of your neighbors on that point."

Then I appealed to the people: "Friends, you know this man. He says that his sins have been taken away. Is that true? Does he not cheat you, and oppress you, and tell you lies?"

The people cried out against him, saying, "He is one of the greatest sinners amongst us, and he is telling you lies now."

Then he changed his ground and said, "We are united to God; we are a part of God. We do nothing of ourselves; God does it all, and never imputes sin to us. We never sinned in our lives."

Bailey replied, "Then if I come and join your clan, and become a worshiper of Kabir, I may seduce your wife and take her away from you, and do all manner of wickedness, and you would say, 'Mr. Bailey—what a good man he is! True, he has given us a great deal of trouble, but, poor fellow! he is not responsible. It was God who did it all.'"

Many of the people cried out, calling the priest by name, "Shame, shame on you! You know well enough that we are all responsible for our conduct."

Thus we sowed the good seed among the people, silenced the batteries of the priests, and returned.

Preached in the orphanage chapel at 6 P. M. About seventy came forward as seekers, and twenty-five professed to find forgiveness of sins, and publicly testified for Jesus.

Saturday, 4th. My rest day; but while I was resting—at the earnest request of the leading English residents of the station, it being their only leisure day—I preached to them in our chapel at 4 P. M. Among them were Judge Henderson, Collector Saunders, and his assistant, Mr. Smith, brother of Rev. Gervase Smith, of the British Wesleyan Conference. We had a very interesting service.

We continued special services on Sabbath and Monday. Over seventy during the series, mostly orphans, professed to obtain peace with God. The greater part of these, as I have heard from year to year, remained steadfast.

A journey of fifty miles brought us to Bareilly. Preached to a poor leper on the way while changing horses. His fingers and toes had all dropped off.

I said to him, "Where will your spirit go when it shall leave the body?"

He reflected a moment and replied, "It will go back where it came from."

We tried to lead him to the cleansing Fountain, that his spirit might be prepared to return to God, who gave it.

We found a good and welcome home in the house of Rev. T. J. Scott, the Presiding Elder of Bareilly District. His residence is a large bungalow built by Dr. Butler, the pioneer of the mission, but who, some years before, had returned to America.

The next house is the residence of Rev. D. W. Thomas, who, with his earnest, good wife, and Miss Fanny Sparks to assist him, has charge of the Girls' Orphanage, a similar institution to the one for boys in Shahjehanpore. It contains one hundred and forty orphan girls, many of them now young women, well advanced in the rudiments of education, and in handiwork to fit them to fill their station in life.

Here we also found Miss C. Swain, M.D., at her post. She is a most successful medical practitioner, and gets access to the best families in the city. She has treated this year one thousand three hundred and thirty-five cases, and has in connection with this opened up an interesting zenana work.

Bareilly is a large native city and military station. On the evening of my arrival, at the request of our missionaries, I went with them to a temperance tea meeting for her majesty's Twenty-fifth Regiment, and heard some good temperance talk, and preached a little to the soldiers.

I preached in the orphanage chapel at noon to the one hundred and forty orphans—all old enough to sin, and hence old enough to be saved from sin. Bailey interpreted.

Preached in the bungalow used for regular native services at 6 P. M. Brother Scott interpreted, and did it well. Brother Bailey heard to-day that Justice Walker, whom he knew in Lucknow during the mutiny, was residing in Bareilly, and was a justice of the peace and treasurer of the city.

"I will take Brother Taylor to see Walker," said Bailey, "and we will get him converted to God."

The missionaries laughed at Bailey's newborn zeal, and said, "You can do nothing with Walker. His wife is a Mussulmani, and he has a lot of her Mohammedan kindred in his house. He never comes to preaching."

"O, I am sure we can get him saved," replied Bailey, and left abruptly, and went to call on his old friend. After reviewing their memories of the mutiny he said, "Mr. Walker, I want to introduce Mr. Taylor to you."

"No, Mr. Bailey; if you please, don't bring Mr. Taylor here. He'll be pitching into me about something or other, and I don't want to see him."

"Nay, nay, Mr. Walker; Mr. Taylor is a world-wide traveler and a kind gentleman. He will interest you on many subjects, and not pitch into you at all."

So Mr. Walker consented, and Bailey came in haste for me to go and get his friend saved.

We went to his office, and after a long talk on various topics, as I was about to leave, I said, "Mr. Walker, as I am stopping at Mr. Scott's, near by, and have but a few days to spend in your city, if agreeable to you I shall be glad to come some morning and conduct family worship for you."

"Thank you, Mr. Taylor; but I am a man of business, and have to go early to office daily, and cannot possibly command the time."

"How about Sabbath morning?"

"Well, I have no particular engagement Sabbath morning."

"Suppose, then, you invite a few of your friends, and allow me to come to your house, and we will have family worship together?"

"Very well, Mr. Taylor; come next Sabbath, at 8 A. M."

Thursday, 9th. Preached in the orphanage chapel at noon, from Luke vii, 50. Illustrated the narrative with my map, nine feet by twelve. Great seriousness.

A Mohammedan giant, who lives with Mr. Walker, whom we called "Goliath of Gath,"

was present at our meeting in the bungalow. Bailey recognized him as an old friend whom he knew in the mutiny. He seemed much pleased to see Bailey, and said to him, "You have found God. I wish I could find him too!"

Friday, 10th. At the orphanage chapel Bailey interpreted well, as usual. The missionaries in different places often expressed surprise at his clear, terse translation of my Scripture quotations, so original and so forcible.

THE MOHAMMEDAN GOLIATH.—Page 537.

A grand meeting to-day among the orphans. Sixty-seven of the elder girls came up as seekers, and twenty-six were saved.

At 7 P. M., in the bungalow, twenty-five men and fifteen women, native nominal Christians, came out as seekers, and professed to find Jesus. Goliath seemed under deep concern.

Saturday, 11th. Had a meeting in Brother Scott's house for his native helpers, and I gave them a talk on personal holiness.

Sabbath, 12th. Had a service at Mr. Walker's at 8 A. M. Eighteen persons present, including his family. At the close, seeing that a good impression was made, I said, "Now, Mr. Walker, if you like I will come again to-morrow morning at seven o'clock and conduct your family worship. We can have a family service from seven to eight, and then you can have from eight to nine for breakfast and get to office in due time, at 10 A. M."

"All right, Mr. Taylor; we shall be glad to see you again to-morrow morning."

At the orphanage chapel at noon we had about seventy seekers, and nineteen professed to find Jesus.

A young woman said, "I have received the forgiveness of my sins. No one has told me in my ear, but I feel the testimony of it in my mind, and I will always be true to Jesus."

Another said, "I submitted myself to Jesus. The burden of sin is removed from my heart. It was a crushing load, but I don't feel any of it now. I know my sins are pardoned."

Another said, "When I heard from Miss Sparks last night that I could receive the pardon of my sins I tried to find it, but did not. This morning I have received Jesus.

Another said, "I was very miserable last night, and did not know what to do; but to-day I submitted myself unreservedly to Jesus, and God has acquitted me."

Monday, 13th. Preached in orphanage chapel on the babes and sucklings, and the truth took hold on the smaller orphans. Some of them came forward, but more of the larger ones; thirty-eight professed to find forgiveness of sins. At 6 P. M. I preached in the city schoolhouse to the English-speaking Hindus, Mohammedans, and Brahmos—the followers of Keshub Chunder Sen, of Calcutta. About one hundred present, crowding the room. I discoursed to them an hour. The Spirit of God was manifestly present to apply the truth. At the close Judge Bakhtawar Singh, a Hindu judge receiving a government salary of eight hundred rupees per month, arose and tendered his thanks and the thanks of the hearers for what they had heard.

If I had time to dispute daily with these people and pursue fully St. Paul's methods—having the same Gospel, the same Jesus, and the same Holy Spirit—I am sure we should see corresponding results. But I have promised to make as fair a division of my time as possible among the whole of our missions before the hot weather shall set in, and my appointments are announced.

Tuesday, 14th. Preached at Walker's at 7 A. M. About thirty present, and deep awakening. At the close Mr. Walker said, "Mr. Taylor, I hope you will come to-morrow morning, and every morning while you remain in the city."

"Thank you, Mr. Walker, I shall, the Lord willing, do so with much pleasure."

Preached at the orphanage chapel at twelve noon. Fifty seekers, and twenty-seven professed to find Jesus. Many of them this time were little girls. The large ones were saved first, and now the little children are coming to Jesus.

Brother Thoburn writes that the work in Lucknow is progressing well; three or four saved each week.

Wednesday, 15th. At Justice Walker's again at 7 A. M. Great awakening. All of them—about twenty souls—went down on their knees as avowed seekers of salvation.

Good service at twelve o'clock in the orphanage chapel. During preaching in the evening in the bungalow a cry of fire broke up our meeting for half an hour. In the next lot to our bungalow was Brother Thomas's karkana, or workshop, an institution he got up at the close of the famine in 1861, to give employment to starving mechanics and a refuge for poor Christian natives. In the center of this workshop compound stood a tent with thatch walls, which he was using temporarily as his office, while his office proper was undergoing repairs. The tent was in a blaze. As I came out I saw his desk, containing valuable books and papers, turned end-over-end in the midst of the flames by a young native, who seemed to be fireproof. The desk flew open in one of its somersaults, and out came the books and papers; by means of a general grab game everything of value was rescued, but somewhat blackened and scorched. We soon returned to the bungalow, and about a dozen of the Walker family came out as seekers, and professed to receive Jesus.

Thursday, 16th. At Justice Walker's at 7 A. M. I preached, and Mrs. Walker, the Mussulmani, came forward for Christian baptism. Brother Scott read the baptismal service in Hindustani, and we prayed for her and for Mr. Walker till they were filled with the Holy Spirit; and then I baptized her with water.

I then read our General Rules and gave them an address on Church organization and organized a church in the house of Brother Walker, and appointed him to conduct a public service in his own house every Sabbath morning, assisted by the missionaries when they could command time.

At the noon meeting that day in the orphanage chapel Mrs. Walker publicly related her experience in her own language; she could not speak English. At the close of the

meeting Brother Scott said, "She has great command of the Hindustani language, and is most clear and emphatic in her testimony to the saving power of Christ."

I may simply add that Justice Walker kept up the meetings at his own house, and sometimes conducted meetings at the bungalow. Mrs. Walker was a large, fine-looking woman, apparently in the vigor of life and health; but a few months after her conversion to God she took ill and died. Brother Scott wrote me that she remained true to Jesus and died in the Lord. After a year or two Brother Walker also died in the Lord, and the family moved away, I know not whither.

The giant passed through all this deeply awakened, and came to spend the evening with me at Brother Scott's the night of my departure; admitted everything; anxious to be saved, but hesitated. I know not what became of him.

Four years after, I spent one night in Bareilly, and in the afternoon visited the orphanage. Many of the grown-up girls had married and gone away; many younger ones had come in; the majority of them knew me, and jumped for joy to see their old friend.

Leaving Brother Scott's about 9 P. M., we traveled that night by dhuli dak forty miles to a camp meeting on the Budaon Circuit, Rev. R. Hoskins, missionary. We arrived at the camp just as the cheering rays of the morning sun began to stream through the mango groves. Brother and Sister Hoskins welcomed us to their tent.

At this camp meeting over thirty nominal Christian natives professed to find the pardon of their sins, and one Mohammedan was baptized by Brother Scott.

From the camp meeting we passed on to Chandousi. It was late at night when we arrived, but after much difficulty we found the Dak bungalow and Brothers Mansell and Wheeler. We made an itinerating tour of hard fighting and varied success at Chandousi, Babukhera, Joa, Sambhal, Bashta, Amroha, and Moradabad. Brother Parker, presiding elder, and his wife, a true helper, were with us during most of the campaign of six weeks.

Early in April we went to Meerut, a large native city and military station. Rev. Mr. McKay, church chaplain, and Rev. Mr. Gillan, Scotch Kirk chaplain, gave me an earnest invitation to work for them in English work. So Brother Bailey returned and took work under Brother Parker. He became a preacher in Hindustani and Hindi.

I preached daily in the kirk in Meerut for three weeks. I did not for a fortnight invite a seeker to come out avowedly on the Lord's side. Finally I invited them to come to the front, and seven came promptly forward, and we had a deep awakening among many who did not yield. I hoped for a great harvest of souls, but it struck the dear ministers as a novelty, because they had never seen the like before. They did not object publicly, but afterward expressed their feelings so that I did not consider it safe to repeat the call for seekers. I did not certainly believe that a single one was saved.

I went from Meerut to Delhi, and labored three weeks with my old friend Rev. James Smith, the Baptist missionary whom I met in Australia eight years before. The weather was now so hot that we did not attempt to hold special services in his chapel beyond the regular Sabbath appointments, but we had preaching every week evening in verandas and open courts, and prepared the soil and sowed the good seed, and in the following cool season Brother Smith, as his report states, gathered a good harvest. He was trying hard, and with a good degree of success, to place his mission on a purely self-supporting basis.

Friday, May 12. Visited the Great Mosque of the Mogul emperors of Delhi. It is really a magnificent structure. From the top of a minaret about three hundred feet high I got a full view of the city and a wide radius of the surrounding country. The buildings are greatly superior to any I saw in Cawnpore or Lucknow.

As I was driven from time to time to all parts of the city many places of interest, and incidents belonging to them, were brought to my attention, such as: "The forlorn hope was led through this gate. Twenty-three men were told off, each one to carry a bag of powder and lay it down at the gate and fire a fuse to set it off. Seventeen of them were killed and mortally wounded. These gates were thus blown open, and the English soldiers marched into the city. Then it took seven days of hard fighting to take it, for inside were sixty thousand Sepoys, who had been trained in the British army by all the military skill of their commanders, and no end to the guns and ammunition."

"That is the gate where the chaplain was slain. His daughter and another young lady were dragged down those steps and killed in that little alley."

"That great cross marks the spot where some hundreds of Europeans and East Indians, slain by the rebels, were buried in a mass together."

"Under that tree the rebels took one hundred and twenty English and East Indian women and children, and murdered them."

"That English church was built by the vow of a wounded colonel, on the result of his living to see the rebellion crushed;" etc.

From Delhi I went to Ambala, and preached two Sabbaths for Rev. William Morrison, to her majesty's Seventy-second Regiment, and in the week intervening we opened an English work in Sudder Bazaar.

I went thence to Bijnour, and wrought a few days for Rev. Henry Jackson, and had some souls saved; thence by dhuli dak, on a very wet night, forty miles to Moradabad; thence about forty more to the base of the mountain, en route for Naini Tal, and thence fifteen miles up the Himalaya Mountains, on Rev. Dr. J. L. Humphrey's pony.

The doctor was not only an indefatigable missionary, but a successful medical practitioner. From April to November of this year he treated one thousand eight hundred and thirty patients. He was also the founder of a medical school in Naini Tal. Colonel Ramsey, Commissioner of Gurhwal and Kumaon, was his ever-ready patron and a firm support to all our mission work in the Himalaya Mountains.

It was during this visit that Sister Humphrey and I compiled *Hymns New and Old*, which have been so valuable to our rising Indian churches.

Spent a week preaching for Rev. J. Budden, of the London Mission, at Elmora. He was an earnest Christian gentleman and a grand interpreter in Hindi.

Spent a Sabbath at Rani Khet, and went on a week's journey through the mountains to Paori, Rev. Henry Mansell, presiding elder, and Rev. P. T. Wilson, preacher in charge. This was my last work that year in our Mission Conference. All the missionaries and their wives and our female missionaries have my fullest confidence and sympathy. A few hundreds of nominal native Christians professed to find peace at our meetings, and also a small number of Hindus and Mohammedans, and God gave a fresh divine impulse to the work, which thrills on with increasing power year by year. My work closed in Paori about the last of August. It was not considered safe to return to the plains earlier than October; so I set apart the month of September for a pilgrimage with the natives, to study them and learn what they did and suffered to get rest for their souls.

We reached Mussouri on the 5th of October. Spent a few days preaching for Rev. Mr. Woodside, American Presbyterian, in Dheradoon, and went thence to Lahore. At the call of the missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to attend their annual meeting at Ahmednuggur I started for Bombay, about one thousand five hundred miles distant, on Wednesday, the 19th of October, 1871.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Missions at Bombay and Institution Hall.

THE city of Bombay was built on several small islands, which have been gradually united to each other by leveling down the hills and filling up the separating valleys. Thus the whole became one island, and that has been united to the mainland and firmly anchored to it by railway lines.

When Charles II married the daughter of the King of Portugal he received the island and dependencies of Bombay as part of her dower.

"A grand expedition was dispatched to India by the crown, under the Earl of Marlborough, to receive possession of the settlements; but after having held it for six years the ministers of the crown found that it cost more than it yielded, and ceded it to the East India Company—under whose fostering care the population grew from ten thousand to more than eight hundred thousand, and the trade from one hundred thousand to more than three hundred million rupees.

"The year in which Bombay was ceded to the company was the year in which the first order for the purchase of tea was sent out by them to the East."

The Parsees are not a very numerous though a very influential class of the population of Bombay. The whole Parsee nation in India numbers less than one hundred thousand; of these about fifty thousand reside in Bombay. They are Persians by national descent and Zoroastrians in religion. They fled from Persia twelve hundred years ago, under the pressure of the great Mohammedan conquest, when their nation had to accept the Koran or the sword. They settled in the Surat country, two hundred miles north of Bombay, where a large portion of them still remain. They were allowed a peaceable settlement by the king of the country under certain treaty conditions, one of which was that they should not eat beef; and thus they politically adopted some customs of the Hindu religion.

The Parsees believe in one God, in heaven and hell, are not idolaters, but, instead, assume to worship God through the medium of the elements, especially fire, and are hence called fire worshipers; but they have many heathen ceremonies. I cannot here attempt a description of them. In commerce and trade they are very enterprising, and have been very prosperous. In the reaction following the great cotton speculative mania occasioned by the civil war in America many of them, in common with the mass of English and Hindu speculators in shares, collapsed; but a large number are now wealthy merchants, and some of them liberal.

Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy founded and endowed a hospital in Bombay bearing his name, which has no rival in the city and is annually the refuge for thousands of sufferers of all nationalities. As a class the Parsees are well educated, and a large proportion of those in Bombay speak English. They do not patronize mission schools, but have schools of their own; and many are educated in the government schools.

Up to the time of my going to Bombay, history, so far as we can learn, only records eight cases of Parsees becoming Christians. The Parsees do not bury their dead, as do the Mohammedans, Christians, Buddhists, and others, nor burn their dead, as do the

Hindus, but turn them over to the vultures, to be devoured. They have on a high hill near the city what is called the "Tower of Silence." It is an inclosure of several acres of ground in its wild jungle state, except scattered stately palm trees and a few towers of solid masonry, flat on the top, covered, I am told, with gratings of iron bars on which the bodies of the dead are exposed, to be devoured by birds of prey. This inclosure is surrounded by a high wall, and no one is admitted except on business; and no one but Parsees have any business there. I went one day and climbed upon the wall and got an outside view of the premises. I saw huge vultures in countless numbers perched on the palm trees waiting for a dead Parsee.

FIRE TOWERS AND CEREMONIAL OF THE PARSEES.

"Worship God through the medium of the elements, especially fire."—Page 542.

Hindus of every variety of caste constitute the great majority of the population of Bombay.

Many of them are well educated and speak the English language, and are successful merchants and active producers in every department of industry. Every caste has its own profession or trade; indeed, the business to a great extent established the separating walls of caste; so that the descendants of any particular caste are bound to pursue the business or occupation of their ancestors. Their temples are small towerlike structures, with pyramidal spires studded on all sides with small statues of their antiquated gods.

The Hindus are transmigrationists, in common with the Buddhists. The system of the latter is more clearly defined as to the ultimate state of the soul. The Buddhists' heaven is not annihilation, but the rest of utter unconsciousness. This rest is reached through a series of innumerable births, miserable existences, and deaths. The soul, having thus expiated all its misdeeds by suffering, is subjected to no more births, and loses all consciousness of joy or sorrow. The Hindu heaven does not appear to be even so clearly defined as that. A large number of the Hindus are pantheists; that is, as God is everywhere and in everything, therefore all space and every form of matter are component parts of God; hence an idol is a tangible part of God selected by them as a medium through which they hope to get access to the more vital, intelligent heart of God. There is a large and wealthy caste in Bombay called Jains, representing a compound system of religion made up of Hinduism and Buddhism. They have much larger temples than the Hindus.

The Mohammedans, next to the Hindus, are the most numerous race in Bombay, and they represent there every Mohammedan country on the earth, and carry on a large traffic with Arabia, Persia, and all countries east of Constantinople. They do not like the Europeans or their institutions; and hence they do not avail themselves half so largely of the educational institutions of India as do the Hindus. They, however, have some good schools of their own.

The Europeans and East Indians of Bombay constitute a population of about seven thousand, sparsely scattered through the great mass. Many of the latter class are a cross between the old Portuguese settlers and the natives, and are Roman Catholics, and have several churches in Bombay.

The Scotch Kirk has a church and a large educational institution for natives; the Free Church of Scotland the same, with the addition of a female orphanage and native church. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions has a native church; and the Baptists at the time of my going had recently built a chapel for English preaching.

Bombay is the great commercial rival of Calcutta. The latter commands most of the trade in the great valleys of the Ganges and its tributaries, and the navigation of those rivers, besides her system of railroads—the Eastern Bengal and the East Indian Railways. The latter extends to Delhi, nine hundred and fifty-five miles direct, besides various branches, and there connects with the Sinde, Punjab, and Delhi division, five hundred and fifty-six miles further to Mooltan; and connects also with the Oude and Rohilcund Railway, and by its Jubbulpore extension connects with the Great Indian Peninsular, with its many branches; but Bombay, on the direct line of travel to European countries, commands the advantage of a share of the trade and a large proportion of the travelers to and from India and the West.

I traveled from Lahore to Bombay in the third class, first, because my funds were low, and, secondly, because I wanted to study native language and character. All were exceedingly kind and agreeable, except one old Hindu, who in all his waking hours was repeating his "Ram," "Ram," "Ram," and passing his beads along the string to keep the tally of his "Ave Marias." He seemed to be the most religious man, and certainly the greatest grumbler, of the whole crowd.

I arrived in Bombay at 11 A. M. on Saturday, the 22d of October, put up again in the Byculla Hotel, and spent a quiet Sabbath. On Monday, at 11 A. M., I took a third-class ticket for Dhond, about one hundred and eighty miles southeast. The guards offered me a second-class, but I declined. The carriages were crowded; but by a system of squeezing and packing

there was room for a few more. There sits an old Brahman in the corner, behind a pile of his luggage, to preclude the possibility of contaminating touch by any ordinary mortal; he raises his hands and screams at an intruder, and then draws himself up into the corner again in a great state of trepidation; his caste may be broken and his soul lost. Now in comes an Irish guard, a regular packer, and, stuffing the Brahman's things under the bench, makes the Brahman the base of a layer of coolies. He smashes down the separating barriers which have stood the storms of ages, and indiscriminately packs away high castes and low castes together, like herrings in a barrel. Now, full up, we touch at another station. Here comes another old Brahman; he looks into one carriage after another and sees the packed-in coolies and low castes. He is in a great state; the bell is ringing the signal to start, and he stands hesitating at the door. Along comes the guard, and with the stentorian order, "Chuck him in there," we suddenly see the Brahman tumbling into the midst of the common herd.

I reached Dhond at 10 P. M. As I stepped onto the platform a thickset Scotchman introduced himself to me as a Baptist missionary from Bengal, the Rev. Mr. Ellis, also on his way to the annual meeting at Ahmednuggur.

"Here is a tonga waiting for us," said Brother Ellis, "and I have just received a letter from Rev. Mr. Bissell, saying that we can both come on in the same conveyance; but if you like I will get another, and you can have this one to yourself."

"No, Brother Ellis; we will go together."

A "tonga" is a small two-horse cart, with two seats across, one facing toward the horses, on one of which the driver sits, with room for one passenger beside him, and the other for two passengers facing in the opposite direction, sitting back to back with the two in front.

I found Mr. Ellis a very genial, earnest Christian gentleman and missionary, and we passed the time very pleasantly and profitably together; but the wind blowing on our backs through that long chilly night gave us both a severe cold. We arrived in Ahmednuggur, the principal center of the Maratti Mission, at the dawn of day. This mission was established many years ago by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. We were welcomed to the home of Rev. L. Bissell, D.D., and greatly enjoyed our sojourn in his charming family, consisting of his wife and five children. On this occasion we had as visitors, besides myself and Brother Ellis, Rev. Dr. William Scudder, of the Arcot Mission, and Rev. W. Chandler, of the Madura Mission in the south, a sister to the Maratti Mission, established and sustained by the same Board.

My first preaching service was on Thursday, the 26th. My interpreter was a converted Brahman, an able minister of the Gospel, and pastor of the Ahmednuggur church, Ram Krishna Punt. The missionaries worked as evangelists and general superintendents, and as far as possible secured native pastors for their churches. Brother Ram Krishna Punt was a fluent interpreter.

On Friday evening we preached again, and also on Saturday at 8 A. M. There was a manifest awakening. Preached on the Sabbath at 9 A. M., when seven seekers came out avowedly, and two professed to find the Saviour. In the evening Dr. Scudder preached on "The past and present of the Christian Church," a very interesting historical sermon.

Then I preached daily during the ensuing week. We had ten seekers on Monday, twelve on Tuesday, fourteen on Wednesday, eighteen on Thursday, and the same number on Friday. The attention of the people was much divided: those from a distance had the business of the meeting in its variety requiring their time; the residents were much

occupied with their company; but God was with us and good was done. A good number—mostly nominal Christians, with two or three Hindus—professed quietly to find the pardon of their sins. Many of the same seekers came up again and again; but the whole number of them for the week was about twenty-five.

On Saturday evening, November 4, we had a concert of native Christian music in the chapel, which attracted a crowd of Hindus. The narrative of the prodigal son in poetic measure was detailed in short chapters and then sung by a choir of native singers, accompanied with several instruments. Some of the missionaries said at the close, "We hope to see the day when we shall have as many Hindus to come and hear the Gospel preached as have come to-night to hear the singing." To their surprise we had a similar crowd of Hindus on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings of the ensuing week; and about a hundred of them became regular hearers henceforth, as I have learned since, some few of whom have been saved. The missionaries expressed themselves as greatly pleased with the results of our meetings, but I was not.

I arrived again in Bombay on Friday, the 10th of November, 1871. Rev. C. Harding, under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, met me at the station and drove me to his house in Byculla. I commenced a series of Maratti services in Brother Harding's chapel on the following Sabbath, the 12th. Rev. Vishnu Punt is the pastor of his native church, but Brother Ram Krishna Punt came from Ahmednuggur to interpret for me in Bombay. I preached at 9 A. M. to a congregation of thirty persons.

Monday, 13th. At 7 A. M. twenty-seven hearers; at 6:30 P. M. about fifty.

Wednesday, 15th. At 7 A. M. fifty-six hearers.

At 6:30 P. M. about one hundred hearers. God is with us; but I apprehend his workers in this city are but few and feeble.

One good man met me at the door as I came out and exclaimed, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."

"True; but he needs builders, nevertheless. He has never yet built a house among men without the labor of human builders."

Then he quoted, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power."

"Exactly so; and if we can only secure the fulfillment of that prediction—the willingness of God's people to witness and work for him—then we shall see his saving power manifested in this city."

There was no Methodist organization within less than eight hundred miles of Bombay.

On Thursday, 16th. 7 A. M., sixty-four out.

At 3 P. M. I preached to the schools of the Free Church of Scotland; about one hundred and twenty present. At half-past six again in the American Chapel, to about one hundred and thirty, including a few Hindus and Mohammedans, who have not been coming before. There was deep seriousness; and I believe the Spirit of God applied the truth.

Friday, 17th. It rained this morning, but we had thirty-seven hearers. At 6:30 P. M., after preaching, we invited believers to come forward and unite in praying for power to do the work God wants us to do. About thirty came; after which three or four spoke with great feeling. A native editor prayed, weeping all the time, and said many striking things to God, among which were the following: "As hot iron thrust into the water is hardened, so our hearts, heated by thy word and Spirit, thrust into the chilling waters of worldliness, have been hardened. The many prayers we have said are such poor things that we do not know whether to call them prayers or not; I think we should change the heading!"

A CONDUCTOR DISREGARDING CASTE.

"The Brahman tumbling into the midst of the common herd."—Page 545.

Sabbath, 19th. I preached at 8 A. M. to an English congregation in the native chapel of the Free Church of Scotland. At 4 P. M. I preached again in the American Chapel; the largest crowd we have had; good attention, but nothing decisive that I could perceive. It may have been my own fault in not demanding earlier an avowed surrender to God. I had been trying to prepare the Church for it and waiting to see manifest proofs of awakening.

Monday, 20th. At 7 A. M. a quiet but interesting meeting. At 6:30 P. M. a good audience. At the close of sermon I called for seekers, and eleven came, nine men and two women. Two professed to find peace, but did not witness publicly. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

Tuesday, 21st. At 7 A. M. forty hearers; good meeting.

At 6:30 P. M. deep awakening; thirteen seekers, four or five of whom were new cases. This old Gospel method of having awakened sinners to speak out, inquiring, "Sirs, what shall we do to be saved?"—to come out on the Lord's side, and to consent at once to renounce their rebellion and avow their allegiance to God—seems entirely new in Bombay.

Wednesday, 22d. At 7 A. M. forty-four out. Ram Krishna Punt interpreted for me this morning for the last time, and returned to Ahmednuggur. We missed him greatly, a kind-spirited, good man, and a superior interpreter, with a very quick ear and most fluent utterance; though some less fluent might make sharper points than he.

At 6:30 P. M. good congregation; twelve seekers, three or four new ones. The ministers are quite willing, but have never before worked in this way, and require time to get their heads and hearts into it; not into any particular outward form, but the direct hand-to-hand fight with the powers of darkness for the rescue of souls, to be led at once to Jesus. The lay workers are not visible in any public effort to save souls yet; whether or not they work at home, I cannot say.

Thursday, 23d. Morning meeting as usual. Evening congregation much disturbed by the blowing, fizzing, and bursting of rockets close by the chapel, indeed, all over the city. It was a great marriage celebration, in which all devout Hindus throughout the country participate. It is the annual marriage of a small plant to one of their gods, a most ridiculous farce, yet arousing the profound religious sensibilities of millions of Hindus, and affording great entertainment for millions more. We had five or six new seekers, one a Mohammedan.

Friday, 24th. At 7 A. M. Perfect loyalty to God and perfect confidence in him was the subject we pressed upon the attention of the people. Our officers are taking drill pretty well, but the rank and file is just what we lack. Officers, but no army.

At 6:30 P. M. large congregation—I mean, for this place. At the close of the prayer meeting five witnesses stood up and stated to the congregation that they had obtained the pardon of their sins, three of them that night, and the others two nights afterward. A few more confessed privately that they had found salvation in Jesus.

Sabbath, 26th. At 8 A. M. preached again in the Scotch native church to an English congregation of about one hundred and fifty. Good attention, and great seriousness.

At 4 P. M., in the Maratti work, we had ten seekers, one a Hindu, one an African, one a Scotch sailor.

27th. Morning meeting as usual. Thirteen seekers, among whom were four Hindus and one Mussulman. Deep awakening, apparently, but scarcely any workers. When myself, Rev. C. Harding, and Rev. George Bowen are engaged in speaking to penitents the general worship of singing and praying seems to collapse. Brother Harding is most earnest, and is daily acquiring facility in personal detail work. I am most anxious that his

church shall become a living, working power in Bombay. A number of them are getting into a clear experience of salvation. Captain Jacobs, of Poonah, interpreted my words to the seekers. He is an earnest Christian, an inspector of government Maratti schools. Made a number of calls to-day in East Indian families, and prayed in two or three.

29th. At the evening service one man professed conversion.

30th. Morning meeting, as usual. Large audience in the evening, with six or seven seekers; three professed, one of them the said Mohammedan. Visited an old woman in the hospital to-day; sang and prayed with her. She wept and became a Christian.

Friday, December 1. Two services, as usual. This evening closed a series of eighteen days. Fifteen persons who came forward as seekers testified publicly and clearly. I heard of a number of members of different churches who professed to have found pardon under the preaching by quietly receiving Jesus in their pews. The wife of a native minister professed to get pardon at these meetings, though a nominal Christian for fourteen years. It was a hard fight, with some victories on our side.

I then arranged for a series of English services in the Institution Hall, in connection with the school of the Free Church of Scotland; with morning services in the Scotch Orphanage for native girls.

I preached at 8 A. M. on Sabbath, December 3, in the Scotch native chapel, to an attentive English audience, and again in the evening in the Institution Hall to about one hundred and forty English-speaking people, including a good sprinkling of Hindus. A hard field and but few helpers.

Monday, 4th. Preached to the orphans at 7 A. M. Brother Dhanjibhai interpreted in Hindustani. At 7:30 P. M. in Institution Hall. About one hundred and fifty present.

Tuesday, 5th. A good service with the orphans. Brother Dhanjibhai was the native pastor for Dr. Wilson. He was a Parsee lad, a student in Dr. Wilson's school over thirty years before, and was by him led to Jesus and baptized. He was then fifty years old, an earnest, liberal Christian minister; but never succeeded in getting Parsees converted to God. They are very hard to catch.

Wednesday, 6th. Good service with the orphans. In the evening I preached on holiness; and, what seemed strange, the Hindus present were much more interested in that subject than any I had brought under their notice. Their eyes sparkled, and frequently they gave manifest expressions of approval, which they are apt to do when pleased.

Thursday, 7th. Had an extraordinary meeting with the orphans this morning. Sixteen of the young women came forward, and with great penitential weeping received Christ and found pardon. Each one afterward stood up and gave a clear, plain statement of the facts in her experience. I visited during the day and prayed with families.

Friday, 8th. At the orphans' meeting Brother Dhanjibhai interpreted. Thirteen girls came forward and told the simple story of their awakening and salvation. I did not, however, see the same degree of interest expressed by the heads of the institution as was manifest the day before.

I afterward talked to them. They confessed that they had not the least ground to doubt any one of the girls who had professed to find peace, but thought it possible among so many that some of them might be mistaken. I replied, "It is possible that some of them are mistaken; I don't pretend to know the heart of any one of them; but to show suspicion and doubt in our conduct toward them is to give help to Satan in his first assault. The very first thing the devil will say to all who are truly saved will be, 'Take care that you don't say anything about this, for you may be mistaken; and to make a false profession

will bring you into the shame and disgrace of a hypocrite. Indeed, you are mistaken. It is all excitement and will soon pass away.' God's plan, when a babe is born, is to put it to the breast of a healthy, hopeful mother to get nourishment; your plan is to put it out into the jungle, among the jackals, to see how it will get on in the world."

They all received my talk as it was meant, in great kindness, and theoretically gave in; but they could not at once get rid of the dark shadow of their education on this point. Twenty-nine of the orphans professed to find Jesus, and Rev. S. said the testimony of every one was simple, natural, and clear. Dr. Wilson baptized a number of them.

Friday evening in the hall we had a large crowd, but no break here yet; but it dawns upon my mind that God will lead me to organize many fellowship bands in the houses of the people who will be saved at my meetings. We cannot have an organized, witnessing, working church without them. I have no plan and don't intend to have any, except to discern and follow at any hazard the Lord's plan, as he may be pleased to reveal it.

Saturday, 9th. By invitation of Mrs. Major Raitt I took tea and spent the evening at the house of her mother, the Widow Miles, a Christian Jewess. I was introduced to a part of her large and interesting family. Major Raitt, James Morris, C.E.; William Ashdown, C.E., her son-in-law, and their wives; George Miles, assistant secretary to government, her only son; her single daughters, Dorothea, Emily, and Alice; and four orphan granddaughters—Mary, Julia, Sarah, and Matilda Cassidy; also her sister-in-law, Miss Matilda Miles.

Saturday, 30th. This evening, in the house of Mrs. Miles, I organized the first fellowship band, or class, ever organized in this city. I appointed Brother Bowen leader. At this, our first meeting for fellowship, twenty-eight persons told their Christian experience, most of them young converts. In circumstantial detail, variety, simplicity, and point I never before heard better testimony for Christ.

New Year's Day, 1872. At 7:30 P. M. I went to the house of Brother George Miles, to organize Band No. 2. We had a blessed fellowship meeting. Sixteen spoke in charming simplicity. Not a technical, commonplace remark; not a single old fogy to teach them any!

Brother Christian said, "Brother Morris came into the bank and told me that Jesus had saved him from sin and was preserving him from sinning daily. It brought forcibly to my mind two facts: First, I have never had an experience of that sort; second, if Mr. Morris has got it, why cannot I get it? That was my starting point."

He described the struggle of last night which precluded sleep, and the visit to me in the morning and the final struggle this afternoon. He was called to dinner, but did not cease his pleading with God for pardon.

He proceeded to say, "I said, 'What is the matter? I can't believe.'

"The Spirit said to my heart, 'What is it that you can't believe? Do you not believe that God is able and willing and ready now to save you, if you will but receive Christ?'

"I said, 'Yes, I believe all that.'

"'Well, then, why not receive him?'

"I said, 'I will, I do receive him.'

"I did receive him, glory be to God! and he saved me, and I went at once and told the joyful news to my dear parents and sister, as they sat at the dinner table."

Captain W. and his wife had both yielded to temper and brought darkness into their souls. We all immediately kneeled down and prayed for them, and they both received a renewed application of the pardoning blood of Jesus, verifying what is written, "Confess your faults one to another, and pray for one another, that ye may be healed."

CHAPTER XXXV.

Work at Mazagon and at New Outposts.

I PREACHED at Mr. Thomas Graham's, in Mazagon Road, January 2, 1872, at 7:30 A. M. House well filled and good attention. At 7:30 P. M. preached in the library room of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's dockyard. About one hundred and thirty hearers.

Wednesday, 3d. At the close of Graham's meeting Mr. Walter Abraham, superintendent of government printing, came and asked me to pray for him. I labored with him a long time, when "Abraham believed God, and it was counted to him for righteousness."

At 7 P. M. we met in the library room half an hour before preaching, to practice singing from our new book, *Hymns New and Old*. This became from this time a regular part of each evening's service, and thus our people became rich in the acquisition of choice hymns and tunes. About one hundred and fifty present; deep attention, and several brethren gave a good testimony for Jesus.

Thursday, 4th. Good meeting at Graham's; fifteen seekers, and fourteen of them professed to find the Saviour. Many of these were young people. This is said to be a very cold day here—62° Fahrenheit this morning, and 74° at 3 P. M.

Friday, 5th. Good work at Graham's. At 7 P. M. our meeting was in the Peninsular and Oriental Company's Theater, instead of the library room, the former being larger and better suited to our purpose, which they kindly lighted with gas, and gave us the free use of the whole.

Saturday, 6th. Prayed an hour with Major Raitt. He had a hard tug to get rid of self. Good fellowship meeting this evening at Mrs. Miles's house. Several more joined the band.

Sabbath, 7th. Preached at a private house at 7 A. M., and to eighteen vagrants at 3 P. M. Twenty were shipped for England last week, including the one who received Jesus last Sabbath. At 7 P. M. we had a great crowd in the theater; eight seekers, and two professed to find Jesus.

Monday, 8th. Four seekers this morning at Graham's. Glorious fellowship meeting to-night at Brother Miles's. Mrs. Harry Wilcox received Christ at it and was filled with joy. Seven months afterward she died, sweetly resting in Jesus.

Tuesday, 9th. Good meeting at Graham's. A man was deeply awakened, and wept much.

"Will you not submit?" said I to him.

"Yes, but not to-day; I want to wait and bring my wife with me."

He was so convinced of sin that he went and sought reconciliation with several men with whom he had long been at enmity, and spoke freely of me and my meetings as the means of his awakening.

At 7 P. M. eight seekers, and one man professed to find the Lord.

Wednesday, 10th. Good meeting at Graham's. At the theater about two hundred

hearers; eight seekers, and four professed to find the Saviour. It is a hard pull all the time; God is slowly but surely developing an infant, witnessing, working Church from the foundation. The old ecclesiastical bottles of this city have neither strength nor capacity for such a work; and hence we shall require new bottles.

Thursday, 11th. Four professed at Graham's, and six or seven at the theater.

Friday, 12th. No conversions at Graham's this morning. A dozen seekers and four saved at the theater. Major Raitt bore a distinct testimony to the saving power of Jesus in his heart.

The tide of opposition is rising, and the papers are beginning to open fire upon us. Our people are evidently gathering strength proportionate to the increasing pressure from without.

Saturday evening I organized Fellowship Band No. 3 at Mr. Graham's and appointed Brother Harding leader. Sixteen joined at this our first meeting.

Sabbath, 14th. I preached at Berkeley Place at 9:30 A. M. Four seekers. Arranged to organize a fellowship band there next Sabbath at 8:30 A. M. A fine class of our converted men and women live near and will join it. At 3 P. M. organized Fellowship Band No. 4 in Mazagon, and eleven joined. We are establishing the custom of weekly fellowship thank offerings.

Preached at the theater at 7 P. M. Large crowd; a growing spirit of work among the young converts. Six persons professed to obtain remission of their sins to-night.

Monday, 15th. Twenty at the fellowship band at George Miles's at 7 A. M. Marvelous simplicity and candor in the mutual confession of their faults one to another, and sympathy and prayer for each other.

The progress of the members in the knowledge and love of God is very manifest. Their testimony is full of variety and incident.

Six new cases of conversion to-night in the theater.

Tuesday, 16th. At 7 A. M. preached in Balassas Junction Road. Again at the theater at 7 P. M. None found the Lord to-night that we know of. Timid seekers quail before the rising floods of opposition. Two daily papers have opened their batteries, and several ministers are preaching against the possibility of sudden conversions.

Sifting will do us good. God is leading, and we will follow.

Wednesday, 17th. Thirty hearers at Junction Road at 7 A. M., and a good prospect. Major Raitt tells me that he has succeeded in his application to the Government Committee of the House of Correction to allow me to preach to all the European prisoners who may desire it.

The chaplain will go into fits. He had one the other day when he saw my name on the visitors' book, which I signed by request when I went to preach to the vagrants. When the chaplain opened the book to sign his own name, on his next visit after I had committed the grievous offense of preaching to the vagrants, to whom he did not preach, he saw my signature, and shouted out, "What! has that man Taylor been in here?"

"Yes," said the deputy, "he has been preaching to the vagrants."

He got into a dreadful rage, and stormed as but few even high ritualists could do. This chaplain has some good points, but is a victim to his own hot temper.

Thursday, 18th. Fair meeting at Junction Road, but no breaking down of sinners. Preached at 4 P. M. to over fifty prisoners and taught them to sing a hymn. Many of the poor fellows wept as they sang,

"What a Friend we have in Jesus."

"Dear friends, you are indeed weak and heavy laden, burdened with sin and sorrow, hard toil and no pay. This Friend from heaven speaks to you. He says, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' He will not interfere with your disjointed relations to society and the legal penalties of British law; but if you will take his yoke and receive him as your Saviour he will plead your cause before the throne of his Father, and the penalty of eternal death entered in the books of divine justice against you will be canceled."

A GIRL PENITENT OF BOMBAY.
"The colonel's daughter was there in great distress."—Page 554.

This is a but a specimen of the way we proclaimed liberty to those captives.

At 7 P. M. we had a large gathering at the theater, and more of them than usual remained for the after-meeting; yet but few came out as seekers.

Friday, 19th. Several seekers at Junction Road at 7 A. M. In the evening we had a great crowd at the theater. Among the seekers were Mrs. Captain O. and Colonel A.'s daughter.

Saturday, 20th. Visited Mrs. Captain O. She had found the Saviour. The colonel's daughter was there in great distress. Just as I was commencing in family worship to show her the way to Jesus, Miss P. came in, saying, "I have come for you, Miss A. Here are two letters from your pa. He is coming in the train and wants you to meet him at the railway station."

She talked like a governess, but I did not yield the floor, and she sat down; then I proceeded with my instructions to the penitent young lady and sang softly,

"The Master is come, and calleth for thee,
He stands at the door of thy heart;
No friend so forgiving, so gentle as he;
O, say, wilt thou let him depart?
Refrain—Patiently waiting, earnestly pleading,
Jesus, thy Saviour, knocks at thy heart," etc.

"The great Teacher here uses the simplest occurrence of everyday life to illustrate the sublimest fact in all history—a knock at the door—a call, 'Behold!'

"Who's there?'

"It is Jesus! The Redeemer of guilty sinners, the crucified but risen Saviour, has come. Your father is coming by the train. Jesus has already come. He is knocking at the door of your heart. He has often knocked before, but you have shut the door against him and bolted it from top to bottom. Pride—what a bar!—right across the door! Fear of man, and shame, and love of the world, and every other habit of sin indulged bars the door. The Spirit of God has already come into your heart to show you the situation and

to give you the power to drive back or break these bolts and bars and admit the heavenly Guest. Will you do it? You don't see Jesus any more than you see the air you breathe; but he is as really present as the atmosphere that surrounds you. O, receive him now!"

We kneeled and had a season of silent prayer, and there upon her knees Miss A. gave her heart to God and received the Saviour. Miss P. also broke down in penitential tears, and soon after at her own home professed to find forgiveness of sins.

Sabbath, 21st. Organized a fellowship band at Berkeley Place at 9 A. M. Fifteen joined. Those who joined seemed very promising cases but recently converted in the theater. At 11 A. M. opened a little Sunday school in the theater. Led Fellowship Band No. 4 at 3 P. M., organized a new band at the theater at 4:30 P. M., and preached there at 7 P. M. to a crowd, and had a few saved. Thank God!

Monday, 22d. Glorious fellowship meeting at Brother Miles's at 7 A. M. The members are growing beautifully. At the theater at 7 P. M., just as I announced the text, "Prepare to meet thy God," all were startled by the cry, "Fire! fire! fire!" the light of the flames already flaring through our windows. Then followed the announcement, "The northeast wing of the company's buildings is on fire." I requested all who could be of any use to put out the fire to go, and the rest to remain quiet, and then I proceeded with my discourse to show how needful to heed the admonition of the text, "Prepare to meet thy God."

Presently an order came from the dockmaster for all the families in the company's building to leave instantly, as the fire was nearing a barrel of powder. So we adjourned to meet all who were not required to fight the fire at the house of Mr. Thomas Graham. We had there a good prayer meeting. Many of the converts prayed.

Tuesday, 23d. Opened morning and evening services at a private house in Falkland Road. I closed special services at the theater, and told the people to go home and rest a week; in the meantime I made this quiet arrangement for a work in a neighborhood in which we had not done much. We had twenty-four persons in the morning and thirty-four at night, mostly new cases.

At 3 P. M. preached again to the spirits in prison, and had sixty-five hearers. Major Raitt witnessed for Jesus and exhorted the men earnestly, "Submit to God, and receive Christ as I have done, and you will, like me, obtain the pardon of all your sins."

An application for the use of the town hall for my meetings has been before the council for some time; but through the opposition of two ministers, as I learn on good authority, the matter was staved off, and finally referred to the governor and refused, though freely accorded to Keshub Chunder Sen, the Brahmo. Of course I know that I am in a great pagan city, and that the authorities, naturally enough, try to conciliate the natives as far as possible; and I have nothing of which to complain.

Newspaper war waging fiercely. George Bowen is responding to their guns splendidly, both in the *Guardian* and in the *Times*. Most of the editors seem disposed to deal fairly; but correspondents say what they like, and many of them have no regard for the truth.

Wednesday, 24th. Increasing number and deepening interest at Falkland Road, both morning and evening.

Thursday, 25th. Preached at Falkland Road at 7 A. M. and at 3 P. M. to seventy hearers in the prison. A military prisoner was found to be under awakening, and Brother Harding and I took him into a room assigned us by Major Raitt and prayed with him till he professed to receive Christ.

Friday, 26th. Three letters in the *Times* to-day, two against the revival and one on our side. I have not read any of them; I seldom ever read what the papers say about me, but I hear of these things from others.

Visited two of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company's sick men to-day. Mr. Macey is near his end, but is resting in Jesus. Smails is recovering. He is one of the company's divers, and has recently returned sick from Galle, where he had for some time been engaged in raising the passengers' luggage and the mails of the steamship *Rangoon*. He says, "She lies on a beautiful plain of very white sand one hundred feet below the surface of the waters. The pressure of the water at that depth is so great that all the divers got sick; indeed, it nearly killed them. Two men had to do most of the work. We raised four hundred and thirty mail bags. I never saw so many fish in any one place in all my diving experience as I saw there; fields of them in every direction. I saw many sharks, but they were always near the surface. I saw a most beautiful serpent of many colors, about nine feet long."

To-night at Falkland Road we had about sixty hearers, crowding the room, and four professed to obtain pardon. Had a slight interruption by a man who wanted to debate; but we politely invited him to sit down, and he did so.

Sabbath, 28th. Led the two bands in Mazagon this afternoon, and preached in the theater in the evening. A great crowd and good meeting for believers, but no conversions.

Monday, 29th. Blessed fellowship band at Brother Miles's this morning.

Tuesday, 30th. Preached in the prison at 3 P. M., and one prisoner in the seekers' room professed to find Jesus.

At Falkland Road this evening three professed. We had with us my old friend Barker, from Sydney, New South Wales. He gave us a good account of the progress of the work of God in Australia. He is on his way to England.

Wednesday, 31st. Service at 7 A. M. at Junction Road. At Falkland Road, at 7 P. M., we had six seekers and three saved.

February 1. Good meeting at Junction Road. Colonel Styleman was with us, and went visiting with me. Prayed with a poor old woman in great distress. She had lost three daughters, but had hope in their death; but her son, forty years old, got drunk, and by mistake walked out of an upper window instead of the door and was picked up dead. Poor old broken-hearted widow!

One man saved in the prison this afternoon. Preached this evening at Morley Hall, in Colabba, a remote part of the city of Bombay, while Brother Harding continues the services at Falkland Road.

February 2. Discoursed this morning at Junction Road on Christian fellowship—showing the ground, the scriptural authority, and true bonds of fellowship—and gave notice that I would, the Lord willing, organize a band there next Sunday morning at seven o'clock.

Preached at Falkland Road at 7:30 P. M. Had several hopeful cases of conversion to God, and gave notice that I would organize a fellowship band there next Sabbath at 9 A. M.

A very curious thing occurred one night there after one of our preaching services. A number had just been saved, and I gave them an opportunity to bear witness for Jesus. After half a dozen new converts had spoken just to the point in their newborn simplicity a very red-faced, burly-looking man, whom I had never seen before, stood up and gave a long detail of twenty years' experience of miraculous deliverances which God had wrought for him, stating that he loved the Lord with all his heart. Finally Rev. George Bowen rose

to his feet and the man sat down. Bowen knew him well as a man who had just lost a good appointment under the harbor master on account of his habit of getting drunk. He was well read in the Scriptures, professing high attainments in religious experience, and most pious when drunk. Here he was in our meeting, vitiating the testimony of true witnesses. Bowen was horrified, and prayed that God, without injury to him, would shut his mouth; and from that time the man could not speak a word for some weeks!

Saturday, 3d. Glorious fellowship meeting to-night at Mrs. Miles's.

Sabbath, 4th. At 7 A. M. we organized Band No. 6 at Junction Road. Ten joined it, and I appointed Brother William Ashdown the leader.

At Falkland Road, 9 A. M., twenty-one joined, and I appointed Major Raitt the leader. I shall, of course, continue to lead all the bands; but I appoint leaders to help to bear the responsibility of caring for so many newborn souls, and thus train the leaders to be efficient subpastors.

Preached in the evening in the theater on Christian perfection. Brother Barker, from Australia, was at several of our fellowship bands to-day, and witnessed a good confession to-night. Brothers Bowen and Raitt also spoke right to the point.

Monday, 5th. Brother Bowen has rented Framji Cawasji Hall, belonging to the Parsees, for our services. We opened there on Tuesday, the 6th, at 7:30 P. M. About two hundred and fifty persons in attendance, including a good sprinkling of Hindus, Parsees, and Mohammedans.

At the Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evening meetings there we had about the same number and a growing interest.

Sister Morris first, and a number of others at different times, asked me what I would do to provide for the pastoral care of all these converts. I advised them to pray to God, but say nothing about it till we should see more clearly the Lord's leading in that matter.

We have been advising the converts to continue to go to the churches they had been most inclined to attend. But pastors who will not allow me to preach in their churches are not the men to nourish and lead to usefulness those who have been saved at my meetings. It has long been manifest that I must in some way provide for them, but I have not been clear as to whether or not it is the will of God that I should take the responsibility of organizing a church. I had myself been saved in the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which I have been an ordained minister for more than a quarter of a century, yet I have for years been so free from the fear of man and from sectional prejudice that if I had anywhere in my world-wide evangelistic tours found a Church holding purer doctrines, employing methods more incisive and effective, and manifesting a loving spirit of soul-saving work more in harmony with the mind of Christ and the example of the apostles I should have left the Methodist Church at once and joined it; but I have found no such Church on the earth, and hence expect to live and die in the Church of my early choice.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Methodist Church Organized in Bombay.

ON Thursday, the 8th of February, 1872, Brother George Miles drew up for himself and others the following letter or petition relative to the founding of a Methodist Episcopal church in Bombay, and addressed it to me:

"To the Rev. William Taylor—Dear Brother: We, the undersigned, who have by God's mercy been awakened through your preaching to a sense of our sins, and who have found the Lord Jesus to be our Deliverer, are desirous for the establishment of a Methodist Episcopal Church in this city.

"We are satisfied, from all that we have yet learned, of the scriptural authority for the methods practiced by the Church to which you belong; and we therefore unitedly invite you to take the necessary steps for the accomplishment of our wishes, and to act yourself as our pastor and evangelist until such time as you can make arrangements with the Home Board for sending out the necessary agency to this city."

Brother James Morris the same day showed the paper to a number of the converts, and thirty of them signed it; so in the evening, when he came home and showed me the list of signatures, I said, "Now, before you go any further with this business, I must read our General Rules in the bands, that they all may know what we shall expect of them and act intelligently." So by Monday morning, the 12th of February, I had read the rules in the seven bands we had up to that time organized. Brother Morris, meantime, had increased his list of signers to eighty-three, and on Wednesday, the 14th, I formally accepted their call by the following letter, which was published in the *Bombay Guardian:*

"Dear Brethren and Sisters: In response to your letter I will state a few facts. Though an ordained minister, and for many years a pastor in the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, I have, with the concurrence of my Church, for many years past wrought as a missionary evangelist in foreign countries, among all denominations of Christians. I came to Bombay Presidency by invitation of the American missionaries of the Maratti Mission. I enjoyed the pleasure of working with them at Ahmednuggur and in this city, and in return have had their hearty sympathy and cooperation—the same also, in a good degree, of other ministers—in all my work for God in this city. Our gracious God will reward them. I had also the pleasure of giving a little help to the Mission of the Free Church of Scotland.

"I expected, by invitation of ministers here, as in other places, to assist many churches in Bombay in seeking the soul-saving power of God and in the development of a more effective working agency in their respective organizations.

"As you all know, we have been providentially brought, 'by a way that we knew not,' to a somewhat different result.

"A number of you will bear me witness that when at different times you spoke to me

on the necessity of organizing a Methodist Church in Bombay, to conserve and extend the fruits of this work of God, I advised you not to think about that, but to go on in the soul-saving work in which the Holy Spirit was using you, and that God would in due time manifest clearly the course you ought to pursue. I could not anticipate what it might be, but was fully resigned to follow wherever he might lead.

"Under later unmistakable indications I now see with you the guiding hand of God by which you have been led to your present conclusion, and I am bound by my loyalty to Christ to concur with you in this movement. After I received your letter I read to the fellowship bands the General Rules of our societies, that all might know from the start the self-denying, cross-bearing life necessary to constitute a true Methodist—that is, to find out God's Gospel *methods* and pursue them with a martyr spirit of fidelity to him and to mankind. So our organization has now become matter of history. Let it be distinctly understood that we do not wish to hinder, but to help, the spiritual progress of all pre-existing Churches in this great country.

"We attach no importance to the nominal relation of an unconverted man or woman to any Church. When, therefore, God by our agency leads such to receive Christ and salvation in him, they naturally look to us for spiritual guidance, and we are bound to extend to them hands and hearts of fraternal sympathy and receive them into our church fellowship, unless they conscientiously believe they can get and do more good in some other branch of the Church of Christ. But persons who have a vital spiritual union with any Church, and a field of usefulness therein, we sincerely advise them to remain in their own Church. We are not at liberty to refuse any persons who have a desire to flee from the wrath to come and be saved from their sins; but we do not wish any truly saved man to leave his Church to come to us. On the other hand, persons who are influenced by worldly motives would make a very great mistake in trying to ally themselves with us. All who join the Methodists should make up their minds to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ and prove the truth of the Saviour's saying, 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and shall persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake.' Dr. Chalmers said, 'Methodism is Christianity in earnest.' That is a thing directly antagonistic to the carnal spirit and life of the world, and hence the emphatic statement of St. Paul: 'All that will live godly in Jesus Christ shall suffer persecution.'

"It does not follow that such are a long-faced, gloomy people, but rather a people who 'rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks unto God.' They daily cheer their heavenward journey with songs and shouts of victory over sin and Satan, speaking to each other in 'psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in their hearts to the Lord.' All of us further agree that ours is to be an evangelistic, self-supporting Church. We know no distinction of language, caste, or color, as it regards our relation to God and to each other as his children.

"Every member is expected to be a witness for Christ and help to herald the fact that every human being on the face of the earth, or that may be born, to the end of time, has, and shall have, chartered rights under God's eternal purpose to a full restoration of his filial relation to God, and a present salvation from all sin, on the one simple condition of receiving Christ. 'As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.'

"Every such one becomes our real brother or sister and fellow-heir to an eternal inheritance in heaven. All such who remain faithful unto death are enabled in that last mortal struggle to exclaim, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

. . . Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' To give one illustrative case: Dr. Sewall, an old Methodist of Washington city, when dying, shouted aloud the praises of God. His friends said, 'Dr. Sewall, don't exert yourself. Whisper, doctor; whisper.' 'Let angels whisper,' said he; 'let angels whisper; but a soul cleansed from all sin by the blood of Christ—a soul redeemed from death and hell, just on the threshold of eternal glory—O, if I had a voice that would reach from pole to pole I would proclaim it to all the world! Victory! victory through the blood of the Lamb!'

"I will make application at once for missionary pastors to be sent to assist you in your great work. I will meantime, the Lord willing, serve you to the best of my ability till they shall arrive; but must be allowed, as heretofore, to decline to receive any fee or reward for my services. Your brother in Jesus,

"BOMBAY, *February* 14, 1872. WILLIAM TAYLOR."

It was from the start distinctly stated and unanimously concurred in by all our members that ours should be purely a missionary Church, for the conversion of the native nations of India as fast and as far as the Lord should lead us; that while it should be true to the Discipline and administrative authority of the Methodist Episcopal Church it should neither ask nor accept any funds from the Missionary Society beyond the passage of missionaries to India, nor hence come under the control of any missionary society, but be led directly by the Holy Spirit of God and supported by him from Indian resources.

We shall aim to avoid a "padri-log" caste, white preacher caste, which causes such an impassable gulf between foreign and native ministers. Whether Jew or Greek, Parsee or Afghan, Hindu or American, Scythian or English, all our saved ones are indeed one body in Christ, and ministers are their servants for Christ's sake.

We are not opposed to missionary societies, or to the appropriation of missionary funds to any and all missions which may require them. Our ground on this point is simply this: There are resources in India, men and money sufficient to run at least one great mission. If they can be rescued from worldly waste and utilized for the soul-saving work of God, why not do it? All admit that self-support is, or should be, the earnest aim of every mission. If a work in India, the same as in England or America, can start on this healthy, sound principle, is it not better than a long, sickly, dependent pupilage, which in too many instances amounts to pauperism? I am not speaking of missionaries, but of mission churches. We simply wish to stand on the same platform exactly as our churches in America, which began poor and worked their way up by their own industry and liberality, without funds from the Missionary Society. The opening pioneer mission work in any country may require, and in most cases has required and does require, some independent resources which the pioneer missionary brings to his new work before he can develop it or make it self-supporting. Thus St. Paul depended on his skill as a tentmaker; I depend on mine as a bookmaker, and missionaries ordinarily have to depend on mission funds. Ten times the amount of all the money now raised for mission purposes would not be adequate to send one missionary for each hundred thousand of heathens now accessible.

While we accept nothing, we, on the other hand, do not furnish homes, or compounds, for our converts. On this principle we may not for a while get so many native converts; but they will make up in quality any lack of numbers. To insure sound instruction on this subject we seek no native agency from other missions, and, as far as practicable, discourage all native Christians from joining our mission.

TRIUMPHANT DEATH OF DR. SEWALL.

"Victory! victory through the blood of the Lamb!"—Page 560.

We state our principles to the Hindus, Mohammedans, and Parsees, and they approve of them. They are all familiar with the newspaper reports of lawsuits, and many of them have footed the bills involved by them to recover their sons from the compound of the missionary; and from their standpoint they can but regard the man of God as a kidnapper.

We say to them on all suitable occasions, "We claim for your wives, children, or servants, as for yourselves, liberty of conscience. The laws of the British Constitution and the laws of God support this claim; but, on the other hand, we recognize your rights of property to the persons of your wives, children, and servants, and we pledge our word and honor that we will not infringe your rights. If we can get your wives, children, or servants to receive Christ and salvation we will baptize them and send them home to you. You must not suspect that we will hide them, we will not; we will send them back to their friends and kindred, and we will require of you that you treat them properly and not interfere with their conscience."

Our mission in the north was begun in 1857. I have always taken the ground that, as it was planted in the new provinces of Oude and Rohilcund, it was quite proper for us as a Church to found educational institutions, orphanages, printing establishment, etc., and do from the foundations what older missions have done for nearly all other parts of India. I have always, from my arrival in India, done what I could to advance their work. I knew that in planting a mission on these plain, old-fashioned principles I should be misunderstood and misrepresented by many, and have not been disappointed or for a moment discouraged.

The following is a copy of a petition which I addressed to the General Conference which held its session in Brooklyn, New York, commencing May 1, 1872:

"To the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church—Dear Fathers and Brethren: The God of our fathers has planted Methodism in Bombay. You may see by inclosed printed letters that our cause here is but in its infancy.

"I have been but three and a half months in this city, and the first month was devoted to the Maratti natives through interpreters; but you may see from inclosed Circuit Plan an indication of our growth. This is a city containing a population of nearly a million of souls; Moradabad, the seat of our recent session of the India Mission Conference, is about fourteen hundred miles distant; hence this mission cannot in reason be appended to that Conference. Moreover, we believe that God intends to run this soul-saving concern on his old Pauline track, which must pay its own running expenses and help 'the poor saints in Judea' as well; and therefore we cannot be tacked on to a remote dependency.

"We have asked our Missionary Committee, through Bishop Janes, to send us two young men, to arrive in November of this year; but it is already manifest to us that God will raise up ministers here from the recruits he is now levying. One young man had over thirty seals to his ministry before he was two months old. We have nine classes, in which more than one hundred and thirty new converts meet weekly; and others are being added daily. Nearly all these speak the different native languages spoken in this city; and God will lead us down upon the native masses as soon as we are sufficiently developed and equipped for such an advance. We shall want the facilities for initiating and organizing into a regular Methodist ministry the men whom God may call in Bombay for this work.

"We therefore respectfully ask the General Conference at its present session to grant us a charter for the organization of a Bombay Conference, not a Mission Conference. If

we stand alone on our own legs, by the power of God, and draw no mission funds, why call it a Mission Conference? We have a number of spacious places of worship in our circuit, named in the accompanying Circuit Plan; but we are also raising funds for the erection of a Methodist Episcopal church. For further information I refer you to Rev. R. S. Maclay, D.D., and Rev. Henry Mansell. As it regards myself, I am subject to the Master's orders, to stand at this post till he shall release me and order me to some other.

"Your brother in Christ, on behalf of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Bombay,

"BOMBAY, *March* 4, 1872. WILLIAM TAYLOR."

You naturally inquire, What was the result of the petition? Well, the Committee on Foreign Missions were about to consign it to the waste basket without even reading it, when Brother Mansell, who had recently passed through Bombay, and was a member of that committee, called for the reading of the petition. It was read and laid on the table, not to be taken up again. The idea of a man laying the foundations of a Conference in a heathen country in the short space of three months!

February 13. Good audience; two or three seekers. Rev. Henry Mansell, of the India Mission Conference, was with us and gave a powerful exhortation.

February 16. Rev. R. S. Maclay, D.D., missionary from China, preached a beautiful sermon here this evening.

A few saved here last week, and more this.

Since we organized our young members have been put to a severe persecuting test, but most of them stand undaunted. Many of the pulpits and the press are denouncing us, but God is with us, and we will not fear what man may say or do.

Saturday, 17th. Organized a soldiers' band to-night at Captain Christian's, in Colabba, Brother James Shaw the leader.

After special services for three weeks in Framji Cawasji Hall, the details of which I have not given, we engaged the hall for Sabbath services, morning and night, for thirty-five rupees per week.

On Sabbath, March 3, we held our first sacramental service, and had sixty-five communicants. Brother Harding said that it was much the largest communion in the city; and yet, owing to the great distance of our extreme wings from this center, not more than half of our people could be present.

Held a successful series of services of over a fortnight in Morley Hall, in Colabba. Krishna Chowey, a young Hindu, was awakened there.

Mirza Ismael, a Persian Mohammedan, was a regular hearer at the Parsee Hall meetings, and in Morley Hall, on March 7, he came out as a seeker. In his penitential struggle, while I was talking to him and praying for him, he had a sort of vision. He saw before him a beautiful garden. He wanted to go through a gate into that lovely place, but could not advance. In every attempt he went either to one side or the other, and could not reach the gate. In his fruitless struggle a charming-looking man appeared at the gate and beckoned to him to come, and he believed that he could; and in the effort he recovered proper consciousness and heard me saying to him, "Receive Christ; he has come to save you."

"I did in that moment receive him," he added, "as my Saviour; and I was filled with light and happiness."

We had no facilities for baptism at the hall; so Ismael came home with us to Brother George Miles's, and there I baptized him. He was thirty-one years of age, and was a teacher

of the Persian language in one of the schools of the city. He took our advice to go home to his place among his Mohammedan friends and proceed with his school duties as before.

"Why baptize him so quickly?"

Because I have learned in heathen lands, as I never did before, the importance of following strictly the apostolic precedent in this as in everything else.

Our dear Ismael had been under instruction for weeks, had seen many souls brought to God, and had publicly come out himself and received the baptism of the Spirit; then why any distrust or delay?

March 11. Organized Fellowship Band No. 10 in Middle Colabba, appointing Brother James Shaw the leader, and appointed Captain Winckler leader of Shaw's soldier band at Captain Christian's.

"Why note so many details of this sort?"

All my facts and details belong to the early history of a mission that is to span this empire and has been the subject of rejoicings in the presence of the angels of God; yet I can only in my limited space insert illustrative examples of large classes of such facts. I am so familiar with them that I feel the danger of undervaluing them and of leaving out many that should be written.

Sabbath, 17th. Preached to the soldiers in Colabba at 9 A. M., and again at 7 P. M. to the best congregation we have had. Contributions in the boxes at the door, thirty-one and a half dollars; a little gush of one of the streams on which to float our self-supporting mission.

Monday, 18th. Had a glorious fellowship band at Brother Miles's to-night. Brother Mirza Ismael was present. He is very happy, and gave a rupee as a fellowship thank offering. He gave a full account in the band of his penitential struggle and the vision that had helped him to receive Jesus.

Tuesday, 19th. Regular visiting day with Brother George Ainsworth. He gives me one day in the week for a certain round of about eighteen families. He is in the customs department, and was saved at one of our meetings at Falkland Road.

Sabbath, 24th. Commissioner Drummond, from Rohilcund, was present at Framji Cawasji Hall this morning. He afterward told me that he came early to the hall, and the first one who came after him was a Hindu, with whom he had the following conversation:

"Salam, babu!"

"Salam, sahib!"

"What is your religion?"

"I am a Hindu."

"What have you come here for?"

"To hear Padri Taylor, sahib."

"He's not a Hindu; why do you come to hear him?"

"Well, sahib, there is a very mysterious work going on here in connection with his meetings. Many men, whom I knew to be drunkards, swearers, and dishonest men—tyrannical men, too, who were before always abusing the natives in their employ—have been entirely changed at these meetings. They are now all teetotalers; they are honest and true in their dealings, and speak nothing but words of kindness to everybody; and instead of hating and abusing their servants they show real love and sympathy for them and are all the time trying to do them good. I have looked into these things closely, and know

that what I tell you, sahib, is true; and this kind of work is going on all the time at Padri Taylor's meetings. I don't understand it, but I feel so anxious to know more about it that I can't keep away."

We don't ask anybody to seek religion. Everybody in this country has religion of some sort; and it requires too many words to define the kind you wish him to seek. We urge people to seek *salvation*, to seek redemption through the blood of Jesus, even the forgiveness of sins. They thus obtain pure and undefiled religion.

None of our people are instruments; they are all intelligent, responsible agents. God never by word or by implication calls a man an instrument, a mere tool. Men may be sovereigns, subjects, slaves, ambassadors, witnesses, workers, kings and priests unto God, children of God and heirs of eternal glory, but not instruments.

On Friday, the 10th of April, I said to a number of our young workers, "Sisters and brothers, I have for months been absorbed in our English-speaking work; the margin of the available stuff of that sort is very narrow, and we seem to have cut through it; but we have got out of it a good working force. It is now upon my soul specially to seek power from God to lead this band of workers through the heathen lines."

Monday, 13th. Heard Brother C. W. Christian preach this evening at Mrs. Miles's. He has had many children saved at his meetings, and now leads two juvenile fellowship bands. Though only converted to God last New Year's Day, he is an earnest preacher, whom God has called.

Tuesday, 14th. At 7:30 P. M. I commenced a series of special services in the Old Strangers' Home building, in Middle Colabba. Brother Bowen has been preaching here four evenings per week for three weeks, and has had some very interesting cases of conversion. This evening we had about eighty hearers and several saved.

Krishna Chowey came out as a seeker this evening, and after a weeping struggle surrendered and received Christ. He has been under awakening for months, but never came out on the Lord's side till to-night.

Wednesday, 15th. Brother Shaw and I visited Brother Krishna and his two brothers, Trimbuck and Ana, and prayed with them. Krishna told me to-day that when I was leading him to Jesus last night the things that other missionaries had told him about me kept ringing in his ears and were a great trouble to him; but finally he got the victory and accepted Christ, and is now resting in him. Glory be to God!

16th. Good service as usual in the prison at 3 P. M. We have it twice a week.

The chaplain is in great difficulties. He opened his mind freely to Major Raitt, and said, "Taylor is a dreadful man; he has driven me out of the prison, and also out of Mazagon!"

The major tried to show him that he was quite mistaken: "Taylor has got some people saved in all these places, but that has not affected you in the least. I know that so far as the prison is concerned he has greatly increased your congregation. Before he came here this prison was a bedlam. It was almost impossible to get on with them, they were so profane, so quarrelsome and insubordinate; but now I have no trouble with them, and from morning till night they are singing Taylor's hymns; and I believe that more than a score of them are truly converted to God."

"They ought not to be allowed to sing in prison," rejoined the chaplain.

Paul and Silas were allowed to sing in a Roman prison.

In visiting the hospital the chaplain said to one of our converted Romanists, "What made you leave your mother Church and go and hear this foreigner?"

SONG SERVICE OF HINDU CONVERTS.

"From morning till night they are singing Taylor's hymns."—Page 566.

The convert pointed him to his Bible and said, "You will find my reasons in this book."

The chaplain administered the sacrament to our prison converts, they being members of his Church. We led them to Christ, but did not interfere with their Church relations. He never could have got them to the sacrament before, and did not attempt it. He thus unwittingly indorsed our work among them, but afterward saw that he had committed himself, and tried to get out of it by telling them that having been baptized and confirmed they had always been Christians. Prisoners, convicted by the judges of all the crimes known to the law, locked up here in the interest of society—a rare lot of Christians!

Friday, 17th. Three men came out as seekers to-night; one of them was Trimbuck Canaren, Krishna's brother. After meeting I walked with Trimbuck on the beach in the light of the moon. As he was fresh from the ranks of Hinduism I asked him what he thought of missionary operations generally.

He spoke very intelligently and kindly of the missionaries. "But," said he, "they cannot succeed, because they lack confidence in themselves, in their own methods, and in the natives."

Sabbath, 19th. On my way to Colabba I met Trimbuck, with the said native minister, on their way to the service of his missionary. I had a few words with him, and he said Mr. —— had been talking to him till midnight about being baptized by him or his missionary.

It had been arranged that Krishna should be baptized at our 11 A. M. service at Framji Cawasji Hall; but they have been laboring with him till he was inclined to postpone. He called on me in my room before meeting hour to advise with me and know if it would not be better first to write and consult his uncle.

I said, "In matters of conscience toward God we must find out his will and do it. To make our obedience hinge on the dictation of man is to ask God to defer to man. You know the mind of your uncle now as well as you can know it after writing him; and to provoke his prohibitive order and then act in opposition to it will be interpreted into direct disobedience and greatly complicate your case."

Monday, 20th. Early this morning Krishna came to my room in great distress.

"Brother Krishna," said I, "what is the trouble?"

"Well, after I left you last night I met Rev. —— and his wife, and she said, 'Krishna, where have you been all day?'

"'I have been in the right place; I have become a Christian.'

"'Yes; but you are not baptized yet.'

"'Yes, I am; Mr. Taylor baptized me to-day.'

"'Why did you not consult me?' said the padri.

"'In matters pertaining to God and my conscience I don't follow any man.'

"'But did you not consult Mr. Taylor and Mr. Bowen?'

"'I got instruction from them in regard to my duty to God; but when I saw my duty I did it unto God, and not to any man.'

"'Why did you not let us know? and I would have had all our native Christians there to witness the ceremony.'

"'Mr. Taylor doesn't want any show and parade about such things.'

"God gave me words of wisdom to reply to all his questions," added Krishna, "and he was quiet for some time.

"Then he said, 'Krishna, your uncle will be down upon you like a shot. You must

leave his house instantly. Your life is not safe there, and I cannot stop any longer in this neighborhood; I must take my family away from here, and you must go with us. I will give you a home and protection in my house.'"

Poor Krishna, knowing so well the positive character of his Hindu uncle, yielded to fear and lost his peace, and now came weeping and saying, "What shall I do?"

"Do that cowardly dodge and you will bring disgrace on our cause that we cannot wipe off in months to come; and it would be an insult to your uncle that you never could explain away. It would be saying in effect, 'My uncle is such a bloody monster that I had to run for my life and hide in a mission compound.' Go right home, my brother, and write your uncle and tell him that you have received Christ and become a Christian, and that you are stopping in his house, and with his permission will remain there."

He wrote accordingly, and gave Chowey a general account of the great work of God in Bombay, and how he and many of his old friends in this city, whom he mentioned by name, had received Jesus and had been saved from sin; that though called Christians when he knew them they were not real Christians then, but now had got hold of the right thing, and that he was happy to inform him that his nephew, Krishna, had become one of his Christian brothers, and was very happy.

Thus, while we have no rupees to offer, and no compounds in which to hide away native converts, we give them all the moral support we can to help them to stand firmly in their home relations and fulfill all their home duties. I am sure we are right, according to apostolic precedents and principles.

22d. Visited Krishna and his brothers. Had a serious talk with Trimbuck and Ana and prayed with them. Preached at half-past seven, but no definite result. Arranged for a series of prayer meetings specially for the conversion of the heathen; that is, to pray for wisdom and willingness to work together with God in the fulfillment of his purpose concerning them.

A glorious fellowship band at our place this evening. Brother Krishna told a good experience. He says he is ready to die for Jesus now; indeed, he would glory in dying for Jesus if he should so order. I am sure he would, not from natural courage at all, but from heart loyalty to God and the martyr spirit inspired in him by the Holy Ghost.

Sabbath, 26th. I preached there at 6 P. M. and administered the sacrament to ninety-two communicants. Our circuit is seven miles long, so that only about half of our members can get there.

As we came out from the meeting I saw Krishna's tearful, smiling face in the moonlight as he exclaimed, "O, I have received my blessed Lord Jesus, and I would not give him up for ten thousand worlds like this!"

Monday, 27th. Preached in the open air near the queen's statue at 6 P. M. Had about one hundred and fifty attentive English-speaking native hearers. We had the moral support of Sisters Raitt, Morris, Ainsworth, the Misses Miles and other sisters, and a number of our brethren.

Tuesday, 28th. Preached again at queen's statue at 6 P. M. to about one hundred and fifty hearers. After explaining the word of God I called for testimony for Jesus from a few of our witnesses.

Wednesday, 29th. About one hundred and fifty at the outdoor service, and deepening attention. At the evening prayer meeting Krishna prayed again.

Thursday, 30th. Had over three hundred at our outdoor service. Brothers Christian, Shaw, and John Fido followed with their testimony.

Rev. Dhanjibhai also spoke; but while speaking in Hindustani a Parsee flared up, saying, "I know you; it's all humbug," and went on with abusive words till Brother Bailey, inspector of police, took him aside and said to him, "You would not allow us to disturb your gatherings for worship; why disturb ours?"

Supposing that Bailey was going to arrest the disturber, there was a rush of the Parsees, composing about half of our audience, to the spot.

I started a hymn, and all our party joined in singing,

"God is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?"

In a few moments we had them all back, and many more. Both those native ministers were learned, good men, and able ministers of the Gospel; but at that time debate and disputation with learned natives was characteristic of all the bazaar preaching of India; hence, even at my meetings, where debate was out of the question, they could not keep out of it.

Monday, June 3. Had about three hundred Hindus and Parsees at the outdoor service. I gave them an exposition of the moral law, and illustrated by the experience of a Buddhist doctor in Ceylon. Several brethren witnessed for Christ.

4th. Held fourteen family services this morning. Preached in the open air at 5:30 P. M. to over three hundred; deepening attention.

5th. Outdoor service about the same as yesterday.

Thursday, 6th. A little late in getting to outdoor appointment, and on arrival I found some three hundred Hindus and Parsees waiting for the preacher to come. God is giving me favor with this people.

Wednesday, 12th. Over three hundred at outdoor preaching. One Parsee and a few Hindus at the after-meeting.

Thursday, 13th. Outdoor work about the same as yesterday. The editor of the *Bombay Guardian*, in a notice of our outdoor preaching, makes the following observations about our English agency:

"The writer has been preaching for twenty-four years in the vernacular in the open air in Bombay; but it is a new thing to preach with a body of Christians, ladies and gentlemen, European and native, giving the moral force of their presence and prayers, uniting in singing and ready to bear their personal testimony to the value of a true faith in Christ. It is not easy to overrate the importance of this kind of demonstration."

Monday, July 1. Had Quarterly Conference at 5:30 P. M. at Mrs. Miles's, and love feast in the evening in the large hall of her new residence in Falkland Road. She tenders us the use of this hall, thirty feet by ninety, without charge, except twenty rupees per month for lighting and attendance. The Quarterly Conference recommended Brother James Shaw for license as a local preacher. Hall crowded at the love feast. Brothers Morris, Shaw, and Christian professed to be sanctified wholly, and the speaking was, as usual, clear, short, and to the point, and no time lost in waiting for one another.

A Parsee, who had been twice to see me for instruction, and was under deep awakening through the agency of Brother Jurain, stood up and told us that he had just received Jesus, and had got his sins forgiven.

At the close of the sacramental service George Mann and Arajee, the said Parsee, came forward and were baptized; after which Arajee again spoke and said he was very happy, and asked the people to pray for him. The Parsees have been hitherto more

inaccessible than the Mohammedans, but I believe that many of them feel their need of a Saviour, and that God will lead them into the light.

Our meeting closed at 10 P. M., and after many had gone, as I was passing out I saw Trimbuck and Ana, Krishna's brothers, lingering at the door in deep distress. I warned them of the danger of delay, and said to Ana, "If you wish we will go back into the room and pray for you; and if you will submit to God and accept Christ you will get forgiveness of your sins this very night. Will you?"

TRIMBUCK CANAREN.

"Yes," said he.

"If you get the pardon of your sins is it your wish also to be baptized to-night?"

He hesitated and declined to answer. I then made a similar appeal to Trimbuck, and he consented.

With twenty-five or thirty sisters and brothers who had not gone away we had a prayer meeting for about half an hour, when Trimbuck obtained peace with God. After testifying to the fact of his pardon he added, "Now I want to be baptized. I want to be baptized to-night, for I know not what may be to-morrow."

So I baptized him. As soon as I said amen he started off in haste, I knew not whither, till I saw him sit down by his brother Ana. Very soon he brought him to Jesus. We then prayed with Ana till he got rest for his soul, and at his own request I baptized him. I then administered the Lord's Supper to them. What a blessed night! All glory to God, the Holy Trinity!

The Parsee is a mechanic in the Great Indian Peninsular Railway works, and has a wife. The two Hindus are single men, in the custom house service, sons of well-to-do parents, and pretty well educated.

Sabbath, 7th. Preached at Framji Cawasji Hall on perfecting that which is lacking in converts' faith. This afternoon Trimbuck took me to see an old Hindu skeptic. Trimbuck got two days' leave of absence from business after his baptism, and spent the time in visiting his Hindu friends to tell them what a dear Saviour he had found; different from the old plan of this country—of hiding a young convert to keep the Hindus from killing him! Trimbuck spent six hours on this skeptic, who expressed to me his gratitude to the young man for the interest he had manifested on his behalf, but remained unmoved.

At 6 P. M. Brother Bowen preached and I exhorted; a Mr. Bennett was saved. Krishna, Ana, Nourosjee, and Arajee all stood up voluntarily in turn and testified for

Christ. A number of Hindus and Parsees were listeners, and some of them, I am told, were spies, and will give trouble to our native converts.

Monday, 8th. As I was retiring, at 10 P. M., two Parsees brought a letter and handed it to me and hurried away. It purports to be from Brother Arajee, expressing regret that he had been baptized. I know it was not written by him; and if the signature (which is in quite a different hand) is his I am sure it was not his own voluntary act. His wife is at her father's house, and but two days since gave birth to her first child. Arajee told me that his wife was favorable to his being a Christian and would come with him to our meetings as soon as she should recover. The persecuting wretches have, no doubt, in her low, nervous state, driven her into hysterics, and under the terror of her cries and their taunts forced him to do, to save her life, what he never would have done to save his own.

Tuesday, 9th. Had but few Hindus at our lecture to-night, but a good gathering of our own people. Met Brother Jurain this afternoon and inquired about Arajee. They work in the same shop.

He said, "A messenger came yesterday afternoon in great haste for Arajee, saying that his wife was dying. Arajee said to me, as he passed out of the shop, 'Brother Jurain, pray for me, and go to Mrs. Miles's and ask them all to pray for me. I shall be beaten and perhaps killed. If they beat me I'll bear it; if they kill me I'll go to Jesus.'"

Friday, 12th. Called to see Brother Jurain, to inquire about Arajee. He said, "For several days he did not return to business, but has been there the last day and a half, guarded by three Parsees to and from the shop; and is closely watched while he is at work. In all that time I only got about a minute's talk with him, and he said, 'My wife was dying. I was imprisoned for three days and threatened with death, and now you see I am under guard. What can I do?'"

Arajee subsequently stepped aside with Jurain and said, "Brother Jurain, sing softly about the bleeding Lamb;" and Jurain sang in a low tone:

"My Saviour suffered on the tree:
O, come and praise the Lord with me."

When his guards saw him with Jurain they came and ordered him away. About fifty men in the shop—Parsees, Hindus, and Mohammedans, led by a few so-called Christians—with dreadful curses and threats made a set upon Jurain for getting the Parsee to change his religion; but Jurain witnessed for Jesus, saying, "You know what a vagabond I was before I received Christ; and you have been with me here every day since, and have seen the change in me. Jesus Christ saves me from all sin and preserves me from sinning, and has taken away from me the fear of death. You can kill me if you like; I am ready." They sneaked off and left him.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Campaign of Poonah and Calcutta.

I SAID to some friends at Major Raitt's, "Suppose I go to Poonah a few weeks during these heavy rains?" It was quite a casual remark. I had no serious thought of going soon, for I knew of no friends there to visit, and could not see my way to leave Bombay in the midst of so interesting a native work as was opening up daily. A few minutes after this remark was made Brother Henry Bailey, inspector of the E Division of Bombay police came in, and said, "I am going to get two months' leave of absence and take my family to Poonah," and invited me to go!

I considered the matter prayerfully, and on the 16th of July went second class (one hundred and nineteen miles) to Poonah. Brother Bailey met me at the railway station and drove me to his house.

Wednesday, 17th. Went with Brother Bailey to market, and afterward spent several hours at an auction, where over three thousand rupees' worth of household stuff was bid off. I had been worked nearly off the hinges; the change of scene was rest and the earnestness of the auctioneer refreshing.

18th. Brother Bailey drove me out to make a few calls.

Colonel Field received us very kindly. He and Colonel Phayre, both earnest Christian men, led the expedition into Abyssinia. Colonel Phayre surveyed the warpath, four hundred miles, to Magdala; and Colonel Field's forces made the road and led the van. Two African youths, educated by Rev. Dr. Wilson in Bombay, showed them the way in.

Called at the manse of Rev. J. Beaumont, minister of the Free Church of Scotland; he was not in, but sent me a note inviting me to conduct their Thursday evening service in his church, which I did, and had an interesting time.

Friday, 19th. Conducted a Bible class at Colonel Field's, at the close of which Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont invited me to come next week and give a lecture to their native students and friends in their Institution Hall in the city.

Poonah is high and healthy, nearly four thousand feet above the sea. It is a large military station and an old Maratti Brahman city of one hundred thousand population.

Back in Bombay for Sabbath and Monday and Tuesday appointments, and returned to Poonah on Wednesday, the 24th of July, accompanied by Krishna, who got four days' leave of absence from his work and paid his own traveling expenses, that he might tell those Brahmans about the Saviour he had found. On the evening of our arrival I lectured in the Institution Hall to about two hundred Brahmans on the experimental evidences of Christianity, and Krishna witnessed for Christ by an account in detail of his awakening and conversion to God.

Thursday, 25th. Preached this evening at six in the Free Church, which was well filled.

A lady in Bombay told Krishna of a vagabond young native in Poonah whose father was for many years, till his recent death, a native minister of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel Mission, and, giving Krishna his name and address, requested him to hunt

him up and try to get him saved. So this morning Krishna found his house and called at his door.

The response was, "Who's there?"

"My name is Krishna Chowey, from Bombay."

"What do you want?"

"I have come by request of a friend to see you."

"Go away from my door; I don't want to see you."

"I promised my friend that I would see you, and I must see you."

"Well, I tell you to go away. You shall not come into my house."

"I am not going away till I see you. I'll sit down here at your door and wait till you come out or let me in;" and down he sat.

After a little delay he was asked to enter. He showed the man a card on which his name was written by the friend in Bombay, and inquired, "Is that your name?"

"Yes; sit down."

Krishna then opened up a friendly conversation with him and gave him a history of his own life as a Hindu and an account of his conversion to God.

By the time he had finished his narrative his hearer was weeping bitterly and exclaimed, "There it is; you were born and brought up a Hindu, and now you are a child of God—a Christian in deed and in truth; I was born and brought up a nominal Christian, and now I am worse than any heathen. O, God of my father and of my mother, what shall I do?" Krishna wept with him, and they kneeled together and prayed.

KRISHNA AS A WAITING EVANGELIST.

"I'll sit down here at your door, and wait till you come out."—Page 575.

On my return to Bombay I went to stop again with Brother George Miles, his wife and family having returned from England. Glorious meetings at Framji Cawasji Hall.

I wrote Brother Beaumont in regard to intended special services in Poonah, and proposed to do what I might be able, to help him build up his own church; but the many beyond his lines whom we hoped to get saved at our meetings should be at liberty, without any afterclaps or reflections, if they in their judgment and conscience should so elect, to organize themselves into a Methodist church, as so many had done in Bombay.

Tuesday, August 13. Took the train for Poonah at 10 A. M. Brothers James Morris and Walter Winckler accompanied me to help in the work.

We commenced operations at 6 P. M. on Wednesday, the 14th of August, 1872.

Sabbath, 18th. Preached morning and evening in the Free Church to about one hundred and fifty hearers.

Monday, 19th. Bombay reinforcements (Brothers Shaw, Krishna, and Jurain) arrived, and the work went on vigorously. Among the first fruits outside of the orphanage were Angelo De Sauza, James Cristie and his wife and her sisters, the Misses Mulligan, and their cousins, William and Arthur Wright. These, with a host of others, all became earnest and effective workers for God.

I had to spend every other Sabbath in Bombay; but Brother Bowen alternated with me, and the siege of Poonah was steadily kept up. Many soldiers and civilians professed to find pardon at our meetings who did not become members of my Church. It is a principle with us not to persuade, nor directly to ask, any one to join us. Those voluntarily unite with us who are convinced that it is their duty by the force of our Bible teaching and the leading of the Spirit of truth.

Saturday evening, September 28. We held a fellowship meeting at the house of Brother De Sauza. Over thirty young converts spoke very clearly of the saving power of God in their hearts. I had not decided in advance to bring up the question of church organization to-night. Several had mentioned it before; but I wished them to have sufficient opportunity by our daily preaching and work and our weekly fellowship meetings to know their bearings properly and to form an intelligent judgment as to their duty and privilege in the matter; but at the close of the speaking I was convinced that it was the will of God that we should wait no longer. So I explained that I had all through desired to build up the Church in whose place of worship, kindly tendered us, they had been brought to God: and "that no member of that Church would feel it his or her duty to join my Church. But, according to the written agreement with their minister, I was at liberty to give an opportunity to any saved outside of his lines to be organized into a Methodist Church if they should so elect." I explained briefly what would be required of them as members with us, and reminded them of the persecutions they might expect, and that they must be fully persuaded as to their duty, and if not clear on that point take further time to consider it. Brother De Sauza brought paper and ink; Brother Winckler took down the names, which were distinctly announced, without any personal prompting. Dr. Fraser stood up first and gave in his name. Thirty-seven names were recorded that night. Others took further time for consideration.

Having secured a place of worship for our own Church and congregation in Poonah, we had our first sacramental service on Sabbath evening, the 13th of October. We had about one hundred and thirty hearers and sixty-four communicants. The *Deccan Herald* of the next day stated that the like was never seen in Poonah before.

The Church in Poonah has from the first to the present been a living, working, growing Church, and has a thrifty branch at Lanowli, forty miles to the northwest, where they have built a commodious chapel and paid for it. When her majesty's Fifty-sixth Regiment was transferred from Poonah to Sinde, beyond the Indus, our converted soldiers were accompanied by their minister, Rev. D. O. Fox, and laid the foundation of our witnessing, working Church in Sinde.

On the 15th of November Brother James Shaw resigned his appointment of army Scripture reader and became an itinerant preacher in our mission, unquestionably called of God to this responsible position. He came to us with a good wife, a native of Bombay, to help him.

About the same time Rev. George Bowen joined us. He came to India over twenty-five years before as a missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. After a couple of years' service here he became convinced that to succeed in

establishing a native Church in India on a sound, healthy basis would require greater self-sacrifice and a closer assimilation to native life on the part of missionaries than had been generally supposed to be necessary.

On the 22d of November, 1872, Rev. W. E. Robbins, a deacon of the Indiana Conference, arrived. He was a graduate of the Indiana Asbury University, and was three years in the Federal army during the rebellion. He commenced his ministry in California, but on account of the death of his father returned to Indiana and joined that Conference. He read my *Call for Preachers*, and not falling in with a mission secretary or bishop came on his own account, and paid his own expenses to Bombay. He learned to preach in the Maratti language before he was a year in India.

On the 1st of December, 1872, Revs. Albert Norton and Daniel O. Fox arrived in Bombay, also in response to my *Call*, but appointed and sent by the Missionary Board. They were both graduates of the Northwestern University and of the Garrett Biblical Institute.

January 1, 1873. Had a glorious love feast and watchnight service last night. At our Quarterly Conference, in the afternoon, Brothers Morris and Christian were recommended for license as local preachers.

On Tuesday of next week, after holding a Quarterly Conference in Poonah, with the concurrence of all concerned I am to start for Calcutta. Brother Bowen will be preacher in charge of Bombay Circuit and have with him Brothers Shaw, Robbins, and Norton. The circuit embraces also Thanna, Callian, and Egutpoora.

Krishna Chowey has never wavered for one minute. The day after his conversion he went on with his work in the customs, and after enduring much persecution there for a few weeks he was transferred to another department and put with a lot of very bigoted Brahmans. He was trembling with apprehension when he told me of this change in his work, and feared that he could not stand against them. I said, "Go, my brother, and do your duty. What you most fear is just the discipline your Father sees that you need, and has hence sent you to hold out your light to those Brahmans. Never fear. The Lord Jesus hath said, and had it written, that when brought even before governors and kings you have no need to take thought beforehand 'what ye shall say: for the Holy Ghost shall teach you in the same hour what ye ought to say.' He will give you the right words for those dear fellows who don't know our Jesus."

He went, distrusting self and trusting God. The Brahmans badgered him fiercely for about a week. Then they gathered round him and said, "Krishna, what does all this mean? We never treated anybody so badly as we have treated you. We have tried every way possible to exasperate or intimidate you. You have shown no fear, nor ill-feeling, nor resentment. We can't understand it."

"O, my dear friends," replied Krishna, "I show no fear because I am not afraid; I have quite made up my mind to die for Jesus if he shall so appoint. I show no ill-feeling because there is none in my heart. I show no spirit of resentment because I have none. The religion of Jesus is a religion of love. All this week I have been loving you and praying for you. I love you all now, and want you to be happy, as I am."

From that day those young Brahmans vied with each other in their attentions to Krishna. A year afterward, at the Esplanade preaching, when the mob beat Krishna and stamped upon him with their feet and left him for dead, one of those very Brahmans ran in and, taking him up in his arms, carried him away and got water and brought him round.

When Krishna recovered consciousness, supposing himself to be passing through the

gates of death, he said, "Thank God for the privilege of dying for Jesus. O, I am so happy to die for Jesus, he died for me!"

The Brahman stood over him and wept like a child. Several of those Brahmans came to the meeting, and came to see me. One of them wanted to teach me the Maratti language without charge. I believe I should have led them to Jesus could I have remained in Bombay. I said in my heart, "We shall get them saved yet. Let all Christians join me in prayer for Krishna's Brahman friends."

Some months after Krishna's conversion, however, he was tripped. A prating Hindu came into the office where he was and used very abusive language against him; he paid no attention to that, but endured it meekly. Then he dealt out some dreadful epithets against me, which cut to the quick; for Krishna loves me because I led him to Jesus; but he took it patiently. Finally the mad heathen began to utter the most vulgar and blasphemous charges against Christ. Krishna could not stand to hear his Master belied in that way, and with evident temper replied, "You wretched man! You are worse than a brute to talk so."

His friends looked sorry, and said, "Ah, Krishna!"

He confessed to them his sorrow that he had allowed his feelings to get the better of his judgment. Three days afterward Brother C. W. Christian was driving home from the bank, and saw a native walking before him apparently weeping. Coming closer, he heard him sobbing, and wondered who it could be—a sight so unusual. On coming up, to his surprise he saw it was Krishna, and exclaimed, "O, Brother Krishna, what is the matter? Come, get up in the carriage with me."

Krishna got in and told him all about the unhappy affair that occurred three days before. Brother Christian took him into his own room, and they together pleaded with God till the light of his face again filled Krishna's soul.

"Well," says one, "I often get into such a temper and think but little about it."

"But you don't often lead poor souls to Jesus. I am sure you could not win a heathen to Christ. 'He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.' It requires great men of that sort to do great things for God."

Krishna's uncle Chowey, who was in the habit of coming to Bombay every year in May or June, delayed his coming this year for a couple of months; and thus the three nephews had time to grow and gather strength. They finally heard that he was on the way, and were looking out for the vessel to arrive. They were at our Sabbath afternoon prayer meeting at Major Raitt's when the ship was telegraphed. They went in haste, yet with trembling, to meet him before he should land; but when they reached the ship he had landed and gone. Then they went to his house, in which they lived. Not knowing what might happen, Krishna went in alone, while the younger brothers remained without. After a little while, hearing no row, they followed. They stood mute in his presence, as in boyhood they were often obliged to do; and he looked at them some time before he uttered a word. Then he angrily charged them with neglecting to do some unimportant thing, and they explained away his point. Then he surveyed them closely, and in a softened tone said, "Why, you look just as you looked when I saw you last!" (He expected to see them dressed in European clothing and looking as though they were foreigners from a far country, according to what he had so often seen.)

"Our missionary is different from any you know," they replied. "He don't require us to change any outward custom, but simply to give up all idolatry and sin."

But little more was said then.

When he afterward got Krishna alone he said, "Now, Krishna, I am getting old, and not so well up to buisness as formerly. I want you to resign your situation in the customs, go with me down the coast, take your wife and settle in a good home of your own. I'll make over all my business to you, and the property will all be yours in the end."

Krishna replied, "Uncle, if that means any compromise of Christian principle I cannot touch it."

The uncle then got into a very bad temper, and abused Krishna very much. Afterward he hinted to Trimbuck that if he would resign his place and go and take charge of his business he would cut Krishna off and make him his heir.

Trimbuck, but two months out of heathenism, replied, "Uncle, if you are of a mind to give us anything we will thank you; but if your offer means that I am to give up Jesus Christ I look upon all your possessions as dung."

The uncle was evidently taken aback. His fortune—the accumulation of his life of toil—going a-begging and treated, as compared with the despised name of Christ, as worthless *débris!*

He took a peremptory course with Ana, and said, "Ana, sit down here, and write your resignation before me, and come with me down the coast."

The young fellow, who had always before been dreadfully afraid of his uncle, modestly told him that he could do nothing of the sort.

The uncle had spent thirty years in Bombay, a bitter enemy of Christianity, but otherwise a fine man, and had many friends. The young men expected his friends to stir him up against them, but to their surprise, so far as they could learn, all except an old teacher of theirs—to whom the uncle would not listen—took their part and told the uncle what good nephews he had.

Calcutta, the great capital of the Indian empire, was not primarily a native city, but commenced as a trading post of the East India Company. The English flag was first hoisted there on the 24th of August, 1690. It was in 1702 that they directed their attention to the building of the town of Calcutta and gave minute directions regarding its streets and houses. They completed the fort, surrounded it with an intrenchment, and mounted it with cannon. It, however, remained long in a poorly defended state; for it was in 1756 that it was taken by Seraja Dowlah, a Mohammedan nawab, with fifty thousand troops. It was by his order at that time that the celebrated "Black Hole" tragedy was enacted. One hundred and forty-six persons were thrust at the point of the sword into a room not twenty feet square, in one of the hottest nights of the most sultry season of the year. The wretched prisoners soon became frantic with suffocating heat and insufferable thirst. The struggle to reach the window and catch a breath of air proved fatal to many. At length they began to sink one by one into the arms of death; and the few who survived that awful night owed their lives to the more free ventilation obtained by standing on the bodies of their deceased companions. When the door was opened in the morning only twenty-three came out alive, the most ghastly forms ever seen.

Before going to Calcutta I wrote to Rev. John Richards, the Wesleyan missionary there, with whom I had labored in South Africa, and whom I had often met in England, and proposed to give him a week of special services; but after that I should be free to follow providential leadings beyond his lines, and if God should give me a people in Calcutta, as he had in Bombay and Poonah, to organize them into a Methodist Episcopal church. In his reply he said, "Of course I accept your offer of a week's services. When I wrote to you before you were strictly an evangelist; now you seem to have changed your plan.

Well, if you can come, and through God's blessing be the means of creating some healthy religious excitement among us in Calcutta, I shall greatly rejoice. Come and welcome, and I will work with you to the utmost of my ability."

Dr. Moffitt, of Cawnpore memory, had, by removal of her majesty's Fourteenth Regiment to Calcutta, become a resident in this city, and had invited me also.

J. M. Thoburn had just returned from the great Missionary Conference at Allahabad. He says, "We had a delightful time at Allahabad. The only thing which we did not like was a resolution against going into territory preoccupied by other missions. I think we might have defeated it; but Brother Harding begged very hard that I should keep quiet, and pledged his word that it did not refer to such work as you proposed. Mr. Fordyce also referred to your work, and was cheered when he expressed the hope that you would extend it. We all concluded that silence might be best, especially as we knew that you would not regard their resolutions in any case."

The "resolution against going into territory preoccupied by other missions" has been pretty closely observed by all the missions pledged to it to this day (1895), and but for God's grand irregular movement, which "would not regard their resolutions in any case," as J. M. (now Bishop) Thoburn expressed it, there is not even presumptive evidence that a single Methodist church could be found in India to-day but "the territory preoccupied" by the India Mission Conference.

It is a significant and pleasing fact that while the Conference prescribed limits to every other mission, including, of course, our Methodist India Mission Conference, it bade me to go forward without any limitations. They all know that I have no money, and that I don't want any of their native Christians, and therefore cannot antagonize but may help them.

Thursday, 30th. Preached in the Wesleyan chapel nightly for two weeks. About twenty persons publicly sought and professed to find the pardon of their sins. Most of these were members of the congregation, and will probably join Mr. Richards's church. On my arrival his English-speaking church consisted of eighteen members, according to the books. Their numbers have doubled and their working effectiveness has greatly increased.

Sister Richards and Brother Fentiman tried to persuade me to limit my labors in Calcutta to their Church. I explained to them our principles, to the effect that, as our doctrines were the same, when we found the Wesleyan organization adequate to the demands of the country, wheresoever established, we should not feel at liberty to organize on the same ground. "But here in Bengal," I continued, "there is a population of sixty-six millions, and this little church is the only representative of Methodism in this great Presidency. You have been working here for nine years, and you now see what you can do and what you cannot do. The style of agency necessary to secure a great work of God, adequate to his purposes, is also necessary to conserve and extend it. It is not the work of a passing evangelist, simply, but requires the enlistment and combined struggle of millions of martyr spirits for a hundred years."

They felt the force of my argument, and gave in, but not without manifest regret; and I was very sorry that I could not yield to their wishes.

I was now an outsider, but I procured the use of one hall after another, and weekly family services, six or seven each day, extending into about forty families, neglected East Indians, followed by preaching in a hall every night.

February 2. About a year ago I wrote my patient wife that I should probably be

SCENE IN THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.

"The struggle to reach the window and catch a breath of air."—[illegible]

detained in India beyond the time I had appointed to return home, and desired her to consult the boys and give their mind about it with hers.

Two or three days after writing I received a letter from her, written two months before, anticipating my question, saying, "As you have labored sixteen years as an evangelist, helping to build up other churches, if God has given you the opportunity of demonstrating in a heathen country the saving power of the Gospel from the foundation, you should take time to do it. We are most anxious to see you, but we will wait. Don't hurry on our account."

Last Friday I wrote her again on the same subject, saying, "I am here in Calcutta, the Paris of India. If God shall open this city to me, and give me a church, as in Bombay, I shall have to man it before I leave. That will detain me some months. Then I could go home for a couple of years and return; but what shall I say for my dear wife and boys, whom I so long to see? Tell me what to do."

Yesterday, February 1, 1873, I received a letter from her, in which she says, "I have never yet dared to call you home. It is likely you are too poor to come, and we are not able to help you; but if your work will allow it we would wish you to do so, if but for a year. Perhaps your people will give you leave of absence."

God bless the dear woman! He is manifestly leading her as he is her husband. This is another providential pointer, indicating God's will concerning Calcutta and further extension in India.

Saturday, February 22. Mr. Harris, the druggist, gave us the free use of his residence for our fellowship band meetings. Captain Jones, who was converted to God and joined my church in California in 1855, rendered good service in Calcutta. Rev. Mr. Kerry, a Baptist missionary, is the principal of a native boys' school, also superintendent of some native churches in and about the city. He showed me his school, containing over two hundred lads, and Mrs. Kerry's girls' school; he then conducted me into his native chapel, forty feet by sixty, and said, "I don't know what this chapel was built for except the anticipation of getting many of the native students to become Christians, which, I am sorry to say, has not been realized. We have a small native congregation and church which worship here Sabbaths at 7 A. M. and 4 P. M. Beyond that we have no use for it, and if you can make any use of it you are welcome to it."

It was not well located for my English-speaking East Indians, but no other place seemed available, so I concluded that God had opened that as the best to begin with, and we made quick preparations, advertised extensively, and opened regular services there the following Sabbath (February 23, 1873), and kept them up in that chapel for about a year. Rev. Brother Kerry exerted himself on all occasions to advance our work. We held special services there for more than a month, often with great promise, but with very little permanent fruit.

The hardest work of my life, I believe, was in the streets of Calcutta, under the greatest discouragements. For months it seemed very doubtful, by all outward indications, whether we could raise a working force at all. I became more and more convinced that a great work of God was what Calcutta least desired and most needed, and that a more convenient season would never come; so I determined, as the Lord should lead, to push the battle and win or die at the guns.

Sixty-six millions of perishing souls in this Presidency! Most of them have heard of Jesus and hate his name immeasurably more than they hate the name of Satan. They won't listen to what his friends have to say in his favor, but drink in foul, blasphemous

lies against him from the lips of Mohammedans and infidels. The books of French and English infidels—most of whom are now realizing the realities of Bible truth in the regions of the dead—are more extensively read, I believe, by educated natives in India than anywhere else. Tom Paine's *Age of Reason*, for example, sells for a shilling in India, and nearly all the wretched infidel fallacies which, in Christian countries, have been refuted a hundred times are now sown broadcast here, with no antidote in the form of refutation.

"Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his Anointed, saying, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us." This is just as true of the Indian rajahs and the great masses of their people as it was true of old Pilate and Herod and the murderers of our Lord's human person.

God has sent me here to organize at least one body of witnessing soldiers for Jesus, who will endure hardness; and by the power of the Holy Spirit I must succeed or die in the trenches of the enemy. God help me! It is all for thy glory and the salvation of these poor, perishing millions, in love and pity for whom my Saviour died.

About the 9th of April, for the first time in Calcutta, I gave an opportunity for the converts who were attending our fellowship meetings to enroll themselves as candidates for membership in my church, and thirteen gave in their names. A very small beginning after two months of so hard work; but, thank God! it is a germ of his planting, and will become a banyan, with branches and trunks innumerable, and millions will yet repose at the feet of Jesus under its shade.

Soon after this we got the use of a room in Bow Bazaar for Sabbaths at 7 A. M. and two nights weekly. I began to feel the support of workers ready for any call of the Master. Unfortunately for the onward progress of the work, we had to give up the use of the hall in which God so blessed us, and could not get another till we built one in Zigzag Lane, in the same neighborhood. A dear brother in Bombay offered ten thousand rupees toward the erection of a Methodist preaching hall in that city; but as we have large bungalow halls there suitable for our present purpose, and none such here, our dear friends in Bombay said, "No, give it to Calcutta;" so it was sent to a bank in this city subject to my order, for the purpose of building a Methodist hall here. But we were in need of a place at once, and hence found it necessary to put up a temporary hall for the extension of the Bow Bazaar work, while a more permanent chapel was being constructed, requiring all the funds our people could give, in addition to the liberal gift from Bombay.

From about the first of September I was absent from Calcutta a month, holding quarterly meetings in Poonah and Bombay.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Review of My Indian Missions.

OUR quarterly meeting in Poonah was an occasion long to be remembered. The Quarterly Conference was held on Saturday night, just before a public preaching service, and was composed of a score of humble, valiant men of God, instead of three, as when we organized it eight months before. Our brethren and sisters from Deksal, about one hundred miles southeast, and from Lanowli, forty miles northwest, had come in force to attend the quarterly meeting, representing churches which had meantime grown up in those places. At this meeting a building committee was appointed to put up a Methodist chapel in Lanowli, which has since been completed and paid for. Brother Geering, one of our converted railway men there, paid twelve hundred rupees for its erection.

Our love feast was on Monday night. The speaking was superb. About eighty persons in the space of an hour witnessed for Jesus. Brother Fox, our minister there, on that Sabbath baptized two Hindus, cultivators from a village ten miles out; and at a later period of our services that week two Brahmans, both school-teachers, one in a government and the other in a private school. I spent a week in Poonah on this trip, and had a few new cases brought to God.

I then spent a week in Bombay. During my absence of eight months the work of God in that city had wonderfully developed and extended. In addition to a large increase of English and East Indian members over a dozen Hindus and three Parsees had been saved and baptized. All these converted Hindus and Parsees were abiding among their people, according to the avowed principles of St. Paul's mission and ours as well.

"What are those principles?"

"You will find them fully exemplified and illustrated in the Acts of the Apostles."

One of our Parsee converts, Brother Ruttonji Merwanji Metta, was then (1875) planting a mission in Khandwa, Central India. Another was in Christian work with Narrainsheshadra, in Jalnah. Another was Brother Manekjee Mody. His high social position and his bold testimony for Christ at our outdoor services on the Esplanade exposed him to great persecutions. In his boyhood he went for a short time to a Sunday school in the kirk, which made it easier for him to come to a Christian place of worship; but he remained a stanch Zoroastrian till awakened at our meetings. His testimony, which he repeated again and again in different languages to the masses at the outdoor preaching, was substantially as follows:

"Friends, you know me. You know what a sincere zealot I was for the Parsee religion. After the death of my wife I got up at three o'clock in the morning, and, with my incense and sandalwood, went, in those dark hours of the night, to the Tower of Silence, and there, near the bones of my ancestors, where my own father and my own dear wife had been given over to the vultures, I burned my sandalwood, and in the odor of my incense offering mingled my prayers and groans and tears from a broken heart. Let no man doubt my sincerity; I was sincere. Every morning at three o'clock, when you were all asleep in your beds, I repeated this daily for two years, but found no rest for my

sin-burdened soul. I have no quarrel with my nation, and I don't abuse our great man Zoroaster; but he was not a saviour. Our Parsee religion has no saviour to offer to our dear, struggling people; hence I could find no relief from it. Then I was led to examine the claims of Jesus Christ. From the records of the Bible and the testimony of his people I became convinced that he was indeed the Saviour sent by God to deliver poor sinners from their sins. I sought him, and in Forbes Street Hall I submitted to him and received him as my Saviour, and at once he delivered me from my sins and gave rest and peace to my soul. Now I know that I am a child of God, and that the Lord Jesus abides with me and preserves me from sinning and sustains me under all my trials and persecutions."

MANEKJEE MODY SEEKING CONSOLATION.

"With incense and sandalwood, I went to the Tower of Silence."—Page 585.

An infidel Hindu raised a mob to beat my preachers on the Esplanade. The next day the commissioner of police held a court of inquiry to investigate the affair. Brother Samuel Page was called on for evidence, and gave a full statement of the facts in the case. He had witnessed the affair, and knew both the circumstances and the motives.

One of the officers inquired, "What sort of people are these Methodists?"

"Well," replied another, "they are a curious people. I heard Taylor tell of one who got his sins forgiven in a quarter of an hour."

"Bosh!" rejoined another.

Then said Page, "Well, gentlemen, you know I would not tell you a lie; though I was long under awakening it was not till the 21st of last September that I came out as a seeker; and then in less than a quarter of an hour I received Christ and got all my sins forgiven."

"Very well, Mr. Page," said the commissioner, "we will not discuss that subject. Why don't these Methodists, like other people, appeal to the law for protection?"

Page replied, "They don't disclaim their legal rights; but under all ordinary wrongs and this opposition to their work they prefer to suffer the greatest wrongs and injuries rather than appeal to the law."

"Why, they have no spirit!" said the commissioner.

"O, yes; they have the spirit of Christ their Master. They are not cowards. You will find them, in spite of the wrongs done to them to-day, preaching in the same place to-morrow, quite undismayed."

"Why, they might get killed!"

"O, they would not mind that at all; they are not afraid of death! They are a people who wish only to know their duty, and that they will do or die in the attempt."

"Well, then," said the commissioner, "we must protect them."

The court then decided that without partiality they would protect any orderly person who wished to preach in the streets—Christian, Hindu, Mohammedan, or Parsee; but for the sake of order they must have their preaching places half a mile apart. If a Moham-

medan establishes a preaching place no Christian will be allowed to open one within less distance than half a mile. The Hindu who has for nearly a year and a half been giving so much annoyance on the Esplanade must be arrested at the next meeting. He must not be punished at once but warned; and if then he repeat it, punished. The same warning must also be given to the Mohammedan at the fountain.

This order was faithfully executed; thus, after patient suffering for a year and a half, our outdoor preachers got protection unasked, but none the less appreciated.

Krishna's wife was sent to him by his uncle. He got her well instructed, converted to God, and baptized; and then they were united in Christian marriage. He is now a licensed local preacher in our Church, and believes that he is called to devote his life to the work of the Christian ministry. I believe so too; but as yet he is pursuing his business in the customs and devoting his leisure to study and active soul-saving work. He has had eight of his kindred saved and baptized, and hopes soon to get all his family connection into the kingdom of God. Trimbuck preaches well and was recommended for license at our District Conference a few months ago; but, wishing a better preparation, begged the Conference to let his case lie over till their next meeting.

The number of native converts in the Bombay Circuit—mostly from Hinduism—was in 1875 about sixty. The great break in their lines had not come yet; but a grand preparation of the field and of the workers was daily progressing, and God was about to give these heathen to Jesus for his inheritance. I expected to see many thousands of them brought to God before many years should elapse.

On my way back to Calcutta, Brothers Krishna, Trimbuck, and Manekjee, and other native brethren, accompanied me eighty miles to Egutpoora, where we held a number of services. At a general fellowship meeting there Krishna gave us some facts in his experience which I had not heard before. They illustrate a principle in our Mission in regard to taking stumbling-blocks out of the way of the natives by getting the nominal Christians of India converted to God.

I spent two days in special services at Allahabad with Brothers Thoburn and Osborne. Dennis Osborne laid the foundations of our Church in Allahabad soon after his own conversion to God in Lucknow. My tour from Calcutta to Poonah and Bombay and back involved 2,972 miles of railway traveling, which by first-class ticket, going and returning, would have cost two hundred and sixty-seven rupees fifteen annas. I went with the native masses by third and intermediate class carriages at a cost of sixty-one rupees four annas. That may illustrate one of the ways by which we run a self-supporting Mission. Of course the Mission has nothing to do with my own expenses. We do not oblige any of our preachers to travel third class, but my example makes it easier for those who wish to do so; and I believe all of them travel third class, except those who preach much to railway people and have a first-class ticket given them.

Before I left Calcutta for this trip we leased a lot in Zigzag Lane, and let out to contract the building of a plain chapel thirty feet by fifty. We had trustees and a building committee; but as Sister Freude, a thorough business woman, lives near, the responsibility of superintending its erection was left with her and she did her part faithfully.

We also bought a lot in the best center of the city, in Dhurramtollah Street, near Wellington Square, for four thousand six hundred rupees, and let out the contract for building a permanent brick hall forty feet by eighty.

At the opening of our new chapel in Zigzag Lane the place was crowded, and God was with us. It was at this opening service that Koshenath Borooah, a high-caste Hindu from

Assam and a student of the Calcutta Medical College, was baptized. He was brought to Jesus during my absence, in the following manner: Two Singhalese native medical students—Brothers Everts and Fry, who were converted to God at my first series in Calcutta—brought Koshenath with them one night to a fellowship band. He was a bitter hater of Christianity. He had a young brother who had been a short time in a Christian school, but died at the age of fourteen years, and requested, when dying, that there should be no Hindu ceremonies performed over his dead body. No one knew why he made such a request. Well, Koshenath sat down quietly in the fellowship class meeting and heard twenty-seven men and women tell that they had received Christ and had been saved from their sins, and that Jesus was with them, and that he was giving them power daily to resist temptation, and was preserving them by his own almighty hand from sinning.

Koshenath listened, and thus reasoned with himself: "These are intelligent men and women. They are not speaking about creeds or opinions, nor telling of things hoped for, but testifying to facts within their personal knowledge. These are credible witnesses, whose testimony would stand in any court of justice. They speak of Jesus not merely as an historic character of the past, but a living person of the present. They say, though invisible, they know him and have daily communication with him. They say they received him by faith; a thing which I have considered nonsense before, but how reasonable it seems to me now. How could they receive him except by faith?"

So he stated his case to the band and asked them to show him the way to Jesus. Dr. Moffitt and others gave him words of instruction, and they all prayed for him; and before the meeting closed he testified that he had then and there received the Lord Jesus as his Saviour, and that he had filled his heart with light, love, and peace.

Near the close of the year I had a few outdoor services in three languages. I gave out the words of truth in English, Koshenath translated them into Hindustani, and another native brother put them into Bengali. We had good audiences and good order; but my time in Calcutta was then too short to drive the native work up so far as we did in Bombay. Some months after my departure, during college vacation, Koshenath made a tour of three thousand miles, visiting the missions of the Northwest Provinces and the Punjab, witnessing for Jesus.

We begged the missionary secretaries to send us missionaries to supply the growing demands of our work in India, but this year they did not send us one. My Mission, and the principles which render it peculiar, have to pass, as I expected, a severe ordeal of criticism and opposition. Every new steam engine or boiler has to be tested ere it can be trusted; and so with every other new thing—though like our Mission, having no novelty but the new application of old principles. The misapprehensions of friends on both sides of the world, the misstatements of those not friendly, the fallacies of speculators, and the long letters written, would make up material for a very curious but very uninteresting book, which I don't intend to write.

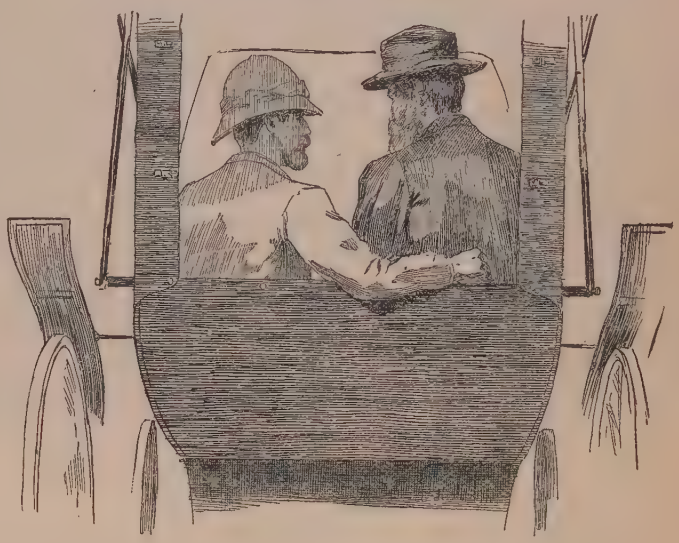
We heard of Bishop Harris's episcopal tour round the world, holding Conferences on his route in Japan, China, India, Bulgaria, Germany, Denmark, and Sweden, and we were awaiting his arrival with pleasure. We also heard that he was accompanied by Rev. Brother Waugh, who had been home on furlough, and Rev. Brothers Spencer and Houghton, who were making the tour of the globe on furlough from home. While the bishop was at Ceylon he telegraphed to Dr. Thoburn in Lucknow to meet him in Calcutta; so Brother Thoburn came in advance of their arrival and gave us valuable help in our work. I was told afterward that the good bishop had an apprehension, from the many things that were rumored

about my Mission, that I was going to set up a new sect—a thing entirely out of the question from the first, both with myself and all my people—and thought he might need Thoburn's advice. Every document we had, and the trustees and deeds of our property in Calcutta, were all proofs of our entire loyalty to the Church of our choice, though refusing first and last to yield a single principle or plank in our platform as a Mission. All intimations against our bottom motives were unfounded and gratuitous.

When the bishop and his party arrived I met them at the ship and invited them to stop with me.

As soon as we left the ship, and the bishop and I got into a carriage alone, he said, "Now, Brother Taylor, we want to bring your Mission into a closer connection with our Church, and we want you to become officially and in name what you are in fact, its superintendent."

I replied, "I received a very kind letter from Bishop Simpson proposing the same thing, and at the same time a letter from Dr. Eddy, containing a similar request from you. I immediately wrote, in reply to Bishop Simpson and to yourself, stating that while I was not at all ambitious of any honor or official position in the gift of the Church, yet as God had opened and organized this Mission through my agency, and had thus made me its superintendent, I should not object to your official confirmation of his appointment, provided there shall be no interference with the peculiar principles on which our Mission was founded."



A COUNCIL EN ROUTE WITH BISHOP HARRIS.

"Now, Brother Taylor, we want to bring your mission into a closer connection with our Church."—Page 589.

"I had left New York before your letter got there, and never received it," replied the bishop; "but your principles are very clear and sound. Where the Missionary Society appropriates the funds of the Church, of course they are responsible for their proper disbursement; but where they give no money, as in the case of your Mission, what have they to do with its internal management?"

So the whole thing was arranged in less time than it takes me to write it. It was agreed, as a matter of convenience, that I and my ministers, until we could organize a Conference of our own, should join the India Mission Conference; but that the said Conference should not have an official relation to the Bombay and Bengal Mission, any more than the Baltimore Conference has with our Mission in Japan because Rev. R. S. Maclay, its superintendent, happens to remain a member of that Conference.

All the Indian empire outside our India Mission Conference was assigned to me under the title of the Bombay and Bengal Mission.

The bishop preached for Brother Richards on the morning of the Sabbath he spent in Calcutta, and in the evening for my people, and presided at a general fellowship meeting for us on Monday night. The other brethren gave us some stirring sermons and the grandest singing our people had ever heard.

At the ensuing Conference, in January, 1874, in Lucknow, these arrangements were all completed; and contrary to my expectations, and to my great joy, Rev. J. M. Thoburn, D.D., resigned his work in the India Mission Conference and joined my Mission. He had resigned his salary a year before, and had fully adopted the principles of our Mission. Brother C. W. Christian had resigned his situation in the Bombay Bank some months before and become my assistant preacher in Calcutta; George Gilder, also of Bombay, and C. R. Jefferies, of Calcutta, had been duly recommended for the itinerant work; so that our lack of helpers from the Mission Board was being made up in part in India. Our members and probationers in Calcutta and Kidderpore now numbered over one hundred. The whole number in our Mission then was about five hundred; and our appointments, as announced by the bishop at the close of the Conference session, stood thus: Bombay—George Bowen, W. E. Robbins, James Shaw. The Deccan (Poonah, Lanowli, Deksal, etc.)—D. O. Fox. Central India—Albert Norton, George K. Gilder. Bengal (Calcutta)—J. M. Thoburn, C. W. Christian.

We had at the same time a cause developing at Secunderabad, through the agency of Brother Walter Winckler, a nephew of Mrs. Miles. When but four months converted to God he gave us valuable help in the Poonah siege, and was then appointed by government as a civil engineer to Secunderabad, in the Nizam's kingdom, to build a section of the government railway. He arrived there an entire stranger, but soon commenced witnessing for Jesus to a number of soldiers in a cowshed. Next he went among the civilians, and got some of them saved. Then he was taken ill, and Dr. Trimnell, the civil surgeon, a good man in his way, came to see him; and by some sort of mutual improvement society the Lord used the doctor to cure Winckler's body and used Winckler as a witnessing agent in getting the doctor's soul into the hands of the great Physician, and he was healed.

During the year 1874 Brother Bowen visited Secunderabad and organized our Church there, of which Winckler, under God—daily hard at work making the railroad and preparing the way of the Lord as well—was the founder.

Later in the year Brother Shaw spent a few months there and greatly extended the work. Later still I spent a few days there, and found a healthy, growing, working church of God, of more than one hundred members and probationers, besides scores of converts who had not joined our body. We had one hundred and twenty communicants at the sacramental service which I held among them. Dr. Trimnell, my kind host, told me that becoming a Methodist—and hence a total abstainer from all intoxicating drinks—he has daily done two hours' more work than before with less fatigue. He was what is called in many circles a temperance man before, never known to be the worse for liquor; but he thought he could not get through with his excessive work without artificial stimulation, especially when up all night with the sick. Now he finds that he was quite mistaken before, and instead of loss he has gained a greatly improved condition of nerve, muscle, and brain, with a clear gain in time of two hours per day. He gave me the testimony of a Mohammedan merchant concerning the work of God in Secunderabad, as seen and noted by the Mohammedans.

An army officer owed this merchant a bill, and seemed more disposed to lay out his money for drink than to pay it. The Mohammedan said to him, "If you will give up drink like these Methodists I'll give you the amount of your bill. These Methodists are all teetotalers. They are willing to pay a fair price for an article, with but few words about it, and always pay their bills."

Brother Wale, our recording steward there, gave me similar testimony from a Parsee

merchant, who has a very large general store in Secunderabad. The Parsee said to a man who came into his shop, "Have you joined the Methodists yet?"

"No; I have not."

"Well, I advise you to join them, for they are a very good people. They don't want an article for less than it is worth, and they always pay their bills."

"But," replied the man, "they are all teetotalers, and don't buy any of your wine and spirits."

"Yes, I know that; but though I sell them to other people I know the Methodists are right; and, moreover, spending no money for grog, they have the more to lay out for things of value to them; and I never have any trouble with Methodist bills, for they are always paid promptly."

On my way to the said session of the India Conference in Lucknow I called at Cawnpore to see my friend James Condon, M.D., civil surgeon of that station. He has a brother in Madras, surgeon in her majesty's Twenty-first Fusiliers, E. H. Condon, M.D. Dr. James had long been in correspondence with his brother about the work of God in connection with my ministry; and now, when I went to his house, he read to me a letter he had just received from his brother in Madras, stating that for months he had been trying to get the missionaries of that city to invite me to go there, and that Rev. Mr. Barton, of the Church Mission, warmly favored it, and brought the question of inviting me before the January meeting of their monthly Conference, but that it was not concurred in, and that he would invite me on his own responsibility, and deputed Dr. James to urge me to go, as the need of a stirring up there was the greatest need of that city.

I replied to Dr. James Condon, "Having Calcutta on my hands, I cannot possibly promise anything, and certainly cannot go to Madras for months to come."

But when Dr. Thoburn joined me and was appointed preacher in charge of our work in Calcutta I suddenly found myself foot-loose, and told the doctor to write his brother that, the Lord willing, I would go by the first steamship from Calcutta. Having hastily put Brother Thoburn into line, I sailed by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship *Indus* for Madras.

I paid my own fare, first-class, one hundred rupees. I was nearly used up by excessive work, and the best accommodations were the cheapest for me. By the mercy of God the voyage restored me.

Before sailing, however, I received a letter of invitation direct from Dr. E. H. Condon, asking me to make his house my home while in Madras, adding that Colonel Goddard, Dr. Vansomeren, and Mr. Bowden were associated with him in asking me to come to Madras, and would back me to the utmost of their ability, but that he hoped I would not organize a church there.

I replied, "I will leave that entirely to the Lord's leading, as he may manifest it clearly, not only to me, but to you and your friends. I cannot certainly anticipate his will in the matter, but must leave myself entirely free to accept his decisions and yield obedience to his will as he shall make it known to us."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Madras, Bangalore, and Onward.

THE city of Madras was a small Hindu village, in which a plot of ground was marked out by the Rajah of Chundergiree as a trading post for the East India Company. They erected a factory in 1639, which in the intervening centuries has expanded into this great city. At that early period, to give confidence to the native merchants, a fortification was built and twelve guns mounted upon it; and they named it Fort St. George. This is the fort in which my brother and hospitable host, Dr. Condon, his estimable wife, his sister, and two little daughters resided. I found my way to their happy home on Tuesday, the 4th of February, 1874.

The population of Madras, according to a then recent census, was as follows: Europeans, 3,613; Eurasians or East Indians of European descent, 12,018; Hindus, 330,052; Mohammedans, 50,964; others, 910. Total, 397,557.

The Wesleyans have done a great deal of most important seed sowing in South India, and have a great educational work, especially in Madras and Bangalore, but have not yet had so great success in India as they have in other countries. Of course the difficulties are greater in regard to the heathen, but among a population of over fifteen thousand Europeans and East Indians, after a period of sixty years of work in Madras, to have but eighty-six English-speaking members showed clearly that there was room for our Church which it has pleased God to plant there, not to antagonize but help them in their great soul-saving mission.

On Thursday, February 6, Dr. Condon introduced me to all the Nonconformist ministers of the city, the missionaries of the Church Mission, and a few of the more liberal of the Establishment, in their own houses.

Rev. W. Miller, of the Free Church of Scotland, gave us permission to use their Evangelistic Hall for our first series of special services, to commence on Monday night, the 10th of February.

Sabbath, 9th. Having no appointment for morning preaching I accepted Miss Condon's invitation to visit the Ragged School in Blacktown.

She said, "We have over one hundred poor children there, who are taught for an hour and then a breakfast is given them. They are greatly interested in the breakfast, but very dull as learners."

"Do you teach them to sing?"

"O, no; they are too stupid for that; they don't seem to have any capacity except for food."

"Well, I will engage to teach them to sing a hymn and tune in fifteen minutes."

So we went to the school, and found Dr. Vansomeren, his earnest Christian wife, two daughters, and a son, Mr. and Mrs. Bowden, and others engaged in this work. I was asked to address the school. I said, "I will first teach these children to sing. We can do that in fifteen minutes. These gentlemen can look at their watches and see that these children can learn to sing in the given time. Now, children, I have said you can learn to

sing in a quarter of an hour. Your teachers love you, and they have got a good breakfast ready for you out there, but they don't believe that you can sing. I am sure you can. Now open your ears and I will put the song into you. Don't open your mouths till the song gets in; and when you feel it trying to get out at the ends of your fingers and toes, then open your mouths and we shall all hear the song rolling out like little water brooks after the showers of spring. Now we will begin:

"'We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love.
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go? will you go? will you go? will you go?
O say, will you go to the Eden above?'"

I repeated this verse for about five minutes, and then said, "I see you are getting filled with song; now all of you open your mouths and sing the chorus after me."

They mastered the chorus in about two minutes, and the verse and tune in five minutes more, and before the fifteen minutes were out I was quiet and the mass of children singing the whole thing themselves, to the astonishment and delight of their teachers.

THE RAGGED SCHOOL IN BLACKTOWN.
"They are greatly interested in the breakfast."—Page 592.

In the evening, according to previous announcement, I preached in the open air, at the back of the schoolhouse, where I met the children this morning. After preaching Dr. Condon and Colonel Goddard related their Christian experience. We had one or two seekers.

Monday, 10th. This evening we commenced our series of services in the Evangelistic Hall, which seats about three hundred persons, and was packed with attentive hearers of all sorts, including twenty or thirty Hindus. After preaching I went with Dr. Condon to the monthly Missionary Conference at the house of Rev. Mr. McDonald, of the Church Mission. The regular topic for the evening was postponed, and I was invited to occupy the time. I gave them an account of how God had led me in the organization of the Bombay and Bengal Mission, and of its peculiar principles of self-denial on the part of its ministers, self-support by its people, and the self-reliance of its converts. I gave them a number of examples of converted Parsees, Hindus, and others, illustrative of the practicability of carrying out the Gospel principle of self-reliance, under which Jews and Gentiles alike were expected, when converted to God, to go home to their friends and tell them what great things the Lord had done for them.

It was but a month before that an invitation to Madras was refused me; now I stood among them as a sort of wonder; but they received me as kindly as they could, some with real pleasure and some in meekness, as they would other inevitable visitations. I had, upon the whole, a very good meeting with these dear men of God, and with their wives, who were present as well.

Tuesday, 11th. Hall again crowded this evening and a great awakening. I called for seekers to come to the front, where I could get access to them to instruct them, pray for them, and lead them to Jesus. About thirty came, a large proportion of whom afterward testified that they had obtained the pardon of their sins and peace with God. These services were kept up four days in the week for three weeks, and preaching every Saturday evening for the New Town Prayer Meeting Committee in the Baptist chapel for three months.

We went from the Evangelistic Hall to the Memorial Hall, built in memory of God's mercy in preserving Madras from any outbreak in the mutiny of 1857. It is a fine hall, to seat about six hundred, centrally located, and is, as the Exeter Hall of London, available for all religious and other popular assemblies. We had that hall well filled four days in each of four weeks. We next got the use of the London Mission native chapel, in Pursewakum, a very populous district of this straggling city of Madras. We afterward rented that chapel and established regular Sabbath preaching services in it. Later Dr. Condon and his friends built, seated, and lighted (at the cost of one thousand rupees) a pandal, forty feet by sixty in size, on the Esplanade. The city authorities would not give us permission to occupy the site for a longer period than three months, but it became such a place of popular resort five nights in each week, and productive of so much good, that they kindly renewed our free lease, to run on indefinitely.

Each night of our services I wrote down the name and address of each person professing to find Jesus, and next day, or as soon as possible, called to see the converts. Those whom I found to be connected with the Baptists or Wesleyans, or wherever they were likely to be well cared for and do good, I advised to remain, and discontinued my pastoral visits to such, amounting to perhaps a couple of hundred persons; but all such as were not actual members of any Church, or merely nominal members, especially of ritualistic Churches, with not much probability of pastoral nurture such as they needed, I organized into fellowship bands in private houses.

Our first band was organized on Saturday, the 22d of February, 1874, at the house of Mrs. Elizabeth Mitchell, No. 20 Anderson Street, Blacktown. She, with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, found peace with God the first week of our services.

On Sabbath morning, the 23d, Band No. 2 was organized at the house of Captain Barton. He was formerly a shipmaster, but then in Lloyds's Survey Agency.

Band No. 3 was organized soon after, on Sabbath afternoon, at the house of Mr. Burr, in Pursewakum; No. 4 at the house of Widow Swain, in Chindarapet, to meet every Wednesday at 7 A. M. She and her household and Dr. Lynsdale, her son-in-law, and his large family were brought to God at one of our Saturday night meetings in New Town. Band No. 5 was organized at the house of Mr. Joseph Monk, in Parktown, near the Memorial Hall, to meet every Tuesday at 7 A. M.; Band No. 6 in the house of Mr. Joseph Reardon, near Pursewakum Chapel, for Sabbath at 5 P. M. Band No. 7 was organized in the house of Sergeant Ballantyne, to meet each Thursday at 7 A. M.; Band No. 8 in New Town, for every Saturday afternoon. Eight bands organized within about a month of my arrival in Madras.

In addition to the special services six days per week in different parts of the city I led these eight bands weekly myself for five or six months, till I could develop leaders for them from among our newly converted men.

Early in May, Brother Bowen visited Madras and gave us a few valuable discourses, both in the city and in Perambore.

Sister George Miles gave us a few days of valuable service. Soon after Sister Raitt came and helped us for six months, organizing female prayer meetings, attending the bands, visiting families and the sick, and in every possible way helping on the work of God. She works in a very quiet way, but very effectively for good. After I left Madras Dr. Condon wrote me that Mrs. Raitt was worth her weight in diamonds. Brother Walter Winckler came and delivered a few able discourses.

Our first advance out of the city, early in May, was to Perambore, famed for its great railway works and for the wickedness of the mass of its people. About twenty persons from there received Jesus in our meetings in Pursewakum, and walked three miles each Sunday afternoon to attend fellowship class at Brother Reardon's. I saw clearly that God would have me organize in their own town rather than have them walk three miles weekly to meet us in the city. They soon after bought a lot and built a place of worship, and with a little help from the city paid for it, and there that beautiful prediction of Isaiah had another fulfillment, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

Mr. John James, of Salem, two hundred and seven miles from Madras, on the line of rail to Baypore on the west coast, who had formerly lived in Perambore when it was considered the vestibule of perdition, hearing of the marvelous change in so many of his old friends there, came to see what it was, and found that the half had not been told him. While there he submitted himself to God and received Jesus as his Saviour. He returned to Salem and opened his own house for meetings, and, though he was at first laughed at and jeered, within a few weeks he got ten of his neighbors converted to God, and now we have a living, growing Church of God in Salem Station.

About the middle of May by invitation of Chaplain Grove, I went for a few week days eleven miles out, to Palaveram.

Palaveram is a military station especially for the residence of veterans, who, having fulfilled their term of service, have their choice to go home to England or settle down in that place and do light military duty and receive rations and pay. Many, having married East Indian women, prefer to remain. So in a short time we had a great work among the veterans and their families.

Among the many good men God has given us in Madras I make grateful mention of Philip B. Gordon, Esq., a Scotchman by descent, a lawyer by profession. In addition to his successful attention to his legal profession he has for thirty years been a diligent student of the vernaculars of southern India. He received Christ about the 6th of July, and at once was drawn out by the sympathy and love of Jesus to devote all his leisure to preaching to the natives, and preaches with marvelous power in Tamil, Telugu, Canarese, Hindustani, and English; a most valuble worker for God.

In the month of June we bought a small lot for two hundred and seventy-one rupees, in Pudupet Road, in Madras, and built a pandal at a cost of two hundred and fifty rupees, forty-six by sixty-seven feet; the seats and lights made an extra cost of about two hundred rupees. Brother and Sister Fitzgerald were the leading workers in getting up this pandal, and the native school in it, the banner school of our new system of education in

India, namely, the Sunday school principle applied to every day in the week except Saturday: voluntary unpaid teachers; school from 7 to 9 A. M., giving half an hour longer to all who wish to learn to sing Christian Tamil lyrics.

The pandal is covered over with about three inches of clean sea sand. The little Hindu children sit down in it, and each one smoothing a little square in front of him writes as instructed by the teacher in the sand with the forefinger.

Sister Duckworth has a class of usually about thirty little ones near the door. After she thus teaches them to write the Tamil alphabet and give the sounds they graduate to a higher class. They learn to read the Bible in about three months. This school in a few weeks ran up to one hundred and twenty-five scholars; some were poor East Indian children, but the mass of them Hindus.

Soon a second school was opened in the Esplanade pandal. Lawyer Gordon opened it with prayer. The first day they had more teachers than scholars, but before the week was out they had sixty-five Hindu and thirteen East Indian children, who had, in addition to the regular studies, learned the tune and words of a Tamil hymn.

One day the singing teacher did not come, and Sister Raitt said, "Who will start the tune?" and up jumped a Hindu boy and led the choir.

During my absence at Bangalore and other new fields, before I could appoint a minister to take charge of the Madras Circuit, it was worked for a period of over two months by their own lay agency, with Sister Raitt to use the circuit horse and carriage in visiting, and made steady onward progress in every department of the work.

Before leaving Madras I baptized six Hindus who had publicly come out as seekers and professed conversion to God.

Bangalore is the capital of the native province of Mysore, a large native city and military station.

My first visit was about the first of August, in company with Lawyer Gordon, who owns property there. I was his guest in one of his houses which he keeps furnished and occupied by servants as a home for himself, his family, or friends when visiting that city. Brother Gordon, having just received Jesus, was like a sponge ready for the living waters.

I found that St. John's Hill and Richmond Town were very populous centers about two miles apart, and the only places of worship near either were high ritualists or Romanists; so I asked Brother Gordon to secure a lot for a chapel in Richmond Town, and my friend J. D. Jordan, Esq., to secure a lot on St. John's Hill. They each succeeded in getting a good church lot on reasonable terms in very good localities.

I deputed Brother Jordan to secure a hall and make arrangements for a house for special services on my return. In due time he wrote me that Judge Lacey, of Mysore, had tendered me the use of Clarendon Hall, a mansion with a large central and transverse front hall, giving sittings for about three hundred persons.

The rains continued to pour in heavy torrents through September, so that I did not return to Bangalore till about the 25th of that month. Brother Gordon and I arrived on Tuesday morning. Brother Jordan was confined to his house with illness, so that all arrangements for seating and lighting the hall had yet to be made. It was still raining, and the lookout was very gloomy, but we went to work, and before night we had borrowed seats and bought lights and had the hall all ready. Owing to the uncertainty of the weather and other conditions, no announcement had been made of our services. Dr. Condon had some large posters printed for Bangalore special services, and we had them posted the first day, but they were torn off the walls, so that I never heard of but two or three that were seen

by the people who would be likely to come; so the first and second nights I had only twenty-four persons in attendance, but when the news of our services got out we had our hall crowded. Up to Friday night we had more than twenty persons forward as seekers, and a few saved. Then I returned to Madras for the Sabbath—distance two hundred and sixteen miles. That was the Sabbath of our second quarterly meeting in Madras, and a glorious meeting it was. Many had come into the light and liberty of assured discipleship. Lieutenants George Rumsay and Jacob Hodgins, of her majesty's Eighteenth Hussars, and Lieutenant Russell, of the Ninth Battery, received Jesus and salvation, and gave us great assistance in many ways; over thirty soldiers, with a number of their wives, also became soldiers of the Lord Jesus at those services, and large numbers of civilians—the Laceys, the Barrows, the Stevensons, the Mershes, the Marshes, the Devereuxs, the Duckworths, the Brittons, the Barneses, the Margenos, the Palmers, and the Thomases, and a Hindu family living with the Palmers, Mrs. Judge Gordon, Miss Martha Shaw, and many more, numbering altogether one hundred and forty converts during the campaign of less than seven weeks, one hundred of whom united with us in church fellowship and were organized into four fellowship bands, one every Wednesday at Dr. Barrows's; one on Tuesday at Mr. Marsh's, on St. John's Hill; one at Clarendon Hall, on Thursday; and one on Saturday, at Mrs. Buchanan's, in Wood Street, Chuley. Sister Helen Lacey rendered us great service in spiritual work and in raising funds.

Meantime the contract was let for building a cheap chapel on our lot on St. John's Hill, thirty feet by seventy. I appointed Rev. James Shaw, one of our ministers in Bombay, to the charge of this new circuit, and initiated him into the work before I left the field; and soon after his wife and three children joined him. The preacher in charge and his family were all well provided for by this new organization.

From Bangalore I returned to Madras and remained nine days, including two Sabbaths, and then, accompanied by Brother Haudin, spent a week on the Madras railway line, and organized a society at Arconam, another at Jollarapet, and another at Salem Station (where John James laid the foundations), distant respectively from Madras forty-two, one hundred and thirty-two, and two hundred and seven miles. Thence we went to Secunderabad and spent a few days in Walter Winckler's circuit, and had one hundred and twenty sisters and brothers at the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Thence Haudin returned to Madras; and I proceeded to Poonah for a few days, and thence to our District Conference in Bombay.

As usual we had a glorious love feast in Bombay, as we had in Poonah the week preceding, at each of which about eighty persons told of their trials and triumphs in the service of God. On this occasion, in Bombay, three more of Krishna Chowey's kindred were saved, and I baptized them at the love feast: Unupren Cannan, aged forty-two years; Sunderi Butti, aged thirteen; and Paidal Butti, aged ten.

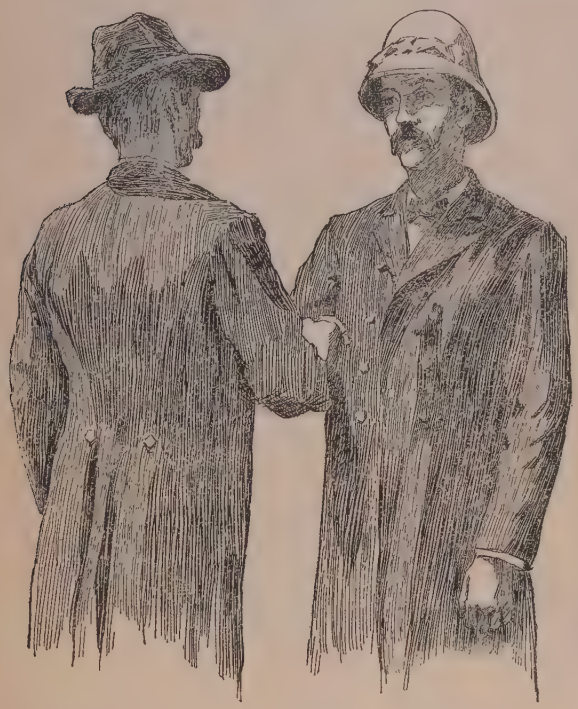
These I heard from afterward, and they were getting on well. Rev. W. E. Robbins, in a letter dated March 29, 1875, says: "In the school where Paidal is going a heathen boy a few days ago accused him wrongfully. Another heathen lad took his part, saying, 'Paidal is a Christian, and will not tell a lie,' and went on defending the Christian boy before the heathen school till they honorably acquitted him of blame or suspicion." By their fruits ye shall know them.

Part of my business in Bombay at this time was to meet three missionaries from New York, sent us by our Mission Board. I expected to return to Bangalore and Madras, and thence, *via* Calcutta, to Shahjehanpore, to the annual meeting of the Indian Mission

Conference in January; but on account of delay in the arrival of our new missionaries, and a change in the time of Conference session (from the 14th to the 6th of January, 1875), I was unable to return south.

Our dear brethren, Revs. C. P. Hard, Frank A. Goodwin, and John E. Robinson, arrived in good health the day after our love feast; but we extemporized another, and had a grand rally of our people, who were greatly refreshed by the rich testimony of our new men and their grand singing, all being good musicians and singers. They arrived on Friday and left for their work on the ensuing Monday.

Soon after their arrival our new missionaries said to each other, "Now we must separate; but we shall probably see each other occasionally during the year." I informed them that Madras was eight hundred miles south of Bombay, and Kurrachee eight hundred and twenty-one miles north, so that when they wished to converse with each other they would stand at the respectful distance of sixteen hundred miles apart! Brother Robinson would be about half way between Bombay and Madras.



FOR THE CONQUEST OF INDIA.

"Now we must separate; but we shall probably see each other during the year."—Page 598.

The brethren did not know how they would get to their work, as they, according to agreement, came to us "without purse or scrip;" but when the time came to start each one found his bedding, new and clean, all strapped and ready, tickets for travel, and funds for the journey put into their hands by our stewards. The missionaries were so surprised by such things that they came and told me all about it as news for my information.

In the spring of 1874 five of my members in Calcutta belonging to the government telegraph—Brother Bates, and Brothers De Sylva and Snell and their wives—were sent to Agra.

While on this trip to Bombay I received a letter from Brother Bates, giving a detailed account of the work of God in Agra. On his arrival he found Brothers E. O'Daugherty and L. A. De Prazer, from Brother Osborne's church in Allahabad, and Brother J. Smith, from Lucknow, and organized them with the same members from Calcutta into a fellowship band. Then after a few weeks they wrote for Brother Osborne to come and help them; and by his powerful preaching, under God, many were brought to Christ. Before his return to Allahabad he left an organized church of forty converted people in Agra, with no pastoral care except from occasional visits by Brother Gladwin, from Cawnpore; and they were anxious for me to help them and send them a missionary. So I went from Bombay to Agra, preaching on the way two nights at Jubbulpore. I labored a few days at Agra in company with Dr. Fraser, from Poonah, and lodged at the house of his son-in-law, Captain Angelo. We had a few persons saved; I conducted their first watchnight service, and the infant church was quickened. But though my Calcutta members organized the first class, and though Agra territorially belonged to the Bombay and Bengal

Mission, I stipulated with Brother Mansell, a presiding elder, that for the present they might include it in the India Mission Conference work and supply it, provided they would conduct it on our self-supporting principles, which they promised to do; and at the ensuing Conference Brother Gladwin was appointed superintendent of the Agra Circuit.

From the Conference in Shahjehanpore I went to Lahore, en route to Sinde; but in helping my Presbyterian brethren, Brothers Forman and the three missionary Newtons, in special services, I was detained in that city till I received an invitation to come to London. The letter containing it, written in December, was sent to Madras, and had to be forwarded to me in Lahore, nearly two thousand five hundred miles distant; hence it did not reach me till the middle of February. I was so intent on pushing my work in India that I did not for a moment entertain the thought of leaving at that time; but the next day I saw it was God's will that I should combine that with my visit to my family, and come away at once. The following, containing some confirmatory evidence from the pen of Rev. George Bowen in regard to our Mission, is clipped from the *Bombay Guardian* of February 27, 1875:

"The Rev. William Taylor has received a letter from Mr. R. C. Morgan, editor of *The Christian*, in which, after giving an account of the plan of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to carry on a preaching campaign of four months in London, he says:

"'Mr. Moody has requested me to write to you, in the hope that the Lord may give you to hear in this invitation the cry, "Come over and help us." Of course all expenses will be guaranteed. I may remind you that London is the metropolis of the world, and that to move this mighty city as it never has been moved is worth any effort which any number of men of God can put forth. . . . We fervently hope that it may be our Father's good pleasure to appoint you as one of his ambassadors in this great work.'

"It is seven years and a half since Mr. Taylor has seen his wife and children. His wife is a woman of kindred spirit to his own, taking the deepest interest in the work which the Lord has been accomplishing through him; nor has she ever once asked him to leave this work and come home till now; in the last letter received from her she for the first time expresses the desire, not for her own sake so much as for that of his sons, now fast growing to manhood. . . .

"During the last three years Mr. Taylor has given himself heart and soul to this antecedent and preparatory work of raising up, through the blessing of God, a witnessing and working Church, embracing men and women of all nationalities, but mostly using the English language, with this idea dominant in the hearts of all, that they are commissioned of God to show forth his saving truth to the Gentiles among whom they live. . . . The converts have been mostly among the middle or lower classes; yet there has been no lack of funds. Six missionaries came from America to join the mission work superintended by the Rev. Mr. Taylor, and the expense of their passage from America was all that the Missionary Society was asked to defray. . . . The total disbursements amounted to 7,733 rupees. This embraces expenditure, not only in Bombay, but in a number of places where the work was in its infancy. The receipts were 7,042 rupees. A surplus at the beginning of 1874 supplied the deficiency. Of the receipts 3,291 rupees was collected in fellowship bands, 2,735 rupees in the congregations, and 1,012 rupees by subscriptions and donations. Mr. Taylor has taken nothing from the churches which he has been the means of raising up in India, not even his traveling expenses. Just so far as these churches shall be animated by the same self-renouncing spirit they may expect to accomplish the end for which they have been raised up."

CHAPTER XL.

Summary and Review.

OUR chapel in Dhurramtollah Street was opened by the superintendent of the circuit, Brother Thoburn, about a fortnight after I left for Madras. The naked building cost about eight thousand four hundred rupees, which, with gas fixtures, seats, etc., ran up to a total, including price of the lot, of about sixteen thousand rupees; and everything was done on the most reasonable terms. Having received ten thousand rupees from Bombay, it seemed to leave but little for our people in Calcutta to do; but their means were so limited that it was a matter of great concern to know where the money was to come from, having already built and paid for the chapel in Zigzag Lane. It is a principle of our Mission not to go in debt.

So we built and worked in Calcutta, and I was filled with joy and gratitude to God on receipt of a telegram from Brother Thoburn saying that the chapel was opened without an anna of debt, and that money was given at the opening, in addition, for a large Sunday school library. The house would not contain the people, and souls were saved the first day. Brother Thoburn next spent three months in Naini Tal, and had a blessed work there, that being the summer seat of government for the Northwest Provinces. The presence of Sir William Muer and his family added greatly to the religious influence of the place. Brother Thoburn got Rev. Henry Mansell, Presiding Elder of Lucknow District, to supply for him in Calcutta during his absence; and well and efficiently he did it. Meantime the Lord gave us two additional preachers for the Calcutta work.

As an index to the progress of the work in Calcutta I will here insert parts of a circular letter issued by Brother Thoburn when I was last in that city:

"For some time past the congregation worshiping in the Methodist Episcopal chapel, Dhurramtollah Street, Calcutta, have been put to much inconvenience for want of a larger place of worship. When the present chapel was built it was not thought probable that a very large congregation would be gathered together, at least for some years; and as the members were few in number and limited in means, an inexpensive building was erected, intended to accommodate comfortably about four hundred persons. From the very first, however, the place has proved too small; so much so that in the very hottest weather six hundred persons were crowded into it every Sunday evening, and often from fifty to a hundred stood by the windows outside. Among those who came were usually from thirty to fifty educated Hindus; and it is believed that many more of this class would have attended but for the difficulty of obtaining seats.

"The very great inconvenience of worshiping in so crowded a place, together with the desire to find room for the scores who had to be turned away from the door, led to the resolution to engage the Corinthian Theater for Sunday evening services.

. . . . . .

"We have thus been led step by step to consider the question of erecting a much larger place of worship, a church, or tabernacle, large enough to hold about two thousand

persons, built in plain but substantial style and adapted to its specific purpose as a place into which the surrounding masses may be gathered to hear the preaching of the Gospel of Christ.

. . . . . .

"It is believed, also, that such a building would often prove a most convenient place for large religious assemblies such as have been held in Calcutta during the past year. At present there is no audience room in the city suitable for such meetings. The Town Hall, the only room large enough, is very inconveniently situated, and has such bad acoustic qualities as to be practically useless. The churches are all too small, and a large audience room like that proposed, in the central part of the city and adapted to the purpose of public worship, would most effectively supply a long-felt want. Although retained as the special place of worship of the congregation who build it and to whom it will belong, it would always be available for those large religious assemblies in which all the churches have a common interest.

"The probable cost of this building, including site, can hardly be less than sixty-five thousand rupees, and may be seventy-five thousand. It is impossible to make an accurate estimate until a site is selected; but under the most favorable circumstances it will be impossible to erect such a place of worship for less than sixty-five thousand rupees. Such a sum can only be obtained by a general appeal to those interested in this special work, and to the many others who, scattered over India, are interested in every good work which seems to give promise of helping forward God's work in this land. It is believed that this is an enterprise in which Christian people in all parts of India may rightfully claim an interest. All the provinces of the empire are represented here, and strangers from all parts of the country, not to say of the world, may here find an open door inviting them to enter and hear the word of life.

. . . . . .

"On behalf of the congregation engaged in this enterprise the undersigned begs to appeal to the Christian public of Calcutta and of India to assist in erecting this place of worship. The work has been undertaken after much earnest prayer and careful watching of God's providential indications, and this appeal is made with a profound conviction that God would have us build this place for the preaching of his Gospel. The work is his, and to his people the appeal for help is made. J. M. THOBURN.

"CALCUTTA, *February* 4, 1874."

The following item, from the *Calcutta Daily News*, is an index to the subject of churches and Gospel hearers in that city. The said census was taken in January, 1875:

"There are fifteen Protestant churches in Calcutta, of which seven are established. The attendance at all the churches on a Sunday evening last month was 4,165. Of this number 2,241 were at the nonestablished churches."

A Christmas treat was given to our two-day schools in the city of Madras. The *Madras Daily News* had the following notice:

"PUDUPET BANNER SCHOOL. This school, opened by the Rev. Mr. Taylor, has been very successfully worked by members of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the free system. The children, numbering one hundred and forty-three on the register, mustered at Pudupet pandal at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon to enjoy the Christmas treat which was got for them by the superintendent and teachers of the school. Among those present were noticed the Rev. C. P. Hard, Captain Newman, R.A., Dr. E. H. Condon, P. B.

Gordon, Esq., and other members of the Methodist Church. The children sang two beautiful hymns, 'Shall we Gather at the River?' and 'The Gospel Ship;' then followed the singing of the grace, and the children sat down to a rich repast, to which they did ample justice. After this they sang 'We'll Journey Together to Zion' and 'We are Coming, Blessed Saviour!' followed by the native girls, who sang two Tamil hymns about the 'Birth of Christ' and the 'Impenitent Sinner,' which did great credit to the school. A short address was then delivered to the children by Captain Newman, who spoke on happiness here and in the world to come.

"Dr. Condon then introduced the new pastor, the Rev. C. P. Hard, who next spoke, congratulated the teachers on their success and the large attendance, and then giving the children, as well as the teachers, good and sound advice, urged them to go on steadily. Thirty other poor children of the neighborhood were also treated to the dainties. Great thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, and the teachers for getting up this treat. The benediction was then pronounced by the Rev. C. P. Hard, which brought this delightful evening's entertainment to a close."

The work in Madras is developed and extended marvelously, as a few extracts from letters will show. Brother Hard, in a letter dated Madras, December 28, 1874, writes:

"DEAR SUPERINTENDENT: Safe arrival, after joyous journey; crowds of friends, full salvation, good health, plenty to do—I need not complete the sentence, which started to tell you that I am very happy. Ten days in India have been a delight. Perhaps I should give a brief report of self and charge. Well, I preached at Lanowli on Monday night; Poonah, Tuesday night; Gooty, Thursday morning; Puddapah, Thursday night; Esplanade, Saturday night, and Sabbath morning at eight; Pudupet, Sabbath morning at eleven; Perambore, Sabbath afternoon at two; Pursewakum, Sabbath evening at six. A hundred stayed in a precious prayer meeting at Pursewakum after the sermon. One fine young lady of Salem all broken to pieces; turned to the Saviour for the first time.

"I preach there to-night. We rally at the Esplanade pandal Wednesday and Saturday nights this week. Five watchnight meetings on Thursday, from 9 to 12 P. M.: Jollarapet, Arconam, Perambore, the Esplanade, and Salem.

"The day schools will be resumed after the holidays, January 4. The Sunday school library is in a box at my feet.

"Our missionary collection taken in one place will be completed at the watch meetings and reported to you.

"The pastor's study is nice. The pastoral administration of Sister Raitt has been admirable. She will stay some time. Brother Aitken is shut up in the sick room. Brothers Gordon, Goddard, and Condon are in good preaching trim. The two latter leave India for England in April.

"Quarterly Conference and love feast on Monday evening, January 4, when the licenses will probably be given as you named. Your son, CLARK."

The following dispatch will speak for itself:

"MADRAS, *January* 5, 1875.

"DEAR SUPERINTENDENT: Memorial Hall was full last evening, the Methodists being there. The Quarterly Conference at 8 P. M. in the Esplanade pandal was good. Licenses were granted to Brothers Gordon, Haudin, and Peters, as I said you had proposed their

names. Brother Peters is to teach me Tamil three times per week, from 12 to 2 P. M. Brothers Haudin and Peters are to be students in my theological seminary.

"The register of the church now made up shows that our circuit has a total of three hundred and fifty members. We were delighted with the Pudupet school this morning; one hundred and five scholars. Five sought the Lord at Jollarapet watch-night service. Brother James writes me that he held a good watch meeting at Salem, and they have four meetings per week. Colonel Goddard's physician has forbidden his preaching at all.

"In the missionary money which your work gives to the India Conference treasury you may put in Report, forty rupees from Madras, and I will send you draft if you order it, or to the treasurer, whose name you will send me. With the love of all,

"Yours, CLARK."

I clip the following from the *Bombay Guardian:*

"SIR: The translation of a selection of very excellent tracts from the New York Methodist Tract Society's list was undertaken in January by P. B. Gordon, Esq., who is a local preacher in the Madras Circuit. A man of fifty years of age, brought into a glorious experience of salvation during the past twelve months, and a thorough student of the languages of India for many years, is now being utilized, as he has charge of the Tamil preachers and preaching in the circuit. He was impressed with the power of the tracts placed in his hands by his pastor, and was moved by the Holy Spirit to begin their translation in terms which the common people will read gladly. They lead to a present salvation—Jesus mighty to save now.

"Sixty thousand pages have been printed in January. The list thus far is as follows:

"No. 1. *A Plain Question*—leading the inquirer to Christ.

"No. 2. *Come to Jesus.* By Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

"No. 3. *The Value of Christ's Precious Blood.*

"No. 4. *Faith and Good Works*, a tract putting aside the latter as a ground of salvation, and explaining the former.

"No. 5. *A Voice from One in Heaven.*

"No. 6. *The Supreme Deity of Christ Proved*, a sermon by Rev. Elijah Hedding, D.D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This is a pamphlet of forty-eight pages, with a Tamil glossary of four pages added by the translator.

"The printing of these has been obtained much more cheaply than is usual because of the constancy of employment given to a special printer. New editions will be struck off as required. The work is well done. The translator is recognized as one of the finest Tamil scholars in southern India. Four thousand pages may be obtained for five rupees of the Secretary of the Methodist Tract Society of Madras, namely, Mr. H. Wallace, Anderson Street, Madras."

Rev. Brother Hard, in a letter dated April 9, 1875, gives many further interesting details of the work of God in Madras. I will clip but one incident from it:

"A stranger came here about the middle of March and introduced himself to me as Robert B., superintendent of the lithographing department of government, saying he had heard that I could persuade men to do right. 'Come and see my brother Charles; he is in a drunken spree; we can do nothing, perhaps you can save him.' I got in his carriage—

midday hot—and he took me to Poonamalee Road. As we drove into the compound Charles was roaming about in the scorching heat without a hat, leading his little son by the hand. We entered the house, a beautiful home of the two brothers and their families. The wife of the drunken man was lying on the bed of sickness, having given birth to her third child three days previously, and was in consequent weakness. Charles was invited in, but would not come. I was left alone with him in the back veranda, and talked, then sang; at times he leered and staggered up to me, and then again slunk off by the wall.

"At last he was melted, as much as a very drunken man could be, and consented to go in, and took me to his room. We knelt down by his couch. At times I encouraged him that he could be saved, then sang to him, and at last got him to say words of prayer after me. As soon as prayer was done he cried out, 'Give me my liquor; you can't save me.' In the room where his wife was he sat on the edge of the bed, and said with threatening looks, pointing his finger at Mrs. B., while she was weeping, 'You have taken away my liquor; I will have it.' He hurled against the wall some helping drink which the apothecary had prepared for her. At last that day, toward evening, he was taken to the hospital because he could not be managed at home. Two days later, by written request of his wife, I went to the hospital. He was sober, but weak and nervous; he was sorry for what had taken place and resolved to be right, but felt his utter weakness in every way. He wrote to me afterward, stating that he was passing Pudupet pandal one evening soon after he left the hospital, and was induced to go in. He heard Lawyer Gordon just then relating one of Dr. Condon's statements concerning a man who resolved often not to drink, but at last, in his drunken delirium, shot himself, and that God's help is necessary.

"B. sought the Lord, and wrote to me the next day that he wanted to join our flock. Now he is in meeting almost every evening, at the Esplanade, or Pudupet, or Perambore, or Pursewakum; a splendid man in appearance, fine in bearing, bright in face, of beautiful penmanship, of good education, drawing a good salary. His wife, once a Roman Catholic, is now happy indeed. They signed the pledge on Wednesday night of this week, and are going on to Mount Zion, glad in Jesus. C. P. HARD."

Here is an extract from the report of a young native, brought to God since I left:

"I was converted at watch meeting three months ago, and called into the Tamil work in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church of Madras on Friday, the 15th of January, 1875. From this date to the 11th of March I exhorted forty-six times, besides being with Brother Gordon at No. 2 Pandal. Since March 11 I have taken part in fifty Tamil meetings in cooperation with others. It has been mine to conduct Sunday meetings for the servants at Brother Reardon's, and also to preach to the heathen at the fountain opposite Doveton College, and by the side of the Pursewakum post office.

"As to my spiritual progress, I desire to say that during these months I have had times of weeping and times of rejoicing. I am happy to declare that I have drawn nearer to God and he to me. I am sure that he has prepared a mansion for me. God be praised for his loving-kindness! J. GLORIA."

I close the present review with Brother Robinson's report to Brother Hard, as follows:

"SECUNDERABAD, *Saturday, January* 2, 1875.

"DEAR BROTHER CLARK: The happiest of happy New Years, with 'grace, mercy, and peace from God our Father and Jesus Christ our Lord,' to my own dear brother in the

THE INEBRIATE OF MADRAS IN HIS DELIRIUM.

"You have taken away my liquor."—Page 604.

faith! Your letter has been just handed me, and O how welcome it is! These ten days have indeed been delightful. Never has work for the Master been so blessed. Like you, I have had plenty of it, but strength and grace have been vouchsafed me. Secunderabad is a pleasant place, so far as climate is concerned. My quarters and the worshiping place are a little outside the town proper, in a very pleasant locality.

"Never have I had a deeper sense of the Father's love and care than since I arrived. The warmth of reception, the comfortable surroundings, etc., all combined with the amount of work on hand, which is my native element, fill my soul with gratitude. I board with a good, kind widow lady, Sister Summers, whose family comprises one little granddaughter. My surroundings are not perhaps just as comfortable and inviting as yours, but I am so happy and thankful.

"Last Sabbath was a delightful day. I led a prayer meeting, preached twice, and organized the Sunday school. We had twenty-seven children to organize with, and plenty of available teachers. I shall go to work on the newest and most approved American plan —senior, intermediate, and primary. I shall have to fight to get the adults to join, but I intend to.

"The Lord is giving me power in my work. I have three preaching places besides Secunderabad (Chadarghat, Trimulgherry, and Bolarum), but they are of minor importance for the reason that they are within reach of the town, and the people come to our principal meetings regularly. Yet they must be attended to. Thank God for a band of good, earnest workers, many of them sisters, who stand by me willing to do anything for the Lord!

"Instead of a magnificent equipage like yours I am the proud and happy owner of a 'bandy,' modest, but substantial. For an animal of the equine species my people have provided me with a pair of the bovine. My Jehu can't speak a word of English, and I have quite a time with him.

"Our 'Methodist Hall' is a comfortable but by no means an elegant one. Many precious souls have been born in it, however; and that beautifies any place. Last Wednesday evening we had a glorious time. It was the occasion of our sacrament service. The glory of the Lord did fill the house. It was a memorable hour in my history. For the first time I administered the holy communion, and for the first time I welcomed members—my members—into the fold. Our holiness meetings are very precious. We had a grand rally for the watch night of all our stations. We had three half-hour addresses by two of my local preachers and Captain Wodehouse, a Plymouth Brother. I brought up the rear, and God helped me wonderfully. I have reason to believe that great good was done. We had Europeans, Eurasians, Hindus, Mohammedans, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Roman Catholics present. One of the latter was a woman who three weeks ago turned one of our sisters out of her house because she distributed tracts in it. She was deeply moved.

"Let me say very gratefully, very thankfully, that I am getting a hold on some of the natives. There were four (one a Mohammedan) at our Monday evening prayer meeting, and under a special inspiration from God I presented to them some plain truths about Christ and the happy effects of embracing his religion. The Lord wonderfully supplied me with thoughts and utterance. The whole four, in response to a clearly presented suggestion of mine, rose to testify publicly their belief that Jesus Christ was the Son of God. I reëcho your anthem, 'Glory to God for this field, and that we are here!' I wouldn't exchange my humble appointment for any American pastorate. I shouldn't care if I didn't receive

a rupee salary. I have asked not a single question in reference to it; the Lord will provide. We hope to have our chapel ready for dedication by June."

The work in Bombay (which I have noted up to the beginning of 1875) was progressing beautifully. Our official workers were daily pushing the battle with patient faith and zeal, and not a doubt of ultimate success in saving the Hindus, Parsees, and Mohammedans, whom they love with Christlike sympathy. Our nonofficial workers, also commissioned by the Holy Spirit to witness for Jesus and win souls to him, manifested great zeal and skill in their glorious high calling. Among these we had many sisters whom God was honoring in his work—Miss Matilda Miles, Mrs. George Miles, the Misses Emily and Alice Miles, Mrs. James Morris, Mrs. George Ainsworth, Mrs. Waller, Mrs. Page, Miss Grace Page, Miss Rebecca Christian, and a host of others. As our mission developed from month to month under the fostering care of the Holy Spirit it was very interesting to see how all other churches and their ministers were led to appreciate it as a great work of God with a glorious future; and hence a blessed blending spirit of union was growing daily.

A year before the general spirit of distrust and opposition to me and my work might be indicated by the following editorial of the *Bombay Guardian*, May 31, 1874:

"There never has been, to our knowledge, a man so abused in Bombay as the Rev. Mr. Taylor has been. All sorts of calumnies have been uttered against a man who came to this country at his own charge, pays all his own expenses, is ready to share what he has with any poor man, takes nothing from any; a man devotedly attached to his family, yet who has foregone their society for six years that he may proclaim the Gospel of God to those that are far off; a man whom God has acknowledged by saving and blessing multitudes through his ministry, who has borne the calumnies and insults addressed to him with the meekness that becomes his mission, not replying again. And when a sense of justice leads some one else to point out the wrongfulness of such attacks, immediately there is an outcry about our glorification of Mr. Taylor. There has never been anything of the kind on our part. If Mr. Taylor had been solicitous of the honor that cometh from man he would have pursued a very different course from that which he has followed; in fact, the Lord would not have used him. Our contemporaries sometimes favor us with articles explanatory of what they call the failure of missions, the powerlessness of the pulpit, etc., referring in terms by no means flattering to the love of money, comfort, position, in those who preach the Gospel. From the strain of their remarks one would infer that they would be enraptured to see a man against whom no trace of this feeling can be alleged. When a man comes whose life in all particulars embodies a complete disdain of these things they are more bitter against him than they ever were against any. But wisdom is justified of her children."

Similar fruits were seen in Poonah also:

"In Poonah, on the same day, an all-day meeting was held in the Methodist Hall from 11 A. M. to 4 P. M., and again in the evening. The Rev. Mr. Dhanjibhai, of the Free Church, the Rev. Messrs. Hormusjee and Francis, of the Baptist Church, and Rev. Mr. Fox, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, took part with others in the meeting. It was a time of great blessing."

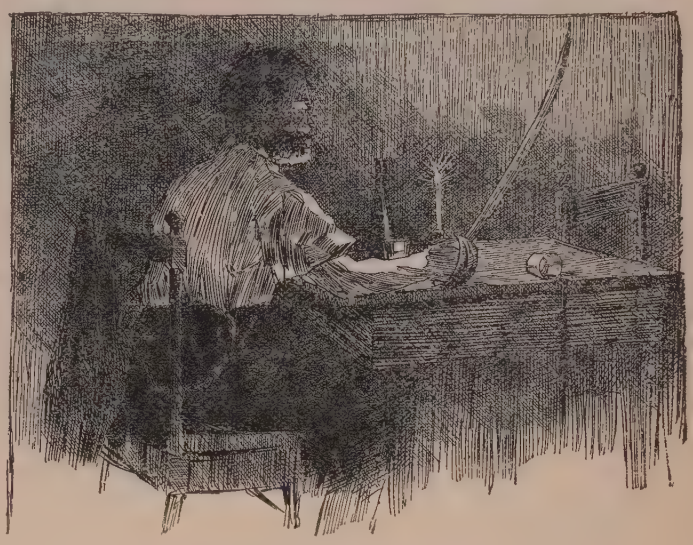
The work in Baroda suffered some interruption by the disturbances in the trial and removal of the late Guikwar, and Brother Gilder, our preacher there, was obliged to leave for a time. The work in Jubbulpore (Brother Curties, preacher) struggled on with brightening prospects both in soul saving and a native school. Khandwa, also, under

Brother Metta, gave promise of success. Egutpoora has an established and growing cause. Brother Pearcey, a local deacon, was its mainstay. Brother Seale, later a railway guard, was giving him help.

An extract from a letter from Brother Robbins, then the preacher in charge of Bombay Circuit, dated March 29, 1875, will give us a few facts of interest:

"In Bombay the work is encouraging. Mr. Somerville and Mr. Douglas arrived here and began work the same day, and there is now considerable interest. Mr. Somerville's lecture to the educated natives last Saturday night on the introduction of Christianity into Europe, founded on Acts xvi, 6–33, was very excellent and well received. He preached in Falkland Road Hall yesterday morning to a large congregation. The Scotch people are very backward, but I hope he will be able to reach them. His services in the week are at Framji Cawasji Hall. There were four seekers at Falkland Road last night.

"The work at Egutpoora is prospering very well. They have good attendance. A short time ago they had a remarkable case of conversion, an engine driver, an old chum of Brother Geering's, who promises to be as earnest as he. His previous opposition, too, was almost as great as that of Brother Catley.



THE ENGINE DRIVER OF EGUTPOORA.
"They found him half drunk, with his sword drawn."—Page 609.

"You remember that when Brother Shaw two years ago went to Egutpoora, Sister Catley was afraid to go home from the fellowship band until he and Brother Pearcey accompanied her. When they arrived at the house they found him half drunk, with his sword drawn determined to kill her and, as he said afterward, to kill himself. After much persuading and a little scuffle they got him quiet and on his knees; and he prayed and submitted to the Lord, and has ever since been a faithful follower of Jesus.

"Dr. and Mrs. Condon left yesterday, and hope to be in London in about a month. They are fine Christian people. God bless them!

"We all sympathize with you in the loss of your mother, of which we heard in the *Advocate*.

"Three weeks ago one of the famous 'six hundred,' who survived the dreadful charge at Balaklava, sought the Lord at Forbes Street. May he be as loyal to his God as he has been to his queen and country! His name is Holland, now in the post office department."

Brother Goodwin was having a hard pull in Kurrachee; but having Brother Coen, civil engineer and local preacher in Hyderabad, from Bombay, and a band of valiant young converts to help him, by the power of Jesus he was bound to succeed. He was delighted with his new field and was raising funds to erect a chapel.

It was asked, "Do you expect to carry on all your Indian Mission work without appropriations from the Missionary Society?"

Should our India resources fail to keep up with the growing demands of the widening sweep of our advance, and should the Holy Spirit make it plain to us that we cannot get

on without missionary money, then we will ask the Society to help us, though they require ten times the amount of their present receipts to enable them to man the fields God has opened to us in our day where no such available resources as we are utilizing in India are at command.

"Would not that be a departure from the principles of self-support on which your Mission is avowedly founded?"

Not at all, but in accordance with them. Our ground from the first covers two simple principles, deduced from an admitted fact, namely: Self-support is a sound, safe principle, and the only permanently reliable foundation to which all missions aspire and hope to attain; if, therefore, it be a good thing to aim at in the future, it is a good thing to begin with where resources are available. If not adequate to the growing demands of the work, then our second principle is to develop the indigenous resources available before we begin to subsidize them by foreign funds, as such appropriations in advance will in most cases supersede them.

When our people get their proper bearings in the Church of God they act promptly on two bits of advice which we give them: "Get out of debt as soon as you can; and when you get out take care you don't get in again."

Our Mission is supported almost entirely from resources in men and money, which have hitherto been monopolized by Satan, and hence antagonized to the work of God in India, but now utilized for the advancement of Christ's kingdom.

Our working force consists (1875) of twelve ordained and twelve other preachers, devoted wholly to evangelistic and pastoral work, and a membership of thirteen hundred.

Having no Conference organization, our presiding elders have not been appointed in the regular way, but I have commissioned them to superintend the work in my absence, and Bishop Harris has indorsed and approved my action.

Such being our financial position, we hope to make no drafts on the Missionary Society for our present Mission or for the Conferences to be developed out of it; but we do not propose to debar God's people of other countries the privilege of helping us in the stupendous work we have undertaken.

The first thought and question of Hindus, Mohammedans, or Parsees on hearing the voice of God's heralds is, "How many rupees per month do you get for all that?" If a native preacher they will curse him as a traitor bought with foreign money and hired to oppose the religion of his fathers. So the position of our preachers is worth a hundred times more than it costs in the way of self-denial in being able to say, "Not a worker in the Bombay, Bengal, and Madras Mission gets an anna from any foreign source."

The editor of one of our Church papers, for example, philosophizing on the principles of my Mission, intimated that the missionaries of all missions should conform to them, and if not entirely resign their salary bring it down to a wholesome starvation point; then a correspondent replied and recommended the editor to resign *his* salary and set a good example for the poor missionaries! Such reasoning involves a fallacious stretch of our principles, specially applicable to Corinth in Paul's day and to India in ours.

In regard to myself a circular published in London containing synoptically what had been written may answer important questions. It is as follows:

"Rev. William Taylor, of California, has been for many years laboring as a missionary evangelist in most of the mission fields of the globe and among agents of all the principal missionary societies of all Churches. Within a few years past God has founded a self-supporting Mission in India, composed of newly converted European residents, East

Indians, Parsees, Hindus, and Mohammedans. These resources in men and their money, which in the main have hitherto been monopolized by Satan and used against the advance of Christ's kingdom in India, are now utilized for the support of a live missionary force in the midst of the heathen. Its object, in conjunction with other organizations, is the conquest of India for Christ. It does not draw a penny from any missionary society except the funds required to send missionaries to them. This Mission is now firmly planted in Bombay, Poonah, Kurrachee (west of the Indus), Calcutta, Madras, Bangalore, Secunderabad, and more than a score of smaller places. It requires more than five thousand miles of travel to visit all the organized, self-supporting centers of this work. It is called the Bombay, Bengal, and Madras Mission, these being the three great centers of its operations; but it is not limited to these.

"Mr. Taylor, under God, is the founder and the superintendent of this Mission. Its present working force comprises twelve ordained and twelve lay preachers, devoted wholly to evangelistic and pastoral work, and thirteen hundred members and workers, who support their own ministers and pay all running expenses of their work except their pioneer superintendent, who refuses to take a penny from them. For many years, in addition to his preaching, God has been using his pen for the spread of his Gospel. By the proceeds of his books he supports his family, pays his own sea traveling expenses, and bears the expense of planting missions and developing resources for their support, after which he turns them over to the care of faithful ministers whom God appoints as his coadjutors in this great work. Mr. Taylor's funds are very low now. He will not receive gifts; he has three sons to educate, and needs help. The only way open to help him is to buy his books.

"He maintains firmly the Bible doctrine that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and that as a rule all ministers and missionaries should be supported by the voluntary funds of the people; but Paul, as a pioneer, chose to forego his rights and build tents; so Mr. Taylor sees it best for him in his world-wide range as an evangelist to proceed on St. Paul's principle, using books instead of tents."

The visit of an itinerant bishop in India was an occasion of great joy to us all. I would not in any way underrate its importance, both on the work in India and its representation by such a high official authority to the Church at home. The three bishops who presided at the India Mission Conference were grand men of God, and did good service for the Mission, and two of them finished their course and obtained a crown of righteousness; but a bishop on a hasty excursion round the globe can learn but little about such a vast and complicated work, except what he learns from the missionaries; they are therefore the teachers and he is the learner. Hence his difficulty in giving counsel from a broad, matured judgment, and of imparting the full tide of sympathy and moral support to be expected from him; and hence the necessity of his being made like unto his brethren and personally grappling with the difficulties which they encounter in such an empire of heathenish darkness.

The Church of England had three bishops in India and one in Ceylon; all other missions had simple presbyterian ordination; but we, who were so well up in everything else, could not authorize a soul-saving preacher, whom God had called and used in bringing Hindus into his kingdom, to baptize a convert, except by waiting for the quadrennial tour of a bishop round the world. The election of such bishops would require much prayer and fasting, and great wisdom on the part of those on whom that responsibility may devolve. I can't speak for China, but India, with a self-supporting Mission covering most of the

empire, would require a man of Asburian simplicity and self-denial, not forfeiting but cheerfully foregoing his rights for the sake of establishing a healthy, homogeneous native church, on the principles of Gospel fraternity and equality.

The principle in America, when I was there thirteen years before, was that the Conference within whose bounds a bishop resided should fix the amount of his salary, with the design, I believe, of harmonizing it with that of his brethren residing within a city involving equal cost of living.

That principle will do for our Mission in India. Our ministers get food and raiment, and are therewith content; but to place over them a bishop drawing what is supposed to be but a reasonable amount in New York, ten thousand rupees per annum, would soon attract a swarm of worshipers each with his salams to my lord bishop, and he would find his ten thousand rupees a year quite inadequate to the Eastern style of saluting men by the way. It would be better for us to forego forever the advantages of having an Indian bishop than to cripple our young cause in that way. *

"But a bishop for India means a change of our itinerant to diocesan episcopacy?"

Not at all. We have had a missionary bishop in Africa for years, and the General Conference of 1872 established episcopal residences and designated the bishops to reside in them.

The Lord gave me the highest appointment he had to confer upon man years ago, as a world-wide evangelist, and nothing short of an unmistakable order from him could induce me to risk the freedom of action under my divine commission which episcopal official routine trammels might involve.

"What about a charter for the organization of a Bombay Conference?"

The result of my petition for it to the late General Conference is known. The reasons on which that petition was based have not the same force now, the Captain of our salvation having run us through the straits into the broad ocean, and our subsequent connection with the India Mission Conference enabled us to receive and graduate our candidates for our itinerant ministry. There would be some important advantages gained by the organization of our Mission into one great India Conference, and the day is not far distant (probably by the General Conference of 1880) when we shall, by the all-conquering advance of Jesus Christ, our King, add the Bombay, Bengal, Madras, and Northwest Conferences to our list. "He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth: and the isles shall wait for his law." "Hallelujah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

* Such were the legitimate deductions from the existing premises as I viewed the field and the conditions in 1875. Times and conditions changed; the rapid spread of Christianity in India in the ensuing thirteen years warranted the providential arrangements that were then made.

CHAPTER XLI.

The General Question Discussed.

THE place has now been reached in the course of this narrative at which for many reasons I wish to say something in general explication and defense of self-supporting missions as an agency for planting and promoting the Gospel in foreign lands. I shall begin by describing the Pauline plan of establishing Christianity.

1. To plant nothing but pure Gospel seed; not a grain of Jew tares, cockle, or cheat; naught but the pure wheat of Gospel truth. When sowers of mixed seed came into his fields Paul put up the following notice: "There be some that trouble you, and would pervert the Gospel of Christ. But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other Gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed" (Gal. i, 7, 8).

Hence, when Peter inspected the harvest fruits of Paul's seed sowing he said, "Seeing ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren, see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently: being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever."

2. Paul laid the entire responsibility of Church work and Church government upon his native converts, under the immediate supervision of the Holy Spirit, just as fast as he and his tried and trusted fellow-missionaries could get them well organized, precluding foreign interference. His general administrative bishops were natives of the foreign countries in which he had planted the Gospel; such men as Timothy and Titus.

3. Paul endeavored to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace with the home Jerusalem churches by all possibilities short of corrupting his Gospel seed, or allowing the home churches to put a yoke of bondage on his neck, or of laying any restrictions on his foreign churches.

4. On the principle of equivalents, or value for value, which he expressed in terms like these: "The laborer is worthy of his hire," "They that preach the Gospel shall live of the Gospel," he took it for granted that the Gospel was worth to any country incalculably more than all the cost of food, raiment, and traveling expenses of the messengers devoted wholly to its promulgation; "For," says Paul, "if the Gentiles have been made partakers of their spiritual things, their duty is also to minister unto them in carnal things." Hence he went and sent, according to the teaching of the Master, without purse or scrip, or an extra coat, or a pair of shoes above the actual requirements of their health and comfort.

5. In utilizing for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, and for the support of its ministers and institutions, all available agencies and resources, he uniformly commenced in Jewish communities, which had become indigenous in all the great centers of population throughout the Roman empire. They were representatives of the ancient Church of God, retained its forms of worship and its inspired oracles, and yet were practically more Greek than Jew, and perfectly familiar with the life and languages of the Gentiles among

whom they had been born and brought up. Hence, as fast as Paul and his fellow-missionaries could get those Jews to receive Christ and be saved from their sins, they organized them in the houses of their principal men and women into self-supporting churches and spiritually aggressive combinations of agency for the salvation of their heathen neighbors.

6. To give permanency and continued aggressive force to his organizations, as far as possible, he remained in each great center of work long enough not only to effect a complete organization with administrative elders, but to develop the Christian character of each member up to the standard of holiness indicated by his oft-repeated exhortations and prayers as recorded in his epistles. To the church in Philippi he says, "Do all things without murmurings and disputings; that ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world; holding forth the word of life; that I may rejoice in the day of Christ, that I have not run in vain, neither labored in vain." Paul knew that a man who commenced to build a house, and was not able to finish it, as stated by the Master, would lose all his labor and ruin his reputation as a builder.

Driven out suddenly from Thessalonica by mob violence before he had time to build up his church in that city in their most holy faith, their lack of perfection occasioned a heart struggle of suspense and anxiety that nearly killed him, but was relieved in part by tidings of their steadfastness, when he said, "Now we live, if ye stand fast in the Lord." Still his solicitude was so great that he prayed night and day exceedingly that he might see their face, and perfect that which was lacking in their faith" (1 Thess. iii, 10). And Paul assures the church at Ephesus that all God's ministers, apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, and teachers were to make a specialty of perfecting the saints, till all—individually and as a body—come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ (Eph. iv, 11-14). He knew as a general in the King's army for the conquest of the world that if he left a regiment of children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive, they would be captured, and, worse still, his work would be counterfeited by the apostles of Satan, who would marshal his apostates under the Christian flag and make a material display that would quite eclipse the work of a plain man like Paul.

God's Gospel arrangements and provisions as revealed in the book are adapted to all the peculiarities of all ages, and adequate to the spiritual needs of all the nations and families of the earth; but there is a remarkable correspondence between the providential conditions of Paul's day and of our day favorable to a rapid soul-saving work of God throughout the world.

1. For the wide domain and far-reaching influence of the Roman government and the potency of her literature and laws we have the modern counterpart in the Anglo-Saxon empire of nations, including Great Britain, her American daughter under the Stars and Stripes, and all her colonial governments, and her representatives among all the nations of the earth. These Anglo-Saxon Protestant Christian nations are the owners of a large share of the land, and command the resources of all the seas of the globe.

2. That was purely heathen and bitterly opposed to Christ and his Gospel. This is avowedly Christian, and pledged to defend and extend the religion of the Lord Jesus; and high above the designs of men the English colonization system, as we have shown, whatever the motive and methods of its endless variety of agency, is part of a providential program for the permanent establishment of universal Christian empire in the world.

3. Paul took advantage of the wide diffusion of the Greek language and literature of his day. We may utilize more effectively our own English language, which is manifestly a God-ordained medium, through which his word may flow to the uttermost parts of the earth and flood the nations with Gospel light.

4. The scattered Jews constituted the entering wedge with which Paul opened the heathen nations of his day. Our English-speaking people, dispersed through the earth, ought to be as available and as potent for good as the dispersed Jews of Paul's day. Those were, in the main, refugees, prisoners of war, and slaves, and at best occupied a social position of no great influence.

What of the dispersed English-speaking people as compared with the dispersed Jew?

The currents of English and American commerce have deposited on all the coasts of heathen and semiheathen countries vast resources of men, money, and merchandise. These adventurous, heroic men of every class are not bound by bands of exclusive cast like the Jews; they are liberal and often wasteful to a faulty extreme. They have not the systematic training in regular voluntary payment of the tenth of their income that was common among the Jews, but the sight of real distress or need will always touch the hearts, and open, and often empty, the pockets of the dispersed Englishmen.

The religious training of the Jew afforded many advantages favorable to their reception of Christ, but the truth they held was so obscured by their traditions as to make the entrance of Gospel light extremely difficult, and, in a large majority of cases, impossible. Their endless routine of obsolete altar services and sacrifices, and of self-imposed works of the law and ritualistic observances, were equally obstructive.

The religious training of the Englishman is decidedly Christian. His elevation from gross barbarism, and the emancipation of his mental powers and their consequent development, and all his grand achievements in their vast variety are clearly traceable to the mysterious power of an open Bible and the divine resources of light, life, and salvation to which it leads.

In Paul's days the Jews were bitter persecutors of the Christians, rivaled only by their heathen neighbors, who were often set on by themselves. Paul had a hard experience on this line. Speaking of false apostles, deceitful workers, transforming themselves into the apostles of Christ, he says; "Are they ministers of Christ? . . . I am more; in labors more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren."

5. All governments, all nations, all religious systems were combined in deadly hate against Jesus and his infant Church. To-day the doors of every nation on the face of the earth are open to God's Gospel messengers. If an irresponsible mob make an onslaught upon them, as in Mexico a few years ago, the government at once purges itself of the outrage and orders the arrest and punishment of the offenders.

6. Instead of thumping about on the Mediterranean Sea and off the west coast of Europe in the fellow to an old leaky Chinese junk, as did Paul and his heroic compeers, we circumnavigate the globe in floating palaces driven by modern mechanical forces, the discovery and application of which result from the enfranchisement of the human intellect through the power of the Gospel.

Paul had the advantage of miraculous gifts. They were public divine attestations of the men whom God inspired, and the messages they delivered and wrote, and the soul-saving methods they employed. Thus God composed a book for man's instruction and established the Gospel system. As temporary scaffolding to the permanent superstructure, so were mere physical miracles to this Gospel system, and to the superior miraculous soul-saving work of the Lord Jesus, in demonstration of the Spirit, adequate and available for the woes and wants of every human soul to the end of the world. The prophetic utterances of the holy men of old, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, and God's miraculous attesting evidences, with which the Bible is so replete, fix the standard and measure of evidence that God deemed essential to command the confidence and obedient concurrence of mankind. Any religion unsupported by such attesting evidence is utterly unworthy of the confidence of mankind. As an ambassador of Christ I am not sent to perform public physical miracles, but to proclaim the glad tidings of a complete and perfectly attested Gospel and of a possible verification of its truth, and by a personal demonstration of the Spirit in my renewed heart and life to bear witness to the fact that the Lord Jesus is alive, a personal Saviour, and saves me; and that saved millions to-day are witnesses of these facts.

I have but intimated the facts illustrating the vantage ground, resources, appliances, and grand possibilities of the Church of Christ at this hour. If she would put on her strength, and come out of the wilderness leaning in fidelity on the arm of her Beloved, he would lead her triumphantly through the open gates of all the nations, and the whole world would in less than fifty years yield willing obedience to God and his Christ.

As we have seen, our transportation facilities are marvelously prophetic and daily increasing and extending. All countries are open and accessible, and skirted by a resident population bearing the Christian name and speaking our own language. Those dear people, widely isolated from wholesome home influence and Christian association, and deprived of the counsel and care of Gospel ministers, have become sadly assimilated to the heathenism and infidelity surrounding them. As might reasonably be expected, their unrestrained carnal nature thus open to lustful allurements, a large proportion of them are enticed and enslaved. Many of them marry native women and bring up families of mixed blood which form an indigenous class of society bearing the Christian name, and, in the main, speaking both the English language and the vernacular of the particular province in which they live. With some honorable exceptions, the mass of them, so long exposed to the demoralizing power of their surroundings, constitute so formidable an obstruction to the introduction and dissemination of vital Christianity where they reside that missionaries, to achieve any success worthy of their cause and of their self-sacrificing toils, have had to go far into the interior, where they themselves are to the natives the only representatives of the Christian religion.

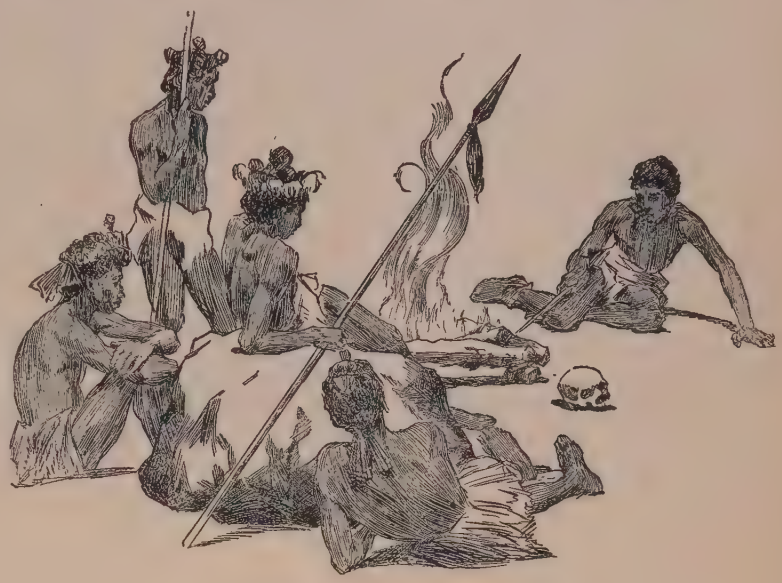
The grandest soul-saving successes of missionary effort have been among the South Sea Island cannibals, where the peril of being roasted and eaten precluded commerce and immigration.

The Wesleyan missionary hero John Hunt and his noble wife unfurled the Gospel standard near to the palace of Thakombau, the great cannibal King of Fiji. The king and his men of war held their cannibal feasts in front of the missionary's house, where they dug their ovens and roasted and ate their victims in the presence of the missionary and his family. Thakombau afterward became a Christian, and his whole nation turned away from idols to serve the living God.

So, under the ministrations of the apostle Peter Turner, the King of the Friendly Islands and his queen were both converted to God in one night. The king became a powerful preacher of the Gospel and planted missions in adjacent islands.

So Nathaniel Turner and a heroic band of men and women, at the peril of their lives, proclaimed the tidings of salvation to the man-eating Maories of New Zealand. Thus slavery and cannibalism were abolished, whole nations were marshaled under the Gospel banner and their countries dotted with Christian churches, schools, and happy homes, where the Prince of Peace dwelt with the people. I have heard many of those pioneer missionaries give the marvelous accounts of their trials and triumphs that would fill a volume.

Those grand missionary successes made immigration into those hitherto cannibal countries possible; then came the hordes of English-speaking Christians, blight and ruin ensued, profligacy, rum, diseases unknown to natives, wars and destruction. This is notably true of the native nations of New Zealand, as seen by my own eyes. Fiji is now in great peril from the same cause. The railway system is now carrying those foreign misrepresentatives of Christianity away from the ports into the interior regions of all the empires of heathenism except China, and will jeopardize Christian missions wherever they go.



A MAN-ROAST OF THE FIJIANS.

"The king and his men of war held their cannibal feasts in front of the missionary's house."—Page 616.

Why signalize foreign English-speaking adventurers?

Because of their superior numbers as compared with other maritime nations; because of the power and influence of the nations they represent; and especially because, in conjunction with the great missionary system of the Christian nations, those hordes of English-speaking adventurers constitute a grand heaven-appointed agency for the salvation of heathen and semi-Christian nations just as certainly as were the Jews, scattered abroad among the nations, in the days of St. Paul.

Why the sad miscarriage of these valuable resources and agencies?

The possibility of such disaster grows out of the fact that man is not a mere animal, but the offspring of God, endowed with the attributes of intelligence, affections, conscience, and a will essential to a royal, filial relation to God; hence the sad abuse of moral freedom by Adam and Eve, and of their descendants through all the intervening ages to this day.

The more immediate occasion of this disaster may be found in the fact that the Churches have devoted their religious activities principally to home work in great variety, and by desperate efforts have sent forth about one missionary for each one hundred million,

of heathens, and in the main precluded their foreign countrymen from their program of evangelization; so much so that a man who dares to go and gather those lost sheep and fold them for the Good Shepherd becomes, by so doing, a pronounced "irregular." The Churches have but two regular methods of disseminating the Gospel. One is by the gradual extension of the home work, and the other is by the authorized location of definite mission fields, the appointment of missionaries, and the appropriation of money to support them by the regular missionary societies through their officials. Our remote, dispersed people are beyond the radius of the first, and, not being heathens or paupers, they do not come within the plan or provision of our missionary societies. Meantime Satan, conducting his missionary operations on the self-supporting plan, has been allowed quietly to utilize nearly all these grand resources of men and money and array them against the advance of Christ's kingdom; not largely in avowed opposition, to be sure, but the daily presence of drunken, profane, licentious, haughty, native-hating English Christians (?) furnish to native minds an argument against Christianity that outweighs all possible utterances of the missionary.

Those stumbling-blocks must be taken out of the way, so far, at least, as to furnish to the natives a demonstration of the transforming power of the Saviour of sinners and establish a clearly defined line between nominal and real Christians, designated in India "pakka" and "kutchha" Christians. Otherwise the heathen will continue to point the missionary to his debauched countrymen, and tauntingly say, "There is one of your disciples. You have had him in hand ever since he was born. If your Jesus can't make him as good as a common heathen man what is the good of your tales about his great power to save men from their sins?"

The heathen may not make due allowance for man's power to resist God's saving work in his own soul; but their argument has, nevertheless, unanswerable force in it; for a Gospel agency that cannot lead at least a fair proportion of our own people in heathen lands to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ cannot be very effective in the more difficult work of saving the heathen. The fact is, most of the missionaries in the past have had instructions from authority at home not to divide their time with English-speaking people. This precaution was to prevent a possible diversion from the native work. Moreover, the missionaries, in founding and teaching schools for the natives, translating and printing books, together with daily preaching and disputation, had no time or strength to spare for their demoralized countrymen.

Meantime, however, mainly by missionary agency, the Bible has been translated and printed into more than two hundred different languages, besides tomes of other Christian literature and schoolbooks, and thousands of schools crowded with native pupils. This is all grand preparatory work, essential to the final triumph of the Gospel. Those heroic pioneers have been grading down mountains and hills, filling up the valleys, making the crooked straight and the rough places plain—preparing the way of the Lord.

All the regular missions should be adequately reinforced and sustained by home churches; but their next grand achievement is to utilize, on a purely spiritual, soul-saving base, the native agency and resources connected with their work. The schoolhouse is an armory from which the children of heathen and Mohammedan parents go forth armed with weapons which they will surely turn against God and his people unless they are led to receive the Lord Jesus and allow him to save them from their sins and destroy the works of the devil out of their hearts.

CHAPTER XLII.

Church Development.

AS the limits of this book must preclude a consecutive detail of the facts and incidents making up a complete history of the movement, and as an extensive exhibit of the history of the first three years may be found in my book, *Four Years' Campaign in India*, we must here content ourselves with an outlook from a few headlands along the journey. We had a view from the Conference in Lucknow when Bombay and Bengal Mission was for the first time officially announced.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at its session in Baltimore city, May, 1876, granted a charter for the organization of the "Bombay and Bengal Mission" into an Annual Conference to be called the "South India Conference," to embrace all India outside of the bounds of the India Mission Conference, the name of which was at the same time changed to that of "North India Conference," embracing the provinces of Oude, Rohilcund, and Gurhwal, with a population of about fourteen millions.

North India Conference had occupied two cities, Cawnpore and Allahabad, located in the bounds of my Mission. The first was opened in connection with my evangelizing tour in the north before I commenced founding a separate Mission. The second was opened through the agency of Dennis Osborne, who was brought into our Church during my work in Lucknow, in 1871, and became a minister in that Conference, and was stationed at Allahabad. So the General Conference put Allahabad into the South India Conference, where, geographically, it belonged, and left it to the decision of the two Conferences at their annual session next ensuing to decide the boundary line in regard to Cawnpore. The action of the South India Conference in regard to it is indicated by the following minute from the journal of their proceedings:

"Bishop Andrews brought forward the General Conference resolution regarding Cawnpore, and the following was passed:

"*Resolved*, That this Conference consents to the transfer of Cawnpore to the South India Conference; *provided*, that the Memorial School be free from all incumbrance."

A good school in connection with Church work had been established in Cawnpore. The people had raised a large proportion of the funds, and expected a corresponding appropriation from our Missionary Society, which, by some misunderstanding, was not forthcoming; so a debt was pending that the new Conference was not prepared to assume, and, the incumbrance remaining, Cawnpore was not transferred.

We will get a second outlook from the organization and first session of the South India Conference, which was, very appropriately, held in Bombay, November 9, 1876.

As we have seen, the regular organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Bombay was not effected till the middle of February, 1872. So, in less than four years from the first conversion, the organization in the same city of the first self-supporting Conference in India became a fact of history. I will here copy some of its proceedings, both for their intrinsic and historic value.

Passing silently over a period of five eventful years, I select the sixth session of the

South India Conference as a standpoint from which we may catch a glimpse of the onward march of this movement. The Conference met in Bangalore, November 3, 1881. Bangalore is a high and healthy city, two hundred and seven miles by rail from the city of Madras, and has a population of about one hundred thousand. In six weeks and a half I organized a Church one hundred strong of our converts, and secured two church sites, in 1874, and now Bangalore has four Methodist ministers and their families stationed there, and entertained the Conference held in 1881. I will simply glance at the business order of the Conference, the reports of the presiding elders, and such other matter of importance as in the retrospect may prove of interest to the reader, concluding with personal remarks on our Delegated Conference.

There was no episcopal tour to India the next year, and our old veteran, George Bowen, was elected President of the Conference.

OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES, 1881–82.

President, George Bowen. *Secretary*, J. A. Northrup. *Assistant Secretary*, W. E. Robbins. *Statistical Secretary*, T. H. Oakes. *Recording Secretary*, G. K. Gilder.

PUBLISHING COMMITTEE: *Chairman*, D. O. Fox, 1883. *Secretary*, W. B. Wright, 1884. W. E. Robbins, W. J. Gladwin, 1882; William Bedford, James Morris, 1884.

BOARD OF EDUCATION: J. M. Thoburn, J. B. Lawrence, 1882; F. G. Davis, A. G. Fraser, 1883; George Bowen, W. H. Barker, 1884.

TRUSTEES OF POONAH SCHOOL: D. O. Fox, J. A. Northrup, G. Bowen, A. G. Fraser, J. Morris, S. M. Smylie, W. E. Robbins.

TRUSTEES OF BANGALORE SCHOOL: D. O. Fox, C. W. Christian, J. B. Lawrence, W. N. Wroughton, C. Christian, P. B. Gordon, J. Morrell.

TRUSTEES OF MEMORIAL SCHOOL, CAWNPORE: J. W. Waugh, H. Petman, D. Osborne, W. J. Coen, 1882; T. Craven, A. Bare, 1881; J. M. Thoburn, J. F. Deatker, 1884.

COMMITTEE ON VERNACULAR PUBLICATIONS: D. O. Fox, D. Osborne, J. M. Thoburn.

CHURCH EXTENSION COMMITTEE: *President*, D. Osborne, 1884. *Secretary*, J. Shaw, 1883. *Treasurer*, J. Morris, 1882. H. Wale, D. O. Fox, 1884; F. G. Davis, 1882; P. B. Gordon, 1883.

COMMISSION ON COLAR ORPHANAGE: D. O. Fox, D. Osborne, J. M. Thoburn.

FRATERNAL DELEGATE TO NORTH INDIA CONFERENCE: D. Osborne.

TO PREACH THE MISSIONARY SERMON: J. A. Northrup.

COMMITTEES ON EXAMINATION: *First year*, J. Shaw, T. H. Oakes. *Second year*, J. E. Robinson, F. G. Davis. *Third year*, L. R. Janney, M. Y. Bovard. *Fourth year*, S. P. Jacobs, D. H. Lee. *Admission on Trial*, W. E. Robbins, J. Blackstock. *Vernacular Studies*, G. Bowen, D. Osborne, C. B. Ward, B. Peters.

REPORT OF BROTHER WARD'S ORPHANAGE.

By request I report on our Orphanage work as follows:

1. In Christian Orphanage.		
Native orphan boys	27	
" " girls	33	60
2. In Christian Home.		
East Indian boys	6	
" " girls	2	8
Total number of orphans.		68

Receipts from November 30, 1880, to October 31, 1881.

Christian Orphanage	Rs.	3,095	11 3
" Home	"	500	0 0
For support of missionary in charge, as before reported	Rs.	800	0 0
Total receipts	Rs.	4,395	11 3
Balance in hand October 31, 1881.	"	200	00 0

C. B. WARD.

From the presiding elders' report at this session of the Conference I reproduce the story of the blind Hindu boy called David:

"It may not be out of place to mention one or two incidents connected with our native mission work. There came to us some time ago as a candidate for baptism a Hindu lad totally blind, but whose mind had been illuminated by the Holy Spirit to perceive his need as a sinner. He was instructed, and upon an intelligent confession of his faith in the Saviour was baptized. Blind David is to-day one of the happiest and most devoted of God's children. Though totally blind, such is his wonderful sagacity, sharpened and stimulated, no doubt, by the gracious providence of God, that he is to be found in every meeting or religious service. Denied the power of vision and the many enjoyments dependent upon that faculty from childhood, David is the most cheerful and happy of Christian believers. He never tires of singing and giving praise to God. David, moreover, is a most active worker. He can converse readily in English, and, with bundles of tracts, goes forth upon his humble mission. A few months ago he conceived the desire of learning to read in the character for the blind, and began to pray for a Gospel in this character. The prayer was heard and the Gospel received. Then David asked us to pray that the Lord might teach him to read. This, too, has been granted, and David can read God's word with his fingers. His joy at this acquisition was great. Blind David is now out itinerating. He said to us that he would like to go to his own home and kindred near Bandikui and tell them what great things the Lord had done for him."

The Union Conference in India was a new departure. The British India government passed a law for the incorporation of Indian churches, under which they could legally hold church property. Churches of other countries, their missionary societies or branch organizations in India, are not, singly, or collectively, Indian churches. The missionary societies have no legal title to property outside of the country to which they belong that would stand the scrutiny of the law courts of any country. Mr. Wesley solved a similar problem in his own country by organizing his "Legal Hundred." All the Church property of the Wesleyan Methodists of the United Kingdom of Great Britain is held by the "Legal Hundred" to this day.

Prior to the passage of this law in India the missionary societies could have made a good plea on the equities of English common law, but now that this special law has been enacted the validity of such a plea would be one of the embarrassing factors in the suit.

So, for the security of our Church property in India, and for the more effective concert of action in the prosecution of their great work in India, our two India Conferences, at their annual sessions in 1879, mutually resolved, at their next session, to elect delegates to meet in July, 1881, to organize a Delegated India Conference, such an organization as would enable them to avail themselves of the provisions of said law of incorporation and yet not disturb their harmonious relation to the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States of America. They further resolved to petition the General Conference to concur in their plan or submit a better one.

At the General Conference of 1880 their Committee on Missions discussed this question of a Delegated Conference in India, and recommended the General Conference to concur in the proposal submitted to them; but some of our high officials seemed to think there might be a cat of secession under the meal, and the matter was laid on the table.

The two Conferences, however, elected their delegates at the time appointed, and in July, 1881, they assembled and organized a Delegated Conference, but to avoid the very appearance of evil they changed the name and labeled their new organization the Central

Committee of India Methodism. Among other acts of their first session they resolved to unite the publishing interests of the two Conferences, and to transfer the Book Concern at Lucknow to Allahabad, in the bounds of the South India Conference.

Brother Craven, the publishing agent of this Concern, afterward went on a furlough to the United States, in the hope of finding some liberal friends to put their India Book Concern on a more solid basis. He is a grand man of God and a faithful Methodist minister, and every way worthy of the confidence and patronage of our people.

A good bishop said to me, "Your men, or the men you send out, are not missionaries, for missionaries are stipendiaries."

Reply: "Paul, Barnabas, and company were not stipendiaries, yet they were missionaries of the very best type.

"A missionary is one sent; a true missionary is one sent by God to sinners sitting in darkness, whose enlightenment depends on the light being sent to them. If thus sent it matters not whether it be through the agency of a missionary society or a single church, as that of Antioch, or of an individual man, as Paul, or as Grossner, the German."

The bishop said, "But Paul did not go out to found schools, as you are doing in South America."

Reply: "Paul's mission was mainly to people in the great centers of educational institutions and commerce; but, as an educated man, would he not encourage his people to provide for the education of their children? However that may have been, we know that nearly all the missionaries sent out by modern missionary Churches for the past one hundred and eighty years have spent most of their time in school-teaching, which was just the foundation work required."

In India, with but very few individual exceptions, my missionaries were the first in that great empire who devoted themselves wholly, from the beginning, to evangelizing and pastoral work.

Some of our missionaries in the "India Mission Conference" were so impressed with my style of direct evangelizing work among the natives as to query whether or not they should give up their school work. Dr. T. asked my advice in regard to it, and I said, "No; that is an essential preparatory work in the field you are cultivating."

The missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, under a mandate from their committee at home, closed up all their schools, so as to have all their time for direct Church work; but I think, with most of the missionaries themselves, that it was a mistake; and after many years I learn that they have resumed their school work. The two departments of work should be carried on together, acting correlatively on each other, and all for the salvation of the people, old and young.

The schools now being developed under the South India Conference came up as a fruit of our Gospel successes.

The fields in South America, in which I found no English people to utilize as an entering wedge to native work, I could not begin with evangelizing, for I had no footing, and no man who could preach in their language; hence I began where all missions begin, in the schoolhouse. But instead of founding pauper schools, to be supported mainly by foreign funds, I establish first-class academic institutions, which command the confidence and patronage of the well-to-do classes of the native people. The patrons, parents, and pupils are Roman Catholics. I enter into written articles of agreement with them for school work, and one of the articles provides that we shall daily read the Holy Scriptures and pray in the schools. We also organize Sunday schools in each place; and in the

THE BLIND HINDU BOY READING THE SCRIPTURES.

"David can read God's word with his fingers."—Page 621.

music department of our institutions, in addition to the classes for learning instrumental music, all the children, boys and girls, are taught vocal music.

In Concepcion, Chili, for example, our music teacher, Miss Lelia H. Waterhouse, taught the children to sing with such charming attractiveness that, to meet the demands of a Roman Catholic population, she gave a monthly concert of sacred song to crowds of Romanists, who came to hear the children sing "What a Friend we have in Jesus," "Jesus, Lover of my soul," "Rock of ages," and a hundred others of Gospel-teaching hymns. With each hymn Sister Lelia put in words of explanation and her own testimony for Jesus. The people, without suspicion or prejudice, would gather about her and beg her to visit them at their houses; and on one occasion, by request, Lelia and her children sang in the cathedral, to the astonishment of priests and people. That highly educated, heroic daughter of one of our faithful ministers of the Maine Conference, though in our poverty obliged to go to her hard field as a steerage passenger, is as true a missionary, in my judgment, as ever was sent out by any missionary society. It is true that I and my men and ladies do not go to foreign people to ridicule their religion, and the desperate struggles they manifest in their daily ceremonies, penances, and pilgrimages to meet its requirements; but, in sympathy and love, to show them the Way, the Truth, and the Life. While we tell who we are, and what we come to do, and make no compromise with error or sin, we decline to debate and to contend with the people about religious beliefs and names.

The method of most missionaries of all societies is to challenge for debate, and try to convince Romanists and Jews, Mohammedans and Hindus, Buddhists and Brahmans, that their systems are radically wrong, all wrong; and that Christianity is right, all right.

Well, the parties on the opposite side don't admit the premises assumed by these missionaries, and then what is the worth of their arguments or the weight of their conclusions?

That is what Aristotle designated "begging the question," a fallacy and a failure all the way through. Thus the educated classes of Hindus, Mohammedans, and Parsees in India have been led to arm themselves with all the infidel books that ever issued from the press, to be used as weapons with which to fight the missionaries. However great their disagreements with each other, they are so keen on the scent of a missionary that they lose sight of all their own differences and simultaneously go for the man of God.

This was not the apostolic method of dealing with the strangers and foreigners whom they hoped to win for Christ.

The apostles were logicians, and they never begged the question. They always kindly and cautiously laid their major premises, their foundation facts, in the region of admitted truth—facts that the opposite party could not deny; then their conclusions came with logical irresistibility. Thus, when preaching to Jews, they deduced the foundation of their arguments from the Holy Scriptures, which the Jewish people admitted to be the standard of truth from which there was no appeal.

In preaching to the heathen they said nothing about the Scriptures, but went down with them into the region of their own natural religiousness, and along the line of admitted facts of their personal moral responsibility, their violation of the laws of their consciences, their guilt and condemnation, their pollution and helplessness, their sincere and desperate struggles for relief, by sacrifices, ablutions, penances, and pilgrimages, all backed up by the writings of their own poets. Thus, without debate, they got a basis on which to build, and by the word of God and their testimony for Jesus they laid on that

basis a foundation of evidence on which to rest their faith and come and see and receive Jesus. So that my missionaries are in this and in many other things, as may be seen in my books on Africa and India, working a revolution in missionary methods; a new departure back to the old Gospel way of doing it.

All the employees in our domestic missions are called missionaries, and more than half of the missionary money paid into the treasury of our Missionary Society is paid out for their support in home countries.

My men and women are sent on a Gospel mission; hence, they are missionaries. They are sent on a Gospel mission to foreign countries; hence, they are foreign missionaries.

THE MUSIC TEACHER'S SACRED STRATAGEM.

"With each hymn Sister Lelia put in words of explanation and her own testimony for Jesus."—Page 625.

"Taylor's men and Taylor's missions! We are tired of hearing such things."

Well, my tired brothers, you had better pray for a large stock of patience, for you will never hear the last of it.

I should greatly prefer to shun this appearance of egotism; but what shall I say? If I said "our missionaries" it would ambiguously apply to those sent out by our Missionary Board, for I claim as large a share in them as any other minister in our Church can set up. I can't say "the missionaries sent out by the Methodist Self-Supporting Missionary Society," for the reason that no such society exists. I am simply an errand runner and recruiting sergeant for the King. He has called me to this business and has set his seal of success on my work. I am thus, under God, the founder of foreign missions and the sender of missionaries to man them, and until a better designation is suggested I guess, on the line of truth and brevity, I shall go on saying "my missions," "my missionaries."

The Christian gentlemen and ladies whom I send out are not my servants; I am their servant for Christ's sake. I pay them nothing, and receive the same from them; on the other hand, I pay my own expenses and work for nothing. The question raised by many good men, however, is, whether or not my missions are for the natives of foreign countries or simply for the few scattered English people sojourning in those countries?

That never was a question with me or with my men. It is, however, a question continually propounded by good people who know but little of my work, and who don't take the trouble to inform themselves on the subject; and it is assumed and asserted, by a small class of officials, that the latter is the scope and end of my missions, and that there

is no missionary work in them. That is not so much from a design to injure my missions as from a fear that the success of self-supporting missions may injure the financial resources of our Missionary Society; as though God would antagonize himself!

In 1876, when our Conference was regularly organized, one of our bishops made diligent inquisition and reported "only eighty-six full-blooded Hindus" in our body. Did ever any new four-year-old mission make so good a showing? And not a cent of money to draw them to us.

In 1879 Dr. Thoburn wrote me that at that time one for every ten of our members was a convert from heathenism.

In 1880 Rev. C. B. Ward wrote me that the proportion then was one for every seven —about three hundred.

Our English membership have stood by us nobly in supporting our ministers and school-teachers and their families, and helping to extend the work among the natives, but we have encountered several drawbacks to the training of our missionaries for effective native work.

1. Our success in utilizing the English and Eurasians in supporting such a missionary movement led missionaries of other bodies to run with hook, line, and sinkers to fish in the same waters, and our men had to give more special attention to English work in the competition that ensued, and hence that much less time and strength to native work.

2. The tables of statistics show much time and money given to church building.

3. The frequent itinerant removals of our men far away from the vernaculars they have commenced to learn into the regions of other languages have operated unfavorably to their acquisition of any one language. My plan was that every missionary should master at least one native language, and in order to do that, and for the subsequent use of it, he should always remain in the region in which that language was spoken; but by the power of God we are bound to succeed on our principles of missionary work among the heathen. They are God's own Gospel principles, and he will honor them.

"Why not withdraw the missionary appropriation from the North India Conference and let them swim by their own muscle and skill, like the South India Conference?"

That would be the extreme of cruelty. It would be infinitely worse than turning all the orphans of the asylums of New York out into the streets. Those natives are, in the main, the wards of the Missionary Society, and have learned to depend on them the same as orphan children. Moreover, the most of them are too poor to support the body of workers employed as ministers to them.

The Missionary Society withal was then saving twenty thousand dollars a year from its former appropriations for North India.

So much for a self-supporting Mission alongside of them; at any rate the North brethren give me the credit and the blame of a clean loss to them of that amount annually; but they are wise and patient and don't fall out with me or my people, and the two Conferences are as a unit in their work. When the missionaries in the North saw an account of the attack made on me and my missions in India, at the Ecumenical Conference in London, they, at their next session of Conference, passed emphatic resolutions branding the attack as uncalled for and unjust.

I did not doubt that the Missionary Society would deal kindly with the missionaries of the North Conference. They were men of God, wise and true, and they could be trusted to go on developing indigenous resources and reducing the need of missionary appropriations as fast as it could be done safely.

In the meantime it was best and most expedient for the South India Conference to proceed in its work without being urged year by year to ask for missionary appropriations from New York, and for the two Conferences thus to move on harmoniously, each in its appropriate method of work.

I had inserted in my book, *Ten Years of Self-Supporting Missions*, an outline map, on which most of the heads of circuits, and out-stations not named in the regular lists of appointments, were clearly indicated; to that work the reader is referred.

The South India Mission opened in January, 1872; organized as South India Conference, November, 1876. This showing dates to November, 1881.

I have sent to India from America, within about six and a half years, fifty missionaries—thirty-six men and fourteen women. Not one of these has died a natural death—one dear brother fell through a ship's hatch in Bombay harbor and was killed; not one of these has brought any reproach on the cause of God by an immoral act or sinful word; not great men, but good and true to God and man. Of the fifty, six only have returned to America—five men, under medical advice, and one woman, to take care of her sick husband.

Besides these missionary workers we have fifty-seven local preachers of Indian birth, who support themselves and preach almost daily in the churches and in the bazaars. All these are backed up by over two thousand and forty lay members, who are workers also, and who pay the running expenses of the whole movement. By reports dating up to May, 1882, we have five hundred and forty native members and probationers—one fourth of our membership.

In the commencement of the self-supporting organization in Bombay I offered, as has been stated, to give the Missionary Committee and their administrators this important share in the movement, namely, to select and send out and pay the passage of all the missionaries I might require in the progress of the work, but to send no money for their support, and exercise no control over the men or their work, no more than they exercise over the New York or any other self-supporting Annual Conference. I supposed that they consented to the proposal and its conditions, for the first year they sent us two men, the second none, and the third three. Then I came home and asked them to send twelve men immediately, to meet the growing demands of the work. They had an appropriation for it of one thousand dollars, which at that time would pay the passage of two men to India, instead of a dozen. They were heavily in debt and could not advance any more; so, in a friendly way, I withdrew my proposal and agreed to ask them for no more transit money, and have stuck to my agreement. It was arranged that the said thousand dollars should be used to pay the passage of my outgoing missionaries that year as far as to London, and I would pay their passage thence to India out of my own hard earnings by selling my books.

That was in 1875; and until 1878 I worked away on that line, refusing to receive a dollar from America, except pay for books, lest I might tap or appear to tap the resources of the Missionary Society. This responsibility struck me on my way home to see my family, after a separation of about seven years; and two and a half years of the hardest work and wear of my life stood between me and my dear wife and children. But my work in India had to be supplied with missionaries, and I bent to it through great discouragements six days per week for over two years, and sent on the men and women. My friends in India and Henry Reed, of Tasmania, gave me a liberal lift and saved me from embarrassment. Then, just before I went to South America, Brother Chauncey Shaffer, of New York, voluntarily offered to pay the passage of a missionary to India; Andrew K. Rowan, of

Trenton, New Jersey, made a similar offer. I needed the men and had not the money of my own to spare, and allowed the two brethren to pay the passage of two missionaries to India; but I regarded those as exceptional cases. So, in my proposals to outsiders and Roman Catholics of South America to send them preachers and teachers, the first condition was that they should pay their passage, and I did not intend that our people in the United States should be allowed to put a dollar into the movement; but I now saw that it was God's will that I should receive passage money from home: first, from the failure in a few places to send the passage money in time, and, second, by the fact that was coming to view that the vast resources of self-support could be struck by men on the ground, that could not be drawn out in advance for passage money for people the donors knew nothing about. So I kindly notified our missionary secretaries that I had tried the principle of self-denying expediency, of refusing to let my friends help me pay the passage of my missionaries, long enough, and would from that date fall back on the fundamental principle of my original platform, of allowing any who so desired to contribute to pay their passage and furnish their needed outfit.

I then opened a little book in which to record the names and amounts of persons wishing to invest that way.

Up to that time, as before stated, the Missionary Society had sent five missionaries to my work; then the one thousand dollars toward the passage of my men for 1875 as far as London. Subsequently they sent out Miss Terry to be the wife of Rev. J. E. Robinson, one of the men whom they had sent to my field; so that I suppose they paid out passage money for all these to the amount of about four thousand dollars. Brothers Shaffer and Rowan, seven hundred and fifty dollars. I kept no account of what I gave; I gave all I could make and save, and put in what was sent me from India and Tasmania as well.

The flow of funds into my transit department was by no means rapid, or adequate to the style we thought at least desirable. I had a dozen highly educated young gentlemen and ladies ready to sail, and to ask those young men to go steerage, among the cattle and dogs, was a very humiliating thing to do, and all I could say to them was, "I can only get money enough to provide a steerage passage for you. If you can subsidize it out of your own pockets and walk up higher, all right."

But the dear young fellows had just completed their college course and could not find it convenient to pay the difference, and said as I had gone to South America in the steerage they could do the same. Of course they could; heroic young fellows! They were ready for anything that was right. But the dear young ladies, half a dozen of refined, noble young women, to allow them to go steerage! O, my soul! I feel badly every time I think about it, but I could not help it. My people had to leave on short notice, according to my agreement with my patrons in South America.

So I had some circulars printed stating the facts in the case, and that these people had to sail in two weeks, and that I was a thousand dollars short even for steerage passage. I was really sending more than I had engaged passage for, and, some of the money promised not having come, I was caught. So I got the names of twenty-four of our most wealthy and liberal givers, and wrote them on the blank of my circulars explaining more fully the great emergency, and respectfully submitted that if it was their pleasure to invest a small amount in my Transit Fund I would gladly recognize them as patrons of the movement. My twenty-four circulars and letters all went for nothing. They did not make a return of one cent; so I threw my circulars away. An old friend in Baltimore sent me ten dollars, and small amounts kept coming in unasked. I hurried round and sold

my books, and by persevering effort in one way and another I got them all off without delay as steerage passengers.

During the Madras famine, in which half a million of poor people starved to death before the government could get supplies to them, Rev. C. B. Ward, one of our ministers, traveled a circuit in that region a thousand miles long, with seventeen appointments. The daily sight of gaunt skeletons of men and women more dead than alive, with their sallow, projecting cheek-bones and sunken eyes, dying for want of food, and little children lying around and huddled together, starving to death, and living babes tugging at the breasts of dead mothers, melted the preacher's heart within him. So he began to pick up some of the dying children whose parents had perished, and having commenced he proceeded rapidly. A Eurasian brother, A. C. Davis, a government civil engineer, with a good salary, joined Brother Ward in this work of charity, and they founded an orphanage. The two of them gave their earnings, and received such assistance as was sent to them by friends who knew their work and its needs.

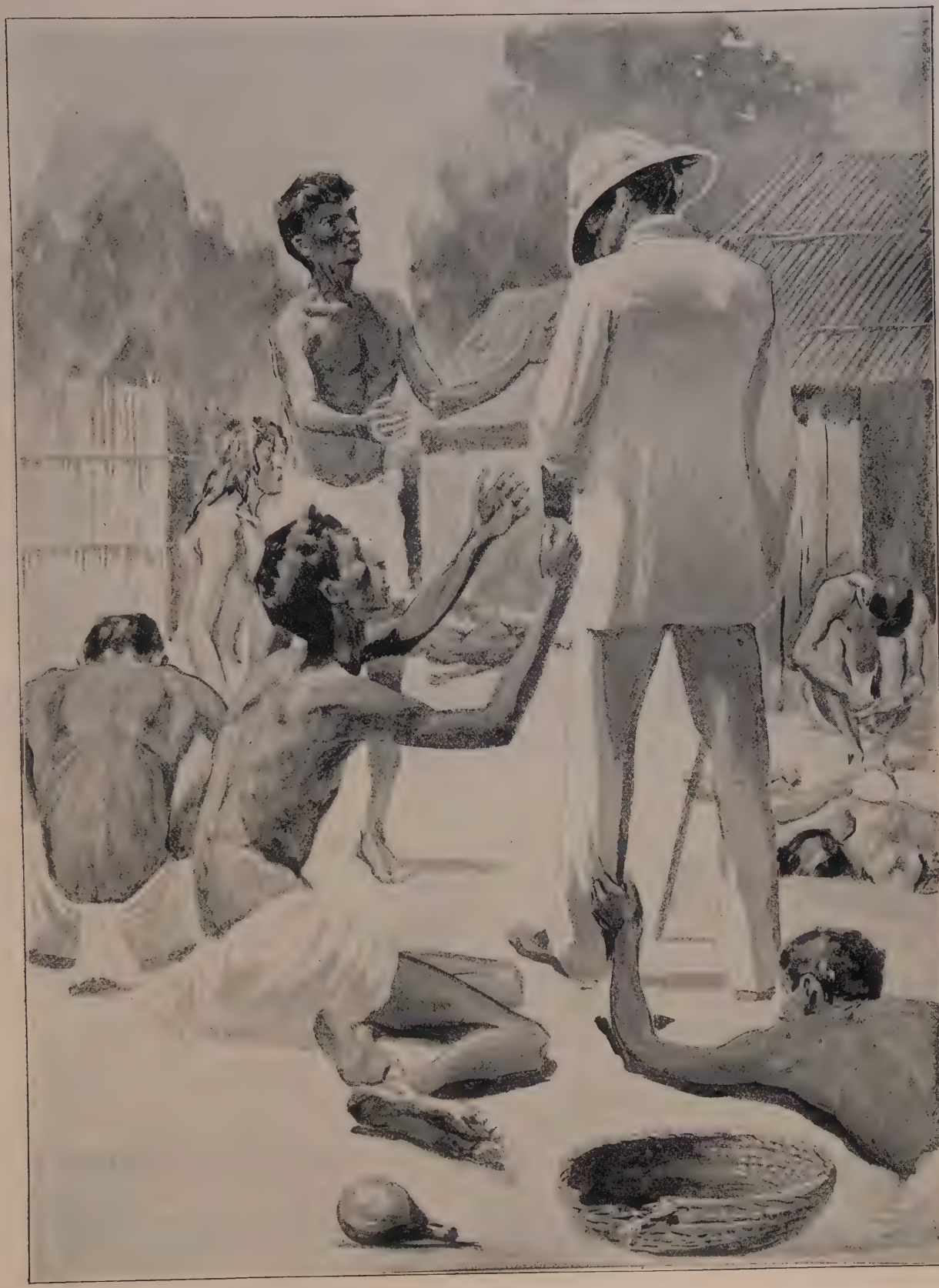
At the next Conference session Brother Ward asked the presiding elders, no bishop being present, to release him from English work and cut him loose from dependence upon any English Quarterly Conference, and allow him to take his orphans into the remote regions of the Nizam's Dominions and found a Telugu mission. The place he had selected as the site of his orphanage and mission was in the midst of a million or two Telugu Hindus, among whom no missionary had ever appeared. This locality was so remote that his nearest post office, Chadarghat, was seventy-five miles distant. Think of a man getting up in the morning hungry for the news or a fresh letter and then having to go or send seventy-five miles to the post office!

Well, when Brother Ward's application came up for consideration the brethren said, "Brother Ward, how can you live away there in the wilderness? Remember, with your own family and helpers you will have the responsibility of providing for eighty-six persons, and no money, and not the guarantee of a dollar from any source."

Ward replied, "I have a friend, Brother Mather, a civil engineer in government service out in that region, and he is preparing my way. Among a great variety of information I have received from Brother Mather about that country I learn that it is a great place for tigers and bears and panthers and wolves and hyenas and birds of every feather. I have inquired particularly of Brother Mather about those animals of the earth and fowls of the air, whether there is any manifest want or destitution among them, or any burdened with debt, or whether any are grumbling about the hard times. Brother Mather assures me that, so far as he has been able to learn, all these denizens of the woods are well fed; they are plump and sleek, buoyant and cheerful, seeming to vie with each other in making the most noise in the spontaneous expression of the jubilant life that is in them. So I have considered this matter, and have come to the conclusion that if God takes such good care of his wild live stock in that wilderness I may safely trust him with the orphans."

So when the appointments were read out a new appointment appeared on the list, "Telugu Mission, C. B. Ward."

The Colar Orphanage institution was founded also during the great famine in the Madras Presidency a few years ago. Miss Anstey, an educated, consecrated English lady, was for some years a missionary in India, under the direction of the London Missionary Society. Her health failed and she was sent home to die. Her heart was in India, and she so greatly preferred to work there for the salvation of the heathen than to go to heaven that she asked God for the gift of restored life and health and special power to work for



STREET SCENE DURING THE FAMINE IN MADRAS.

"The daily sight of gaunt skeletons of men and women more dead than alive."—Page 630.

him in India. God quickly answered her prayer, and she returned immediately to India, and without any human certainty of friends or funds she went to work to gather up the dying children—dying from starvation. Her orphanage numbers about three hundred. As has been previously stated, the orphanage was not founded by authority from any missionary committee. They would all have been dead before any foreign missionary committee could have learned and considered the facts and taken action in the premises. I cannot here attempt to give a history of this wonderful institution and how the Lord has cared for it.

A Christian periodical literature began in the South India Conference:

1. *Bombay Guardian*, Rev. George Bowen, editor, an undenominational but intensely religious sixteen-page paper. It is a bulwark of sound doctrine, truth, and righteousness in the Bombay Presidency. Brother Bowen has been the editor of this wonderful little paper for about thirty years. He joined our Church in Bombay, and became one of my first regular ministers; was Presiding Elder of the Bombay District for several years, and has twice been president of the Conference.

2. *The Lucknow Witness.* This weekly, a fraction larger than the *Guardian*, was commenced by Brothers Messmore and Thoburn, in Lucknow, in 1871. They were the editors and did their work ably, till it passed into the hands of Rev. James Mudge, who was sent out by the board as editor. It was not strictly denominational, but was not any the less devoted to the interests of our Church. It afterward passed into the hands of Dr. Thoburn, who edited it in Calcutta, and sent it out weekly under the new title of *The India Witness*. He made of it a strong and useful paper. It became the official organ of the Conference.

The third is a monthly of about the same size, commenced under the supervision, principally, of Rev. W. J. Gladwin, one of our ministers. It bears the title of the *India Methodist Watchman*.

Calcutta is called the Paris of the East. It has a population of eight hundred thousand. Soon after I commenced my campaign there I renewed my acquaintance with a man saved under my ministry in San Francisco twenty years before. When I met him in Culcutta he was commander of a ship making regular trips between that city and London—Captain Jones; an unassuming, quiet man, but a man with force of character, and a leader of men. His name was the first on my Church roll in that city, but he soon left on his return voyage to London. When he came back he was delighted to see what progress we had made, and regularly brought one or two captains with him to my meetings, and while he remained in the city several of his fellow-commanders were saved; so, before my year was up in Calcutta, we had the beginning of a good work of God among seamen in addition to my special work of founding a permanent church in the city.

One of my regular hearers from the beginning was Thomas H. Oakes, of purely English blood, but born in India. Before I left the Lord sanctified him wholly and called him to labor among the seamen. His industry, faith, patience, and skill were marvelously manifested in his labors among the men of the sea. In four years he organized about forty Methodist societies of newly converted officers and men aboard that many ships, and had them drilled to work and witness for Jesus. He kept track of all his floating churches over all seas and in all ports whither they went, and by writing to ministers in their destined ports in advance bespoke for them a Christian welcome.

To give his seamen a safe retreat ashore, away from the land-sharks, he opened a coffee room—not a sailor's home, with board and lodging, but a large, well fitted up, and

splendidly lighted hall—where seamen found a welcome, and papers, books, stationery, and facilities for writing to their friends, and every evening a grand salvation meeting.

The founder of the Ocean Grove camp meeting, in New Jersey, is the founder of regular camp meetings in India—Rev. William B. Osborn. It may be proper here to say that Brother Osborn paid his own passage to India and gave us several years of good service as Presiding Elder of Bombay and Madras Districts. If he could have concentrated his faith and energy, as I had to do to make a success—a year in Bombay, six days per week; a year in Calcutta, and so on—he would have accomplished a great work. He did good, and stirred up the working spirit in others. The illness of his wife obliged him to seek a change of climate, and they went on an evangelizing mission into Australia with good success.

It has been common for many years for missionaries to "itinerate," as they call it. They go with their wagons, tents, servants, preachers, and Bible readers, and camp near a heathen village and preach daily in a tent and in the open air for a week or more, and then move on to another village. That has resulted in much Gospel instruction to the natives, but not kept up long enough for great numerical results in soul saving. I have attended many meetings of that sort in Rohilcund, India, and at one in Kumaon, under Rev. Brother Haskins, quite a large number were converted to God. These were camp meetings of their kind.

Then for eight or nine years our brethren in Lucknow have had a great annual gathering on a general native festive occasion, called the "Dasara holidays." This was not a regular camp meeting, but they had a great tent in which they had large meetings, and often extraordinary Gospel power. Quite a number from Calcutta, about eight hundred miles distant, attend those meetings. But William B. Osborn started a regular camp meeting of the American type, first at Lanowli, and a second on the seacoast near the city of Madras. The Lanowli camp meeting ground was in the midst of grand mountain scenery on the railway between Bombay and Poonah, eighty miles from Bombay and forty from Poonah.

As a loyal Methodist it is a great grief to me in any way to embarrass the administration of the Church. I would rather die than cause unnecessary trouble in the Church of my choice. I am, of course, personally acquainted with all our Church officers; I love them all as Christian brethren, and honor them in their high representative character. I never had any personal unpleasantness with any of them, and never expect to; I would not spend a moment of time in advocating any speculative theory. The "rub" is on a line of vital principles and practical facts.

As has been clearly shown, I conscientiously took the ground from the beginning:

1. That the jurisdiction of our Missionary Society—the grandest institution of our Church—extended legitimately to all the fields receiving funds from her treasury for the support of her missionaries in those fields, and no further.

2. That the jurisdiction of our bishops should not be limited to said mission fields, but should extend to any part of the globe requiring the services and guaranteeing the support of an itinerant Methodist minister. Therefore,

3. It should be competent for the bishops to put a liberal construction on the "missionary rule" for ordaining men for foreign work, so as to ordain and send out suitable men to fields opened by my agency or otherwise. I presumed that, on the principle of common necessity, common sense, and the common law of Methodism, the bishops would be justified in such a rendering of the spirit of the law; if not, then I asked them

to recommend the General Conference to alter and enlarge the application of the "missionary rule."

4. Refusing from the first to put my self-supporting missions under the control of a missionary society, not from prejudice, but principle, I specially desired to put my work, as soon as organized, under the episcopal jurisdiction of our Church.

In putting my India churches under the episcopal supervision of the Methodist Episcopal Church, an integral loyal part of the body, the representative bishop of said Church concurred in the principles stated, and consented that all my self-supporting missions should remain outside and independent of the Missionary Society. Now, it seems to me that if, in their wisdom, they had so applied the missionary rule as to ordain and send men wherever needed, and kept pace with the outside movement, there would have been no possibility of friction; but, so construing the rule as to make it applicable only to men sent out by the Missionary Board, they limited their own jurisdiction in foreign countries to missions opened by order of the Missionary Committee. When I was called by the Spirit to go to plant missions on the west coast of South America I labored hard to get the concurrence of the bishops in advance. I offered to go in their name, pay all my own expenses, and found self-supporting missions, if they would consent to ordain and appoint the men required and allow them to retain a Conference connection at home and be returned on the Minutes as "missionaries to South America," and thus keep the whole movement under their own control. Without details, suffice it to say that my proposal was not accepted.

Then, having gone without any such authority, and having opened a dozen of important fields, and having a dozen missionary men and women preparing to sail, I again appealed to our dear bishops at their semiannual meeting for 1878, asking if they would ordain my men for South America.

They were, of course, very courteous and kind—for they were all my friends, and I was their friend; I would black their boots, wash their feet, do anything but compromise conscientious principle—but replied emphatically, "The trouble is, as a Church we have no missions in Peru, and as bishops we have no power to create one, or to send men to one."

I then realized more clearly than before two things:

1. The utmost foreign boundaries of our episcopal jurisdiction—the fields opened by our Missionary Committee.

2. The illimitable fields opened to me—all outside of their jurisdiction—to be occupied as the Lord shall lead, and that, too, without infringing any law of our Church. So I accepted the unsought providential situation.

I could not secure ordination for my men, but certified to their educational attainments and manifest call from God to preach his Gospel, and appointed them to the fields I had opened to give full proof of their ministry.

Then, at their next annual meeting, the Missionary Committee essayed to organize all South America (outside of their Mission in Argentina) and Central America into a Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and appropriated five hundred dollars for its support. That action conceded my point, namely, that the Missionary Board had no jurisdiction where they appropriated no money, the appropriation being merely nominal, never to be drawn for any such purpose. The ostensible object was to relieve the administration so that the bishops might legally ordain my men.

But I respectfully inquire, First, if the action was merely nominal and not a *bona fide*

transaction, and applied to a field outside of their jurisdiction, had it any legal force or validity? If it be said it was really for the purpose of planting missions in those fields, that is negatived by the smallness of the appropriation. Second, was not the real object of the committee to bring me and my missions under the control of the Missionary Board contrary to the principles I had avowed from the first, and to the agreement that my self-supporting Mission should not be put under the control of the Missionary Society?

THE ARGUMENT MADE VISIBLE.
"Financial help from rich sinners."—Page 636.

I once had occasion in my correspondence with the Episcopal Board relative to self-support in India to say:

"You said Paul had nothing to do with schools, and was independent of rich sinners and Romanists.

"He acknowledged indebtedness to all sorts of folks, even to barbarians, and seems to have been very important for a couple of years in the school of Tyrannus.

"When I learn that the Methodists refuse financial help from rich sinners I will consider the case.

"Nearly all the missionaries of all the Churches spend most of their time in organizing and teaching schools, at the cost, for the most part, of their missionary societies.

"I aim first to put in men devoted wholly to the work of the ministry, but where I find grading and track laying to be done by organized schools under thorough missionary Methodist teachers we undertake the business in the name of the Lord and on the Pauline plan of self-support and let the rich sinners and Romanists foot the bills, instead of laying that burden on the poor saints in Judea.

"To sum up the leading facts in regard to my peculiar missionary work, I remark:

"1. The Spirit of God has laid upon me the responsibility, and has thus far led me in the work of utilizing indigenous resources for founding self-supporting missions for the conversion of the natives of the countries into which he leads me. He called me to this work just at the time I had set to close my foreign evangelizing tours and return to my family and to my regular itinerant work in California. Thus my cherished hope of years was blighted. I am a man of the strongest home affections and preferences, with no earthly ambition for foreign travel and labor. My ambition was to stay at home. So that "I suffer the loss of all things" naturally dear to me.

"I am by nature a conservative, and a man of peace; hence, to collide in any way with the administration of our Church is to me very painful.

"The work I am called to do is on the line of human impossibilities. During my campaign in South America in many a struggle of prayer I said to God most reverently and earnestly, 'Unless thou wilt in thine infinite wisdom and might take the whole responsibility of this work, then let me go home. Let me settle down in some obscure dell in the West and hide away from the strife of tongues and the gaze of men.' The Lord would not release me, but led me on and used me to do the impossible things. Until he does release me I am bound to proceed and fight it out on this line: first, in opening fields as the Lord shall direct; second, in accepting and adjusting the missionary workers he may be pleased to give me; third, to allow friends voluntarily to furnish the funds for their passage and outfit.

"As fast as we get people converted to God we organize them into fellowship bands, New Testament churches, in the houses of our people. All my missionaries are Methodists, and most of them are liberally educated, and will, I believe, do thorough Methodist work according to the Gospel. There is, therefore, a strong presumption that the movement in South America, as in India, will result in voluntary loyal organic Methodism. As soon as that result is obtained the work, just the same as in India, will come directly and unreservedly under our episcopal administration, not as Mission Conferences, but, as in India, regular indigenous self-supporting Annual Conferences, patronizing and helping the funds of our Missionary Society, but sustaining to it no other relation than that of the Ohio or any other Conference developed purely from indigenous resources."

I make no criticism on missionary organizations and operations as applied to their legitimate field as great benevolent institutions. But when the board of managers of an orphan asylum essay to make laws to regulate and restrict the independent industries of the country they furnish ground for remonstrance from the other side.

I again aver that God's original Pauline way of planting missions does not come legitimately within the province of the charity principle on which all missionary societies are founded, and that, with all the wisdom and piety possible, they are as poorly adapted to founding self-supporting missions, and to the nurture of churches thus founded, as the grand charity institutions of our country are adapted to the construction and running of our railroads. This does not involve the slightest reflection on our benevolent institutions, but simply asserts the fact that their province and jurisdiction do not cover that of the railroad companies. What God now requires is a railroad company with right of way to bear at least its proportion of responsibility in carrying the Gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth on his original business principles. We don't need any new thing, though we have used a new name for it by way of illustration.

A pioneer founder of God's original type of missions, as I have said, must be called specially to that work by God, and proceed under the immediate supervision of the Holy Spirit. That was then, and is now, the only way by which such missions can be established. Suitable organization, administration, and law, which are essential, will all come in under the diversity of operations of the same Spirit.

The first thing is to get a footing in a foreign field, and, by Gospel conquest, raise up a witnessing host out of which to develop organization.

The order of God in such work is, first, apostles—pioneer founders; second, prophets—the witnessing host of sons and daughters, servants and maidservants, as foretold by Joel; third, evangelists for carrying the war into all the regions round about the central

movement; fourth, pastors and teachers for the edification of the churches thus founded. This is God's arrangement for conquest and "for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ" (Eph. iv, 11, 12).

I claim for the missionary societies that they have done much, and will yet do more in all the departments of this divine program, just as orphanages and houses of industry for poor children have their industries, and develop good men and women, but not of the high type and grand proportions of the great commercial and mechanical world outside.

Before the Methodist Episcopal Church had any missionary society God founded one of his original sort among the Wyandot Indians. He selected as his missionary a mulatto man near Marietta, Ohio, named Stuart, and called him, as he called Paul at Troas, to go to Macedonia. In a vision of the night an Indian man and squaw appeared to him and said, "Come north and teach us and our people."

Stuart considered the matter, "assuredly gathering that the Lord had called [him] for to preach the Gospel unto them" (Acts xvi, 9, 10).

He was called to be a pioneer, and had nothing to do but obey the call. But instead of obeying God he laid the case before his minister and the brethren. Of course, it was all out of order. He had not the education, or gifts, or authority from the Church for any such undertaking.

Poor Stuart had somewhat of the feeling of Jonah when he took ship for Tarshish. He was prostrated by dangerous illness, and brought down to a near view of the gates of death, and the terrors of hell made him afraid. Then he cried to the Lord in his distress, and promised, if God would restore him, he would confer with nobody, but go and do the work he might give him to do. At once he began to recover, and was soon restored to health. He took his Bible and hymn book and a little knapsack of provisions and started due north, as he was told in the vision.

He traveled through the wilderness three days and came to a tribe of Indians, who were engaged in cornshucking. He went in with them and helped them shuck their corn, after which, in the evening, they had a dance. He sat down, and they formed a dancing circle around him, and amused themselves by showing him how near to his nose they could cut the air with their tomahawks without cutting his nose off. After allowing them to play at that game a while he took out his hymn book and began to sing.

They squatted and listened and grunted applause till he was through, and then by signs told him to sing again, and so he sang on by the hour.

He supposed they were the people to whom he was sent; but after staying with them three days the impression on his mind was that he must proceed north. So they filled his knapsack with provisions for his journey, and he bade his new friends good-by, and walked on through the wilderness for about a week, and came to the house of an Indian agent, 'Squire Walker, and told his story.

The 'squire thought it was all nonsense, but told him of a colored man, by the name of Jonathan, who lived a few miles farther north, who had spent many years among the Wyandot Indians, and could speak their language perfectly. So Stuart went on north and came straight to Jonathan's house. He did not sit down first of all to learn the language of the Wyandots, but went to work on his sable host that night. Jonathan confessed that he had known the Saviour when a lad in Kentucky, but had fallen away and had become the same as an Indian.

Next day Stuart went with Jonathan to a cornshucking, and did his full share of the work. At night came the usual dance, but Stuart took out his hymn book and began to

TRYING TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BREAST.

"Stuart took out his hymn book and began to sing."—Page 638.

sing. The Indian chiefs and warriors at once squatted down and listened and grunted. After a few hymns Stuart preached to them in his way, Jonathan interpreting. The Indians were very attentive, and seemed much pleased. Then he made an appointment to preach the next day at Jonathan's house, and thought from the interest manifested that he would have a crowd of chiefs and people.

Long before the hour for preaching Stuart was away in the forest and was praying for power to instruct the red men and lead them to Jesus. At the time to commence preaching he returned to the house, and not an Indian was to be seen anywhere around, and he felt a dreadful chill of disappointment; but on entering the cabin, there sat the man and the squaw whom Stuart recognized at a glance as the persons whom he had seen in his vision.

He preached to them, and gave out an appointment for the next day, and they brought two more, and so on he went daily. He soon got his interpreter converted, and then the Spirit of God poured light into the minds of the natives, and the most remarkable work of God ensued that has ever been recorded in the history of North American Indians. Rev. J. B. Finley's *History of the Wyandot Mission* is one of the most thrilling narratives of its kind on record.

I repeat, our missionary societies are the grandest benevolent institutions in the world, but their usefulness depends largely on their keeping purely within their appropriate charity sphere of work. When they indiscriminately absorb the churches of any country, as in the West Indies and in Nova Scotia, the good done to real objects of charity is more than overbalanced by the pauperizing evil to those who are able to carry the whole movement to their own great advantage. And to give a monopoly of the business of founding nearly all the new churches of our far Western States and Territories to a missionary society is as great a mistake as to put the railroad system, and all its immense machinery, with all mechanical and mining enterprises, under the control of a charity institution in New York.

If Methodism in America, founded in God's irregular way, had been kept in the trailing strings of the good men sent from England it never would have met the demands of its great emergencies, nor would it have mastered the situation. Its English pastors, hearing the thunder of the coming Revolutionary War, hastened back to their native place, all except Asbury, who became a thorough live American. The abandonment of Methodism to itself and to the God of providence was the real beginning of its healthy development.

As soon as the Gospel was fairly planted in Madagascar by the heroic missionaries of the London Missionary Society an exterminating war of persecution was raised against their infant churches. The missionaries all fled, as Paul often did, and the young converts were left without pastors to endure the fury and force of a heathen government. They were arrested wherever found, and brought to trial, and forced to renounce the new religion or be cast over a high cliff into the sea. But few of them hesitated a moment. They were thrown over into the sea by hundreds, and went on dying for Jesus till they brought new life into their nation. The peril of Christ's cause now in Madagascar is its popularity with the government and the patronage it brings. The founding of that Mission was a grand achievement of the London Missionary Society on the charity principle, and worth a thousand times more than ten thousand times the amount of money expended on it. Their loving, fostering founders out of the way, the Holy Spirit led them through the floods of great waters, and developed them into a Church of light and might that revealed the glory of the Lord.

There are so many sides to this subject, and so many peculiar cases come up, that the wisdom of our wisest men is baffled; but let it be legal and in order for the Lord to work by at least the two plain methods he has instituted and honored through the ages.

There was an insinuation thrust against the South India Conference at a Missionary Committee meeting that it was "an alleged self-supporting Conference." Our self-support from the first was clearly defined to mean the support of all our ministers and teachers and their families by the people they serve, with other indigenous help that may come to them. If there has ever been a violation of this principle to the amount of a dollar I have never heard of it from anybody acquainted with our work. Transit money to pay passage and outfit of our outgoing missionaries, and assistance, if need be, to help build up our institutions, are the exceptions to our self-supporting rule, as stated from the beginning. For years attempts had been officially made to get the South India Conference to ask for an appropriation from the Missionary Committee to help weak charges, but the Conference had up to that hour refused to entertain the proposal. There were two cases which have furnished an opportunity to some brethren who seem to desire such an opportunity to criticise my work in the meetings of the Missionary Committee. One was the Allahabad debt.

When Allahabad was connected with the India Mission—now North India Conference—the presiding elder, when arranging to buy Church property in that city, laid the matter before the bishop visiting there at the time, and got from him what he thought was a promise that, on his return to New York, he would bring the matter before the Missionary Committee, and, as was customary in that Conference, get an appropriation. He was so sure that the bishop would secure the money from New York that he went and borrowed the amount required on his own note, and bought the property for the church—a regular Methodist Episcopal church. If Allahabad had been in the South India Conference at that time no appropriation would have been asked for or expected.

The charter granted by the General Conference for founding the South India Conference placed Allahabad where geographically it belonged, in the South India Conference, and it fell into the Calcutta District. The Presiding Elder of the Calcutta District magnanimously relieved the presiding elder retiring by canceling his note and giving his own note for said borrowed money for the church. The certainty of getting the money from New York was from the beginning accepted by our people in Allahabad as a fact that it had been given; and between the two elders, as I understand it, the people had not yet been informed of the facts in the case, first, because in addition to their other financial burdens they were not able to pay it; and, further, the elder did not want to disturb their confidence in the source whence, as they suppose, a munificent gift came to them. It was not introduced into the missionary rooms by the Calcutta presiding elder. It had been there two or three years before it was entailed on us by the transfer of Allahabad to the South India Conference, but for which transfer they doubtless would have paid it long ago.

The Calcutta elder took it up as a matter of record with our missionary secretaries, and fully explained the peculiarities of the case, and requested that they lift it off his heart, as he was not able to pay it, and could look to no one in India to help him, as they already had as much as they could carry. It was not assumed that they were legally bound, but that it would be a generous thing for them to do under the circumstances. They heard him kindly and agreed to pay the interest, and hoped that when their own debt was paid they might pay the principal, but it was not a positive promise. He would not have it as a missionary appropriation to the South India Conference, for it was purely local, and had

nothing to do with ministerial support, for which mainly such appropriations are made. The board has paid the interest most of the years since, and the "five hundred dollars, as the amount asked for" by South India Conference, is simply the annual interest that they have been paying for years; but it seemed refreshing to some of the dear brethren to have a blow over it. The amount of the debt is five thousand dollars, for which, and interest at the rate of ten per cent per annum, our Calcutta presiding elder is personally held.

Why should so grand a man of God be crushed down with such a burden? If I had the money I would send him a telegram to-day and order the debt discharged. Will not my friends in America join me in liberating our noble brother in Calcutta and forever keep out of the precincts of the Missionary Committee, except to give them money as we may be able?—Such was my view of the case in 1882.

The other was the Ira Macalister will case. I never went into the details of it, but substantially it was this: Some years before I went to Bombay a good New England Methodist, as named above, on preparing to go to heaven, where all good Methodists go, ordered in his will that a certain amount—I believe five or six thousand dollars—should be for the Methodist church in Bombay. Some time after my return from India to America some of our ministers in Bombay got information about this legacy, and as they were building a church edifice, and in need of money, thought that it would be a good thing to get the money which had been bequeathed to Bombay. They took it for granted that a New England man would on paying out a lump of six thousand dollars see where he was putting it. He probably knew that there was no Methodist mission in Bombay at the time; but knowing that there was one in the provinces of Oude and Rohilcund, a thousand miles away, he could see no better way of getting one planted in a center so much larger than by specifically designating Bombay as the place where he wanted to apply his money. So our ministers in Bombay thought they had a good case. They wrote on to me to look after it, but that was entirely out of my line; then they otherwise got their case before the Missionary Board, but the board would not concede the claim of the Bombay church. They were quite willing to give them an appropriation if they would ask it, but India refused, saying if they had no legal claim they did not want it. Finally, at the committee meeting in November, 1880, they voted to give Bombay twenty-five hundred dollars of it. The Missionary Report for that year gave a deliverance concerning the South India Conference, with mention of both these cases above referred to.

A poor preacher once put in a day trying in vain to get a boarding place; so, late in the afternoon, he went to the house of a Methodist farmer and was repulsed.

Mr. F. said to him: "Mr. C., we have nothing against you, but we told our elder that the circuit could not support a preacher, and that he should not send us one, and now the thing is settled. I and my wife are going to join the church in Denver, for this circuit has gone up."

"Well," replied Brother C., "I am tired, and it is getting late. Will you allow me to stop overnight with you?"

"No, Mr. C., we have not a spare bed in the house."

"Will you let me sleep on the hay in your barn?"

"O, yes, if you are so badly off as that you can sleep on the hay if you wish."

Then the two walked together to the barn, and Brother C. said to Mr. F., "You and your wife are going to join in Denver, eh?"

"Yes."

"Well, when you and your wife are away in the city, seven miles from home, what is

to become of your boys running at large every Sunday, with no parental oversight or restraint?"

"Well, Mr. C., I had not thought of that."

"You may see that it is a very serious thing, which demands your prayerful attention."

So they talked till the supper bell rang, and Mr. F. said, "Mr. C., you had better come and get some supper."

"If you please, sir, I will be much obliged for a supper, for I have had no dinner."

After supper Brother C. rose to retire to his lodgings in the barn, when Mr. F. said, "Mr. C., one of my sons has gone to spend the night with a neighbor, and you can occupy his bed if you like."

A PREACHER IN SEARCH OF LODGINGS.
"Will you let me sleep on the hay in your barn?"—Page 643.

"All right, brother, I will accept your kindness, and thank you."

Next morning Brother C. was invited to stay for breakfast, and heard Mr. F. lamenting that he could not find a man in that country who knew how to rick wheat and hay, saying, "I am just ready to haul in my crop. I don't know how to rick, and I don't know what to do."

"What do you propose to give a man per day for that kind of work?"

"I'll pay two dollars and a quarter."

"Very well," said Brother C., "I'll take that job."

"What, can you rick wheat and hay?"

"Yes, sir. I was brought up to do all such work as that. I shall want some poles and rails for a foundation first, and then you may put on all your teams and tumble in the wheat as fast as you can. I'll take care of it."

So Brother C. could not get into that circuit on principle No. 2, and fell back on principle No. 1. Before the week was out many Methodists asked him to let them make an appointment for him to preach the ensuing Sabbath.

He said, "No; I am hard at work here all the week, and need the Sabbath for rest."

The next week they renewed their request. He put them off from time to time till he had ricked all Mr. F.'s large crop of wheat and hay. Then he yielded to their importunity. The house was crowded at his first appointment and every subsequent one.

During the year about eighty persons professed to find salvation under his ministry, and though a single man, requiring but little to keep him, they paid him a salary of eleven hundred dollars, and gave him a good horse and buggy besides.

Is it not a fact clearly established that God has self-supporting principles and methods for sending and sustaining his ministers, and that he has a self-supporting Gospel work in the world?

Is it not a fact that most of the self-supporting churches in our own and other countries became such from the beginning without intermediate aid or agency from any missionary society?

If this is God's order in one country why should it not be lawful, at least, to allow this same order of God to be introduced and tried in any or all countries?

"Is it not lawful?"

I suppose it was when I commenced to try God's order in India; but soon, as we have seen, it was announced in a regular Church paper at home that it was "a sin against high heaven for Taylor to be experimenting in a foreign mission field."

I paid no attention to that, for I thought it was simply the writer's opinion. Then it was reiterated along the lines that "Brother Taylor is out of order;" but I could not see the point.

I knew that I was at work in God's order, and there by his appointment, and, therefore, took it for granted that I was in harmony with his laws throughout the universe; hence, proceeded in my work as led by the Spirit.

The expansive force of our self-supporting principles has not been fairly tested yet. The Lord, by ways that I need not state, has kept me back, having kept me at the front but three years in India and six months in South America, out of the ten years of my self-supporting missions.

It seems that God plants missions as he does trees. He don't want them to grow too fast, nor in a hothouse, but lets them develop under all the changes of the seasons and amid the fury of the storms.

I have no personal war against anybody, and am not aware that anybody has against me. This is not a war of persons, but of principles. The question in dispute is on the possibility and legality of founding self-supporting missions in foreign countries outside of the jurisdiction of missionary societies. The key to the controversy was expressed at one of the meetings of the Missionary Committee by utterances like this: "Appreciating Brother Taylor, but deprecating his course as detrimental to our missionary collections."

It appears that this apprehension of rivalry in foreign mission fields and competition in regard to home resources had been like Edgar Allen Poe's "Raven" at the door of our missionary councils ever since the commencement of my organization in India.

Hence it became an apparent necessity and duty to extinguish the self-supporting spirit and principles of my missions. The thing had to be done very quietly, to avoid a public demonstration. The measures employed may be indicated by the statement of a few facts, some of which I have noticed before:

1. The first was to jump my claim in Bombay at the beginning; hence an appropriation of twenty thousand dollars to send men and plant a new mission in that city. That failed.

2. To send out a superintendent to supersede me and take my work over and put it directly under the control of our Missionary Society. That failed also.

3. To get my consent to be officially appointed as superintendent, under a declared concurrence in our principles of self-support, and a promise of noninterference—sincerely, I doubt not; but, as it turns out, there was a misunderstanding as to how far my self-supporting principles should apply in this organic relationship.

I understood that our agreement certainly meant self-support and direct loyal relationship to the Methodist Episcopal Church under its episcopal government and control, without any sponsorship or control of the Missionary Society whatsoever.

For about two hundred years God has been specially preparing the way for this very thing of self-supporting missions. He has introduced no new principles or methods, but is intent on an application of his old ones as revealed in his book long ago. He does not wish to displace his great charity missions, but he intends to send his Gospel to the self-supporting classes of all nations, as I have shown, on the fundamental principles of self-support which I have deduced from his book.

This involves no reflection on the Churches or their missionary societies. They have done grand preparatory work for this advance movement. The Wesleyan Methodists everywhere lay down a sound doctrinal base for soul saving, and they thoroughly drill their people in the principle and practice of systematic giving for the Lord's work.

After a tug of forty years in the Sandwich Islands the missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions were signally successful. The noble missionaries of the same honored board are advancing on that line in their Central, Western, and Eastern Turkey Missions. The Baptists are noted for economical and successful missions.

Sia Sek Ong and a few others of our own missionaries in China have stepped up and moved off on the high plane of self-support.

The Lord has commenced a number of missions on the principle of self-support, but hitherto they have all been subjugated and absorbed by the great mission movements based on the charity principle. Now he has undertaken to establish a self-supporting mission which will not attempt to swallow any other mission nor consent to be swallowed by any other, though that is just what our missionary administration has undertaken to do, and will force us in self-defense to erect our quills like a great Asiatic porcupine.

Let each General Conference prayerfully read and study the discussion and solution of this same problem, as reported by Luke in the fifteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and let them act accordingly, and so legislate that it shall be lawful in our Church for God to found self-supporting missions wheresoever and by whomsoever he pleaseth; and that any such missions, fulfilling our conditions of Church membership, shall be admitted as primary missions or as organized Conferences into loyal and royal relationship with the Methodist Episcopal Church directly through the General Conference, and not through a pupilage under the Missionary Society.

When God establishes a work on his primary plan, under principles 1 and 2, as he did in Antigua, through the agency of Nathaniel Gilbert and John Baxter, and among the Wyandots of Ohio by John Stuart, let the self-supporting agency and resources through which God may be pleased to give birth to such movements be utilized under regular self-supporting Church organization, regardless of country or nationality, and let it be unlawful to put such a work indiscriminately under the control of a missionary society, and let the Churches that God shall found in foreign fields be invested as soon as possible with all the functions essential to a Church of God anywhere.

"O, for this holy dawning
We watch and wait and pray,
Till o'er the height the morning light
Shall drive the gloom away.
And when the heavenly glory
Shall flood the earth and sky,
We'll bless the Lord for all his word,
And praise him by and by."

EFFORTS TO EVANGELIZE THE LATIN RACES IN AMERICA.

Part Seventh.

MY MISSIONS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Work from Callao to Iquique.

I SHALL now narrate the circumstances attending the greater part of my work in South America. Glimpses of the countries and peoples holding the central and southern parts of our continents have been caught in many of the preceding pages of this volume, and still more fully in several of the books which I have previously published.

On the 16th of October, 1877, I bought for myself and for my brother, Rev. Archibald Taylor, a through ticket from New York to Callao, Peru, and embarked on the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamer, the *Acapulco*, bound for Aspinwall.

I did not wish our friends to come to see us off, and they didn't come. I always prefer to come in and go out as quietly as possible; indeed, coming and going all the time, as I have been doing more than a quarter of a century, my friends could not anticipate my changes.

On the eve of one of my departures from London to Australia a gentleman said, "Mr. Taylor, what is your address now?"

"I am sojourning on the globe at present, but don't know how soon I shall be leaving."

I remember many occasions, however, in lands remote, where my friends did as St. Paul's friends were wont to do—accompany me to the ship, "and sorrowed most of all that they should see my face no more."

By sending missionaries to my work in India, together with heavy traveling and family expenses, my funds were so far spent that I was obliged to go third-class to see my South American cousins, or not go at all, paying, as I do, my traveling expenses out of my own pocket, and not out of the pockets of my friends. A first-class ticket from New York to Callao costs two hundred and seventy-five dollars in gold; a third-class ticket, one hundred dollars. I believed, too, that my dignity would keep for eighteen days in the steerage. I have made over sixty sea voyages first-class, at the cost of enough of my hard-earned

dollars to give my sons a university education and keep me comfortably the rest of my earthly pilgrimage.

Ninth day out, "Land ho!" See, in the twilight of morning, the dense foliage of the Isthmus of Darien; the soft, fleecy clouds drink in and reflect golden rays from the Orient; the dolphins sport round us; we are nearing our first port of debarkation. Here we are in "Colon," the Spanish name for Columbus.

But the stay is not long. Our ship's company soon bestir themselves for departure from Colon. Rail train leaves for Panama at 3 P. M.

A Portuguese family on our ship have been patient and cheerful all the way. An old Irish woman has been seasick and retching hideously at all hours, and the two poor old men have never been known to smile since we embarked, but their place at the board has never been vacant. They mean business. The Irish girl who would not be consoled on parting with her lover has been flirting with the young men all the way. Our sick schoolmarm is convalescent.

"Brother A. T., if you'll stay 'with the stuff' I'll take a hundred copies of *Hastings's Illustrated* and make a pastoral tour in the town. Yonder is a colored cousin of ours, with his truck, waiting for an honest job; I'll begin with him."

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, captain."

"Can you read English?"

"O, yes, sah."

"Let me hear you read a little from this paper."

He reads readily, and I give him the paper to keep.

"Where did you learn to read?"

"In Jamaica, sah."

"In what part of Jamaica did you live?"

"In Kingston, sah."

"To what church did you belong in Kingston?"

"Coke's chapel, sah; de Wesleyan Church, sah."

"I have preached in Coke's chapel many times."

"O, dear sah, we glad to see you here. If you are come to hunt for de place where you are needed de most, den you has found de field you is huntin'."

Here we are in the railway station at Panama trying to get our portmanteaus from the luggage car. Nobody in this latitude seems to be in any hurry to push business.

We can carry everything we've got in our own hands, but here are two strong fellows waiting for a job, so we'll give them a chance.

"Where did you come from?"

"From Jamaica, sah."

"How long have you been here?"

"About twenty years, sah."

"Have you made your fortune yet?"

"Make a livin', sah. Times very dull here now, sah. Fortune out ob de question wid me, sah."

"What church did you attend in Jamaica?"

"De Wesleyan Church, sah."

"What religious services do you have here?"

"None at all, sah, except de Roman Catholic, and we don't take no stock in dat

OUR FIRST SUBJECT IN COLON.

"Yonder is a colored cousin of ours, with his truck."—Page 648.

concern, sah. We had a minister here some years ago, but de white people want to read de prars, sah, and de colored people want to sing, sah, and de two parties couldn't agree, sah, so de preacher he done gone away, sah."

Light ahead—the city of Guayaquil. What an extraordinary light, brighter and brighter! It must be an illuminated house, but at this distance it presents the appearance of a great sheet of flame, reflecting what appears like a stream of fire far along the surface of the placid waters.

Halloo! they are taking down our bunks; what does this mean?

"All the third-class passengers must gather up their luggage and go to the after part of the hurricane deck." So all are busy collecting their luggage and preparing to go.

"Why do they want to clear us off this deck? We are getting on well here."

"They want space for two hundred bullocks, to be taken aboard at Payta."

So we vamoose the ranch to make room for the steers!

What a bleak coast! Not a shrub, not a blade of grass, not even a cactus!

Here come the bullocks. I am surprised at their gentleness. A Cholo goes walking over their backs!

"Yes," replies the first mate, "they seem gentle enough cattle now, but if you had gone into the corral where they were lassoed, you would have seen them in another mood. I went one day to get a dozen choice bullocks for the ship. The owner told me to go in and make my own selection; so I walked in. They made a furious charge, and if I had not succeeded in leaping the fence they would have gored me to death."

On they come, each one suddenly pulled up, and passing through the same experience of surprise and terror in the ascent, and of manifest relief when they feel themselves standing again on their legs. Two hundred and two beef cattle are thus stowed away as closely as they can stand in our late quarters.

While we are watching this scene the new passengers from Payta have squatted on every foot of vacant space on the after part of the hurricane deck. Happily our sleeping space was covered by our blankets and portmanteaus, and our claim has not been jumped; but since the days of Noah who ever saw the like of this scene? I have traveled with crowds of Mohammedan pilgrims in the Mediterranean, but they had left their live stock at home. Only behold how our cousins travel! Each family has its small premises on the deck. The bed is usually in the center, surrounded by boxes, bundles, and bags, on and around which are the parents, children, servants, dogs, poultry, and pets of every kind.

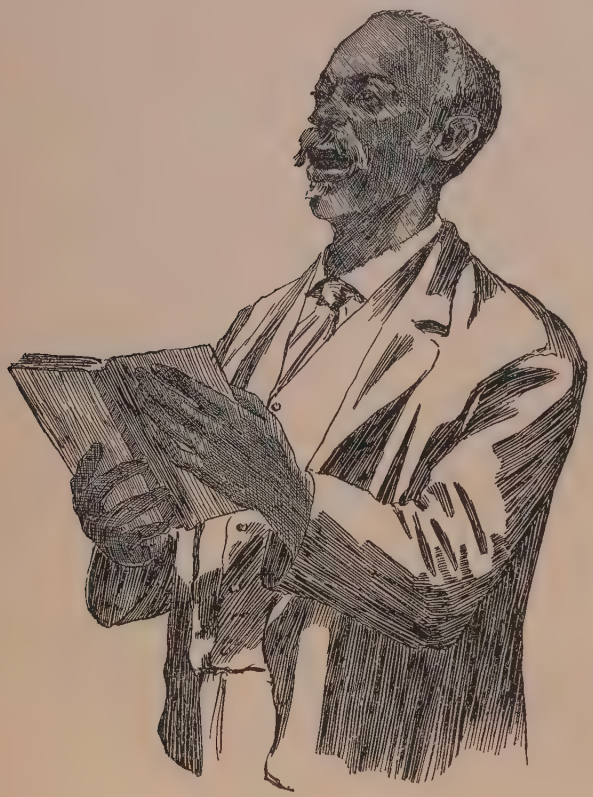
On Thursday, the 3d of November, we woke up at anchor in Callao harbor. I can truly say, as it regards wholesome fare and improved condition of health, it was the best voyage of my life! Callao, a city of about thirty thousand population, is the port of entry for Lima, the capital of Peru, with a population of about two hundred thousand.

My brother Archibald and I tarried in Callao for the greater part of two months. We preached according to our opportunities, but did not establish a mission. By the end of the year I made up my mind that a more auspicious field lay further south.

The workshops of the great Arequipa and Puna railway line were located at Mollendo, about five hundred miles distant from Callao, and employed a large number of English and American mechanics. The wages paid were as follows: Engineers, $250 per month; machinists, $150 on an average; firemen, natives, $90; conductors, $100; clerks from $100 to $150; treasurer, $250. My friend, Mr. S. B. Barnes, superintendent of motive power both in the shops and on the road, receives $450 per month. These were the prices in paper currency when it was at par in the market. It may be readily seen that this little

town, not only for its own sake, but as a strategic base, for self-supporting education and evangelizing work in regions beyond, is a point of great importance. I accordingly sailed from Callao for the south.

I arrived in Mollendo, Saturday, January 5, 1878. Mr. R., the British Consul, received me very kindly, and I had my headquarters with him at the house of my friend, Mr. S., the Pacific Steamship Navigation Company's agent, who had recently buried his wife, leaving him and little Pat, their youngest, in very lonely bereavement. In company with Mr. B. I visited most of the people Saturday night, and preached to a small but attentive congregation on Sabbath. On Monday morning, assisted by my friend Mr. B., I made up a subscription for passage and guarantee of support for a man of God from the United States.



ONE OF THE PARTIES TO A CONTROVERSY.
"De colored people want to sing, sah."—Page 651.

I had brought some little blankbooks with me from New York. In one of these I wrote the following simple proposal:

"Believing a school-teacher, being also a Gospel minister, to be greatly needed in Mollendo, I propose to send hither a competent man, combining in himself the twofold character of teacher and preacher, the first engagement to cover a period of at least three years, I respectfully ask the friends of this movement to contribute the funds for passage and a guarantee for support till the school shall become self-supporting. It will require three hundred and thirty dollars paper currency, for passage, and at least one hundred and fifty dollars per month for sustentation.

"Respectfully submitted,

"WILLIAM TAYLOR."

"We, the undersigned, concur in Mr. Taylor's proposal, and agree to pay the sums we here subscribe for the purposes named, and do all else we can to make the undertaking a success."

My first call was on an American railroad contractor. Said he, "I am a Roman Catholic and don't wish to put down my name, but I will give fifty dollars to bring the man out and one hundred dollars more if you require it, and thirty dollars per month for his support."

That was my first financial strike in South America. I next went to another extensive contractor, a Scotchman, in whose family I enjoyed a generous hospitality. He said, "I'll guarantee one hundred and fifty dollars per month to support a man of the right sort myself."

"I am greatly obliged by your kind offer, but I want to interest all the people of the town in him; and the only way to do that from the start is to let them take stock in him. The principle may be illustrated by a little chimney sweep running down street in New

ON THE HURRICANE DECK OF THE "ACAPULCO."

"Only behold how our cousins travel!"—Page 651.

York in the midst of a furious snowstorm. Some one shouted, 'Ho, Jack! which way are you going?' 'I'm going to the missionary meeting. I've got a share in the concern. I gave a shilling last Sunday.' So we want every person available in this town to have a share in this concern."

We then called on shopkeepers, railway men, and others, who subscribed the passage money required, also the monthly stipend, leaving my liberal friend but twenty-eight dollars instead of one hundred and fifty dollars per month to pay. I wrote in the little book my thankful acceptance of their liberality, naming three gentlemen as a committee and school board to collect the fund and make all necessary arrangements for carrying our plans into effect.

I subsequently appointed Rev. Magnus Smith and his wife to the work at Mollendo. Brother Smith was a graduate of Williams College, Massachusetts, and, having studied in Germany also, was a good German scholar. He had symptoms of lung disease, but knowing of persons similarly afflicted being restored to health and long life in South America, and the climate of Mollendo being very mild and equable, I took the risk of sending him, being a man of unostentatious but of very superior talents and attainments, with a wife to match.

For a time his health improved and he was very hopeful; but he became ill, and while in that condition Mollendo was bombarded by the Chilian gunboats, and poor Brother Smith was hastily carried a distance of two miles to get him beyond the range of the guns. The shock, in his low estate, if it did not cause his death, at least hastened it, for he fell asleep in the arms of Jesus soon after. The utter bereavement and desolation of his wife can be better imagined by some of the widows of our civil war than described by me. But the Lord took care of her, and she returned home to her friends.

On the 8th of January we swept through the roaring surf at Mollendo and embarked on the steamship *Ayacucho*, twenty-two hundred tons register, and in fifteen hours we cast anchor in the roadstead of Arica, five hundred and sixty miles southeast of Callao. I presented my papers to George H. Nugent, Esq., British and American Consul, a tall, commanding, fine-looking man. He received me very kindly, but could see no hope of employing either school-teacher or preacher in Arica, and thought it impossible for me to do anything in Tacna. But having heard in Callao that the merchants of Tacna were an enterprising, noble class of men, I could not consent to pass them without an effort to do them good; so at 3 P. M., on the 9th of January, I took the rail for Tacna, thirty-nine miles distant, at an elevation of two thousand feet above sea level.

It was hot, dusty traveling across a desert, from which we saw in the distance the green gardens and orchards of Tacna, a town then of fourteen thousand inhabitants. Living streams, fresh from the Andes, flow through some of the principal streets and water the neighboring vineyards and gardens. It is an oasis in the desert.

We arrived at 6 P. M. I had a letter of introduction from our consul at Arica to Mr. A., of Tacna; so I engaged a boy to carry my portmanteau and conduct me to his house. We had gone but a few rods when my porter employed a smaller boy to do the carrying business, while he, as the original contractor, should play the gentleman and get a fee for himself and another for the little cholo who carried the load. Coming to a hotel, I left my luggage and went beyond the town and found the man I sought. I gave him the letter and explained to him the object of my mission. He was kind but quite unbelieving. He was quite sure that I could do nothing in Tacna, so I left him and returned to the hotel. At the supper table I made the acquaintance of a young English gentleman, and tried to find out how many English-speaking families resided in the town and what the prospect

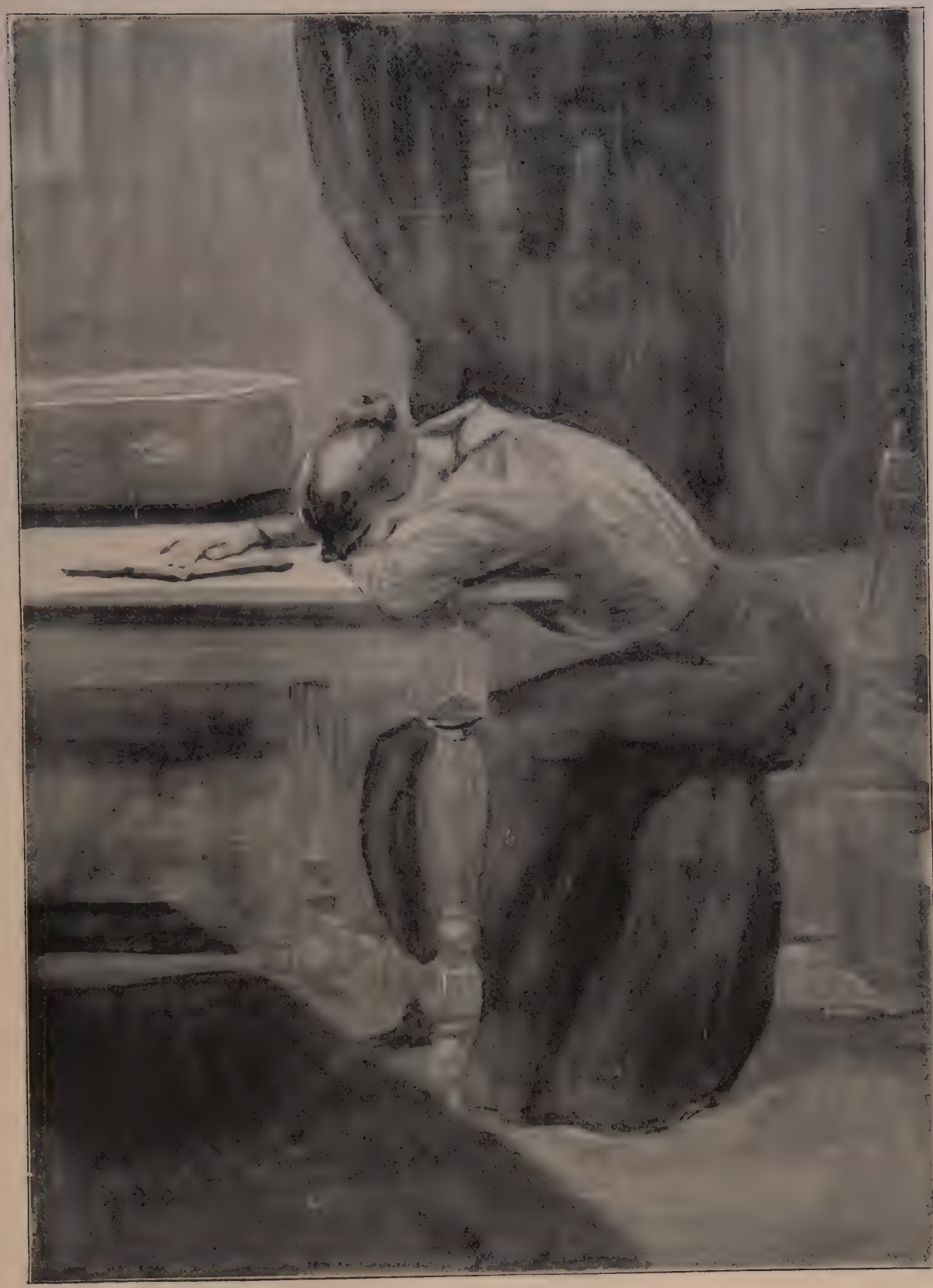
for educational work. He could give me no encouragement. Later in the evening I strolled down town to the plaza, where many gentlemen and ladies were promenading and others reposing on the public seats prepared and waiting for the weary; so I sat down on one beside a German, who informed me that there were a few English and many German families in Tacna, and he believed that a good English school was one of the great needs of the city. I was glad I met with that German; he did me good.

I returned and retired to bed at 9 P. M., but not to sleep. It was one of those nights of waking visions such as I used to have in Bombay, when God made known his way to his poor, ignorant servant. I don't mean miraculous visions, but an intelligible manifestation of God's will, showing me my path of duty through unexplored regions where there were no signboards nor blazed trees to indicate the right way. The revealings of that night widened my field of operations, narrowed my work, and shortened my stay for the present in South America so as to put me back to New York early in May of the current year. My way was widened so as to enable me to send good school-teachers where preachers would not be received at all; my work narrowed so that instead of staying to plant churches, as I did in India, I was first to send men to lay the foundations, and then, after a term of years, return to build; time shortened by extending my preparatory work rapidly along the coast and hastening home to find and send the workers.

THE VIEW EN ROUTE TO TACNA.
"Hot, dusty traveling across a desert."—Page 655.

Tacna was to be my first departure from the old lines of purely evangelistic work to the new line of school work simply, where nothing more is at present possible. I had it all mapped out before morning, and hence the first thing was to write my proposal for the merchants of Tacna to found an English school. I had it clearly stated, so that they could see the object and the way to attain it at a glance and have nothing to do but subscribe the funds and sign the papers. I went into the coffee room and sat down by a young man who I thought might understand the English language. I found him to be an intelligent gentleman of French extraction, but a native of Minnesota. He was my providential man for the moment.

I laid my case before him, and he said, "I don't think you can do anything in Tacna, but the man whom you should see is Mr. William Hellman. If you can get him to see as you do you'll succeed. He'll not come to his office till 11 A. M., but I am just now going down town and will show you his place of business."



THE HEROINE OF MOLLENDO.

"The utter bereavement and desolation of his wife."—Page 655.

At the hour designated I presented myself to Mr. Hellman, and stated my object and showed him my written proposals.

He replied, "It is a thing very much needed here, but this whole country is badly demoralized, and I fear that nothing can be done."

"Well, my dear sir, you are hardly prepared to turn them all over to the Old Scratch without at least one more effort for the education of the rising generation. If you can succeed in giving a good education and a good moral training to one boy of thousands who are running wild around here he may be the coming man of mark to raise this country to a higher level. What I propose, too, is not like a great railroad venture, involving a hazardous outlay of funds, but a very economical enterprise, with promise of large returns for the good of the country."

"I have brought out governesses at different times from England, but they get discouraged and do but little good."

"Now, last of all, you had better try one live American to help you found a good English school in Tacna."

"But I am not the man to lead in such a movement; you should go to Mr. Outram."

"Very well; if Mr. Outram leads will you follow?"

"Yes; I will do my part."

"Shall I go alone to wait on Mr. Outram, or will you go with me?"

By this time he had put on his hat, and said, "Come, let us go."

Just outside he met the banker, Señor Don Basadre, and began to explain the project to him. I said, "Fetch him along." So on they came, and I was introduced to Mr. Outram, a merchant prince. My friend, Mr. H., saved me the trouble of telling my story by stating the case himself and advocating it eloquently.

In a few moments a Mr. Jones came in, and Mr. H. said to him: "Mr. Jones, you remember we were talking the other day about the great need of an English school in this town, and were devising how it could be brought about. Now, here is a benevolent gentleman who has come to help us in this very thing."

Mr. O. said, "How long can you remain with us?"

"I expect to return to Arica to-morrow morning."

"This is our mail day for Bolivia, and we are all extremely busy, but we think well of your proposition, and I think we will write you a favorable response to Valparaiso, if that will do."

"Thank you, sir; that will do if you cannot do better; but this is a very plain case, which need not consume much of your time, and my success here will help to open my way along the coast."

He made no reply, but took up his pen and signed the articles of agreement.

Then Mr. Jones signed. Meantime Mr. H. made some allusion to California, and said that he lived in San Francisco in 1853.

"Do you remember a man called Father Taylor, who preached every Sabbath afternoon on the plaza to the masses?"

"Yes, I remember Father Taylor very well."

"That same Father Taylor has come now to help you here in Tacna."

We both rose up and shook hands as old friends. So we proceeded and completed our preparatory business in about half an hour more. I asked for a subscription of thirty pounds sterling to pay passage of a single man from New York to Tacna, and the guarantee of one hundred dollars per month for his support till the school could be made self-supporting

to the extent of at least that amount. Eight generous gentlemen signed the papers, obligating themselves voluntarily to give ninety pounds sterling for passage, and two hundred dollars per month guarantee for a male and female teacher, a good man and his wife, our engagement to cover a period of at least three years.

Tacna carries on a large trade, principally of wool and copper, with Bolivia, transported across the near range of the Andes on the backs of llamas and mules. The llama carries a burden of one hundred pounds, the mule three hundred pounds. Arica is the port of entry, and its lists of imports and exports will convey an idea of the strength of this current of commerce.

Her imports consist of cottons, woolens, linens, silks, furniture, hardware, earthenware, and glassware, oilman's stores, wines, malt liquors and spirits, and medicines. The aggregate of the imports of Arica for the year 1876 amounted to $1,854,171.08; exports, $4,816,686.09.

On Monday, January 14, as the sun in grand reflected radiance was sinking beneath the horizon of the great waters of the West, we embark on Captain Taylor's steamer *Maria Louisa*. She has a freight of eighty-five thousand gallons of pure water from Arica wells, bound for Iquique, distant one hundred and eight miles.

As we near our anchorage at Iquique on Tuesday morning, the 15th of January, Captain Taylor points to the wreck of a ship he lost there last year. This can hardly be called a harbor; it is a roadstead, protected on the south by a little island on which a steamship lies high on the rocks. She was anchored there quite unbroken by the tidal wave of the 9th of last May.

Captain T. introduced me to half a dozen leading gentlemen of Iquique, who gave me but little encouragement. All admitted the great need of a school, and some thought a preacher might do some good; but the thing had been tried in good times, and the result was utter failure, and now in these hard times it was all nonsense to attempt such a thing.

Iquique has a population of about twelve thousand. Its principal export is nitrate of soda, or saltpeter. It is brought from the coast range of mountains back of the town. The villages of Limena and La Noria, thirty-four miles distant, are large sources of supply. I visited those diggings, and the rocks that cover hundreds of acres of those dry mountains are of pure white salt.

Iquique was the place we had read about that was swallowed up by an earthquake in 1868. It was not indeed swallowed up, but it was terribly shaken to pieces; the tidal wave swept over a large portion of it, and of its thirteen thousand people it was supposed that one half of them were drowned. The town suffered terribly also by the earthquake of May, 1877. The people fled to the hills and escaped the tidal wave, but the kerosene lamps left burning in their houses were upset by the violence of the shocks and set the town on fire. There were three fire companies in the town, two German and one English. They rushed out with their engines to quench the flames. The tidal wave saved them that trouble, but swept away the engines and hose of both the German companies, and the English company made a very narrow escape.

The aggregate quantity of saltpeter exported from Iquique in 1876 was 7,050,764 quintals, valued at thirteen shillings per quintal, a round sum of over twenty-two millions of hard dollars ($22,033,637). Forty ships were at anchor in its harbor when I was there. I boarded twenty-eight of them one morning before breakfast. I can't say that I breakfasted very early that day. Most of them were large, first-class iron ships.

Ralph Garratt, a kind-hearted Canadian, who was the station master of the railroad.

extending nearly one hundred miles inland, secured for me a furnished room and a free welcome to his table. His family consisted of a kind, gentle Peruvian wife, four children, an African nurse, a Chinese cook, and seven dogs. Mr. G., with a religious education, had not heard preaching for sixteen years prior to my visit; not unwilling to hear, but how could he hear without a preacher? He was anxious for a school, and for preaching as well, and offered to subscribe liberally at the first mention of my mission.

The following is a copy of my proposal to the people of Iquique and of their reply:

"The city of Iquique being in need of an English school of high grade, for the education of the children of English, German, and the better class of Peruvian families in all the branches of a good English education and the classics, and also of a good Gospel minister for the English-speaking population, travelers, and seamen in this port, I propose to send hither a competent man combining in himself the twofold character of school-teacher and pastor. Religious creeds not to be interfered with nor taught in the school.

"I therefore respectfully ask gentlemen interested in this good enterprise to subscribe the sum of thirty-five pounds sterling, to pay his passage to Iquique, and a monthly subscription amounting to an aggregate of one hundred silver dollars per month for his support, until the school shall become self-supporting. Passage subscription to be paid by the middle of April of this year, the other monthly, after the arrival of the teacher. This agreement to cover a period of at least three years.

"Respectfully submitted,

"IQUIQUE, *January* 17, 1878. WIILLIAM TAYLOR."

"We, the undersigned, concur in Mr. Taylor's proposal, and agree to pay the sums we here subscribe, and do all else we can to make the undertaking a success.

"IQUIQUE, *January* 17, 1878."

This was followed by a record of fifty names, with subscriptions exceeding the amount required. The committee elected at a public meeting of the people were J. N. Satler, German Consul, treasurer; J. Martin, secretary; J. Nairn, Esq., collector for the city; Thomas Greenwood, collector in railway works and the harbor; Ralph Garratt to provide a place for religious services.

At our meeting at the British Consulate, Mr. Garratt was appointed to provide a preaching place for me during my sojourn in the town. He furnished the railway station with seats and lights, and I preached there on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of that week, and at 1 and 7:30 P. M. the following Sabbath. Our congregations did not exceed forty persons, but they were very attentive, and there was some awakening of real religious interest, like the outside melting of an iceberg. It required more time than I could command to secure a thorough soul-converting work.

The most striking incident of my visit to Iquique occurred on the evening of the 23d of January. Mr. G., a young Englishman struck by Gospel truth at my meetings, came at different times to have me talk to him and to pray for him. His wife was an interesting Chilian lady.

Well, on the evening of the 23d he was in my room; I talked to him about an hour and then prayed with him. Just as I was closing my prayer, while yet on my knees, the bottom seemed to be going out. The foundations of the earth were shaken, and it appeared as though the mountains might be carried into the midst of the sea.

My man sprang to his feet, saying, "We must get out of this."

"Never mind; I suppose it will be over soon."

"No; if we don't get out at once the door will be jammed, and then we can't get out."

With that he went and tried to open the door. It was already jammed, but by pulling and jerking he got it open and went out. I looked about the room and got my hat, and was going out of the door when I remembered what my friend had told me half an hour before about the earthquake of last May overturning the lamps and setting the town on fire; so I returned and blew out my candle. The motion meantime was that of sudden jolting, like a wagon on a corduroy road. When I got out into the veranda I had to go a distance of fifty feet to get to the stairs leading down and out. I could hardly keep on my feet. It was like walking the deck of a ship in a chopping sea in the Bay of Biscay. Descending the stairs I held on to the railing and thus kept up. My friend was waiting for me below. By the time I got onto the ground the violent shocks abated, followed by vibrations every few minutes. We already saw lights on the hills and others moving rapidly up. Every dog in town seemed to expect the engulfing sweep of the tidal wave, and with the people ran to the hills, making the darkness hideous with their barking.

A DANGEROUS SITUATION.
"I returned and blew out my candle."—Page 662.

Mr. G. said, "Excuse me; I must go and look after my wife and children."

I then walked up to Mr. Garratt's. He and his family, with the help of some of his watchmen, were busily engaged providing bedding, water, and provisions for lodging on the hills.

Said Mr. G., "This is heavier than the earthquake of last May, and the sea will be upon us in a quarter of an hour if we don't get away to the hills."

So I got my Bible and a wrapper and went with them. It was very dark, and, except for the hideous barking of the dogs, awfully quiet.

"Ah," said Mr. G., "this dreadful stillness precedes the tidal wave. It will sweep this town in ten minutes."

It was awful to think of forty ships grinding each other to pieces and dashing and breaking up amid the ruins of the town. Never having had my nerves shaken by such scenes before, I did not feel half the alarm that the residents manifested, but I quietly prayed to God to spare the town and the shipping. I thought of Abraham pleading for Sodom, and begged the Lord, if there were not ten righteous men in the place, possibly

there might be three, and to spare it for their sake; and if not three, then in mercy to give the place a chance to benefit by the ministry of the man of God to be sent to Iquique. We waited on the hill about an hour, when Mr. G. and I walked back. He stopped at his house, and I went to his office and met a number of leading gentlemen of the town. The earthquake had stopped the clock in the railway office at three minutes to 8 P. M., so we thus knew the exact time of the shocking event.

About 10 P. M. I went to my room and retired to bed. Happily the sea remained quiet, but all seemed to be painfully apprehensive of a recurrence, and perhaps the next time the earth might open her mouth and swallow the whole town.

I searched to see that I was wholly submitted to God, and quietly intrusted soul and body to the care of my Saviour. I could not call to mind one act of my life on which I could base any hope of heaven, but, sweetly resting my all in the hands of Jesus, I had sweet assurance that all was well. As I was dropping off to sleep I counted ten shocks that caused a creaking of the timbers of the building, but I soon fell asleep and waked up in the clear light of a peaceful morning.

After reaching New York, in June of 1878, I learned that Mr. J. Martin, secretary of our committee in Iquique, had collected and forwarded the requisite money for the passenger fares of such as I wished to send to the front. I accordingly appointed to the Iquique station Professor J. W. Collier, B.A., and made arrangements for him to sail late in July of that year.

CHAPTER XLIV.

From Valparaiso to Rio.

THE people of Iquique made ample provision for both educational and evangelistic work in that city.

I proceeded thence to lay the foundation of self-supporting missions at Antofagasta (population 10,000; export of saltpeter, value $3,045,870; of silver, $4,462,500); also in Caldera, Copiapo, Coquimbo, and Concepcion. We established a self-supporting seaman's union bethel in Valparaiso, where unhappy seamen might find a welcome. Minute details of this work may be found in my book entitled *Our South American Cousins.*

RECEIVING A HOMELESS SAILOR AT OUR BETHEL.
"Where unhappy seamen might find a welcome."—Page 664.

Valparaiso contains a population of about eighty thousand. It is the great commercial emporium of Chili. The number of sailing vessels entered in this port for the year 1876 was 784, and of steamers, 449; representing an aggregate capacity of 815,139 tons. It should be observed that many of the same vessels, especially of the steamships, are entered a number of times during the year.

The number of passengers arriving in this port during the year 1876 was 20,278; departures, 17,849, showing a gain of 2,429. Arrivals in 1877 were 19,317; departures, 15,133; excess of arrivals, 4,184.

By previous invitation I enjoyed a welcome at the residence of Rev. D. Trumbull, D.D. The doctor and his accomplished lady and family received and treated me as a brother beloved, and laid me under lasting obligations by their great kindness. When I preached for Dr. Trumbull in this city in 1849 he was an unmarried, ruddy, youthful-looking man. On my second visit to Valparaiso thirty years later I found the doctor at the head of a family of four daughters and two sons, all liberally educated in the United States. I copy from the doctor's paper, the *Record*, his account of his coming to Chili:

"In 1844 a request was forwarded to New York that a minister might come to this city to gather a congregation of English and American residents and seafaring men. The English consular chaplaincy had been established nine years previous. With a hope of benefiting foreigners as well as of ultimately reaching by such means the native population

a society called the Foreign Evangelical took up this request, offering their commission just as I was terminating my studies in preparation for the ministry. I had asked to be guided in selecting a field of Christian effort, and considered the indication providential. Being ordained for the ministry in Valparaiso in June, 1845, I sailed in August and arrived here on the 25th of December, Christmas Day."

When I preached for him he and his people worshiped in a rented hall. In 1855 he built his first church at a cost of fifteen thousand dollars, and in 1869 he built his final church at a cost for land of twenty-six thousand dollars, and for building of thirty-one thousand dollars.

Dr. Trumbull, however, puts it on record that "the first effective attempt to care for the religious welfare of foreign Protestants living in this city was made by adherents of the Church of England." So, Valparaiso being so well and so long preoccupied, I did not attempt to found a mission in that city; but Rev. Dr. Trumbull called my attention to the great need of a seamen's preacher for that port, and said, "If you will open a subscription for funds to bring out a good man to labor among the seamen of this port I will head the list." I knew that meant one hundred dollars.

I thanked him for his liberal proposal, but replied, "Doctor, the seamen are neither paupers nor heathens. If they want a preacher they are able to pay all the expenses. The way to interest seamen really in such an enterprise, and have a thing that will live, is to have it originate with them and be run by them. All we want on the land is a resident, trustworthy committee, consisting simply of a president, secretary, and a safe deposit for their funds, as an anchorage for seafaring workers while in port."

By this time I was rather committed to a test of the principle of utilizing the indigenous resources available in the fleet of Valparaiso.

I did not know a man in the fleet, and nobody seemed to have time or inclination to accompany me. So all alone on Friday afternoon, March 15, 1878, I got a 'longshore boat to put me aboard the nearest ship. My method was to introduce myself and explain the object of my visit and have the captain call his men aft. They did not stop to dress, and in five minutes I had a congregation. I sang a solo or two, and then distributed hymn books, and had good congregational singing, followed by a plain sermon of twenty minutes, and closed with prayer. I then explained our wish to appoint a man of God as seamen's preacher for that port. Then all who wished to have a share in the business came and wrote their names and amount of their donations in my book, to be paid over to the treasurer by the captain on account of his men.

Each captain sent me on in his boat to the next ship. I preached in the fleet on Sabbath evening and completed my subscription on Monday.

On Tuesday afternoon, March 19, we held a meeting of the captains, whose interest we had enlisted in the work, in the upper room of Williamson, Balfour & Co.'s store. Dr. Trumbull presided. After due deliberation they all agreed that my plan was perfectly plain and practicable, and unanimously adopted the articles of agreement I had submitted constituting the Valparaiso Seamen's Evangelical Society.

The meeting voted an appropriation of funds for the passage of the minister whom I should select and send, and that till further order he should be paid one hundred dollars per month for his support. They wished to give more, but I preferred to have all my men commence as low in the scale as one hundred dollars per month. There were over twelve hundred arrivals of ships in that port annually. If only ten of them per month would pay twelve dollars each they would sustain this simple, economical plan of work.

Arriving at Concepcion, February 22, 1878, I was welcomed to the spacious home and hospitality of William Laurence and his accomplished wife. They entertained me most cordially. They had emigrated from London to Concepcion thirty years before. As a leading merchant in the town, I depended on him to introduce me to the men of means. He appointed the forenoon of the 24th as the time for our effort. He was not hopeful of my success, and seemed reluctant to come to the scratch. But soon after noon he returned to his house, where I was waiting, and with him came Henry Bunster, Esq., to whom I had letters. Bunster was my providential man for that moment, and had come sixty miles from his home, on other business, to be sure, but the Lord arranged to have him help me. I gave him my letters and he at once recognized me. He was an old Californian, and had heard me preach on the plaza in San Francisco many times, and could never forget the scenes of those pioneer days in the history of San Francisco. I showed him my book, and he at once put down his name for fifty dollars. That struck a spark of hope in the heart of my kind host, and in ten minutes we were off to see what could be done. We called first on the intendente, the mayor, a noble native gentleman, and he unhesitatingly signed his name for fifty dollars.

MY WELCOME AT CONCEPCION.
"They entertained me most cordially."—Page 666.

Several leading native gentlemen subscribed each fifty dollars, and we should have easily raised one thousand dollars, the amount we asked to bring out the teachers and initiate the school work, but most of the men were absent on summer vacation.

John Slater, an American railway king, introduced me to men returning from their summer resorts, and we reached a figure that guaranteed success, and arranged to open a school, to commence with forty scholars, with good prospects of increase and permanence.

I was glad to meet with another old friend in Concepcion, Captain W. S. Wilson, and to make the acquaintance of his family. He was a nephew of Captain Wesley Wilson, who commanded the ship *Andalusia*, on which I and mine went to California in 1849. Captain W. S. Wilson ran the first sail vessel that ever went to Sacramento city; and on his second trip to that city took thither from the deck of the *Andalusia* the Baltimore-California chapel, which my Baltimore friends had framed and sent with me. The captain is married to a Baltimore lady, who came with her parents to Chili when a child. They have a large family, and are liberal patrons of our school.

I made a short visit to Talcahuana and preached twice one night aboard two ships. The shipmasters, Mr. Van Ingan, a merchant from the United States, and a wealthy native gentleman were all anxious that I should send them a missionary to teach school and

preach, giving part of his Sabbath services to the fleet, and pledged themselves for his support. Talcahuana is ten miles southwest of Concepcion, and its port of entry. The number of sailing vessels clearing in 1876 was 182; steamers, 163. Value of exports in that year, $8,613,164. It is the sea terminus of the Talcahuana, Concepcion, and Santiago Railroad, running a distance of three hundred and sixty-five miles through the great agricultural valleys of Chili, from Talcahuana to Santiago.

I took the cars in Concepcion for Santiago on Monday morning, the 4th of March. The skies were bright, the air balmy and bracing. The wheat harvests had been gathered, and the dry stubble fields gave the country a barren appearance, but this was relieved by the orchards and vineyards opening to view on every hand loaded with fruit.

I traveled that day one hundred miles to Chillan, and put up for the night at the French hotel. Chillan was then a town of twenty-two thousand population. There was no passenger train going northward next day; so my friend, Mr. C. H. Laurence, the railway paymaster, gave me permission to go with his assistant, Señor Cheveria, who went through to Talca—one hundred miles—with engine and tender, to pay monthly dues to all the employees on that section of the road.

Tuesday morning, the 5th, we rolled out about three miles to the river Nuble. The railway bridge across it, about a quarter of a mile in length, was swept away by the great floods from the Andes last June; indeed, they swept away all the bridges on the line from this place to Santiago. The Nuble is not large enough for steamboat navigation, but at its flood too large for the safety of any improvements within the breadth of its sweep. The new bridge was nearly finished. We walked across it amid a crowd of workmen hastening its completion. Here we got onto a much larger tender, run before the engine, so that we escaped the sparks and smoke. Our driver was a Mr. Allen, from Paterson, New Jersey. He had his wife and four children residing at Linaris, a town of six thousand people, on the line. He was taking his tea as we came up, and kindly gave me a horn, literally a pint of tea in a cow's horn. He kindly offered me bread, but having a supply I simply accepted the horn of tea with thanks. Now the real interest of the day began, the payment of dues to the railway employees. About every ten miles, where gangs of men were at work, the tender stopped. The men came running and each responded to the call of his name, and received his money. Common laborers were paid $12.60 per month; a grade higher, $15; foreman of gangs, $19; firemen, $60; drivers, $120. The scene can't be transferred to paper. Close by the paymaster stood a vulture-eyed fellow who every now and again grabbed a lot of the money. Just as it was passing into the hands of the hardy son of toil who earned it that fellow laid his hands on it and put it into his own pocket. There was one who had but two dollars of his fifteen left in his hands. There stood another with empty hands, and gazed at the man who pocketed his pay. His eyes said, "It is too bad, but what can I do?"

I said, "Mr. Allen, who is that man who is gobbling the pay of these poor fellows?"

"He is the boarding-house master."

"O, yes, I see. He's the man who gets the workmen round the board, ostensibly to eat, but really to drink up their wages before they are earned."

Our seeming thing of life blows its great whistle again, and we are off for another stage. The interest kept up all the way. The most popular man on the road was the paymaster. They all seem so delighted to see him. We crossed some of the rivers on a temporary side track, to be used till the bridges could be rebuilt; others, which were larger, we had to cross in boats, and take another tender and engine waiting for us on the farther side. We reached Talca about 3 P. M. and put up at Hotel de Colon.

Talca is a pretty town, near to a river. It contains a population of twenty-five thousand. There are a number of American and English families residing in Talca. I was cordially received by Mr. Holman, the miller, an American, and Mr. Bennett, the banker; but I did not propose to open a mission in Talca, as an American missionary was trying to plant a mission there. Later he left that field, and my people founded a college in Talca.

Wednesday morning, March 6, I took passage on a regular train, one hundred and sixty-five miles to Santiago, a city of one hundred and eighty thousand, and arrived at sunset of that day and put up at Hotel Oddo. After dinner I mounted the upper story of a street car and went for a call on Hon. Thomas A. Osborn, American Minister to Chili, who received me cordially. He was formerly Governor of the State of Kansas. He combines good abilities as a statesman with the modest, genial qualities of a gentleman and friend. He was well acquainted with Rev. D. P. Mitchell, of the South Kansas Conference, and other ministers who were particular friends of mine; so I spent a very pleasant hour with him.

Thursday, 7th, accompanied by Mr. Osborn I went to call on his excellency Señor Annibal Pinto, the president of the republic, who received me with great cordiality. Next to the president, the minister of justice and of public instruction for the nation, Señor Amunategui, was most hearty in expression of friendship for me and my work.

The president is a man of medium size, not corpulent, but in good condition, with smooth round features, keen black eyes, with an appearance of great amiability and kindliness of heart, and a model of simplicity. He was seated at his desk examining some documents as we entered, but arose and shook hands with us very cordially.

Mr. Osborn told him about me and my mission to his country, and that I had a letter of commendation from President Hayes. His expressions of pleasure, congratulation, and assurance of support in regard to the English schools I was preparing to found on the coast were very emphatic.

He inquired particularly about Señor Guillermo Laurence, of Concepcion, and other patrons of my work there. That is the city to which the president belongs, and his cousin, Major Pinto, is the treasurer of my school fund in Concepcion. After this conversation his excellency asked to see my letter from President Hayes, and read it over with close attention, evidently not on my account, but because it was from the hand of the president of the great republic. We did not ask or desire any government funds for the support of our work, simply recognition and cooperation on the principle of business equivalents.

In my long journeyings from place to place in foreign countries and during my voyages at sea I recall many pleasing incidents and reminiscences out of my past work. On my way to Santiago there comes into my mind what happened when I was riding in the rail cars one day in India. I fell into conversation with an intelligent Roman Catholic, and as I was older than he I invited him to hear me for my cause.

"Very good, sir," said he, "I will listen with pleasure."

I proceeded to give him a conversational sermon by the way, teaching him about the animal nature that is in us; about the soul with its instincts and appetencies; about the higher spiritual nature that unites us with God; and in particular about the Bible, the book of God. I showed him how the Bible is to the soul what the light of day is to the natural eye; that there must be a book of spiritual revelation to the inner man; and then recounted my own experiences with respect to the Bible. I told him that I had found that the Bible is the only book that sets up any tenable claim to be of divine authority. I elaborated on the commandments, and then on the New Testament doctrine, with the

A BAR TO HOMES AND HOPES.

"But really to drink up their wages before they are earned."—Page 667.

revelation of God in Jesus Christ as the Saviour of men; and so on until the journey was ended. When the train stopped and I arose to leave, my Roman Catholic friend grasped my hand, with tears in his eyes, and said, "It is a most fortunate circumstance that I came on this train and fell in with a man like you. I never heard such good news before. I am sure I shall never forget your words, and I am greatly obliged for your kindness in telling me these things." My heart was full of love and sympathy for him. I learned afterward that he received Jesus, and testified to a personal experience of salvation in him.

Santiago was not then ready for the introduction of my work. The English people were committed somewhat to a Church of England minister stationed there at the time, and Mr. Osborn, a true friend of our work, advised that it would be safer for our cause to wait for a change in the local condition of things. I concurred in that judgment, and did nothing there but spy out the country. About a year later, when we needed new fields in which to plant our fleeing refugees from Peru, the English minister resigned his charge in Santiago and returned to England. When he went out our man La Fetra, from Valparaiso, went in, and after that a congregation and a college in Santiago were established and were run by my people. They had regular preaching services and a Sunday school. The Santiago Female College was founded by Miss Addie Whitfield, who became the wife of Rev. Ira H. La Fetra, so that the superintendency of the institution devolved on the two of them from its foundation.

A CATHOLIC AUDIENCE OF ONE.

"I told him that I had found that the Bible is the only book."—Page 668.

On the 24th of March I embarked at Coquimbo on the Pacific Steamship Navigation Company's steamer *Lontera*, eighteen hundred and forty-eight tons register. I spent a few days with my brother at Callao, and gave him help in his arduous work. He is an able Gospel preacher, and had an interesting work of salvation among the English-speaking people of that city. I sailed thence for Panama, three thousand miles from Valparaiso, April 30, 1878, spent one day in Aspinwall, and got a subscription of eighty-six dollars per month toward the support of a minister to labor in that needy field.

My whole fare home, first-class, cost a little less than my outward passage in the steerage. I arrived in New York on the 3d of May, six months and sixteen days from the date of my departure for South America. During my brief absence, by the mercy of God I traveled about eleven thousand miles, and opened the twelve centers of educational and evangelizing work described in these pages. On my visit to the Boston University, a few days before my departure, I requested Rev. A. P. Stowell, one of the graduating students, to act as my recruiting sergeant for the enlistment of first-class workers for South America. During the first week after my arrival Professor Stowell sent me the names of eight candidates who were ready for orders. I felt a desire that, in addition to all other qualifications for their work, they should be singers and teachers of vocal music. It turned out that

they all, in that, as in everything else, were just the men for this most delicate and difficult work. The ladies, too, were well educated, experienced teachers in all desired branches of education, including instrumental music.

I said to one of our elect ladies, "Are you willing to go to Panama and teach school for the Jamaica people?"

"Yes, Brother Taylor, I will go anywhere."

"They are a people despised by some white folks who derisively call them 'Jamaica niggers.' Will you share their reproach and teach their children?"

THE CONSECRATION OF A LIFE.
"Yes, Brother Taylor, I will go anywhere."—Page 672.

"Certainly I will, if you decide to send me there."

I added, "But, my dear sister, it has the reputation of being a very sickly place. In the construction of the Panama Railroad it is said that three thousand workmen died in making the first seven miles of it. In attempting to drive piles to secure a foundation for the road they dropped in a shipload before they found occasion to use the hammer of the pile-driver. Each pile as it was let go slipped through out of sight; they could scarcely see the place where it went down. So I don't know how many missionaries may have to be dropped in there in preparing the way of the Lord. Can you risk your life in such a place?"

"Yes, Brother T., I'm not afraid; I will go to Aspinwall or to any place to which you assign me."

That was Miss Sallie Longley, and I sent her to a fine healthy place.

I wrote Miss Lelia H. Waterhouse, daughter of one of our New England ministers, an educated, accomplished young lady, who had offered herself for our South American work, "that in our poverty of financial resources my workers would have to go as steerage passengers."

She replied, "I am very glad that Jesus is so kind, for I am strengthless. He will never break the bruised reed. He surrounds my life with his love as with a mantle. He fills my heart with his abiding presence. In all my experience he has never allowed anything to come upon me more than I can bear. He knows how to adjust everything so nicely. I go forward to my seed sowing without a shadow of fear in my heart. Does not perfect love cast out fear? Why should I fear? It is blessed to trust. My box leaves to-day for New York."

She was ready to embark as a steerage passenger for South America, and wrote further, saying, "Why should I fear hardships? My Jesus had not where to lay his head. I have always fared better than that. He became poor, and I through his poverty became rich; he wandered footsore and weary, with no resting-place, and through those

wanderings millions have found rest. Do you suppose that he is sorry now as he sits by his Father and sees throng after throng of white-robed ones kneel before him? Is he sorry that he knew what it was to be poor and hungry and tired and misunderstood and mocked and crucified? He groaned beneath a weight of sin that I might go sinless and free. He had no home in order that I might have a shining mansion. It seems to me that if I had ten thousand lives they would be none too many to consecrate to his service. I do not say this to boast. It comes from a full heart. 'My highest place is lying low at my Redeemer's feet.'"

These are specimens of the sort of missionaries the Lord gave me for South America. To fill my first order to supply the twelve new fields I had opened I required twelve men and six women. I had just returned from my pioneering tour on the west coast, and had not a dollar of passage money in hand. I refused to receive money, either for passage or support. I had confidence in the committees I had organized at the front. I wrote a book on my homeward voyage entitled *Our South American Cousins*, giving the facts in detail, illustrative of the whole movement so far. I had my book in press before I had received a cent of passage money. Satan accused me of being the greatest fool out of the lunatic asylum for involving such risks on the faith of committees composed of Roman Catholics, and of English traders, who are more nervous with fear of foreign intrusion, which might affect their business, than are the educated Romanists themselves. I had faith in God, and faith in man. Treat a man as a dog and he will bite you, unless he in Christian meekness returns good for evil, and makes you feel like a cur kicked for snapping at its master. I had a dozen classically educated candidates nearly ready to sail before a cent of money came to hand.

The first draft I received—and it came in due time—was from my purely Roman Catholic patrons of Tacna, Peru, passage for man and wife, amounting to $436.95. Meantime I arranged after my return to send a young lady music teacher to Tacna, additional to the man and his wife.

The same mail that brought the check from Tacna brought a letter from the chairman of my committee at Concepcion, stating that he feared that the movement would raise a row between the two great political parties of the country, and, being a merchant, his business would be imperiled, and, therefore, he had ordered my collector not to collect the subscriptions. That slip indicated plainly the necessity of a transit fund at home; and from that time I allowed friends who desired to do so to give something for the passage of my missionaries; and I hurried round and sold books and managed to get enough for steerage passage for my learned and refined people.

I sent a man and two ladies to Concepcion. Their arrival was a great surprise to my English friends in that city; their astonishment was equaled only by their indignation against me for sending them teachers after receiving the letter foreclosing the whole movement, as they supposed.

My missionary man replied, "You can look at your subscription book and articles of agreement with California Taylor, a plain business transaction between two parties, which cannot honorably be dissolved without consent of both parties. Mr. Taylor has so far fulfilled his part of the agreement, and expects you, as gentlemen of business integrity, to fulfill your part. When the intendente or mayor of the city, who had, on my application, subscribed fifty dollars, heard of two Englishmen who had subscribed fifty dollars each and had declined to pay it, he said, "Put me down for one hundred and fifty dollars. This thing has got to go in." It went in.

My work in India meant my own direct evangelizing work, till by the power of God, according to his Gospel, I succeeded in organizing self-supporting churches, ready at once to receive and support the pastors required.

In South America, owing to my limited time and the amount of track-laying work essential to great success, especially among the natives, the opening of a field meant a very different thing. I had to work my way right in, book in hand, containing a written proposal of what I wished to do, with articles of agreement to be signed by the people, with the amount of money they would pledge—first, to pay the outward passage of the missionaries, and, second, the amount to be paid monthly for their support. As before stated, I refused in every case to handle a dollar of their money. For more than thirty years I paid my own expenses and wrought for the love of God and souls without any compensation from men.

To give a history in detail of my missions in South America, and of the labors of the heroic men and women who have put into them the prime of their lives, and in a number of cases life itself, would require a large volume. Having named the mission fields open in Peru and Chili, it remains for me to give some illustrative facts in regard to the pioneer men and women we sent out from the United States.

TACNA, PERU. I appointed Rev. A. P. Stowell, Mrs. Stowell, and Miss Cora B. Benson to Tacna.

During the first year they made a good success in school work, for which they received twenty-five hundred dollars, but they wrought too hard. Brother Stowell, a rugged, powerful man when he graduated in theology from the Boston University, was taken down with pneumonia, and was told by the doctors that he must die. He said, "If I must die, I prefer to die at sea." Sister Stowell was also sick, but not thought to be dangerously ill. Dear Brother Stowell was carried on a stretcher, and laid on a bed in the rail car, prepared by his native friends, and conveyed thirty-nine miles by rail to Arica, and four men carried him aboard ship and laid him down to die, but on the voyage he rallied and rapidly improved. Dear Sister Stowell, however, became very ill. She had weak lungs and consumptive tendencies, and now she went into a rapid decline. I providentially met them in New York, heard the report of their work, and helped them in their homeward journey. Two weeks after Sister Stowell got back to her mother's she died in the Lord, and went to her heavenly home. She was a lovely Christian woman.

Sister Cora B. Benson became private tutor in the family of a member of our Board of Education, and remained in Tacna for a couple of years or more, till, in consequence of the war, the family she was in had to leave Peru and take refuge in Chili, and Cora returned to her home in Boston.

Immediately after the return home of Mr. and Mrs. Stowell I sent Professor Humphrey and wife to resume the work in Tacna. They got through Arica the day before that port was closed by the blockading fleet of Chili. They had a successful term in school, and received two hundred dollars per month for services rendered. By that time the armies of Chili were advancing for the siege of Tacna, so that by mutual consent of my school board and the teachers it was thought best to postpone the reopening till the war should close. Brother and Sister Humphrey, noble Christian workers, went to Chili and labored in our college work there till, on account of failing health, they returned to their home in the United States.

IQUIQUE. I stationed at that great and growing town Rev. J. W. Collier. He wrought like an Apollos, both in teaching and preaching. I sent his sister Edith to assist

him. That was then the most promising field we had in South America, but to escape the big guns of Chili they had to get out as quickly as they could. So they went to Chili and opened a new field at Lota, some three hundred miles south of Valparaiso. They were succeeding in Lota, but Dr. Trumbull, of Valparaiso, was taken ill, and his people voted him a year's leave of absence and called Brother Collier to supply his place, which he did. Sister Edith held the fort alone at Lota for many months. She joined class in Concepcion, and though she had to go thirty miles to class meeting she was in regular attendance. She afterward gave up Lota and became a teacher in our college in Santiago, and after a term of good service she died with the smallpox, but fell asleep, O, so sweetly, in the arms of Jesus! She was beloved by all who knew her.

ANTOFAGASTA. A very important field, both for preaching and for school work. I stationed there A. T. Jeffrey, B.A., and his good wife, who were getting a fair start in their work when he was taken ill, and before he recovered sufficiently for work the place became so involved in the war that they were obliged to leave. They went to Chili and did good work. Antofagasta then belonged to Bolivia, but fell to Chili by the war settlement, as Iquique was lost to Peru. My stations in Peru and Bolivia were by far the most promising fields we had at the beginning, and all were open to Gospel preaching except one, but we lost the whole of them by the war. Thirteen of our missionaries, driven out by the storms of war, went on to Chili and found ample employment and adequate support.

COPIAPO, CHILI. I stationed there Rev. Lucius C. Smith, B.A., and his wife. He learned to preach in the Spanish language in nine months, besides his school work and regular English preaching. In a few months his wife went down under typhoid fever and died. It was a very healthy town, not troubled with fevers, but the Lord took the dear sister to heaven. Lucius was nearly crushed with bereavement and desolation.

His widowed sister, Mrs. Vasbinder, also a B.A., promptly volunteered to go and assist her bereaved brother in his work, and I sent her. Then our exiles from Lima, Brother and Sister Gilliland, joined them in Copiapo.

Later Brother Smith married again. The five of them in the field pushed the battle grandly.

Miss Whitfield, founder and preceptress of our female college in Santiago, in a letter to my secretary, Mrs. Anderson Fowler, speaking of the work at Copiapo, says: "Mr. Smith, one of Mr. Taylor's men, is doing a grand work among the natives. He spoke and preached in their language perfectly in ten months. He is a magnificent man, counting nothing a sacrifice. He has won over very many to the Protestant faith."

Much good was done at Copiapo, but its silver mines, its main dependence, failed, and our principal supporters moved away. Nevertheless Mrs. Vasbinder, as principal, with several missionary helpers from America, carried on the work in Copiapo for several years with the best soul-saving success of any of the west coast stations; but the health of Mrs. Vasbinder and of her principal helpers failed, and they returned home, and I sent a new man from America to take charge at Copiapo, but its resources had become so reduced that he ate up our house and school furniture and left the field. The work in Copiapo was spread by a Wesleyan local preacher, and that work, run by unpaid agency, went on in spite of the coming or going of missionaries. Rev. Dr. Trumbull's Presbyterian missionaries abandoned Copiapo after two or three years of service before my arrival, and the doctor gave cheerful consent to our occupancy of the field; so when we retired they resumed it and we concurred.

COQUIMBO, containing a population of about thirteen hundred, is the principal commercial center of the province of the same name, containing a population of fifty-eight thousand, of whom eight hundred are English. I stationed Rev. J. W. Higgins, B.A., a single man, at Coquimbo. He opened up a field for a big circuit but no school work at the start, but labored hard there as a minister for three years. Near the end of that term he wrote to me, saying, "You made a wise selection of a committee. They have raised the money themselves, paid all the running expenses, paid up my salary, and have fifteen hundred dollars in the church treasury, and one hundred dollars more in the Sunday school treasury."

Many persons professed conversion under the able ministry of Brother Higgins. He organized fellowship bands, Sunday school, and prayer meetings, but did not see his way to attempt the organization of a Methodist church. I organized our church there in 1883. Miss Rachel Holding was the founder of our female school in Coquimbo and ran it successfully for several years, and then returned to the United States to fulfill a marriage engagement.

VALPARAISO SEAMEN'S WORK. I appointed to this charge Rev. Ira H. La Fetra, B.A. He did a good work there for about a year and got an adequate support, and then gave place to our refugee from Bolivia, Rev. A. T. Jeffrey, and entered our anticipated opening in Santiago.

I supplied the Seamen's Bethel work in Valparaiso for a period of four or five years by the two ministers just named and by Rev. Oscar Krouser. Then Dr. Trumbull associated it permanently with his own church work.

CONCEPCION. I appointed to our work in that important field Rev. William A. Wright, Ph.B., and two young ladies, Sallie Longley and Lelia H. Waterhouse. Our mission there had severe reverses, not from any lack on the part of our native friends and patrons, but by sickness of one and necessary subsequent absence of another. The health of Miss Longley, who had become Mrs. Wright, having broken down by disease and hard work, Brother Wright and she had, greatly against their will, to return to the States in about a year from the time they went out.

Miss Lelia H. Waterhouse remained and worked and prayed, and by her heroic faith carried the movement through all its struggles and perils for nearly four years; but on account of broken-down health she returned to the United States. If the Lord has sent out a more genuine missionary to any land in the last hundred years than Lelia H. Waterhouse the fact has not come to my notice.

After Brother Wright and wife retired from this field, I appointed missionaries at different periods, according to the demands of the work—Rev. A. T. Jeffrey, A.M., and wife, Rev. G. M. Jeffrey, B.A., Misses Esther L. Spink, Martha Boyce, and Mary E. Elkins.

From the beginning of the work in Concepion we had regular preaching, Sunday school, and class meetings, and at different times some very clear conversions to God.

SANTIAGO. Within a year from my first visit to that city the anticipated opening for a missionary, to which Hon. Mr. Osborn called my attention, was, as before stated, occupied by Rev. I. H. La Fetra, and before he had been there a year I sent Miss Addie H. Whitfield to found our female college there. In the early period of this work Miss Whitfield wrote my secretary, Mrs. Anderson Fowler, as follows, dated August 13, 1882. She says: "The bishop was here. I think he was greatly pleased with the educational work we had begun, but at first did not seem to trace any very direct religious bearing. The educational work itself is a grand one, but I believe with further development of our

Church that not only the enlightening but religious influence of our work will soon be widely felt. I believe ere long there will be in attendance on our services some of our most liberal-minded patrons; and, as our students become familiar with the English language, especially our boys, they will go and hear for themselves.

"If God prospers us I believe it is the work of the near future to convert many of these well-educated people to the true faith. Through the upper classes, among whom we work, the lower classes will be reached, never the upper classes through the lower."

Paul, as I have said, began with the upper classes and thus reached all; the missionary societies begin with the lower, and don't get on so fast. They are the grandest of charity institutions, but the self-supporting men of the nations are not objects of charity.

GUAYAQUIL, the capital port of Ecuador. On my first tour I arranged by a subscription of ample funds for the support of a missionary there, and appointed a good young man, a graduate of Syracuse University, but his health failed and he felt obliged to return home.

ASPINWALL. I appointed to that most deadly and most needy field Rev. C. A. Birdsall, B.A., and Lillie, his wife. He was a hero ready for any good work in this world. He was not, however, sufficiently afraid of that treacherous climate. He went right in, preaching three times each Sabbath, morning and night, in the city, and in the afternoon at Monkey Hill, walking through malarious burning heat two miles out and back, making pastoral calls by the way. He succumbed and died within a period of four months. When dying he said to Lillie, his wife, "Go back to Berea and complete a course in college, and go again into Brother Taylor's work."

She went to school there for a time, and I sent her to India, she paying half of her own expenses out. She did good work in our Calcutta girls' school, and became the wife of Rev. O. Shreves, our minister stationed then in Poonah, India. She was a faithful witness for the Saviour.

Immediately after the death of Brother Birdsall I sent to take his place Rev. E. L. Latham, of the Providence Conference. He organized a Methodist church of forty or fifty members, and by funds raised partly there and partly at home he built a large house suitable for meetings and school on lower floor, and residence of the minister and family above, all at a cost of about two thousand five hundred dollars. After three years of successful service there he was followed by Rev. B. S. Taylor, of the Troy Conference. He dashed in under high pressure, teaching the school commenced in Brother Latham's time a few hours daily, keeping up all the regular preaching appointments in the city and at Monkey Hill, and running special revival services in a big tent four nights per week. He was a graduate of Middletown, a holy man, an eloquent preacher, but of killing, consuming zeal. He was stricken with fever and went down to the gates of death. The doctors gave him up as a hopeless case, and my man for Panama, Rev. Richard Copp, stood over him day and night applying simple remedies, and, by the mercy of God, pulled him through. He and his family returned home.

PANAMA, an old native city of ten thousand population, one thousand West India colored people with a sprinkling of English and American. Brother Copp had served over a year in Panama before Brother Taylor left, and then took the oversight of the work both in Panama and Aspinwall, and supplied a large congregation in each town, had scores of members in his classes, visited the sick, buried the dead, and did a stupendous work both in measure and might; after ten or a dozen years of that hard service his health gave way, and he retired from the field. Then the work was carried on for a few years by a West India

colored man. Most of our hearers in those two hard fields were West India Africans, who were true to us as long as we could have competent white men to serve them as pastors; but after a while they applied to the Wesleyans for a regular minister, and a man was sent who took up the work, and the work, I am told, is being pushed successfully; and we say, Amen!

San José, Costa Rica. I arranged for opening a mission in that beautiful town and appointed John E. Wright, B.A., as missionary. He did a good work, got a good support, sent to California for a young lady who joined him in school work and became his wife. Wright's work for several years had been purely ministerial, but the two of them, with another lady from California, soon developed an important school work; but his wife got out of health, and he took her back to the healthy climate of California, where within a few weeks she left him a widower.

Grey Town, Nicaragua. Brother Latham left Aspinwall to open a mission in Grey Town. He was kindly received by the people, but being heavily worked and worn he suddenly left his new field and returned to the United States.

Para, Brazil. It was a city of about thirty thousand inhabitants, the commercial emporium of the Amazon. It is located on the south bank of Para River, about eighty miles distant from the Atlantic Ocean.

I went there in June, 1880, and took with me Rev. Justus H. Nelson, M.A., and his wife. I stopped there a couple of weeks and opened the way for a college for the natives, there being no English families in that city, though some English business men. Brother Nelson went on to build up a fine institution for God and Methodism. I sent Miss Hattie Curtis, from Michigan, to assist him.

In June, 1881, I sent additional recruits to Para—Rev. John N. Nelson, B.A., brother of Justus, Miss Hattie Batchelder, a graduate of Kent's Hill College, Maine, and Miss Clare Blunt, a graduate in music from the same institution. Brother Nelson wrote repeatedly that he was delighted with his new workers, for they were "eating the Portuguese language and going in splendidly."

Within less than a year his college building and all his schoolbooks and furniture were burned. His brother, John Nelson, and the wife of James Nelson, and Miss Hattie Batchelder, were swept away by the yellow fever, and Justus H. and wife were left in desolation. He gave up his school work, except to teach certain hours in the government schools, and devoted himself to preaching the Gospel. He and his heroine wife have maintained their ground. He suffered imprisonment for months for expressing himself too freely about some old saint. His work is almost entirely among the natives, who speak the Portuguese language. He had an organized Methodist church of between thirty and forty members when I heard last from them. He has also opened and manned a mission at Manaos, a thousand miles up the Amazon.

I thought the dear Nelson family, in Appleton, Wisconsin, would be crushed almost to despair by this bereavement; but soon I received a letter from a still younger brother, James Willet Nelson, saying, "I suppose that you have heard that Hattie Batchelder and brother John have been promoted, and John's place is vacant. If you have no better man to put into it than I am, send me. I would like to stay and graduate next spring, but a diploma is nothing compared with the demands of the work of God in Para, so I can be ready to start on short notice. Father and mother both consent to my going. Father wept when I first talked to him about it. He said, "It is like filling up the broken ranks in battle, but if you feel it your duty, my son, go, and may God bless you!"

Soon after this letter from James Willet, I received a letter from Justus H. Nelson, his brother, at Para, saying that the survivors of their party were all well, and that the work was prospering, and that they could hold the fort and give the time needed to secure good helpers for him. So I wrote James Willet to remain and finish his college course and go out in May. Meantime he selected a good assistant teacher to accompany him, and she went as his wife. They sailed from New York for Para on the 20th of May, 1882.

PERNAMBUCO, a maritime city of one hundred thousand population. I opened a fine prospect for a mission in that city and appointed several very strong men to man it, but they set their plow too deep, and what with sickness and discouragement they all left except George B. Nind, son of Sister Mary Nind. He was an educated, devotedly pious young man, and a fine musician and music teacher. He was in that work ten or twelve years, teaching music to individuals and in the colleges, and preaching every Sabbath in the streets and parks. Meantime he married a Miss Nelson, sister to Justus H., John, and James. Being young and not an ordained minister, he did not feel able to organize a church. Finally his wife's health failed and they returned home.

GOOD START FOR A YOUNG MISSIONARY.

"He selected a good assistant teacher to accompany him, and she went as his wife."—Page 679.

I arranged for opening Maranham and Bahia, but did not succeed in manning them.

Rio de Janeiro, the capital of the empire, is a very great city stretching over hollows, hills, and mountain slopes. In prospecting this city I found that the English field for missions was preoccupied. I had not the time at command to make definite arrangements for a school, but secured the cooperation of able men resident there to assist any whom I might send to get a footing.

I had a pleasant interview with the Emperor Dom Pedro, and explained the object of my mission and my measure of success in arranging for work in his country.

He said, "Cannot you furnish me these things in writing, so that I may give them due consideration?"

"Yes, your majesty; I have the pleasure of placing in your hands a copy of my prospectus and articles of agreement with the people of Para, Pernambuco, and Bahia."

I then put the documents, beautifully written in the Portuguese language on clear, thick paper, into his hands. So in those countries we have done nothing in a corner.

I returned third-class from Rio de Janeiro to New York in a small but new, strong steamer. We passed through two hurricanes that sunk most of the ships in the West India waters. We had no bulwarks except light iron balustrading, and the great seas rolled right across our deck. I said one day to a sailor, "How did you get through from the after cabin to the forecastle?"

"O, I came over at low tide?"

I spent much of my time on top of the cook's galley above the sweep of the seas that threatened to engulf our ship, and wrote a book on baptism. It has had a wide circulation, and has been used by the divine Teacher for the enlightenment of many who were troubled on that subject.

By our official report for 1881, three years after our commencement in Peru, we may plainly see that God was leading, and that his workers in this difficult field were succeeding. The following is but an index of the work and the workers at that period of their progress. In 1881 our missions and missionaries were as follows:

Chili: Copiapo, Lucius C. Smith, Mrs. Lucius C. Smith, Mrs. Vasbinder, J. P. Gilliland, Mrs. J. P. Gilliland; Coquimbo, J. W. Collier, Mrs. J. W. Collier, Miss Rachel Holding; Valparaiso, Oscar Krouser, Mrs. Oscar Krouser; Santiago, I. H. La Fetra, Millard Lemon, W. A. Wright, Mrs. W. A. Wright, Miss Addie H. Whitfield, Professor Farwell, Miss Lizzie Kipp, Miss Kinsman, Miss Ogden, Miss Lizzie Holding; Concepcion, A. T. Jeffrey, Mrs. A. T. Jeffrey, George M. Jeffrey, Miss Esther L. Spink, Miss Martha Boyce, Miss Mary E. Elkins.

United States of Colombia: Panama and Aspinwall, Richard Copp, Professor Rouse.

Central America: San José, John E. Wright; Grey Town, E. L. Latham.

Brazil: Para, J. H. Nelson, Mrs. J. H. Nelson, J. W. Nelson, Mrs. J. W. Nelson, Miss Clare Blunt, Walter Gregg; Pernambuco, W. T. Robinson, Mrs. W. T. Robinson, G. W. Martin, Mrs. G. W. Martin, G. B. Nind, F. F. Roose, Mrs. F. F. Roose.

From an official report of our school work of Chili District for the year 1892, made to Bishop Newman, I extract the following facts and figures, indicating the measure of the movement before it was added to the work of the Missionary Society:

	STUDENTS.	GROSS RECEIPTS.		STUDENTS.	GROSS RECEIPTS.
Talca College	94	$7,597 40	Coquimbo	63	$4,930 45
Santiago	305	43,460 45	Serena	71	1,961 00
Iquique	210	22,446 30			
Concepcion	214	25,531 96	Total	957	$105,927 56

The land and buildings free from debt are held in trust for our Church by our Transit and Building Fund Committee. Their estimated value in gold is two hundred thousand dollars. A portion of this property value came from the net profits of our school work; the larger proportion came through our Transit and Building Fund, from our friends and patrons, especially from the munificence of my old friends Richard Grant and Anderson Fowler. All these institutions are centers of evangelistic work among the Spanish-speaking people. Our evangelists whom we train and send out are of the same race and language. Dr. Kanut is called the Martin Luther of Chili. He says that when a student in a Jesuit college he "became acquainted with California Taylor on his first visit to Chili, and from his plain talk and testimony to the saving power of Jesus I was led to surrender myself to God and to receive Jesus Christ, and was saved. I completed my college course of study, then took a medical course, and finally gave myself up to the Gospel ministry." He was stoned while preaching in the streets of the city of Serena. He picked up some of

the stones hurled at him, and said to the mob that he would have them built into the walls of a Methodist church.

Some will say, "What about the failures and abandonment of stations partly opened?" We were compelled to suspend organized work in a number of places from causes before indicated, but we did work for God in every field we entered, even for a short time. It was a great work to open such fields and bring light and love to the people, who to this day, so far as I can learn, speak kindly about us, and would welcome us back, and we or others expect to go back and to be kindly received through the doors we opened. The light of eternity will reveal the fact that we did a good, soul-saving work for God in Callao and other fields which I have not named in this showing, where we did not attempt church organization. My brother preached in Callao nearly a year, Brother Gilliland and wife wrought a good part of a year in Lima, where there was a congregation of over forty, and Brother J. Baxter and wife labored over three years in Callao and saw good results, and were supported by the people saved. Finally, on account of failing health, he retired, and our Missionary Society took up that work.

If an ambassador for Christ tarries but for a night in a neglected field he leaves a blessing to some needy soul.

I sent two German missionaries to the German colonies in southern Chili. They wrought there for several years and got many Germans converted. My men became overworked and ill and returned to the United States, but the fruit of their labors remained. All my missionaries in South America are, and were from the beginning, supported by the people whom they served, but received liberal help from home for the purchase of school outfit and land, and the erection of schoolhouses and houses for Gospel preaching and religious worship.

I will add a few incidents that recur in the retrospect relative to my missionary labors in South America. One of my fellow-pioneer missionaries in California was Dr. J. A. Swaney. He was subsequently employed for six years on the coasts of Peru and Chili, where he served as chaplain for the American Seamen's Friend Society. It was he who first interested me especially in the South American field; and by him I was greatly helped in the very difficult task laid upon me by the Holy Spirit of planting self-supporting missions in that great country. I was also aided by the President of the United States, who kindly sent me, over his own address and signature, a letter of introduction and commendation to the good people of South America. It came about on this wise:

My old friend Chauncey Shaffer, Esq., of New York, was pleading a case before the United States Supreme Court in Washington, and, meeting with President Hayes, told him of my contemplated visit to South America to open fields for educational and evangelical work. The President replied that he had been well acquainted with Mr. Taylor's work for many years past. That letter met an emergency when I needed a friend, just the time I always get special help from God, often, as in this case, through unanticipated agency. I never thought of applying to the President of the United States for a letter. I applied to our Church authorities on behalf of South America, and tendered my services without any cost to the Church; but they seemed to think that the time had not come, so that I had to proceed wholly on my own responsibility, as I had done in India, not breaking any law of the Church, but proceeding so far beyond organized lines or established precedent as to be considered "out of order." Having no authority from Church or State to proceed on a mission to South America, this unofficial letter of friendship was very opportune.

My brother Archie and I labored together in Callao two months, occupying the vacant pulpit of the "Union Chapel," and gathered up a band of Christians and seekers of salvation of over twenty, which met weekly in the private residences of the English-speaking people. The machine shops of the Pacific Steamship Navigation Company, located in Callao, sustain a population of several hundred English-speaking people, among whom was a Mrs. Peterson, who made it her daily business to visit the native families and distribute among them Padre Vaughan's *Version of the New Testament*. She was also in the habit of visiting the nunneries and hospitals. One day while I was there she went to hear the bishop and had a long talk with him about Jesus and salvation, which he received kindly, and said that he would get Padre Vaughan to supply her with all the Testaments she could distribute. He was a Roman Catholic bishop and she was a Swedish Lutheran. They were working jointly along the points of agreement, not the points of disagreement.

Union Chapel was founded and mainly built by an American of the United States, William Wheelwright, of Valparaiso, founder of the Pacific Steamship Navigation Company. Dr. Swaney was named by Mr. Wheelwright as its pastor; indeed, it was built for him, but he returned to the United States before it was completed. Its pulpit has been supplied for years by an English clergyman, but was vacant when we arrived. My brother, as I have said, occupied the pulpit of Callao for the space of nearly a year.

When Satan saw that I would succeed in founding self-supporting missions in South America he got very angry, and moved one of his servants to kill me. My brother is a practical and scientific geologist, and for our needful exercise we often strolled on the south beach of Callao, gathering rare geological specimens of volcanic rocks.

On the morning of December 17, 1877, as we sat by the seashore, we saw about half a mile east of us a trooper dash up to the bluff, followed by armed foot soldiers. They came by, two and two, about every hundred yards, evidently intending to cover the whole line of coast back to the city.

As we sat watching their movements, not suspecting personal peril, two soldiers with their breech-loading rifles came to the bluff opposite, and distant from us about forty yards. They halted and stood looking at us. In a few moments two more came to view west of us and distant about seventy-five yards. As soon as they caught sight of us one of them, an intoxicated Indian, cocked his rifle and in a half-bent position, with his gun elevated ready for an aim, ran down the ridge of rubble stones toward us till he reached more level standing ground, and then stopped and took aim at us. We sprang to our feet and held up our hands to show him that we had nothing and were unarmed. He then ran about ten steps toward us and took aim from his knee. Not satisfied with that chance for a sure shot, he ran about ten steps nearer and aimed at us again, and then about ten steps still nearer, bringing the savage within thirty steps of us. There, with a rest from his knee and as deliberate an aim as a soldier maddened with rum can take, he leveled his rifle at us. His fellow and the two soldiers opposite stood looking to see him shoot one or both of us dead on the spot.

I saw from their look and attitude that if we should attempt either to run or to resist the whole quaternion of them would fire at us. This was all the work of a minute. I could not get my nerves shaken with fear in so short a time, but I thought fast. I did not believe that God would deliver either of us to the bloody and deceitful men, but I had to do something, so I advanced rapidly on the Indian aiming at us. I curved a little to the left to avoid his direct range and crossed with quick steps to the right, passing the muzzle of his gun but a few feet distant, to give me vantage ground for seizing him. When

nearly within arm's length he sprang to his feet and I grasped the barrel of his rifle. My impulse was to wrest it from his hands and throw it into the sea and lay him level with the ground, and I knew I had the power to do it; but I felt certain in such a defense of myself the other savages would fire on me, so as quietly as possible I simply controlled his gun so that he could not shoot either of us. Meantime I said, "Amigos, amigos"—"Friends, friends." He then trailed his gun in his left hand and shook hands with me, but immediately drew up his gun to get a pull at my brother, who had followed close after me; but I again seized the barrel of his rifle, and would not allow him to get an aim, saying to him, "Este mi hermano; este mi hermano"—"That is my brother; that is my brother." He then sprang back and tried to get another aim at me, but I closed upon him and held his gun firmly, saying, "Americanos amigos; Americanos amigos"—"American friends; American friends."

He seemed intent on killing at least one of us, especially as the others were looking to see him do it; but now he was cornered and shook hands with us both. Then he let down the hammer of his rifle and began to jabber to us in a lingo that we understood not, when one of the soldiers on the bluff, who had watched the whole transaction, called him, and they all marched off together. We sat down and waited until the coast was all clear and returned to our quarters. We learned afterward that they were in pursuit of thieves. To excite their valor, as in a revolutionary expedition, they must needs get furiously drunk, and, not finding any thieves, the next thing was to kill an honest man or two. If they could have got an excuse by our resistance or attempt at flight for firing on us they would have had a great story to tell of how they routed and dispatched the thieves. No thanks to them that life and reputation had not both been sacrificed together. No coroners in Peru—it is enough to know there that a man is dead. If I had had my way with them I would have had them all converted to God. They needed it!

Going from Callao to Mollendo we had the steamship *Aconcagua*. This floating palace, one of the Pacific Steamship Navigation Company's ships, which ran from Callao to Liverpool, was 431 feet long, 42 feet wide, with a registry of 4,106 tons. Her time from Callao to Valparaiso, one thousand five hundred miles, was about ten days, stopping at many ports for freight, principally bar silver and copper; from Valparaiso to Liverpool, including stoppages, thirty-nine days.

We had among our passengers on the *Aconcagua* the wife and four little daughters of President Pardo, of Peru, going to join him in Chili. They were sociable and sensible. I made the acquaintance on this trip of a Peruvian merchant from Arequipa, who kindly invited me to go home with him. He had been recently married to a Bolivian lady, and was on his way to meet her for the first time as his wife. It is lawful in this country to get married by proxy, so this gentleman, not having time to travel so far to participate in the ceremony, gave a friend authority to get married for him and send the lady over the Andes to the man really meant!

It was in May, 1878, on finding myself short of funds to pay even the steerage passage of my noble band of missionaries before described, that I opened a blank-book in which I stated the facts of the case and began to enter the receipts of the free-will offerings of my friends who desired to help me to provide a transit fund. In the following August at Mansfield camp meeting, in Ohio, Brothers Inskip and McDonald espoused my cause, and mainly through their appeals at the camp meeting and through their papers, first the *Christian Standard*, of Philadelphia, and later the *Christian Witness*, of Boston and Chicago, they became my most effective financial agents, and the same periodicals are still abiding

helpers on the same line. It was not till after my ordination as Bishop of Africa, in 1884, that I organized my "Transit and Building Fund Committee," consisting of Richard Grant and wife, Anderson Fowler and wife, Rev. Dr. Asbury Lowrey and wife, and a few others. For about six years preceding I had no incorporated organization, but had grand administrative and financial helpers. Richard Grant was my treasurer and Mrs. Anderson Fowler was my secretary, and both were most efficient workers and liberal givers; but as it was feared that I would within a few months find my grave in Africa, and believed that in that case my self-supporting missions, both in India and in South America, would be safer under the guardianship of an incorporated committee, hence the organization as above stated.

ONE METHOD OF SWELLING THE TRANSIT FUND.

"Through their appeals at the camp meeting."—Page 683.

Five years later we divided the work of supervision, assigning, specially, to my Transit and Building Fund Committee our missions in South America, and as far as practicable in India also, giving special personal attention to the many-sided and most difficult work in Africa, the one field officially assigned to me by the General Conference of our Church. Whatever may be said of the success or otherwise of my part of the work, I can say gladly and truly that my committee have displayed admirable Christian zeal, liberality of money giving, and administrative effectiveness. I expect to hold them in loving esteem forever.

The next year after my first trip to the west coast of South America, as before described, I opened a few fields for missionary work on the Brazilian coast. Some good was accomplished at several important cities, but thus far the only permanent success was made under the leadership of Justus H. Nelson, B.A., and his good wife at Para, on the Amazon.

Every new departure, especially in methods of Christian work, is subject, and very properly, too, to close scrutiny and sharp criticism. There was nothing new in my methods of work in India or South America except the audacity of raising up self-supporting churches in foreign mission fields. The pros and cons of my missions in South America were discussed by the General Missionary Committee in 1882. I was not present, and knew not what was said, but received a telegram requesting me to meet a subcommittee composed of about a dozen of our ablest high officials, men whom I honored and loved. After opening the meeting with prayer the chairman proceeded to state that my missions in South America were out of order, and that I should resign them to the Missionary Society;

PERIL OF THE TAYLOR BROTHERS ON THE BEACH OF CALLAO.

"Drew up his gun to get a pull at my brother."—Page 683.

otherwise all my missionaries in South America connected with Conferences would have to return to their Conferences or locate.

"How will that affect my self-supporting missions in India?" I asked.

"They are organized into a regular Annual Conference by action of the General Conference, and do not come within the province of the present inquiry."

"Prior to that action they were as much out of order as my South American missions are now, and neither infringed the geographical boundaries or jurisdiction of any of our organized missions; so I will refer the case to the next General Conference. I will take the first steamer for South America, and not return till the time for the General Conference of 1884, so that the Church shall not be disturbed by any discussion of the subject."

I was at that time, as all the Methodist world knew, a member of the South India Conference, and under God the father and founder of it, and prized my relation to it most dearly; but I would not have my dear fellows in South America forced to a humiliation that I would not voluntarily submit to on their account. If I had possessed a grain of worldly policy in my make-up I would have reasoned thus: "To present my appeal to the General Conference I must be a member of it, and my hope of being a member of that body is to be elected and sent by my Conference, which will be impossible if I locate." Regardless of consequences, through love for my heroes in South America, I said by letter to South India Conference, "Grant me a location without debate;" and thus I became a located minister.

So I was off again for Peru and Chili by the first steamer, to share the humiliation of a location with my itinerant brethren in those countries.

Such was the logic of the case as it appeared to me then. I left it all to the Lord, and took rank with my located ministers who should abide with us at the front.

Every one of them was loyal to our Church, and only one decided to leave our work and go home rather than be located. He was a good preacher, successful missionary, married a good young lady in Chili, and was every way well adapted to our Chilian work. But he shipped for home with his wife and two children, *via* California, took ill, and died on the voyage. His widow returned heartbroken to her people.

On that trip I visited the most of my stations in Chili and spent about ten months as preacher in charge of Coquimbo Circuit, which comprised, besides Coquimbo, the head of the circuit, Guayacan, Serena, and the copper mines in the mountains, seven miles by horseback beyond Serena. The preacher in charge was taken down by illness, requiring home medical treatment; so he and his wife and children went to the United States, hoping to return, but never did. I appointed Rev. W. T. Robinson, M.A., principal of the boys' school in Coquimbo and to assist in the pulpit work, which never had there financial connection with the school work; so I received the minister's salary of one hundred and twenty-five dollars per month, and combined it with some help from home and bought a good lot, and with my own hands and native help put on it a college building sixty-eight feet front, two stories high. That was our first venture of buying and building in Chili.

Before our building was quite completed I received official notice of my election by South India Conference as a lay delegate to the General Conference to meet May 1, 1884, in Philadelphia. That was a surprise to me, for it had never struck me in the forty-two years of my ministry that I was a layman; but my dear spiritual children in India were sharper than their father. I saw that my Lord meant that I should be there; so when the General Conference roll was called, in May, 1884, I answered, "Here."

On the fifth day, when petitions and prayers were being sent in, I sent in mine, which was in effect as follows: "That this General Conference shall declare whether it is

lawful and right for an American Methodist minister to get people converted to God outside of the United States; and whether it shall be lawful and right to organize them into Methodist churches according to our Discipline; and whether on their fulfillment of probationary conditions they have not a right to membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church directly, without the sponsorship of a missionary society."

My petition was read and referred to the Committee on Missions. I was a member of that committee, and observed its silence in regard to my business for three weeks, up to the day appointed for the committee to rise. Meantime the Lord had put me through on a fast train into the missionary episcopacy, with authority to open missions and develop Methodist churches on my own missionary methods anywhere in Africa. So a subcommittee was appointed at once, with instructions to prepare and report amendments to the Discipline bearing on the case. The General Conference did accordingly make the changes prayed for, and the same were incorporated in the Discipline.

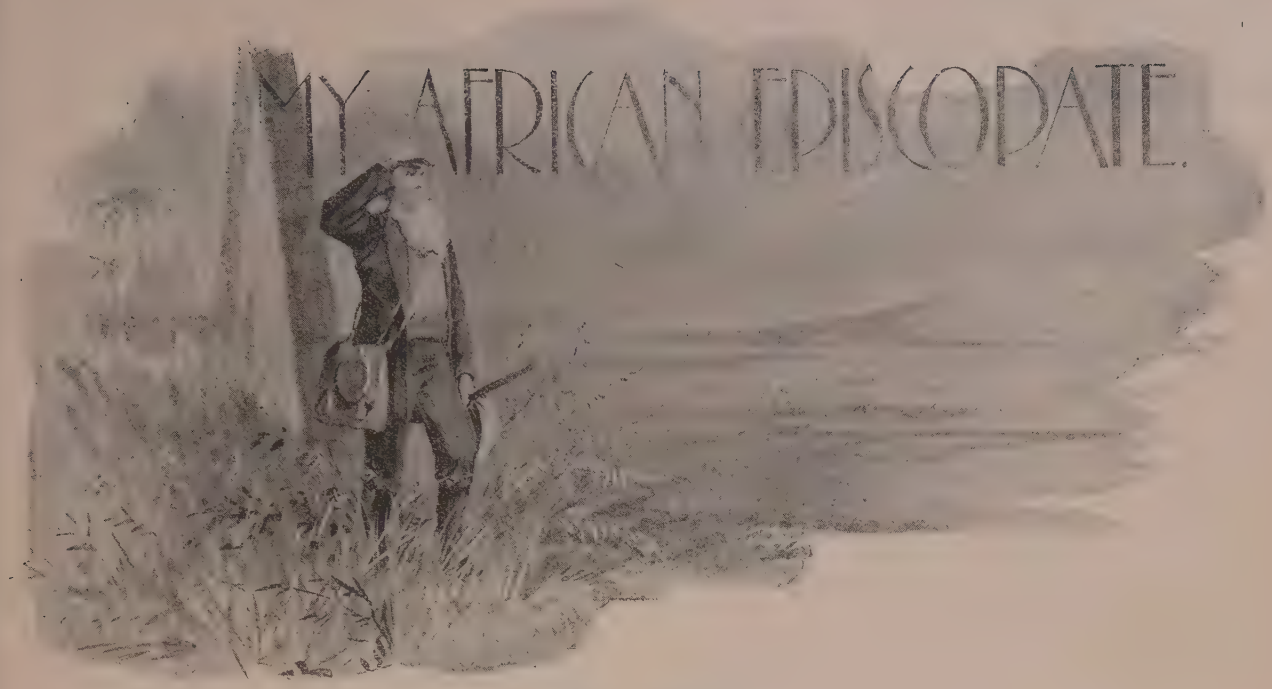
To India, in a period of six and a half years, I sent out, as I have said before, fifty missionaries, not one of whom had died a natural death, and not one of whom up to date had disgraced the cause. Fifty-seven local preachers of East Indian birth were preaching in the churches and bazaars of their own country. Two thousand and forty lay members supported the cause. Up to May of 1882 we had five hundred and forty natives who were members and probationers, and considerably over two thousand members in all. I append the following account of the work and workers in my Indian field:

Bombay and Madras District, D. O. Fox, P. E. Bombay: Grant Road, J. A. Northrup, Mrs. J. A. Northrup; Fort, supplied by local preachers; Mazagon, W. H. Stephens; Maratti Circuit, George Bowen; General Native Work, W. J. Gladwin, A. C. Gilruth. Poonah and Lanowli, O. Shreves, Mrs. O. Shreves, W. E. Robbins, Mrs. W. E. Robbins, A. S. E. Vardon. Egutpoora, A. G. Frazer, W. H. Bruere. Ahmedabad, A. A. Baker. Bhosawal, G. H. Greenig. Nagpore, T. F. Morton, Mrs. T. F. Morton. Madras: Vepery, T. H. Oakes, Mrs. Sallie Stephens; Black Town, John Blackstock, Mrs. John Blackstock. Bangalore: Richmond Town, C. W. Christian, Mrs. C. W. Christian; St. John's Hill, D. H. Lee, Mrs. D. H. Lee; Tamil Circuit, I. A. Richards, Mrs. I. A. Richards, B. Peters, Mrs. B. Peters. Bellary, W. A. Moore, Mrs. W. A. Moore. Secunderabad, F. G. Davis, Mrs. F. G. Davis. Chadarghat, R. E. Carter, Mrs. R. E. Carter. Colar Mission, S. P. Jacobs, Mrs. S. P. Jacobs. Conoor, I. F. Row, Mrs. I. F. Row. Telugu Mission at Pramoor, C. B. Ward, Mrs. C. B. Ward, Miss O'Leary, D. O. Ernsberger.

Calcutta District, J. M. Thoburn, P. E. Calcutta, Mrs. J. M. Thoburn, J. S. Stone, C. A. Martin Mrs. C. A. Martin, J. A. Wilson, Miss M. E. Layton.

To obtain citizenship and heirship in the kingdom of heaven,
we have but to surrender to God and receive Jesus.

Jon Taylor, B'p of Africa



Part Eighth.

MY AFRICAN EPISCOPATE.

CHAPTER XLV.

Election and Outgoing.

AT the General Conference of 1884 the problem of African evangelization came up for solution so far as it related to the Methodist Episcopal Church. During her occupancy of the Liberian field for more than half a century many precious lives of martyr missionaries had been poured out in that torrid zone. But as for extended missionary work among the heathen nations we had not up to 1884 a single station in a heathen tribe, except the beginning of one in Kroo Town, Monrovia, by Mary Sharp. During said half century two colored bishops, Roberts and Burns, had been ordained and sent out.

Two of our American bishops had been sent over to extend the work among the heathen; but it was considered a risk of their lives. In each case a ship was kept at anchor during their sojourn in which they should lodge, and not risk their lives for a single night on shore.

Such was the aspect of the case as it came before the General Conference of 1884. I ventured to say on that occasion that were I disposed to lay a scheme for killing bishops decently I would advise that by all means they should avoid the highlands of the interior and spend all their nights in that deadly climate down on the water level in the lower strata of the malaria! If I were to prescribe for the preservation of their lives and effectiveness I would advise that they proceed to the field directly to which the Lord called them, eat

where they labor, sleep where they eat, commit their way unto the Lord, trust also in him, and allow him to bring to pass results worthy of his own wisdom and preserving power.

I had not then the most remote idea of having to swallow the pill that I was prescribing for others more honorable. I was not a candidate for any office in the gift of that venerable body. Subsequently, when nominated for the missionary episcopate of Africa, I hurriedly inquired of a number of the leading members of that body whether or not that meant any interference with my self-supporting mission work; if so I should certainly refuse to have the nomination submitted. They assured me that the General Conference had no such design, but just the opposite; that they wanted me to introduce self-supporting methods into Africa; and that fact was compressed into the short sentence of "Turn him loose in Africa."

The adjournment for noon recess was moved and passed immediately, and, as I sat near the door of the great hall in which the Conference was in session, I skipped and was out of sight before any one had a chance to ask me any questions or to make any suggestions.

Immediately on the return of the Conference from their lunch the question was submitted and passed without discussion, so that as I was entering the hall a member of the Conference said to me, "You are Missionary Bishop of Africa, by a vote of 250 for your election against 44 for your highest competitor."

The nomination, election, and ordination all passed within less than twenty-four hours, so that there was no time to entertain intermediate pros or cons, and nearly the whole Conference seemed to perceive and admit that it was the Lord's doing and marvelous in the eyes of all concerned.

I do not pass from the episode of my election without subjoining the following letter from Rev. M. D. Collins, of the Des Moines Conference. He entitles his contribution to the Editor, "How William Taylor Came to be Bishop of Africa:"

"Among the providences which have marked the pathway of this man of God none have been more clearly identified than the marvelous train which led to his election to the office of bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was my fortune to be a member of the General Conference of 1880, which met in Cincinnati, Ohio. In the assignment of committee service I was placed on the Committee on Episcopacy. A petition came before that committee from the Liberia Conference asking for a missionary bishop to reside among them. This petition was discussed for some time, but with the feeling of great paucity of knowledge as to the real needs of the case. One day a member of the committee suggested that William Taylor was in the city, and that it would be a good idea to have him come before the committee and give us information we so much needed. Accordingly he was sent for, and soon appeared before that body. The chairman, who, as I remember, was Dr. Joseph M. Trimble, of Ohio, explained our dilemma to Brother Taylor, and he gave answer to all our queries and shed much light in a brief time on the whole question, and closed up the matter with remarks to this effect: 'It is no use to elect a bishop for Liberia. Liberia is a very unfortunate approach to Africa, being hedged in by hostile and warlike nations, and cannot be made an acceptable gateway to the continent. If you could find some man like Livingstone, who would open up Africa, it would be wise to elect such a man, but otherwise it is useless to send a man to live there in episcopal service.' The conclusion of the committee was adverse to the petition of the Liberians, and the matter of missionary bishops went over another quadrennium.

"Four years later, in the General Conference of 1884, which met in Philadelphia, it

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1884.
William Taylor addressing the body on the religious conditions in Africa.—Page 691.

was my good fortune to be in membership and a witness of the marvelous scenes that transpired there. The matter of missionary bishops had received a large discussion through the Church press before the meeting of the Conference, and came before it upon petitions and memorials among its first presented business. The whole matter was thoroughly discussed before the committee, and very exhaustively presented on the Conference floor. The conclusion of the wisdom of these four hundred representative clergymen and laymen of Methodism was that "*we will not elect any missionary bishops this quadrennium.*" At this point in the proceedings I think, so far as I could measure the pulse of this ecclesiastical body, that all parties accepted it as settled that nothing would be done in this direction for at least four years, and many thought perhaps never would we have missionary bishops in Methodism again. But lo, a sudden and marvelous change came upon the whole body unexpectedly to any, and most so of all to the prime movers in its execution.

"Saturday morning, before the ordination of bishops on the following Sunday, came, with the quietus of the missionary bishops subject still on us. Dr. Curry had long treasured a desire to see a colored man on the Board of Bishops, and had labored for this end at the previous General Conference, but the failure to find a man who could carry the suffrages of the delegates had caused its failure then. Now Dr. Curry thought he had discovered his man, and in joy thereof consulted the Board of Bishops and obtained their sanction of the project of bringing him forward. The only way to meet all the difficulties of the case was to present him as candidate for Missionary Bishop for Africa. Hence on Saturday morning Dr. Curry got the floor, and without bringing the matter before the Committee on Episcopacy, of which I think he was chairman, he presented it *de novo* and nominated his man. This was a new and unanticipated turn of affairs. The nomination was seconded; another colored man was nominated and seconded. Then Brother Olin, of Wyoming Conference, rose and said about this: 'I think when a bishop for Africa is to be seriously considered all minds must instinctively turn to the man, the only man, God's man for that place; I refer to William Taylor.'

"This proposition of Brother Olin fell on the Conference like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. It was received at once, as thunder follows lightning, by a storm of enthusiasm and tide of approval that was utterly irresistible. But this was not at all what Dr. Curry desired, and that veteran of a thousand parliamentary contests exhausted his store of tactics in vain endeavors to stop or sidetrack a movement he had unintentionally set going. The Conference would do nothing but vote, and vote they did to such effect that the first ballot elected William Taylor, lay delegate from South India Conference, Bishop of Africa by an overwhelming majority. Within twenty-four hours he had been nominated, elected, and ordained a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church for Africa against the previously declared wisdom of that body, expressed after one of the most thorough canvassings that any subject ever had at the hands of a like body. Without premeditation, without knowing whither they were moving, until they were at the very point of landing, this body of as strong men as Methodism ever gathered in council, when the proposition flashed like meridian sunlight out of Egyptian darkness, received it as the will of God, and heartily, determinedly gave it their approving votes. In a whispered canvass of our delegation and those about us I found one sentiment—'*It is of God, and we must not withstand him.*'

"These are the facts as I recall them after these years, true, I am sure, in all essential particulars; and having been an actor in them I feel it will be for His glory whom we serve here to record them."

My election to the superintendency in Africa brought with it the necessity of another

long separation from my family. He who assumes such a responsibility in the Dark Continent must know little of the comfort of home. On the occasion of the General Conference in 1888 my wife came East to meet me on my arrival from Africa, and remained during the sessions of the body. Subsequently I visited her at our home in Alameda, California. The visit was delightful. My four sons were present. The dear woman has devoted her life to the godly training of our boys, and God has given her success in developing four Methodist Christian young men, who are an honor to their parents. Anne is the wife of my youth. While she has devoted her whole connubial affection and life to me it has been with the distinct understanding that the claims of God on me as an ambassador for Christ are supreme, and that she should never hinder but help me to fulfill them. In our happy union of forty-nine years I have never failed to fulfill an appointment for preaching or other ministerial duty on her account. My foreign work has cost us a separation more distressing to mind and heart of both of us than the pains of many deaths, with occasional meetings and partings which have tended to increase the agony. Yet to this day I have never heard her object to my going or staying, or utter a murmur on account of my absence.

A doctor of divinity said to her one day, "Mrs. Taylor, I can't help but think hard of Mr. Taylor for going away and leaving you alone so long."

She replied, "Well, doctor, he never went away without my consent, or stayed longer than I allowed him to stay; and if I don't complain I don't think anybody else has any right to complain." That answer was an end of controversy.

Anne Taylor has, under God, brought up her four sons *in my absence*, amid the demoralizing influences of California society, so that in their manly character and walk they exemplify the Christian life; they are total abstainers from all intoxicating drinks, members of the Church and witnesses for Jesus.

The election to the episcopacy brought with it a twofold responsibility: first, to administer for the Missionary Society in this organized Liberian work; second, to found missions on my self-supporting plan anywhere within the radius of the African continent.

The fundamental principles which I adopted from the start were, first, to attend to my own business and not to interfere with the business of other people; not to encroach on the territorial boundaries of the missions of other Churches. Second, my plan of missionary training should embrace the industries necessary to the self-support of civilized life for all those whom we got saved and civilized. A development of that plan will in due time create self-support for the mission itself and its missionaries. Third, in every station where we shall have a competent missionary matron, to establish a nursery mission composed of children adopted from heathendom before they shall be old enough to become heathens, and have them at the first stage of responsible life submit to God and receive Jesus Christ, be justified by faith and regenerated by the Holy Spirit, and train them as witnesses and workers for God from the time they are six years old.

Soon after the adjournment of the General Conference the celebrated German explorers Dr. Pogge and Lieutenant Wissmann, published a report of their explorations of the head waters of the Kassai and thence across the continent on a line of six or seven degrees south of the equator, in Lake Tanganyika, a vast country hitherto unknown to civilized nations, possessing a dense population, with large towns and fruitful fields approaching high up toward the standard of civilized life. So I was led to believe that that should be an objective point of my missionary movement, starting in through Angola, where Pogge and Wissmann came out. Dr. Pogge, the dear fellow, got no farther than St. Paul de Loanda, but

MRS. ANNE TAYLOR,
Wife of Bishop William Taylor.

died and was buried there. Lieutenant Wissmann continued his African explorations and afterward gained great celebrity.

But while I selected the Bashilange country, at the head waters of the Kassai, as an objective point, more than a thousand miles inland from our port of entry, I could not determine in advance whether the Lord would have us go in a thousand miles to begin or have us begin at the place of beginning and found a chain of stations extending inland as fast as possible, and keep up communication with our base or port of entry.

The question of supplies, of missionaries, and money to pay their expenses had to be considered. I had an efficient committee, consisting of Richard Grant and his wife, Anderson Fowler and his wife, Rev. Asbury Lowrey and his wife, Stephen Merritt, besides Mrs. Jennie Fowler Willing and other ladies as remote helpers in the selection of missionary candidates. Mrs. Emily Fowler had for years past been my missionary secretary. It was supposed, as I have said, by a large number of my friends that I would die in Africa the first year; therefore, to give stability and authority to my committee, we had them incorporated under the title of Bishop Taylor's Transit and Building Fund Committee. They had long been doing grand service; the incorporation was not to increase their efficiency, but to provide for the possibility of my becoming a victim of the African fevers.

For the supply of missionary men and women, and money to pay their expenses, and for building up mission stations we had to depend mainly on the Lord. We have tried from the beginning, as opportunity served, to keep the subject before the people, but have no traveling solicitors for funds. The Lord has wonderfully helped us, both in regard to working agency and the building of mission houses, schoolhouses, and places of worship. Our plan of work opened a wider field for a greater variety of the Lord's workers than any other mission. We require some educated ministers, but for our extensive educational and industrial work we furnish an ample field for many workers, male and female, who are not ministers, but are better adapted to our plan of work than very learned ministers would be likely to be. Paying no salaries, and having in prospect poverty and sickness and death, it was supposed that we could get but few persons willing to go; but we found immediately—and it has been true ever since—that we have twice as many candidates considered suitable as we have been able to employ.

We did not, as is usual with missionary societies, receive any for a limited term of five or ten years. We tried to be assured that every candidate was called by the Lord to that difficult work, but we could not anticipate the Lord's time limit, if he had any, so we put them in on their profession that they are called by the Lord for his work. If they get sick and discouraged and find themselves wanting in adaptability to the work, the sooner they leave the better. If they have health and success and blessed fellowship divine, we could not drive them away if we were to try. Moreover, we require heroes and heroines for such a work. One essential condition to that is freedom, freedom at the front.

Before the end of that year (1884) we had accepted about thirty volunteer men and women, with about a dozen children, and supplies in all suitable varieties to put us comfortably through the first year.

Brother Anderson Fowler had written in advance to Fowler Brothers, of Liverpool, to afford me and my party every facility possible. J. H. Brown, of that firm, became our most kind and efficient helper. One of the first things he did was to provide in advance a good hotel where our missionary party could be accommodated. He selected one for convenience of location and informed the landlord that he wanted hotel accommodations for a few days for about forty missionaries on their way to Africa. The hotel keeper bristled

up and said he wouldn't allow a lot of niggers to come into his house at all. So Mr. Brown bade him good day, and went next to Hurst's Temperance Hotel, accessible and commodious. Mr. Hurst said, "Certainly, Mr. Brown; I'll be glad to entertain your missionaries; I don't stand on color or nationality, and will entertain a black man just as cheerfully as a white man if he behave himself."

Mr. Brown has been always, from that day to this, most kind and helpful to our missionaries as they pass through. So when our missionary party arrived Mr. Brown conducted them to Hurst's hotel. Mr. Hurst was surprised to find that there wasn't a colored man among them, and Hurst's hotel has been the stopping place of our missionaries passing through Liverpool ever since. The hotel keeper who refused to entertain us got very angry at Mr. Brown for not informing him that the missionary party was made up entirely of white people. After such a display of his hatred of the colored man Mr. Brown would not have sent him any missionaries on any account.

I went on a few weeks in advance of my party to Liverpool to make arrangements for their transport. I ascertained that there were two companies, the West African Steamship Company and the British and African, and that one or the other sent a steamer through to Loanda every month. The only steamer suited to our time belonged to the West African Company. Accompanied by Dr. Summers, one of our medical missionaries, and Heli Chatelaine, our best missionary linguist, we went on a month in advance of our party, so as to hold the Liberia Conference and preach a few days in Monrovia, Grand Bassa, and Cape Palmas, and at the last-named station waited for the arrival of my party for Angola. In the meantime I sent Summers and Chatelaine directly on to St. Paul de Loanda, the port of entry of Angola, with a letter to the Portuguese Governor General of Angola to apprise him of the coming of our missionaries and to procure by rent a capacious house in which they should find comfortable quarters during their sojourn there.

But before we left Liverpool, in making arrangements for steamship accommodation for my party on their arrival, I learned that the president of that company, Mr. Bond, resided in London; so I made it my business to go and see him. I informed him that I wanted passage for about forty-two men, women, and children aboard one of his steamers to Angola. He said the price, first-class, was thirty-five pounds; second-class, twenty-eight pounds. I replied, "We are not in the pay of any society, nor flush of funds, and we can't come up to either of those figures."

He heard my statements, and was very gentlemanly and kind, and said, "I'll write you a bill of fare, and if that will suit you I'll tell you what we can do for you."

So he wrote out a bill of fare for three meals each day.

I replied, "That is entirely satisfactory, good enough for anybody."

"Well," said he, "we'll say nothing about class, but will give you the liberty of the ship—saloon, cabins, everything—and will charge you but twenty-five pounds a head for your adults and half price for the children under twelve."

I informed him that we had one boy a few months past the age of twelve. He said, "All right, put him in at half fare."

So by that transaction we saved about two thousand dollars on the passage from Liverpool to Loanda.

Yours faithfully.
Henry M. Stanley

The Great Explorer, now associated with Bishop Taylor as one of the Editors of *Illustrated Africa*.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Beginning the Work.

WE had a blessed work of salvation in Monrovia, Grand Bassa, and Cape Palmas, both among the Liberians and semicivilized heathens from without. In due time my party arrived in the steamship *Biafra*, and I joined them at Cape Palmas. On arrival in St. Paul de Loanda we were received cordially by the head of the firm of Newton, Carnegie & Co., the only English firm in that city, and were conducted to the house procured for us, in a high part of the town, and large enough for our accommodation.

We learned that the governor general had received my messenger kindly, and expressed a strong desire that I should establish missions in Angola, and that it would be his pleasure to give us in fee simple any quantity of land we might require up to a thousand hectares (twenty-four hundred acres) for each station. In the meantime he had gone down to Mossamedes, and would not be back for three or four weeks.

While waiting his return most of our party were taken down with fever. On the governor general's return I made arrangements to take a few of those of our party who were able to travel and to proceed into the interior to select mission sites and make preparation for occupying them. So I waited on his excellency at his office to inform him of our contemplated departure from the coast. He welcomed us to make any selection we saw proper, but warned us against taking women and children into the interior. He gave me an account of three attempts of the Portuguese government to establish Portuguese colonies in the interior, but they failed utterly; many died, others yielded to discouragement, and from one cause or another the whole of them disbanded, and the attempt proved a failure. He begged me to send the families to Mossamedes, four hundred miles south, where the climate is genial and healthful.

I replied that our objective point was the Bashilange country, a thousand miles in the interior, and that we only asked permission to travel through his country; but to honor his generosity we proposed to open a chain of mission stations through Angola and on easterly into the far interior.

Then he inquired, "Are you going into the interior yourself?"

"Yes, your excellency; I expect, in company with half a dozen young men, to start to-morrow. We will leave all our sick folks and our women and children and go inland to select mission sites and make arrangements for our families."

"All right, then," said the governor general; "you take the risk, and I'll render yon all the service I can."

And he did, writing to all the commandants along the line to render us every facility possible.

When subsequently we succeeded in opening stations and settling our families, who, in the main, are enjoying good health, it revived a forlorn hope in his heart and in the hearts of the Portuguese people generally. Soon after that they commenced the construction of a railroad into the interior, and laid on water from the Bengo River, five miles distant, to supply the city. Most of our party remained in St. Paul de Loanda three or four months, on

account of sickness. One of them died, and eight or ten more, through illness and discouragement or otherwise, left us and went home. We had not brought with us much money, expecting to proceed into the interior, where money was not taken, but goods instead.

By our long detention in the port our money supply was quite exhausted in a few weeks. We had tons of goods in great variety, but they were not available on expense account. John Terry, of London, had said to me, "If you get short of funds you may draw on me for five hundred pounds;" so half of that amount paid all our expenses through and the other half purchased and paid for our Nanguepepo property, with spacious mission house accommodation; and so the Lord led us gently, kindly, and in that campaign we opened a mission station at Dondo, two hundred and forty miles from Loanda by steamer, the head of steamboat navigation on the Coanzo River, a town of five or six thousand inhabitants, natives, with a few foreign traders; thence by footpath fifty-one miles we opened Nanguepepo Station; thence by trail twenty-seven miles to Pungo Andongo; thence sixty-two miles to Malange. Thus on our first tour we opened and manned five stations. I appointed Rev. A. E. Withey presiding elder of that district. He has made a grand record on the line of holiness to the Lord and hard work in its variety in building up missions. He and ten others of the pioneer party of 1885 are at the front to-day, and have never been out of the country since their first settlement as missionaries. Since then we have added Benjamin Barrett Station, Canandna, Munhall Station, and are preparing to build Pegley Station, sixty miles northeast of Malange.

Seven volumes of our monthly *Illustrated Africa*, conducted by my son, Rev. Ross Taylor, give but very brief illustrative examples of this work in Africa, and our present space will allow us but a brief index to the unwritten facts. For example, I appointed S. J. Mead, and Ardella, his wife, and Bertha, his niece, in charge of Malange Station, in September, 1885. He writes under date of May 28, 1888: "Our health is as good as it would be in New England under the same amount of pressure and care. The product is glorious and success sure. We need a good Portuguese teacher and an ordained preacher, who could give their whole time to the work, and we will see that they are well fed with our kind of food." He became an ordained preacher in due time; Ardella, his wife, Bertha, his niece, and half a score of our converted natives constitute his teaching corps in Portuguese, English, and Kimbunda. Mead goes on to say: "We have a good supply of books. We use from seventy-five to one hundred Sunday school picture papers each Sabbath. Our regular attendance for morning service is from eighty to one hundred and twenty, and about thirty-five in the afternoon. Our class meeting consists of nine colored boys, besides the members of our mission." His classes contained an aggregate of about sixty in 1894.

All our Angola stations are provided with comfortable, permanent houses, some of stone, others of adobe. My work in South Africa, nearly thirty years ago, was in a prepared field, where faithful missionaries had been preparing the way of the Lord for forty years. But our party landing in Angola, as before stated, we could not utilize the English language. The Kimbunda, the language of the people, had not been reduced to manuscript, much less to printing, and we had no interpreters; so we had to sit down and pick the words out from between the teeth of the heathen. But in less than five years we had a grammar and the Gospel by St. John printed in the Kimbunda, and all our pioneer missionaries could witness and teach and preach in the language of the natives. In connection with all this all the stations of Angola became self-supporting, and have so continued to be.

Dr. Summers was the only one of our party that pushed through to the Bashilange country, for the reason that we all, except the doctor, interpreted the will of God to be our

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE AFRICANS.—GROUP OF WARRIORS WITH SHIELDS AND KNOBKERRIES.—BACKGROUND OF HUT OF THATCH.—
From a recent photograph.

establishment of a chain of stations as before intimated. The doctor had intense energy and impulse in a weak body, "sword too sharp for its scabbard." So I gave him perfect freedom to select his own field, and if short of supplies to let us know and we would supply his wants. It was needful that the bodies of men should have treatment as well as their souls, and the frail doctor had medicine for both. I copy the story of his adventure from his letter to Rev. Dr. Sims, at Leopoldville, dated,

REV. ROSS TAYLOR,
Representative of Bishop Taylor in America; Editor of *Illustrated Africa*.

"LULUABURG, *March* 28, 1888.

"At our Conference in Angola, Bishop Taylor appointed me as medical missionary at large, so gave me a big field. My original idea (and I am sure I was divinely led) was for our mission to push on to this country as soon as possible.

"My prospecting work being done, at request of friends I settled for a time at Malange, the most inland trading town. I waited, prayed, and watched to know God's will, healed all the sick, collected vocabulary of Ambunda, etc. The merchants almost quarreled as to who should be my host, and finally I had a large room which served as everything, even to a hospital, from one, took *café* with another, breakfasted with another, and dined with another, and in a couple of months had my boarding rearranged at houses of still others. Sickness was great at the time I arrived, and they had no sensible treatment. They used all the quack remedies advertised. My treatment was very successful, many times to my own surprise; so my name spread till I had patients even from Loanda. As my needs were supplied I made no charges, and as a fact I did my work for the influence I could obtain over these poor, neglected Portuguese.

"In February, 1886, Germano arrived in Malange from the Bashilange country (generally called Lubuko). I found he had to return in May with some fifty loads for Lieutenant Wissmann. I laid the matter at the feet of Jesus, and was soon assured that my path was ahead. But I had not a cent; hardly a change of wardrobe, medicine scarce, and not a

yard of fazenda. I arranged to pay Germano twenty dollars to act as my interpreter on the road and look after my men, of whom as yet I had none. So I was now in for it, certain it was God's way and sure he would provide. One day Germano brought three carriers; I engaged them, and promised to pay later on. I told my friends of my intention of going to Lubuko, and then, day by day, cash came in, and carriers came, till at the end I had increased my wardrobe, bought one hundred dollars' worth of medicines, paid carriers, and had seventeen boxes of material for paying my way and future use, and three loads of rations on the way; the other loads being books, boxes of medicines, stationery, private materials, etc., one load of biscuits and one of dried salt fish, the two latter given me by a patient, a mulatto gentleman, who, when on the journey, wound up by giving me a riding ox and saddle! On the journey I never mounted the ox; I found walking so much to my taste that I walked the whole way, and never had a day's sickness.

"Of the journey I will say nothing but that it was full of interest and that the road is perfectly open; but being a white man I had to pay right of way to the principal chiefs, who, by the way, are anxious for white men to live with them. We arrived here in one hundred marches, the marches averaging six hours. Here my heart was overwhelmed at the reception I everywhere got from the Bashilange. Every hill is dotted with large and beautiful villages, the country teeming with people who have abandoned fetichism and are waiting for what the white man can bring them; all anxious to learn, intelligent, have now some idea of God, want to know about everything, faces always smiling, and everyone polite. Go anywhere over this country, and great villages meet the eye. The population is enormous, and is marvelously thick. Truly, 'the harvest is great, but the laborers are few.' Few! One only, and that one worth almost nothing. When I came I found that if I wished to work in the State I must first ask for building land of the administrator general, as the chief here had no power to let me build a school or a house; so I immediately wrote, and the letter went by the steamer of December, 1886. Then 'patience and water gruel.' I pitched into the language, but with no suitable help it was dragging work.

"In the beginning of December I had a sudden attack of pleurisy and pericarditis. Next day Lieutenant Le Marinel went down with hæmaturic fever, and I had to leave my bed to treat him. The third day I had the fever under control, and on the fourth convalescence set in. It was sharp work; it was a bad case. My leaving my bed these days left its mark upon me; the pleurisy extended; there were adhesions in several directions; the pain was fearful, and there was much *angina pectoris*. These continued with steady high fever for two weeks, then septic fever to wind up. By the end of December convalescence had set in, but temperature never went lower than before the pericarditis. I was a perfect skeleton. I gradually gained in flesh, but not strength. To-day I cannot walk a mile.

"A few days of terrible sickness; three days in bed, unable to eat; no one visited me, no cooling drink for raging fever; in great despondency, as I thought, no one but my boy Chico cared a cent for me, when all at once I had a remarkable manifestation of Jesus, as he said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

"I cried for holy joy as I communed with my elder Brother, and my boy thought it was from pain. On this day, in my dark hour, I had thought of running away by first steamer, but now I felt assured I must stop and finish my building. I had no medicines, so I laid my case in the hands of the great Physician. My faith would not rise to ask for a cure; I asked him to modify the disease.

"Work out your opinion, and if possible try and give me some relief. If possible, I want to stay here till the bishop sends some one to take up my poor thread; but then I cannot get away, as I have no forty dollars to pay passage. I have not a cent, but am now sending to Dr. Dowkontt for cash, which I can well repay with ivory. With all our cattle and goats we can get no milk, and this to me would be of great value.

"God bless you in your labor, dear doctor, and give you abundant success.

"I remain, your brother in Christ and for Africa,

"WILLIAM R. SUMMERS."

The wearying delay of Dr. Summers in getting permission to build was owing to the great distance to Boma, the capital, and no regular mail communication, and probably time lost in delay of his excellency in getting communication with me in person. I met him at Vivi, and he inquired of me to know who Dr. Summers was.

I informed his excellency that Dr. Summers was one of my missionaries, a good doctor, and every way a competent, reliable man. The governor general replied that he would take pleasure in giving him land, and authorize him to proceed in putting up his mission buildings.

In all the vast regions explored by Dr. Pogge and Lieutenant Wissmann the people gave evidence of industry, peace, and plenty, and not a track of an Arab trader to be seen. A later communication from Lieutenant Wissmann to the Royal Geographical Society brings to light a painful contrast between the expectancy of kings and people that God-men were coming to teach them and the Arab raids that did come. Lieutenant Wissmann, whose acquaintance I made in Madeira, told the Bashilange people that I was coming and bringing teachers for them. A doctor, who was an eyewitness to the scene, told me that the good news caused great rejoicing among the people, and that they brought quantities of their heathen greegrees and threw them into the river. A summary of Lieutenant Wissmann's letter is as follows:

On the first occasion, in 1882, he was welcomed by a prosperous and contented tribe, whose condition and occupations bore ample evidence to the existence of its villages for decades in peace and security, free from the disturbing elements of war and slave hunts, pestilence and superstition. The huts of the natives were roomy and clean, fitted with shady porches and surrounded by carefully kept fields and gardens, in which were grown all manner of useful plants and fruits, including hemp, sugar, tobacco, sweet potatoes, maize, manioc, and millet. A thicket of bananas and plantains occupied the back of each homestead, and shady palm groves supplied their owners with nuts, oil, fibers, and wine. Goats, sheep, and fowls abounded, and no one seemed afraid of thieves. The people all had a well-fed air, and were anxious to trade, their supplies being plentiful and extremely cheap. A fowl could be purchased for a cowry shell, and a goat for a yard of calico. Everywhere the visitors found a cheerful, courteous, and contented population, uncontaminated by the vices of civilization, and yet not wholly ignorant of its arts.

Four years later Lieutenant Wissmann chanced to be in the same district, and after the privations of a toilsome march through dense, inhospitable forests, rejoiced as he drew near to the palm groves of the Bagna Pesihi. A dense growth of grass covered the formerly well-trimmed paths.

"As we approach the skirt of the groves we are struck at the dead silence which reigns. No laughter is to be heard, no sign of a welcome from our old friends. The silence of death breathes over the lofty crowns of the palms, slowly waving in the wind. We

enter, and it is in vain we look to the right and left for the happy old homesteads and the happy old scenes. Tall grass covers everything; a charred pole here and there and a few banana trees are the only evidences that man ever dwelt there. Bleached skulls by the roadside and the skeletons of human hands attached to poles tell the story of what has happened here since our last visit."

It appeared that the notorious Arab, Tippoo Tib, had been here to trade, and in the course of that process had killed all who offered resistance, carried off the women, and devastated the fields, gardens, and banana groves. Bands of destroyers from the same gang had returned again and again, and those who escaped the sword perished by the smallpox and famine which the marauders left in their train.

The whole tribe of the Dene Ki ceased to exist, and only a few remnants found refuge in the neighboring state.

Such must be counted among the results of Arab trading in Africa, and if it is at such a cost that the blessings of Mohammedan civilization are purchased by the native races it is no wonder they are not considered a desirable acquisition. Even if it be true that Christianity is sometimes tardy of operation in its beneficent effects on the blacks, Christian missionaries and Christian traders can, at least, boast that they have never wittingly acted otherwise than beneficently toward them.

Having settled my pioneer party of missionaries in Angola by the middle of September, 1885, I made a hasty tour to Lisbon and to England, and returned to the session of the Liberia Conference in January, 1886. I went from Loanda to Lisbon in the Portuguese steamship *St. Thomas*. At the island of St. Thomas some French army officers were added to our passenger list, all dressed in their military costumes except one lean, tall man, very straight and symmetrical in his proportions, dressed in the plain style of camp life, and accompanied by a huge dog. He looked as though he was a servant to those finely dressed officers. When the bell rang for dinner the plainly dressed man took a seat next to me at the table. He was very affable, and I soon began to talk to him in English, and was pleased to find that he could converse intelligently in my language, and soon, to my agreeable surprise, I found that I was conversing with one of the most celebrated African explorers and builders of military stations of this wonderful age of African exploration and occupation, Lieutenant De Brazza, now Governor De Brazza. He had then spent about thirteen years in opening and occupying that vast region known as French Congo, of which he is now the governor.

Excelling in gentlemanly affability and kindness, he became my principal traveling companion throughout the rest of the voyage. He insisted on paying my boat fares at Madeira, and went with me to call on Lieutenant Wissmann. He was very communicative, and from the details of his extraordinary African experiences I learned many valuable, practical lessons.

Arriving in Lisbon, I made myself known to our honorable American minister, whom I found ready to render me any service desirable.

I asked him if he could introduce me to the King of Portugal. He replied that he would take pleasure in doing so, but it would require over a week, according to the etiquette of the court, before I could get audience with him. I answered that I could not possibly spend more than three days in Lisbon. That was late Friday afternoon, so I bade the minister good day and returned to my hotel. But on the way I inquired of a fellow who was showing me around, "How far is it to the palace?"

"About two miles."

OUR MISSIONARIES IN ANGOLA.—From a Loanda photograph by Burling.

1. Amos E. Withey, Presiding Elder.
2. William P. Dodson.
3. Subie.
4. Josa.
5. Catherine McKenzie.
6. Mrs. Carrie Gough.
7. John Gough.
8. John Oliver.
9. Mrs. Carrie D. Burling.
10. L. C. Burling.
11. Lancaster Burling.
12. A native Christian child.
13. A native Christian child.
14. A native Christian child.

"Will you kindly come to-morrow morning and show me the way to the palace?"

"Yes," he replied; "I'll be at your place about 10 A. M. to-morrow."

So at the time appointed we went to the royal residence of his majesty the king. Happily the man who met me in the reception room could speak English; so I told him I wanted to see his majesty the king, and gave him some letters I had, one from the Portuguese ambassador in Washington, D. C., and another from President Hayes. So I sent in my name and my letters of indorsement, and requested an interview with the king.

My man was gone but a few minutes and returned my letters, saying, "His royal majesty says he'll be very glad to receive you to-day or to-morrow or any time which will suit your convenience; but the etiquette of the court requires that you be accompanied by the Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States."

"Very good, this is Saturday; too late to arrange for that to-day; to-morrow is the Sabbath and the day for rest and religious service; so we'll set Monday forenoon, when I'll be here with the United States minister.

He said, "Very good, sir; let it be so understood."

So I reported the facts in the case to our minister. He said, "Very good; you come here Monday morning and I'll have my carriage ready, and we'll drive to the palace."

On Monday morning it was raining, but I came to time, and our minister's carriage and two were awaiting us. So we were driven to the palace and I was introduced to the king, and was agreeably surprised to find that he could converse freely in the English language. And he asked me so many questions about my missionary work in different countries as to afford me a good opportunity of giving him a brief history of my self-supporting missions in India and in South America and in the Portuguese province of Angola. He seemed interested and pleased, and bade me welcome to work under the flag of Portugal. I asked no favor of his royal majesty, but was nevertheless favored by his good will in all our subsequent intercourse with his Angola government officials, from the governor general down.

Our minister remarked as we returned to his office that he had introduced many Americans to the king, each requiring at least a week of preparatory etiquette; but the king gave me ready audience and longer in time than in any case within the minister's knowledge.

As Lieutenant Wissmann had just explored the Kassai River from Luebo to its mouth on the Congo, seventy-five miles above Stanley Pool, opening a waterway direct to the Bashilange country, we were led to believe that the steamer route up the Kassai was preferable to the route from Angola. Having that in mind, I made it my business on that tour to England to call and see the patron sovereign of the Congo Free State, Leopold II. So on my arrival in Brussels I reported myself to the American minister, and asked him if I could see the king. He replied, "I don't know; I came here last January with all the papers requisite to my official position, and it took me twelve days to get a sight of the king. I don't know how long it will take you. I advise you to see the minister at court who represents the Congo State."

So I proceeded at once to see the said honorable minister, and was glad to find that he was familiar with my language, and he received me cordially. I showed him a pamphlet I had just published in London, giving an account of my missionary methods of work and our chain of new stations in Angola, and our contemplated hope of reaching the Bashilange country by way of Congo. I handed him one of my pamphlets; he glanced over it and said, "Can't you furnish me with a bundle of them? This is just the thing we want to

see. I want to furnish one to all the heads of different departments of the Congo State here. I want to give a copy to the king."

I said, "O, yes; I can give you as many as you desire," and handed him a bundle of them which I had under my arm.

"This is Wednesday; to-morrow I shall be extremely busy; but I will make arrangements for you to come to see the heads of departments and the king on Friday afternoon."

I went accordingly on Friday afternoon. I was kindly received by all the different officers of state, and about 4 P. M., the time appointed, I was conducted by a servant to the royal residence of his majesty. A line of soldiers along the way leading to the reception room stood with their caps off as I passed through, and the king himself opened the door and received me.

He conducted me to a seat and sat down near me, and we talked forty minutes. His majesty is about six feet four in height, with symmetrical proportions, a grand, majestic-looking man, and very affable and kind. He said he had been long wishing to know how he could introduce American industry and energy into Congo State, and proffered to render us every facility possible in planting missions in that country; and we have ever felt the benefit of that interview in our effort to plant missions there.

HENRY REED.

Our objective point was the Bashilange country, the same that we had in contemplation through Angola. The south side of Lower Congo, extending from the ocean to Stanley Pool, was preoccupied by the Missionary Society of English Baptists and the American Baptists' Missionary Union, and others. Not wishing to intrude ourselves on preoccupied territory, and presuming that the organized transport facilities of the government, and of the missions by the way, could be depended upon for the transportation of our mission supplies to Stanley Pool, we settled on Kimpopo, twenty miles up the east side of Stanley Pool, as our transport station and port of embarkation for the upper Kassai countries. I accordingly led our pioneer party up through the mountains to Stanley Pool, and planted a mission in Kimpopo, which had been used as a government station. The government kindly allowed us to occupy it and rendered us valuable help in opening it, and we depended confidently on getting passage at the Kassai in a government steamer the same season. Only one or two steamers per year went up in those days. If we had succeeded in executing our plan we would have reached Luluaburg about the same time that Dr. Summers struck that point from Angola. But the government steamer was overcrowded and could not afford passage for even one of us. Moreover, we found great difficulty in securing adequate transport even to Stanley Pool. There were two mission steamers at that time on the Upper Congo, the *Peace* and the *Henry Reed* —the latter named after my life-long friend, whose portrait I here insert—but neither of them was available for our purpose.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Battling with Conditions.

THE logic of events had led us to the conclusion of building a steamer of our own for the Kassai River. At that time the government was organizing a transport force which they considered would be adequate for the transport demands of the government and all the Congo missions, and I accordingly arranged with the government transport agent to take charge of our steamer material in man-loads immediately on its arrival at Banana, at the mouth of the Congo. So we ordered the building of a little steamer. According to contract the whole was to be in man-loads of sixty-five pounds, except four pieces which required four or six men; but by a mechanical mistake a large portion of the steamer material came in bulk suited to a traction engine instead of the shoulders of men, on the assumption that a traction engine on Stanley's turnpike would be just the thing. The proof of that was supposed to be found in the fact that the steamer *Stanley* had been taken up in sections on great carts made for the purpose. It took a thousand men to work them, at a cost of fifty thousand dollars. There were no turnpike roads, and they ascended the mountain by means of great cables which were drawn up the steeps by man force and carefully let down the steeps on the opposite side.

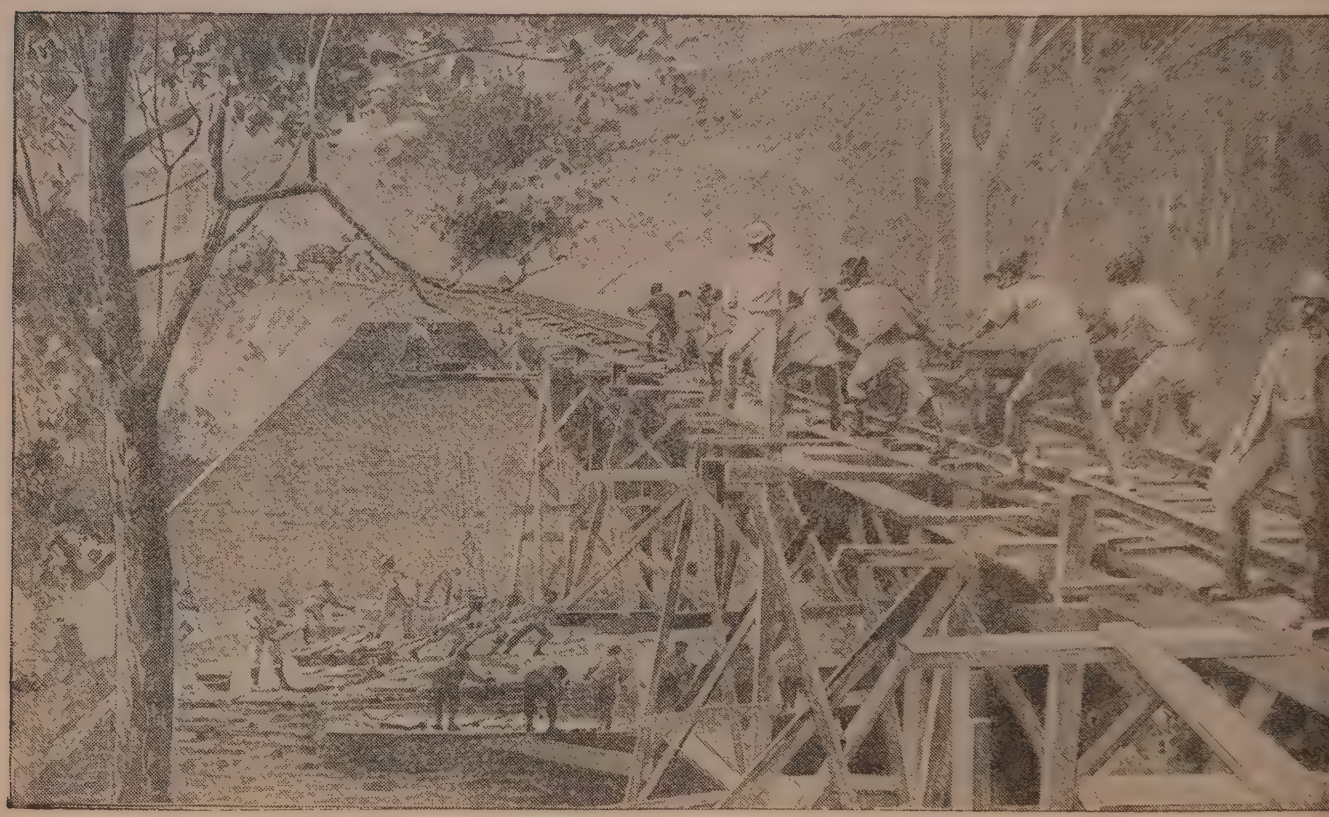
On our arrival with our steamer material at the mouth of the Congo we learned that the government had not succeeded in organizing a transport force of carriers beyond their own requirements, and Mr. Stanley's expedition, having passed up the Congo but a few weeks before, had gathered up all the available carriers of the Congo, so that we were stuck. After innumerable delays and disappointments, utterly despairing of getting our steamer stuff transported to Stanley Pool, we had her built and put onto the Lower Congo, a first-class steamer, eighty feet long and sixteen feet beam. At that time Banana was the port of entry, and freights for the Upper Congo were carried up by river steamers to Matadi, the starting point of the Congo Railroad. With that arrangement our steamer would have soon refunded the money invested in her, and would have yielded a large income for the establishment of missions. At that time there were no missions on the north bank of the Congo, so that without intruding on anybody we concluded to open a line of stations on the north bank. But, happily for the transport commerce of the country, the ocean steamers gradually felt their way up the Congo until they made connections —boats of the ocean steamers—with the railroad at Matadi. That in a measure precluded the work of the river steamers, so that our steamer is not so productive as was hoped.

Upon the whole our missions on the Congo, though in a great measure self-supporting, are not a success compared with our missions in Angola. During the last few years one good woman and six of our best men have died in the Congo work. Our women on the Congo stand it better than the men, and are mainly holding the fort at the present time. I am not writing a history of Africa, nor of our work in Africa, but furnishing facts to illustrate the story of my life.

Our third chain of mission stations was on the Cavalla River, within the geographical boundaries of Liberia, but remote from Liberian settlements. The Cavalla, a beautiful

river, nearly as large as the Hudson, running between high banks through the midst of a hilly country of great fertility, flows into the Atlantic Ocean about eighteen miles southeast of Cape Palmas. J. S. Pratt, a zealous layman in our church at Cape Palmas, had two trading stations about eighty miles up the river. In 1886 Pratt spoke to the kings and chiefs of Tataka Tabo and of Gerribo, where his stations were located, about Bishop Taylor's proposal to plant missions at those places on his return in 1887, and they assured him they would gladly assist in every possible way.

Meantime a war scare swept over the Liberian coast, which seemed to shut us off from the Cavalla River country. It came on this wise: In 1874 the Half Cavalla tribe of Grabo



CENTRAL AFRICAN ENTERPRISES.—RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION IN CONGO.

natives rebelled against the Liberians, and drew twenty-seven tribes into a war for their extermination—not a living Liberian was to be left at Cape Palmas. The Liberians hastily built a rude stone fort at Tubmantown, three miles east of the cape, and after seventeen battles the war-making tribes signed treaties of peace, and all of them kept the peace except the Half Cavalla tribe and two little tribes under the power of the Half Cavalla tribe. This belligerent tribe tried in 1886 to draw into rebellion the whole force of the rebellion of 1874.

The Liberians were fearful that their efforts in that direction might succeed and bring on a great war, and when I came in 1887 the country was in a high state of excitement, and a panic had seized the Cape Palmas people. I arrived in the midst of this trouble, and it was said, "Bishop Taylor can't go up the Cavalla. The Liberians can't travel there now, and the Half Cavallas won't allow missions to be opened up that river."

I said, "I see no sufficient reason for being frightened away by the rumors of war;" so I arranged as quickly as possible to be off for the Cavalla River country.

On Sabbath, the 14th of March, 1887, I preached thrice in our church at Cape Palmas, and fifteen children came forward as seekers, and ten of them professed to find Jesus in the forgiveness of their sins.

On Monday, the 15th, we got the use of a surf boat, and secured seven Kroomen as sailors, and set sail for Cavalla at 2 P. M. On our passenger list were myself, J. S. Pratt, Amanda Smith and her companion, Sister Fletcher, and my two interpreters from Monrovia, Tom Nimly and Saco. They had been converted to God and baptized at my meetings in connection with Mary Sharp's mission. Tom was a man of almost giant proportions and good natural ability, and could read a little in the Testament. His Christian name was Africanus. Saco was a youth of about eighteen, with a fair English education. The captain of our little craft was a powerful Krooman and a good seaman, though of a quiet, even temper.

The bar at the Cavalla mouth was dreaded. We reached it a little before sunset. It seemed impossible for us to get over it, but probable that we would get under its fearful surf. Amanda could not bear to see the recoil of the river current and the swell of the Atlantic Ocean, and so buried her face and hands in her lap; but I knew she would hold on hard to God, and we all believed in the power of Amanda's prayers.

Africanus, being himself an old sailor, displaced one of the ordinary men and took his oar, so we made for the entrance into the river. Urged on by the shouts of our captain, our dear fellows pulled as for life; but before we got halfway through the breakers we had to "about ship" and pull seaward or be swamped. We made a second abortive attempt, but the third time we entered safely and were glad. The heroic pluck and pull of our Kroo boys brought tears to my eyes.

Tuesday, 7:30 A. M., we took to our boat, and after a heavy pull against the current for eight and a half hours we put up for the night at a native village called Barabo. The people were very kind to us, and wanted to know why we should pass by them and not give them a missionary.

I was gazed at by a crowd of women and children till I gave them to understand that I wanted to retire for my night's rest. Just as I was getting into my first doze of sleep a man called me to come and partake of a feast he had prepared for me. I thanked him for his kindness, but respectfully declined to get up; but my party were on hand.

Wednesday we were off again at 7:30 A. M. Our brave boys pulled against the stream all day. At 4 P. M. we had a thunderstorm and heavy rain, which gave us and our stuff a pretty thorough wetting.

About sunset we tied up near the town of Eubloky. The people received us hospitably and prepared for us a good dinner of boiled rice, palm butter, venison, and fish. We passed a pleasant night, I, as usual, sleeping in the open air, and all my party in the native huts.

Thursday morning the kings and chiefs insisted on our having a mission palaver. They were entirely unwilling to let us pass them otherwise. So we had an assembly of the kings, chiefs, and people, and the whole plan of an industrial school for "book and plenty of hard work and God palaver." I drew up articles of agreement, binding them to give us all the land we may need for school farms, to help to clear the ground and plant, to carry all the heavy logs for pillars to elevate the mission house six feet above ground, and to carry all the timber for frame, and the plank, shingles, etc., and binding us to send

the missionaries, and to do all our part of the agreement. There were two kings in the town, one very old and infirm, the other the active ruler. The articles were signed by Dings Nebby and Pacey and Chiefs Enyassah, Toa, Phae, and Tahara, Pacey to be head man of our mission farm till the arrival of the missionaries. So we were allowed to depart in peace, after making a selection of our farm lands.

We came in the afternoon of that day to Tataka Tabo, the first town for which we had started to fulfill the agreement for a mission, and submitted by Brother Pratt the year before.

Before reaching Tataka we passed the town of Yahkay. The people hailed us and asked the usual questions put to strangers in Africa: "Who are you?" "Where did you come from?" "Where are you going?" "What are you going there for?"

When such questions come from the ruling authorities of a town the right thing to do is to stop and answer them, and see that you answer them straight.

When we had answered they refused to allow us to pass unless we would agree to give them a missionary, the same as Tataka Tabo; so we promised them that if they allowed us to pass we would come back to-morrow or next day and have a mission palaver. Then we were allowed to pass, and we went on to Tataka. Kraharry, King of Tataka, never would believe that Bishop Taylor would "come and make mission for his people," but now he shouted, "Pratt's mouth no tell lies. Pratt say bishop will come, and bishop has come!" He gesticulated and shouted and danced for joy; then ordered to the front a file of soldiers who fired four or five rounds of musketry, and the whole town was in a buzz. The king would have us "sit down next day," and "no leave him yet." So we remained over Friday. In the afternoon we had our big palaver, and selected a beautiful site for our mission on high ground, in view, but over a quarter of a mile distant, from the town. We held service at Tataka, and tried to preach a little to the people, but found the broken English of the heathen sailors, which served as a medium for interpretation for simple business purposes, quite inadequate to our purpose of Gospel teaching.

Saturday, March 20. This morning early Tom Nimly, of Yawkey, came with his canoe to take us back to fulfill our promise to "make mission at Yawkey." Tom has a very pleasant countenance, has been at sea for years, and speaks intelligibly in English. We had the palaver, and King Wahpasara and Chiefs Jawa, Wahney, Krura, Tuba, Taba, and Teah signed the articles. We selected our site for mission buildings and farms and got back to Tataka by noon.

At 2 P. M. the same day we were off for Gerribo, but we had to pass the town of Beahboo and had to go through the "shorter catechism" of the country, as we did at Yawkey, and made a similar pledge to return from Gerribo and have a mission palaver with them.

We reached Gerribo on Saturday, a little before sunset, and were welcomed by its ruler, King Grandoo.

Sabbath, the 21st, in the morning I preached in Pratt's store, from John's Gospel, i, 2, to all that could understand English. At night we had a meeting in a native house, with Grandoo and as many of his people as could get into the house, and an interesting time it was. Tom Will, our captain, was my interpreter. He knew the language of the Bush tribes. Africanus and Saco were not sufficiently familiar with it, though much of it they knew, and helped Tom Will out when he stuck. At the close of the preaching, such as it was, Africanus seemed to get the mastery of the language, and told his experience, and exhorted the people earnestly to turn to God. Saco told his experience also,

TYPICAL AFRICAN TOWN.—SHOWING OUTER DEFENSES AND INSIDE PALISADE AROUND THE KING'S HOUSE.

"The big towns and big kings are back in the interior."—Page 721.

and Amanda Smith talked in her wonderful way, and Africanus interpreted. Then the king and two chiefs talked calmly and sensibly. The substance of what they said was that they were ready to give up all their greegrees and devil worship and turn to God as soon as they could get light enough to see which way to go. Amanda got high, and sang, and shook hands with all in the house. So ended the first religious meeting ever held among the people of the Gerribo tribe.

Monday, March 21. We went back this morning to Beahboo to redeem our pledge. Articles were opened, too, for the planting of a mission there, signed by the two kings, Yahsanoo and Tahley, and by the chiefs.

To the five stations on the river above described we subsequently added Barraroba, higher up the river, and Wissika, below Eubloky, a total of seven stations on the river bluffs—five on the west side, and two, Tataka and Barraroba, on the east. I have never before put up missions so close together, but each town in which we have arranged for a station represents a different tribe, and some of them at war with each other. They have severally fought their way to the waterside, giving them canoe access to the sea, as many of them are sailors, and have a water frontage sufficient for their river town; but the big towns and big kings and the great body of their people are back in the interior. The big town and king of the Gerribo tribe are about twelve miles back. The town is called Wallekay, which has two big kings, Sahboo and Sabo, who sent messengers inviting us to visit them, and then sent a dozen carriers to take us to the great place. They wanted to carry me, but, as in every other place in which I had traveled in Africa, I preferred to walk, and respectfully declined the honor of being toted on the shoulders of men. Amanda, not being very well, was carried in a hammock. Julia Fletcher walked, and I and Brother Pratt, Africanus and Saco took it afoot. We passed westerly, back of a range of mountains, and thrice crossed a large creek in canoes, and waded several smaller mountain streams of clear, cold water. We passed through two towns on the way. At the first we rested, and the people prepared for us a good dinner, to which we did ample justice. We reached the second town just in time to get shelter from a heavy rain; but afterward the bushes bending over our path were dripping with water, and we got our clothes as wet as if we had taken the rainfall. We passed through large rice fields, one of which contained at least twenty acres of young growing rice. The women engaged in its cultivation generally ran like deer at our approach; but having heard of our coming they soon got over their fright, and many of them approached us shyly and allowed us to shake hands with them.

When we got within a quarter of a mile of the big town we heard the big signal drum giving notice of our approach, and we arranged there, as at the other places named, for founding a mission at Wallekay, the big town of the Gerribo tribe.

We opened next a chain of stations on the Kroo coast, Pluky, Garraway, Grand Sess, Piquinin Sess, Sass Town, Niffoo, Nana Kroo, and Settra Kroo, and subsequently established ten more stations in the midst of the Liberian work in Sinoe District, Grand Bassa District, St. Paul's River District, and Monrovia District. These ten stations were in 1893 turned over to the Missionary Society, being in the midst of their organized work and manned by Liberian ministers. Of the twenty stations opened on the lines indicated we have lost over half a dozen through the wars, but have added more than that number of substations. Some of our stations grow grandly, especially on the lines of education and salvation. Others progress slowly.

As I shall occasionally say something about Liberia as it is, I will now give a few

glimpses of what it was half a century ago. Long anterior to this Captain Stockton, of the United States Navy, to prepare for the coming of a few score of emigrants from America, had a palaver with the kings and chiefs of the tribes claiming to own Cape Mesurado, on which the town of Monrovia now stands, and bought the cape for the colonists. But the kings and chiefs went back on their bargain and took possession of the cape, and the newcomers were not allowed to set foot on it; so they landed on a small island a few rods from the mainland and within range of the deadly missiles of their enemies.

The King of Boporo, who had been to sea in his early life, and bore the name of King Boatswain, came to their relief, and threatened to throw the kings and chiefs into the sea if they did not keep their contract with Captain Stockton and let the colonists have possession of the land they had bought. So they got possession of the cape, and in the wilderness began to prepare rude homes for their families.

After they built their shanties and started their little gardens the tribes near them came in great force to destroy the new settlers and seize all their stuff. The colonists had guns and ammunition to a small extent and one cannon. They could only muster about forty men for the defense of their new home against thousands of their enemies. Elijah Johnson, who afterward became a Methodist preacher, was one of the defenders. President Johnson, who honorably filled the presidential chair of Liberia for two terms, was the son of old Elijah Johnson. The old hero fought in defense of himself and his fellow-colonists with his little daughter strapped to his back, lest she should be kidnapped by the savages. That daughter afterward became the wife of Bishop Roberts, deceased.

Well, the overwhelming forces of the heathen drove the forty heroes from their defenses, but instead of pursuing and destroying them the natives went hunting for plunder, and gathered round the cannon with excited curiosity. Tradition says that an old woman of the emigrant party, named Elizabeth Newburyport, who had remained with the stuff, beckoned the natives to look into the muzzle of the gun. The gun had been loaded, but, not being in position in the moment of need, was not discharged. The old woman got a long line of them trying to look into the muzzle, and then applied a coal of fire. Off went the big gun, and Liberia was saved.

For many years afterward some of the largest slave markets of Africa were located on what is now the Liberian coast, with their tribal wars, night attacks, burning of towns, killing defenders of their homes, and seizing as slaves the women and children.

George S. Brown, who was sent out by the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, founded a mission which he named Heddington, after Bishop Hedding, who had ordained him to the ministry. Heddington Mission was located in a heathen town of Liberia, five hours from Monrovia. Brother Brown worked through interpreters, and about two hundred heathen professed to receive Christ. They abandoned their "greegrees," or idols, and those who were polygamists became consistent Christians.

Even such a town could not be exempt from the slave hunters. King Boatswain, the friend of the Americans, as the colonists were called, had passed away. The new King of Boporo, whose name was Gotarah, was the terror of the native tribes of all that region, except the Dey tribe, which was confederate with him. Gotarah boasted that he would eat Brown for his breakfast some morning.

Brown gives the following description of Gotarah's attempt to eat him:

"War indeed—fire and blood! This morning at four o'clock we were alarmed by the firing of a musket at King Thom's farm, about half a mile from us, and while we were

A SLAVE GANG IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

thinking of what it meant for nearly half an hour we heard some one hallooing in the woods, making toward town as if in great haste, crying out, 'War in the path! War in the path!' This was an old woman of probably sixty years. King Thom turned out at once, met the woman, and examined her. She informed him that, a few minutes since, the farm whence she came was thronged with war people; that they had caught her, but she was rescued by her husband, who shot her antagonist dead on the spot, and that she narrowly made her escape in a bypath and came to us. By this time King Thom's people were all up. While the woman was talking and King Thom was doubting and I yet in bed, behold the enemy appeared in sight. The day had just broken on us, but not so as to give us much light. The stars glistened over our heads, and now we began to see their polished muskets and spears within twelve rods of us. King Thom hailed them in different languages, but they gave him no answer. They were discovered to be in three divisions, one standing still; the other two were marching each way round the town.

"S. Harris, an American, happened to be at our house at this time, and one more American in town, by the name of Bennet Demory. Harris went out in town and saw the enemy, and when he returned to get his musket he told me to load all our muskets as quickly as possible, for war was at hand. I immediately dropped on my knees in prayer to God to know what to do. And while I was praying Harris went out, and after hailing the right wing and receiving no answer he fired into it. This righted them about, and they returned to the main body. By this time Thom and eleven of his men sallied down on the left wing, and all twelve fired into it. The enemy returned him a fire of forty or fifty muskets at once, wounding one of my brethren, who came into my chamber with nearly all his bowels in his hands. But Thom's fire wheeled the wing, and they also returned to the main body. By this time I was loading muskets. We had one hundred ready-made cartridges in the house. All Thom's people, except the twelve who had muskets, immediately ran to the thick bush. Thom and nine of his men retired under the lee of the mission house, ready to fire on the enemy when they should attempt to put fire to the houses, as we expected every moment they would. One of Thom's men joined me in the chamber above and Demory joined Harris below.

"At this time I had in my house Harris's wife, two hired girls and twenty-six school children. Three of my boys were large enough to handle muskets, and these I retained. But I ordered the women and children to escape in a given direction, where I supposed no danger was. They attempted to do this, but they had not gone more than six rods from the house when they saw the slave catchers within three rods of them, leaping to catch them. They wheeled in an instant, and barely escaped to the house.

"At this the enemy raised the most awful, terrifying screams, yelling, whooping, blowing horns and shells, rattling old irons and clattering drums; I never heard the like in my life before. By this time the engagement was fully organized, and the enemies' balls and slugs were flying as hailstones through my house. I was now pretty full of business. I commanded all the women and children to retire to a bedroom, and all to lie down flat on the floor, that the balls might pass over them. The enemy were now in a solid body in rear of the mission house, in an open field of about four acres. Hundreds were within six rods of us, pouring their balls, slugs, and poisoned arrows at us like a terrible storm. Demory and Harris were the only two men who stood below in front of the enemy, and Jarvis and Nichols at the window above, facing the enemy, firing muskets as fast as a boy could hand them and another boy return them to me for loading. We had a fair view of the enemy from the chamber window, and there could not have been less than four or five

hundred. Demory and Harris happened to have four or five pounds of buckshot, which they used in a sweeping manner. The enemy drew up within three rods of us to a frail picket fence, and while some were trying to break through others were pouring their slugs and arrows at us. Nichols, a native, at the window, made an awful slaughter among them, till, at last, he received two heavy slugs in his breast, which brought him to the floor, and I supposed him to be dead. I dragged him into the other apartment with the first wounded man. He had fired about twenty shots before he fell. I then ran to the window at which he had fallen, and, having eleven muskets loaded, I renewed the fire from the window.

"By this time the sun was up, and old Gotarah made his appearance near the picket fence. Had they known its weakness they would have rushed on it and broken it down. But when old Gotarah, the great war chief, came up, he got behind our storehouse and broke through the fence and came into the yard with hosts behind him roaring like demons. Others still continued firing on the other side of the fence. The balls and arrows whistled thick and fast around my head while I was loading and firing with all my ability into their thickest huddles. Gotarah rushed on, roaring like a mammoth leopard, shouting, 'Come on! Come on, my fine fellows!' Harris and Demory stood in the open door and continued their fire while the enemy were within two rods of them firing. This was an awful moment. I stood in the window and saw in the groups, as I fired, men hewing down each other as if a third party was in the field. Their screams were terrific. Our ammunition was nearly all gone; Gotarah attempted to rush through the door, but in the attempt he fell a lifeless corpse. Some of his bodyguard took their slave ropes and slipped two of them around Gotarah's neck and went off with him in a hurry. And from daylight to that time I saw them carrying off their dead.

"The engagement continued for one hour and twenty minutes. When they left us Demory and Harris had only two charges of ammunition, and I had but one loaded musket and one cartridge; so that in half a minute more we should have been given over to their cannibal gluttony.

"Brother Baker, the first man wounded, was a converted native. He retained his senses and died happy in Jesus. Nichols was also a native convert. He recovered from his wounds.

"We soon ventured out into the battlefield. O, such a scene I never saw before and devoutly hope I never may again! Blood, brains, fingers, pieces of flesh, knives, arrows, and greegrees in great abundance. But their line of retreat exceeded all the rest. A gore of blood in the path, and the bushes and trees besmeared with blood from the open veins of their wounded.

"All the natives of this land have an invariable practice of carrying off to their homes their dead in battle, but they were so overloaded on this occasion that they were obliged to leave thirteen heavy six-foot four-inch fellows but a few rods from the house.

"The next day King Zoda Quee and twenty of his men followed the path of retreat, strewn with the dead, for twelve miles, and in a large deposit of dead bodies partly covered with leaves and sand they found the body of the great cannibal King Gotarah. We stripped him of his ornaments and of his armor, and brought off his head as a trophy and an assuring testimony that he would trouble the tribal nations of those coasts no more."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Closing Lesson and Farewell.

THE narrative at the end of the foregoing chapter was written by a missionary who had part in it and saw it all. The account may illustrate the perils of Church and State on this Liberian coast fifty years ago, and the altered and peaceful conditions under which I have opened twenty mission stations among as many heathen nations on the same Liberian coast.

Liberia, with all its faults and mishaps, is not a failure. Its colonization policy is not a failure. God has a gracious providential purpose to work out through the agency of the Liberians. Let all good people pray for them.

Brown, in defending himself and his mission, said: "We can defend or justify any Christian minister or missionary in a war of a defensive character. But at the same time will any man pretend it was my duty, and that of Harris and Demory, to fold our arms and let a savage cannibal army of four hundred men cut our throats, destroy the mission property, burn the house of God and mission buildings, ransack our native villages, kill and eat the men and carry off and sell their families as slaves?"

After this battle and the death of Gotarah the native tribes began at once to clear fields and plant rice, corn, and cassava. They said: "We have seen the American fashion and prefer it to our own. The American colony shut the slave market and make good market for other things. We can sell to them rice, oil, and camwood. Before the battle at Heddington all were engaged in war and the people had no courage to clear and plant for fear of being driven off. But since the Heddington battle wars in all this region have ceased; so we are not afraid to live in small towns and cultivate the soil."

I here add a discourse on "The Spiritual Possibilities of the Heathen," which was delivered by me in Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage's church in Brooklyn some years ago. On that occasion Dr. Talmage introduced me to the venerable head of the New York *Independent*, who expressed great satisfaction in listening to the discourse, and the next issue of the *Independent* contained the following notice: "Bishop Taylor preached last Sabbath evening in Rev. Dr. Talmage's church in Brooklyn. It was a solemn and impressive discourse, holding an audience which packed the house to the doors in almost breathless stillness for nearly an hour. He showed clearly what Christian men and women and Christian ministers should do for the extension of Christ's kingdom in foreign lands. . . . The poor heathen, he declared, had sufficient light to teach them that right living would meet with a reward in the future and wrongdoing with severe punishment. He gave some remarkable instances illustrating the correctness of the assertion. He denounced the doctrine of future probation, and seemed to have at his tongue's end all those passages in the Bible which are quoted to sustain that misty hypothesis." I spoke as follows:

"The spiritual possibilities of the heathen is a subject of so vast importance in its bearings on the character of God, and on the condition of four fifths of the human race, as to preclude mere human opinions and speculations. The contrast between a converted

civilized African girl and her former self sitting in the spiritual and mental darkness of Mashonaland is great enough to inspire all Christians with a zeal hitherto unfelt for the conversion of the heathen.

"The Church at Rome was composed largely of converts from heathenism. In his letter to that Church, Paul says: 'When the Gentiles, which have not the law'—the written revelation of God—'do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves: which show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another' (Rom. ii, 14, 15). Is not this a realization of God's ancient prophecy and promise? 'I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be my people' (Jer. xxxi, 33). Hence all such 'show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness'—show it in their tempers, words, and deeds—and by 'their thoughts' deduce from this experience within and its manifestation without a standard of possible attainment, by which they 'accuse or else excuse one another.'

"They 'do by nature the things contained in the law.' Can such an experience be attained by any virtue, or merit, or work of human nature? Nay; the depravity of human nature and its inability to purify itself are the same throughout the world. Our Gentile apostle says: 'I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek.' The world was then virtually constituted of Jews and Gentiles.

"The ethical standard of the Jew was the written law. The Greek, not having this law, became, by a divine manifestation of light in him, a law to himself. The Jew had a documentary basis of faith—'the record of God concerning his Son'—prophetic and historic, corroborated by the testimonies of saved men and women in the Scriptures and the verbal testimony of the witnessing hosts of God's elect—a broad, intelligible, reliable basis of faith. The Greek had no such basis of faith; but had a manifestation of God to his soul sufficient to enable him in his distress to cry to God, surrender himself in unreserved obedience to his will, abandon all hope of help from any other source, and receive and trust God alone. That defines the faith possible to the Greek, and that is the faith which brings 'the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth,' whether Jew or Greek. 'For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith: as it is written, The just shall live by faith'—Jews and Greeks alike, ascending to wider fields and higher planes of faith and of realization. Such possibilities involve a corresponding responsibility. 'For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness.' God has manifested the truth to them so clearly, and impressed it on them so indelibly, that it holds in spite of their ungodliness. This truth is the hinge of their responsibility as subjects of God's government; and their willful resistance of it the ground of their condemnation.

"'Because that which may be known of God is manifest in them'—a divine manifestation—'for God hath showed it unto them;' a plain statement of a fact—'God hath showed it unto them.' Through the medium of his Holy Scriptures? Nay, but by direct revelation of God, and confirmed by his visible works and daily providences—'For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen.' Dimly seen by the heathen? Nay, 'clearly seen.' What things are clearly seen? 'Even his eternal power and Godhead'—or, as in the Revised Version, 'his eternal power and divinity'—clearly seen, 'so that they are without excuse;' a great fact plainly stated. So the

TYPES AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THE AFRICANS.—MISS WILDONE, A CIVILIZED GIRL OF MASHONA.
—From a recent photograph.

second probation theory has one radical defect, and that is its utter lack of scriptural authority.

"The divine teaching just described belongs to the department of God's primary school for the instruction of his whole family. This is the school of which the royal psalmist sang a thousand years before the Church at Rome was born, 'The heavens declare the glory of God'—not a primal revelation, but a tangible declaration—'and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech'—God's day school, seven days in each week; 'night unto night showeth knowledge'—God's night school, seven nights in each week; God's universal public school—'There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.'

"This school was opened early in the morn of creation, and has been kept up in the full tide of operation 'from the creation of the world' to the present moment. God is the teacher. What a sublime purpose of infinite, impartial sympathy and love. He thus manifests his zeal for the enlightenment and salvation of the whole human race.

"The royal singer proceeds to describe the counterpart of this wonderful primary school, with its gradations—God's high school—to be conducted through his saved human agency under a written revelation and proclaimed Gospel. The divine order is that every man, woman, and child saved in the high school shall become a teaching witness. Jesus says to all such, 'Ye are my witnesses;' 'Ye shall be witnesses unto me to the uttermost parts of the earth,' and shall 'preach the Gospel to every creature.' So God hath ordained that as quickly as possible the high school, through cooperative human agency, shall be coextensive with the primary. The psalmist thus indicates the departments and work of the high school. 'The law (or doctrine) of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul,' the perfection of God's ideal, and provision for restoring the souls of the fallen race to union with himself. 'The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb'—the dropping of fresh honey from the comb.

"Between these two schools the psalmist introduces the symbol of Him through whom divine light and life are communicated to the pupils in both. 'In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.'

"This is the symbol of Him who is 'the life and the light of men,' and who 'lighteth every man that cometh into the world.' He was in the world from the beginning, and 'the world was made by him.' His great mission through the ages has been to enlighten and save the people.

"He enlightened Adam and Eve, and they evidently received him and were saved by him. He enlightened Cain, and he demonstrated the possibility of abusing his moral freedom by a course of rebellion against God. He enlightened Abel, and he demonstrated the adequacy and availability of God's provision of salvation in Jesus for the human family. He obtained the righteousness which is by faith and 'obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts.' All this he obtained by the 'light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.'

"Every man, therefore, by that same light and leading, could have been saved, for 'God is no respecter of persons;' so every sinner, from that day to this, could have been saved as was Abel, if he had followed Abel instead of Cain. No one ever perished because he was born with a sinful nature, but by a persistent, suicidal rebellion against God, which results in a destruction of his spiritual susceptibilities and in his utter diabolization. He thus becomes an incorrigible rebel and an incurable nuisance. The great God and Father in deep bereavement calls him by his family name and says, 'O, Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself.' God never destroyed anybody. He is 'not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.' There is nothing in his attributes or in his administration to contradict this plain statement of facts. But as a righteous Sovereign he is bound to administer justice and to protect society; hence turns over incurable rebels to the old scavenger, the devil, to take them away to Gehenna, 'the place prepared for the devil and his angels,' because they are fit for no other place.

"Well, if God's primary school gives light and life adequate to salvation, and the high school the same, with an immeasurable development of godlike character, why are the masses of mankind of adult years so ignorant and so unlike God? Let us go back and inquire of St. Paul: 'That which may be known of God is manifest in them; for God hath showed it unto them. For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse: because that, when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and fourfooted beasts, and creeping things.' They knew God, but in pride and self-conceit they willfully departed from him and became such fools that they not only closed their eyes against the glory by which God had manifested himself as their Sovereign and Father, but exchanged God himself for some contemptible idol.

"Thus the glory by which God manifested himself in Egypt as the one only true God, and at the Red Sea as the deliverer of his people; at Marah, as their healer; in the Wilderness of Sin, as their feeder; at Horeb, as their waterer; at Rephidim, as their defense; and at Sinai, as their lawgiver, was exchanged for a molten calf, cast by their own hands.

"We were created for an eternal filial relation to God, and endowed with powers of intelligence, affections, conscience, and will suitable to such a relationship. Our natural religiousness may be compared to a great but delicate vine with a thousand tendrils. God puts himself in contact with us and says to us, 'Lay hold of my strength.' He alone is worthy of our supreme confidence, loyalty, and love. He alone can supply the needs of our moral constitution. If we accept him as 'the Lord our God' we shall find in him a fastening for every tendril, a supply for every demand, and shall 'grow up into him' in all things lovely and divine. If we reject God, then this vine must, in its very nature, entwine itself around something other than God. That is where witchcraft comes in, the devil's craft for furnishing some sort of religion for deserters from God—a beautiful, attractive sort for highly civilized people and for pagans—a kind most insulting to God and most debasing to men. In either case allegiance to God is renounced and moral restraint thrown off. 'Wherefore God also gave them up to uncleanness through the lusts of their own hearts.' The unrestrained depravity of their hearts led them into the most debasing lusts of the flesh. But the light still remaining in them, and a conscience not yet 'seared as with a

hot iron,' caused them so much remorse and discomfort that the next thing is to put out the light. Deeds of darkness must have darkness in which to hide; so at this point apostates from God make another exchange. Having exchanged God for an idol, they now change 'the truth of God into a lie.' All the truths received under God's instruction are bartered off for the devil's lies—pantheism, atheism, all forms of infidelity, all false religions, all lies that distort and disgrace so many systems of Christian theology, and the insidious skepticism which leads so many who assent to the truth of God to reject Jesus or neglect his salvation.

"'For this cause God gave them up unto vile affections.' The whole current of their corrupted emotional nature flows unrestrained in its downward way to death and hell.

"'And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient.' They had 'God in their knowledge,' but did not like to retain him; so now the godlike powers of their intellectual constitution and the functions and forces of their religious nature are bound down by chains of sinful habits and associations stronger than chains of steel.

"Then God's diagnosis of the horrible leprosy of sin which has struck through the whole head and heart is in the following words: 'Being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful: who, knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them.' After all this darkening and obliterating process they still hold much of 'the truth in unrighteousness,' and 'know the judgment of God' against all ungodliness. There still is light in the binnacle to bring to view their peril and show them the way back to God. Every sinner is an apostate, and all sinners are under the same condemnation.

"'Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest: for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things.'

"Now let us go back and review the ground and see how we stand related to God and to 'all nations of men who dwell on all the face of the earth.' All being created of 'one blood,' and created in righteousness and true holiness, we may surely conclude we were all alike—all first-class passengers on the same ship.

"When our vessel was capsized we all went down together and together stuck on a sand spit near to that cataract of eternal destruction over which the fallen angels had gone. 'By the offense of one, judgment came upon all men'—the human race—'to condemnation.' 'So by the righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life.' As the whole race of man went down together by the sin of the first Adam, so the whole race came up together by the redeeming work of the second Adam. Every child born, from Cain down, inherited from Adam and his wife a tainted, corrupted nature, and the death penalty upon the bodies of the race, as solemn reminder, the journey through, that the dreadful thing that turned angels to devils is the thing that struck us; but every such child comes into the world an heir to the gift of eternal life in Jesus Christ, covering everything in it or necessary to it. The outlying facts in the case are clearly stated, including all the intermediate implied facts.

"Hence every child of the redeemed race of man, dying in its infantile justified relation

to God, is washed by the blood of Jesus, purified, and taken to heaven. All justified souls are under the jurisdiction of the Holy Spirit, and it is his business to see that all the children whom the King shall call to himself shall be made clean. Glory to God! More than half the human race are saved under this provision, as infants and idiots.

"I hear a poor apostate say, 'What a pity I did not die and go to heaven when I was a baby!'

"If you are going to be such a fool as St. Paul describes, willfully reject God and eternal life and destroy yourself, why, it had been better if you had never been born. I thank the great King eternal that I did not die in my infancy. I bless his name that he nourished and brought me up to be six feet high, like my father; that he has given me a chance to 'run the race set before me,' 'to fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life,' with a development of character and capacity not attainable by infant saints. St. Paul says, 'For as one star differeth from another in glory, so also is the resurrection of the dead.' The saved infants will be little twinklers in the galaxy of God, innumerable, and as full of heaven as they can hold; but 'they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever.'

"You seem to think God's highest ambition in regard to mankind is to get them to heaven. That is but the zero line of his purpose. He wants us, on the line of holiness, to develop the godlike power with which he has endowed us and demonstrate to the universe that he made no mistake by investing us with such powers. Those who abuse them in rebellion and self-destruction scandalize his reputation among men. All his saints shall be rewarded according to their works, not a reward of merit, but that which attaches to the development of character and capacity to receive an eternal weight of glory. So, in the creation, the fall, and the general redemption of the human family, we stand exactly at par with the heathen nations; and also in the dreadful apostasy described by St. Paul, most people in Christian countries, who live to cross the line of accountability, follow in the same broad way to destruction trodden in by the heathen, but with guilt exceeding that of the heathen proportionate to their superiority of Christian light.

"I will indicate our sad departure from God's household, where we by birth belong, by a simple illustrative example. A mother had a dear little boy whom she called Jimmie. He was coming up to the line of responsible life, a period not to be determined by a fixed number of years, as so much depends on natural precocity and education, usually from five to ten years of infantile life. One day when Jimmie's mother was away from home, having seen her put a plum cake in the cupboard before she left, his curiosity led him to open the cupboard door and peep in at the plum cake. Seeing a plum protruding his mouth watered for it. His conscience said, 'Jimmie, don't touch the plum; that would be stealing.' He said, 'O, it's nothing but a plum;' so he picked it out and ate it. That sharpened his appetite, and he dug out another, and then another. Then he broke off a piece of the cake and ate it. So his appetite got very strong, and his will to resist temptation got very weak. Then he said to himself, as he confessed afterward, 'Well, mother will find it out, and I expect she will whip me anyhow, so I may just as well eat all I want;' and he took a feed off the cake.

"Up to that day he loved his mother dearly; but now he did not like her at all. When he saw her coming, instead of running to meet her to receive her kiss and blessing he ran behind the kitchen and hid. His mother did not discover his theft that afternoon, but Jimmie found out a sad fact: 'He that covereth his sins shall not prosper.' He covers a smoldering fire that will burn him out if he don't get rid of it.

ARTS AND INSTITUTIONS OF THE AFRICANS.—PLAN OF A KRAAL.—From a recent photograph.

"That night Jimmie came as usual and kneeled by his mother to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven,' but the words seemed to stick in his throat.

"Then he said, 'Mother, does God know everything?'

"'Yes.'

"'Can he see in the dark?'

"'Yes.'

"'Can he see in the cupboard?'

"'O, yes.'

"'Then he saw me.'

"'Jimmie, what have you been doing?'

"Then he confessed his theft.

"'Ah, my dear child, you have lost something.'

"Jimmie felt in his pocket and said, 'O, no, mother; I haven't lost anything.'

"'Yes, my child; you think, now, and see what you have lost.'

"After a little reflection Jimmie wept aloud. Mother said, 'What have you lost, my dear child?'

"'O, mother, I have lost the happy out of my heart.'

"Dear boy, he did not know the measure of his loss. He had lost his justified relation to God, and had come under condemnation, which is the opposite of justification. Then the mother explained the situation to her sorrowing son, and he confessed his sin to God and received Jesus as his pardoning Saviour, and was justified by faith and obtained peace with God that night before he went to bed.

"That is the time, dear parents, to have your child converted to God; no time after the child's departure from God so favorable as that. The day before would have been better. So soon as the child is old enough to go out of God's kingdom and family it is old enough to stay in. This is as true in Africa as anywhere. I have realized the truth of it with my little Grabo girl Diana on my knee. Teach it obedience to God, and to receive Jesus as a present, cleansing, keeping Saviour, and to abide in the house of the Lord forever. No child has any right to go out of God's family for a single day in one hundred years. If it does it takes the downward road to death before described. In this bondage and degradation of apostasy the heathen and the rebellious of Christian countries are all alike 'without God, and without hope in the world,' unless they will 'remember and turn unto the Lord.' The rebellious has only to confess his sins to God, consent at once and forever to abandon them, to receive Jesus Christ and trust him, and he shall be saved; without a moment's delay be acquitted by the great Judge eternal, pardoned, notified by the Holy Spirit, regenerated, and thus be brought into harmonious legal relations to God, into filial union with him, and, under the tuition of the Holy Spirit, proceed in God's order to be perfected in loyalty and love to God and be a worker with God to save others; he will thus develop a character for an eternal standing in the royal family of heaven.

"So, also, under the leading of the same Holy Spirit, the poor heathen apostate may 'remember and turn unto the Lord,' to the Lord in whose school he has spent so many sunny years of his childhood. The light he retains, and the lost light he may regain, will enable him, by the awakening power of the Spirit, to cry to God, renounce all his sins and all his idols, and receive and trust God, and have 'the work of the law written in his heart, his conscience also bearing witness' to his pardon and restoration.

"I hear one reply, 'If there is a possibility of the heathen being saved without sending missionaries to them, what is the use of this needless expense?' You are no doubt a

relation to those stingy fellows who, in reply to Paul's argument on this subject, said, 'What advantage then hath the Jew, and what profit is there in circumcision?'

"Paul answered, 'Much every way: chiefly, because that unto them were committed the oracles of God.' All that we are above the barbarous heathen of Africa to-day belongs to the 'much every way,' for which we are under God indebted to his high school. The emancipation of genius under the auspices of God's high school has given birth to all the arts, sciences, and mechanics which distinguish Christian nations; but high above all these are the oracles of God, with their wonderful revelations of mercy and salvation. I tell you, my friend, whatever shall become of the heathen, if, with all your opportunities of enlightenment, you sit down and criticise God's plan of mercy for the nations, and refuse obedience to his orders to give the Gospel to the heathen, the question in your case is settled.

BISHOP TAYLOR AND THE CHILD DIANA.
"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these."

"'God's delights are with the sons of men,' but he has no pleasure in their death, nor in their imbecility, pollution, and abominable idolatry. He delights in the development of their powers of mind and genius. He delights, no doubt, in the steam engine, in electrical machinery, and all the wonderful achievements of this Christian age; but above all he delights in the holiness and consequent happiness of his people. So he wants us in generous sympathy to be workers together with him to extend rapidly to all the nations enslaved by heathenism the same opportunities he has so generously extended to us.

"You want to know further, in regard to the heathen, whether from my rather extensive acquaintance with them I find unmistakable evidence of a divine enlightenment such as the Scriptures represent. I say, emphatically, Yes. It is proper to say, however, that many faithful missionaries, longer in the field than I have been, declare that they have never been able to find a trace of anything of that sort—'no light, no conscience, no sensibility of religious emotion.'

"I grant that the search for light amid their darkness is attended with difficulty, and can't be drawn out by question and answer.

"First, in regard to children still in God's primary school. They do not receive it through the medium of a spoken or written language. They see a rainbow, and witness the sublimity of a thunderstorm, and receive impressions of beauty and grandeur never to be erased from memory; but when you address them in the language of science, and ask

them to explain to you the colors of light and the currents of electricity, they can't tell you anything about them.

"A Christian man once said to a poor slave girl in the South, 'Do you pray?'

"'No, sah.'

"'Did you never pray?'

"'No, sah; I can't read.'

"He stood embarrassed for some moments, feeling that he had met a poor creature too ignorant to receive instruction.

"Then he said, 'Do you know anything about Jesus Christ?'

"'O, yes, sah; Jesus be my best friend. He save me from my sins. I talks to Jesus all day; and all through the dark hours ob de night, when I no can sleep, I be talking to my Jesus.'

"The Lord Jesus took me to his bosom from my trundle-bed, and revealed God to me in the pardon of my sins and the joy of his reconciling love. I have never since had a clearer perception of God as my Father and Friend than I had as a little child; some years later, when the Methodists came round preaching about justification, regeneration, adoption, and holiness, I never thought of identifying my simple experience of salvation with those big words.

"When trying to sound adult heathen we have the same difficulty as with children, with this still greater disadvantage: having exchanged the truth of God that was in them for the devil's lies, they have become almost totally darkened and diabolized. It is only the remaining bit of truth 'they hold in unrighteousness' that we have to draw from; yet, 'when they remember and turn unto the Lord,' under the leading of the Holy Spirit, they recover much of their lost truth.

"Ask a Brahman why he worships an idol. He replies, 'Do you think I am such a fool as to worship a block of stone?'

"'What then?'

"'O, that's simply a tangible medium through which I worship the great invisible.'

"He is in fact an idolater, but he has light enough to make him ashamed to confess it.

"I said to an old Brahman in Calcutta, 'I hope you are enjoying good health this morning?'

"'Yes; I am thankful to say that, by the great mercy and kindness of God to me, I am in good health.'

"He was in theory a pantheist, but in simple conversation the truth came out.

"The untutored heathen of Africa have no vain philosophy by which to explain away their perception of God as a great personal being. They have their greegrees, charms, and amulets, but they never pray to them—they 'cry to God in the day of trouble.'

"In the extreme south his names are Dahlah, Tixo, and Enkosi. In South Central Africa his name is En Zambe. The Zambezi River is called after God. On the west coast his name is Niswah. All these names are to express the perceptions of the people of the one great God of the heavens and the earth.

"I was one day preaching to old King Damasi and his people. He was ruler of the Amapondo nation. In my discourse I explained the words of Jesus about the resurrection of the human body in the last day. One of his *amapakati* (counselors) muttered dissent from what I had spoken. The old king, of giant physique, looked at him with a frown, and said to him with awful emphasis, 'Hold your tongue, you scoundrel; you know very well that all our fathers believed in the resurrection of the dead, and so do we.'

"When a Kaffirman dies they dig a grave about two feet in diameter and about five feet deep, and let the corpse down in a squatting position; but before they put him down they seat him beside his grave to give opportunity, for any who may so desire, to have a last talk with him. They say that the man's spirit has left the body, but lingers near for a time for this last communication from friends or foes.

"If a man is present who has an unadjusted quarrel with him he will approach him trembling and confess his sorrow that the unpleasantness ever occurred and was not settled long ago; then begs him not to come back to witch his children or kill his cattle—just please drop it, and say no more about it. Another will come and say: 'My father died sixty moons ago. His body was buried in the forest near his village. He was a good man, and his spirit has gone to live in the bright home of Dahlah. When you get there you will see my father, and I want you to tell him you saw me;' then a confidential message is given him. Others will come in like manner and load down the departing spirit with messages to fathers and mothers in the final home of good people.

"What do we learn from this? First, that these heathen believe when the body dies it returns to dust; the spirit dies not, but lives on indefinitely. Second, that the spirit retains all the faculties and forces it ever had, and has independent senses corresponding with the bodily senses, such as sight, hearing, sensibility, recognition of friends, and easy intercommunication with them. Third, that good spirits go and dwell with God in happiness, and that those who follow will recognize them and enjoy their companionship.

"Whence came they by this knowledge? They did not learn it from books—they have no books; they did not learn it from a preacher of righteousness—none there. They learned it from God in his primary school, and these things abide in their minds as facts, and not as theories. I recently received a letter from a Christian lady asking my opinion of the possible recognition of friends in heaven. A heathen would not ask such a question; these are facts in his mind, and not opinions.

"I will add a simple illustration of the possibility of a heathen's surrender to God, his abandonment of all hope in idols, angels, or men, his acceptance of God alone, and his trust in him.

"I held a District Conference at Tataka, on the Cavalla River, in Liberia, Africa. The love feast on Sabbath morning was a time of joyful weeping. In the midst of it we suddenly heard an awful screaming in the king's town, a little over a quarter of a mile distant, followed by the wailings of the townspeople all that day and the ensuing night. A great chief had died, a giant in size, and a man of renown among his people. He was one of the chiefs who had invited us to found a mission there, and 'his mark' was on our articles of agreement; but we knew not his language, nor he ours, so we were unable to speak to him of Jesus and salvation. Some of the heathen men there had been to sea, and learned a little Kroo English.

"Monday morning I went to see the dead chief. I was surprised to find him appearing as natural as life, just like a man in deep sleep, with a placid countenance.

"I inquired about his death, and in their broken English they told me that all through the night of his struggle with death he was praying; that the chieftain lay on his mat in his hut, with a taper throwing off light enough to make darkness visible, and every now and then he cried out, 'Niswah! Niswah! O, Niswah!' Then sinking into the silent struggle with death for a time, and again breaking out, 'Niswah! Niswah! O, Niswah!' Later in the night he talked much to Niswah in subdued tones: 'Niswah, I am your man. I belong to you, Niswah. I accept you, Niswah; I take you. I trust you, Niswah; I

TYPES AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THE AFRICANS.—GROUP OF MEN FROM THE EAST COAST.—
From a recent photograph.

trust you.' So he continued to talk to God by the only name he knew him to have. If that poor fellow did not surrender himself to Niswah, what then? If he did not abandon all hope in every other helper, and receive and trust Niswah, what did he do? If the Lord Jesus would not help such a poor fellow, surrendering and trusting God as that chief did, then he is not the man of sorrows, sympathy, and salvation I have always taken him to be. Man's extremity is God's opportunity. In such extremity, not necessarily a death extremity, a poor heathen may thus believe and receive the power of God unto salvation.

"If my exegesis of the Scriptures quoted in this article is correct, then the practical importance of a careful study of the subject can hardly be estimated.

"1. It is a theodicy. Could I face the heathen and inform them that, through the ages, God has given to their fathers and to them light enough for their responsibility and self-destruction, but not enough for their salvation? Must they go on perishing without hope till the missionaries shall find it convenient to come and show them the way of salvation? And could I say to them, 'I am not ashamed' of such a Gospel as that? Were I to tell them that God, by an eternal decree, had doomed a large proportion of their fathers and of them to hell, with no chance of escape, would I not be ashamed of my cause and my King?

"2. A proper understanding of this subject by foreign missionaries is essential to their success in getting the heathen saved. To succeed with the heathen we must recognize, appreciate and utilize the foundation truth God has manifested to them in his primary school, and, proceeding along the line of admitted facts, carefully build on the foundation God has laid."

As a specimen of the good-natured discussions by the way, a dear brother wrote me that he hoped to "see the day when my missions shall be taken over by the Methodist Episcopal Church." He will never see that day, for the reason that my missions never belonged to any other than the Methodist Episcopal Church, and never had any relation to a comeout secession, nor to any no-church party whatsoever. That brother will find them at the last day, just where they were legitimately born and brought up, according to the Bible and the Methodist Discipline.

What is a true church of Christ? "A congregation of believers in which the word of God is preached and the sacraments duly administered." When such a church is organized under the rules of the Methodist Episcopal Discipline, by one of its authorized ministers, then the church thus created is a Methodist Episcopal church, no matter whether it be in the United States of America, the provinces of India, or the jungles of Africa.

I am not a bigot; I have always, as I had opportunity, preached for all churches of the Protestant world, of all zones and climates, and would preach in the Romish churches just as cheerfully if they would let me.

I have been an organizer of newborn churches for more than half a century, but never attempted to organize any other than Methodist Episcopal churches. I was ordained to do that, but was neither authorized nor inclined to organize a church of any other denomination.

My plan in foreign fields, remote from our organized Conference boundaries, is, by the preaching of the Gospel and the operations of the Holy Spirit, to get men, women, and children soundly saved; and then, after suitable instruction and drill, to organize them into a Methodist Episcopal church, according to our Discipline. Then, as soon as possible, to put my churches into direct organic relationship with the general administration of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

I thus organized in Bombay, India, in 1872. In the month of May of the same year I memorialized the General Conference to grant an enabling act, by which the Board of Bishops could, during the quadrennium ensuing, organize my new work in India into an Annual Conference; not a Mission Conference, but a self-supporting, regular Annual Conference, the same as the New York and all other Conferences in the United States, to be called the Bombay Annual Conference.

That petition was granted by the General Conference of 1876, and the South India Annual Conference was organized. It embodied the self-supporting churches I had organized in Bombay, Poonah, Egutpoora, Jubbulpore, Allahabad, Agra, Calcutta, Madras, Bangalore, Salem, Secunderabad, and in other smaller cities.

Thus my organizations in India were legally recognized as Methodist Episcopal churches, hence organized into an Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

That action of the General Conference of 1876 legally settled forever the question of the genuine Methodist character of my methods of work, and of the organic results of my work; for it was clearly seen, and admitted, that my plan of organizing self-supporting Methodist churches and Conferences in foreign countries was precisely accordant with the principles and methods so long and so successfully worked in the United States, and furnished a ground of evidence that they were identical with the doctrines, principles, and methods set forth in the New Testament, and hence adapted alike to all countries, to the uttermost parts of the earth.

All this was done without the intermediate agency of a missionary society.

There are more than a hundred millions of heathens who are too much impoverished to support the Gospel ministers required for their enlightenment. Hence, to send the Gospel prepaid, and to support the ministers to such poor people, is the grandest benevolence in the world, and for the share of responsibility in this great work to be borne by the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church it will require not only a million dollars per annum, but two, then four, then six millions, and so on.

Self-supporting missions in foreign countries are no more antagonistic to the work of the missionary societies than are the self-supporting churches in America. Self-supporting churches are not antagonizers, but are the founders, of the Missionary Society, and the supporters of its workers at home and abroad.

Why not put my foreign self-supporting churches under the control of the Missionary Society?

For the same reason that self-supporting churches at home are not put under such control.

Some of the good administrators took the ground that they should be under, and did everything in their power to bring them under, the authority of the Missionary Society. Hence my appeal to the General Conference of 1884. In response to which was a threefold utterance, clearly and emphatically covering each point:

1. They altered the paragraph in the Discipline relative to the "missionary rule," which provides for the ordination of deacons and elders for Methodist churches in foreign countries not connected with any Conference or Mission of the society.

2. They inserted a new paragraph in the Discipline which reads as follows: "Wherever Methodist churches are organized in territory outside of an Annual Conference, or of any regular Mission of our Church, such work may be attached to such home Conferences as the said churches may elect, with the concurrence of the bishop having charge of said Conference, and may be constituted a Presiding Elder's District." This action recognizes

clearly the legitimate organization of these churches in the premises, and this provision is to bring them into proper relation to the administrative work of the Church as a body. My mission at Para, Brazil, was "attached" to the Wisconsin Conference for several years; so also was our Chili District, Ira H. La Fetra, presiding elder, attached to the New England Southern Conference.

3. Said General Conference selected, elected, and ordained a man, investing him with the highest authority of the Church, to represent her as the founder and superintendent of self-supporting churches throughout the continent of Africa.

Then our friends on the other side declared that a missionary bishop was not a bishop at all, and that his missions in Africa were not in anywise Methodist missions. So the General Conference of 1888 gave a final and most emphatic deliverance on this whole subject:

1. That a missionary bishop is a true bishop of the Church of God.

2. That a missionary bishop is not under the control of the Board of Bishops, nor of any one of them. This "control" refers not to the person of the missionary bishop, but to the churches he is organizing, and to his episcopal jurisdiction over them.

In addition to chains of stations we have opened on the Liberian coast and Congo country I appointed a man of extraordinary adaptability to the work, Rev. E. H. Richards, to plant and develop a chain of mission stations in Southeast Africa, starting in at Inhambane and to be extended into South Zambezi. The following report from *Minutes* of the Liberia Conference may indicate the progress of the work on the Angola District, Amos E. Withey, presiding elder:

"DEAR FATHER AND BRETHREN: Sincerity of intention and purity of affection were claimed by the beloved founder of Methodism to be 'the wings of the soul without which we cannot ascend to the mount of God.' The general aim of the missionaries of this district is to have these wings and use them continually to that end; and some abide upon that mount, to 'comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that they may be filled with all the fullness of God.'

"They strive to 'think, speak, and act in every instance in a manner worthy of their Christian calling; to fill up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ;' they insist that men must have something more vital for religion than right opinions or mere forms of godliness; that ability will be given them to repent and believe the Gospel, to be truly born of the Spirit, and sanctified wholly. They desire to combine religion with education. Hence, we read and study Wesley's *Notes*, *Sermons*, his *Christian Library*, hymns, lives of early methodist preachers, etc., catechise children, and teach reading and writing in three languages, and other branches in English, combined with sacred music. They seek to be instant, preaching and testifying the grace of God, redeeming the time, and are blessed with times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

"We have occupied this province nearly ten years. There are twenty-three white missionaries. Our statistical and financial tables will be presented herewith. There are eight stations and substations in the province. Our means of support are by trading, cattle raising, mechanical industries, and farming. We have no salaries. It is proposed to open a new station in the next dry season in the regions beyond, sixty miles farther inland than Malange.

"There are many inquirers after the truth in the several stations who are quite regular attendants upon our services, and join heartily therein and give mental assent to all that

is required of them. Many of them have thrown away their idols and endure persecution for righteousness' sake. Some have abandoned the pursuit of business that was contrary to the Gospel. Some are accepted as being regenerated. Others can only be regarded as servants of God, who fear him, but cannot truly say, 'Abba, Father.' We are hopeful, cheerful, trustful; rejoicing evermore, praying without ceasing, and in everything giving thanks.

"Brethren, let us contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, and strongly and explicitly exhort all believers to go on to perfection.

"John W. Shuett and wife, Lavina Ratcliffe, and Louis Raven arrived in Angola in July last, and are numerically reckoned in this report. Sister Ratcliffe had a short but triumphant missionary career, of forty days only, after landing in Africa. She seemed to have no regrets, and rejoiced in the mightiness of her Saviour.

"Our District Conference was presided over by our beloved Bishop Taylor, under whose preaching Christ Jesus the Lord was made lovely indeed. The Lord was pleased to grant us his Holy Spirit bountifully.

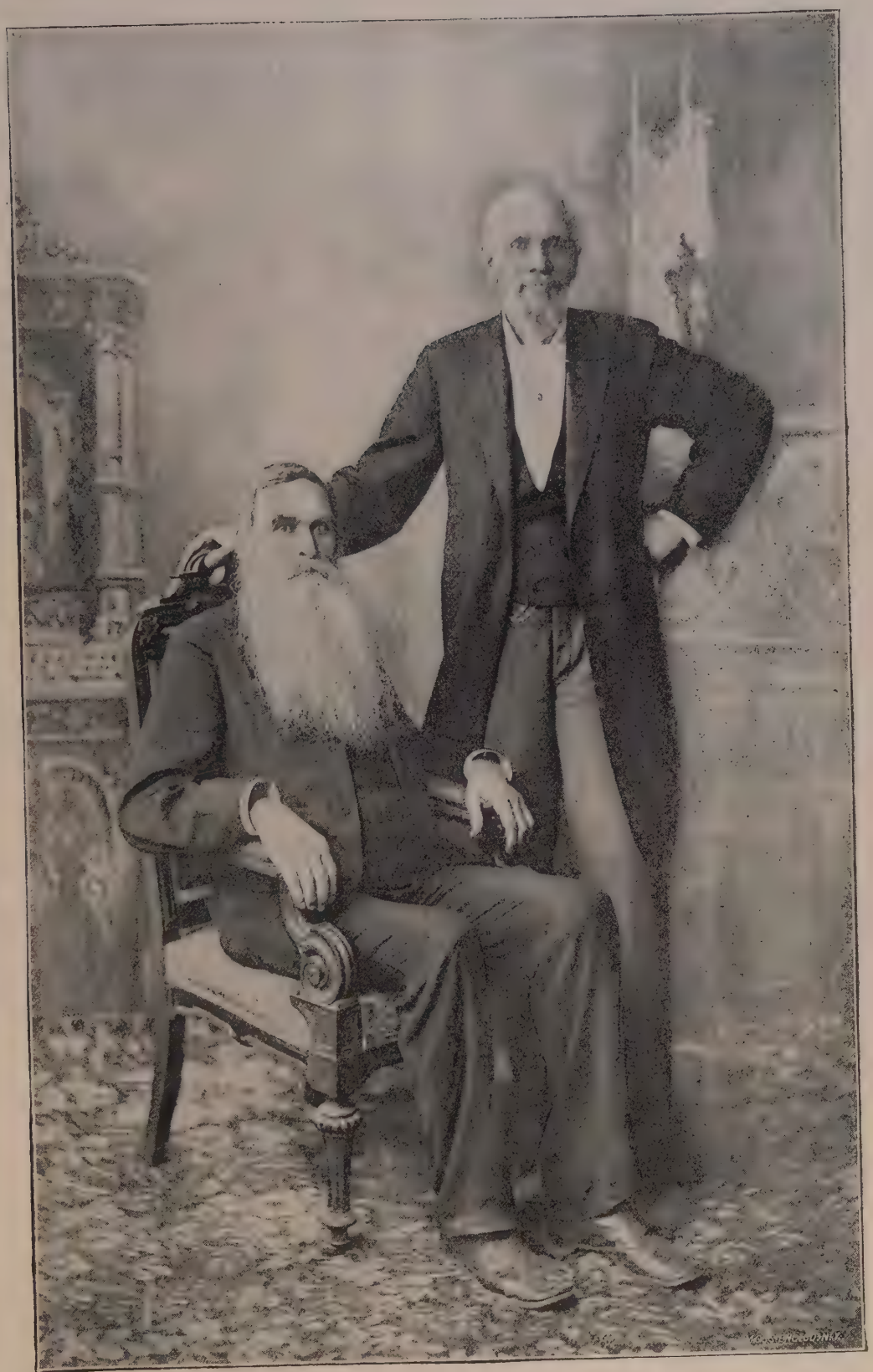
"Total cash value of real property, $29,710.97; commercial capital, cattle, and cash, $10,361.32; total, free from debt, $40,072.29. Net income for the year, $3,021.55; total household expenses, $2,259.44; net earnings above self-support, $762.11. Produce of the farms, most helpful toward food supplies, not counted."

The appointments were as follows: *St. Paul de Loanda*, Rev. C. W. Gordon. *Dondo*, to be supplied. *Nanguepepo*, Rev. William Schneidmiller. *Benjamin Barrett Station*, Rev. W. P. Dodson and wife, Rev. Herbert C. Withey, and Mrs. A. E. Withey. *Canandua*, Susan Collins. *Pungo Andongo*, Rev. Robert Shields and wife. *Malange Circuit:* Malange Village, Rev. S. J. Mead, Ardella, his wife, Miss Louise Raven, Mrs. Minnie Mead, and John, William, Julia, and Taylor Mead; Farm Nursery, Bernard and Luzia, his wife; Munhall, Station, Matthew and wife; Pegley Mission, to be opened by Rev. J. W. Shuett and wife.

A summary of Church work was as follows: Average attendance at Sabbath preaching to natives, 175; average attendance at Sunday school, 150; average attendance at day school, 68; full members in our church, 62; probationers, 24; baptisms, 19; native nursery children, 46.

The following is an exhibit of the Liberia Conference at its session in February, 1895:

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.	
Number of probationers	454
Number of full members	3,683
Number of local preachers	49
Number of deaths	66
BAPTISMS.	
Number of children	144
Number of adults	203
SUNDAY SCHOOLS.	
Number of schools	49
Number of officers and teachers	431
Number of scholars	2,356
CHURCH PROPERTY.	
Number of churches	34
Probable value	$49,400
Number of parsonages	8
Probable value	$6,040
Amount paid for buildings, etc	$6,284
Amount paid on old indebtedness	$2,937
Present indebtedness	$337
PASTORS' SUPPORT.	
Salaries from all points	$3,000
House rents	1,000
SUPPORT OF PRESIDING ELDERS.	
Amounts apportioned	$1,000
Amounts paid	500
Paid on the ten-cent collections	$52
Paid current expenses—church, sexton, light, etc.	250



BISHOP TAYLOR AND FREEBORN GARRETTSON SMITH.
August, 1895.

A communication from King Charles Hodge,* Bigtown Station, Cape Palmas, February 8, 1895, is as follows:

"DEAR FATHER AND BRETHREN: The petition of your humble heathen believers in the Christian doctrine and worship of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Cape Palmas beg most fraternally and respectfully to submit the following representations:

"In the year A. D. 1892 it pleased our heavenly Father to establish a Methodist Episcopal church in our town.

"We have raised a house of mud, boards, and thatch, materials which have been dedicated to the service of Almighty God, but this at present is entirely unfit to receive and accommodate any respectable audience. Feeling that we can no longer sit in darkness and heathen superstition, we ask you to give us a recognition as your offspring and admit Bigtown Station upon the annals of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Liberia under the disciplinary requirements.

"Again, we have to expose to you our state of destitution for a suitable and substantial church edifice where we may sit and learn about Him who died to redeem us from sin, the grave, and hell.

"To effect this it needs means and labor. It is necessary that we inform you that efforts are being exerted by us in raising funds for the erection of this building, but knowing that it will require more than we have, ask you to give us aid in order that a church of brick, stone, and iron roof materials may be built in Bigtown for the training of our youths in the principles and doctrines of Methodism, who will and are to take a part in the great work which Jehovah has destined to be achieved by Methodists in Cape Palmas, yea, Liberia, even Africa at large. We are putting forth all efforts we can to raise as much as possible, but knowing our inability to effect this undertaking we submit our appeal to your august body.

"Respectfully yours, KING CHARLES HODGE."

I will add, in this connection, a few words relative to the salary of the missionary bishops. The determination of what the salary should be and how it should be paid created considerable confusion and was the subject of debate at two General Conferences. The question led to some decisive action on my part at one or two points, and the echoes of the matter have hardly yet died away. The facts are as follows:

Very soon after my appointment to Africa by the General Conference of 1884 I wrote the treasurer of the Episcopal Salary Fund to this effect. "On my personal account I would not ask nor accept a salary. I have not received one, nor the offer of gifts, for twenty-eight years. In all these years I was daily witnessing for Jesus both by mouth and hand—the pulpit and the press. My preaching was free as salvation; by the profits of my book sales I paid all my traveling expenses, supported my family, and paid a heavy church indebtedness; but now my new Church relationships involve new conditions. In the order of Providence I find myself on a new line of departure on the part of the Church—a missionary episcopacy. As a pioneer in this path it becomes my duty to define the status and defend the rights of missionary bishops. I might be able to get on, even in the jungles of Africa, where I could make nothing from books; but a succession of missionary bishops might not be able to live and travel without a salary. I cannot conscientiously obstruct

*Hodge, king of the Grabo nation, was converted to God from gross heathenism about four years ago. He is now an able preacher, and has about forty of his people saved.

the path I was appointed to open; I therefore respectfully ask for the appropriation of a salary from the Episcopal Fund equal to that of the other bishops of our Church."

My application was referred to the Missionary Board, and it voted a salary from the missionary treasury. I respectfully declined the offer. First, I received my episcopal appointment and authority from the General Conference, and am amenable directly to that body, and no other; and while it was understood that I should preside over the old Liberia work, the same as the general superintendents in foreign fields, it was also clearly understood that the General Conference "turned," as they said—"turned him loose in Africa," and gave his divine Leader a chance to lead him whithersoever he pleased, without having to consult officials ten thousand miles back from the front. Second, I took the ground that up to that time there was no money put into the treasury of our Missionary Society to pay a bishop's salary.

The General Conference of 1888 legislated along the lines above indicated, and ever since the treasurer of the Episcopal Fund has paid my salary. The General Conference of 1892 authorized the said treasurer to replenish the Episcopal Fund by draft on the missionary treasury to an amount equal to the salary and expenses of the missionary bishops. That thus became law in our Church, and the money is given with that understanding, and I receive my allowance with due appreciation; and, what with traveling and family expenses and extra demands of my work at the front, I have need of all the funds the Lord and his people may give me. My lack of salary during the first quadrennium was supplied by my secretary, Mrs. Anderson Fowler. On receipt of back salary I offered to refund to Sister Fowler, but she declined to receive it; so I had that much more to put into my "Africa Fund" for founding and developing missions among the wild heathen of that continent.

More recently, and just as this book is going to press, two things important to my work have occurred: Freeborn Garrettson Smith, of Brooklyn, New York, my friend of many years, has actively espoused the cause of my African work by becoming Treasurer of the African Fund. From his valued and generous support I expect great benefit to the cause. Secondly, The famous explorer, Henry M. Stanley, now Member of Parliament, always interested in the work of civilizing and Christianizing Africa, has accepted the relation of Associate Editor of *Illustrated Africa*, the monthly pictorial publication which I founded, and which is conducted in New York by my son, Rev. Ross Taylor. Mr. Stanley in his acceptance says: "When I was at Lake Victoria, eighteen years ago, there was not a missionary there; now there are forty thousand native Christians and two hundred churches. The natives are enthusiastic converts, and would spend their last penny to acquire a Bible. What we want now is to develop the country, not so much for the white man, but for the natives themselves." (See the latest portrait of Mr. Stanley, page 702.)

As on the first page of this volume, I here renew the dedication of this Story of My Life to my divine Sovereign, whom I serve, and to my fellow-subjects of His spiritual kingdom.